COMES AMORIS:
OR THE
Companion of LOVE.
Being a Choice COLLECTION
Of The Neweſt SONGS now in Uſe.
WITH
Thorow-Baſs to each SONG for the *Harpſichord*, *Theorbo*, or *Baſs-Viol*

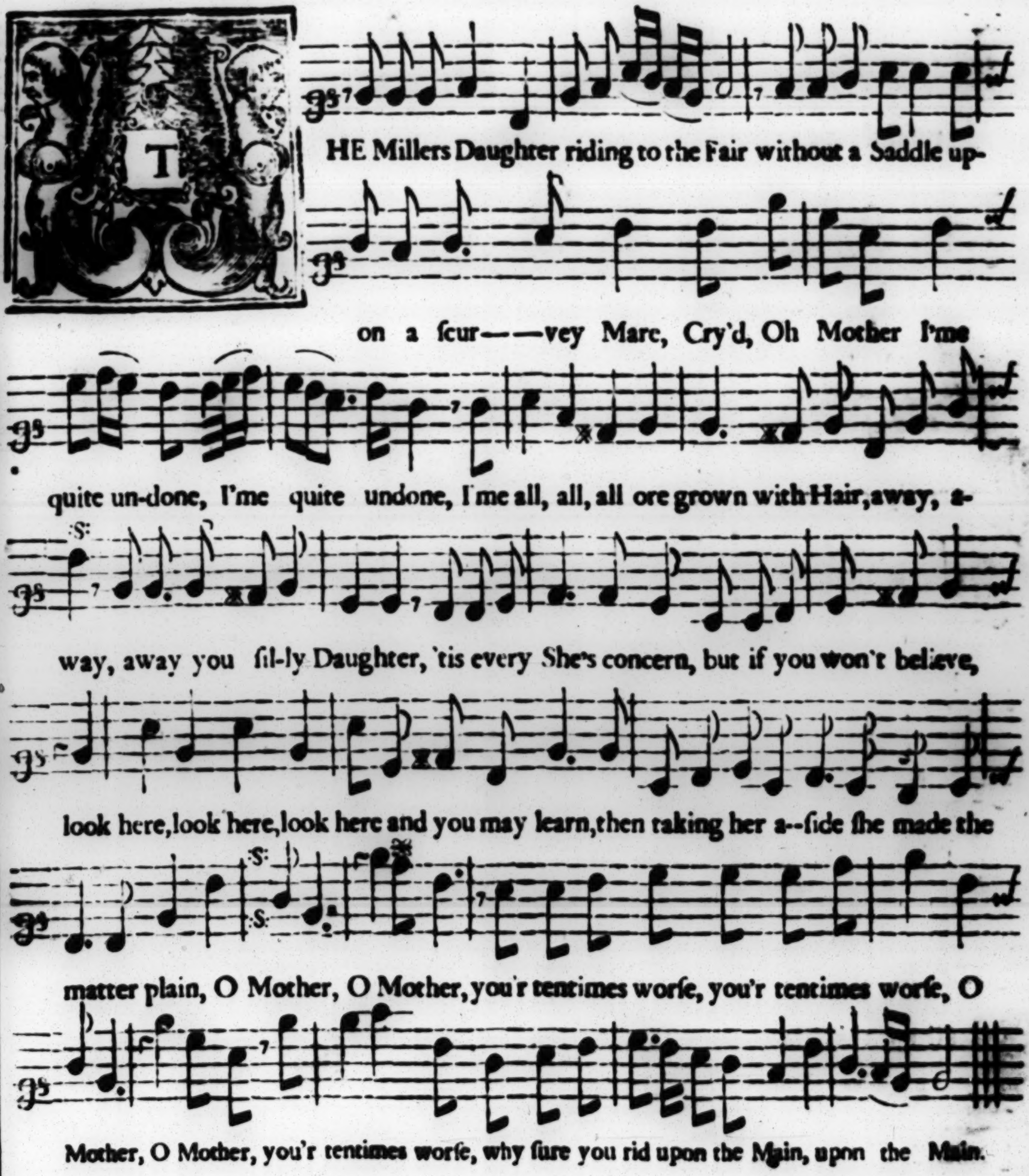
THE SECOND BOOK.

LONDON,
Printed by *Tho. Moore* for *John Carr* at his Shop at the *Middle Temple Gate*, and
Sam Scott at his Shop in *Bell-Yard* near *Temple-Barr*. 1688.

These 2 leaves
misplaced. — Se
(following p. 24)

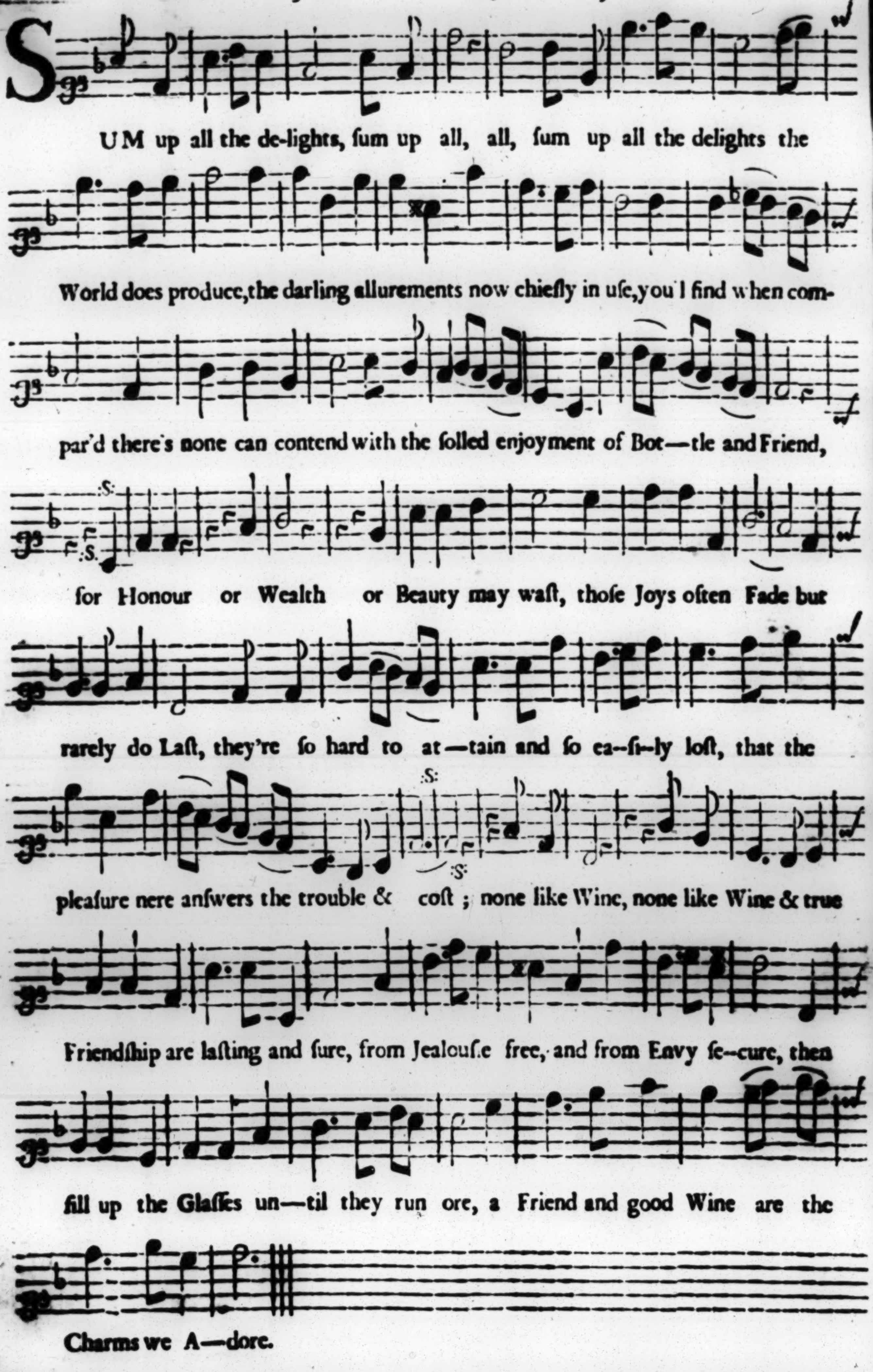
A Small COLLECTION OF THE Neweſt CATCHES

For 3 Voices.


T
HE Millers Daughter riding to the Fair without a Saddle up-
on a ſcur---vey Mare, Cry'd, Oh Mother I'me
quite un-done, I'me quite undone, I'me all, all, all ore grown with Hair, away, a-
way, away you ſil-ly Daughter, 'tis every She's concern, but if you won't believe,
look here, look here, look here and you may learn, then taking her a--ſide ſhe made the
matter plain, O Mother, O Mother, you'r tentimes worſe, you'r tentimes worſe, O
Mother, O Mother, you'r tentimes worſe, why ſure you rid upon the Main, upon the Main.

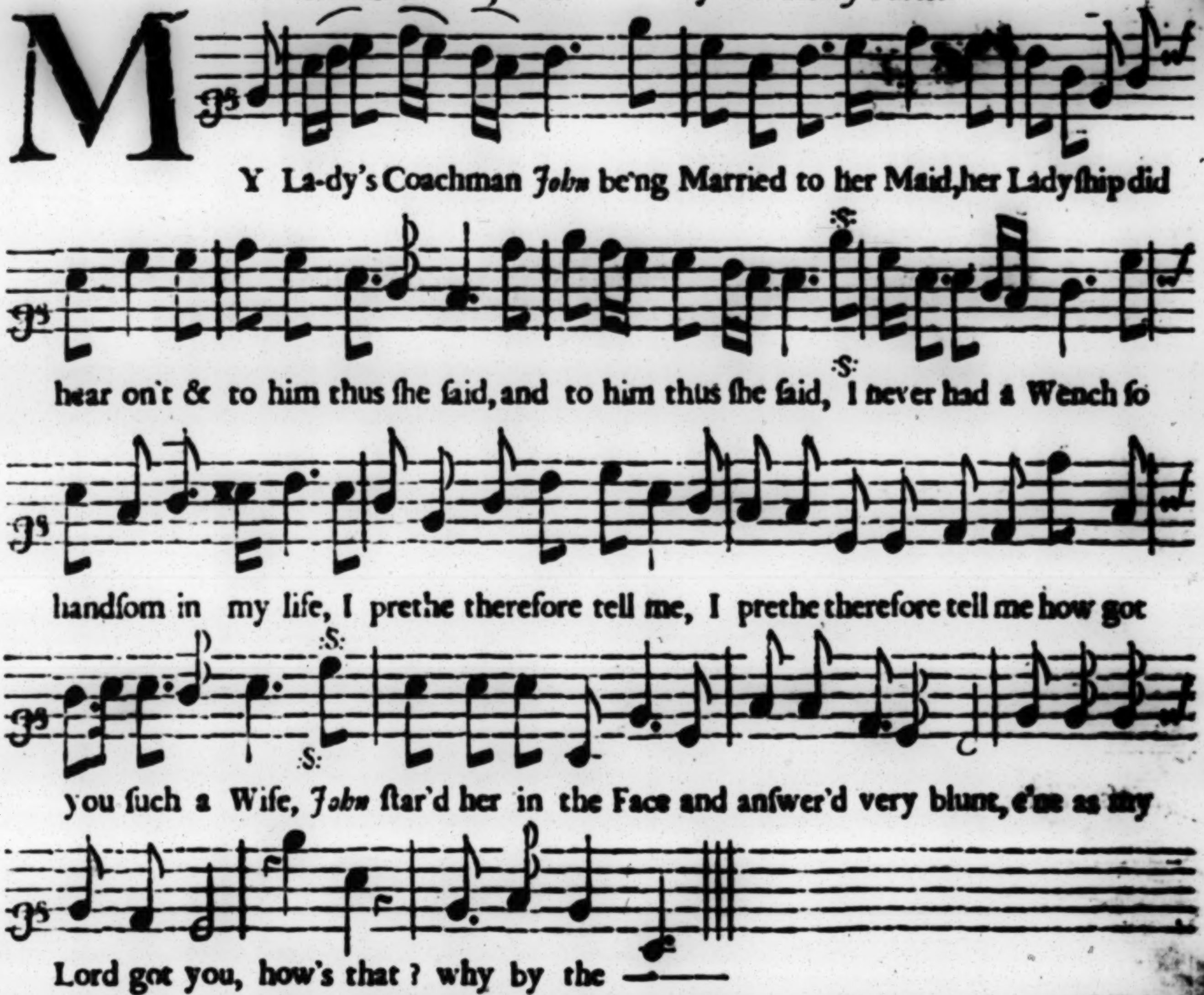
Dr. *John Blow*.

A CATCH for 3 Voc. By Mr. *Henry Purcel.*

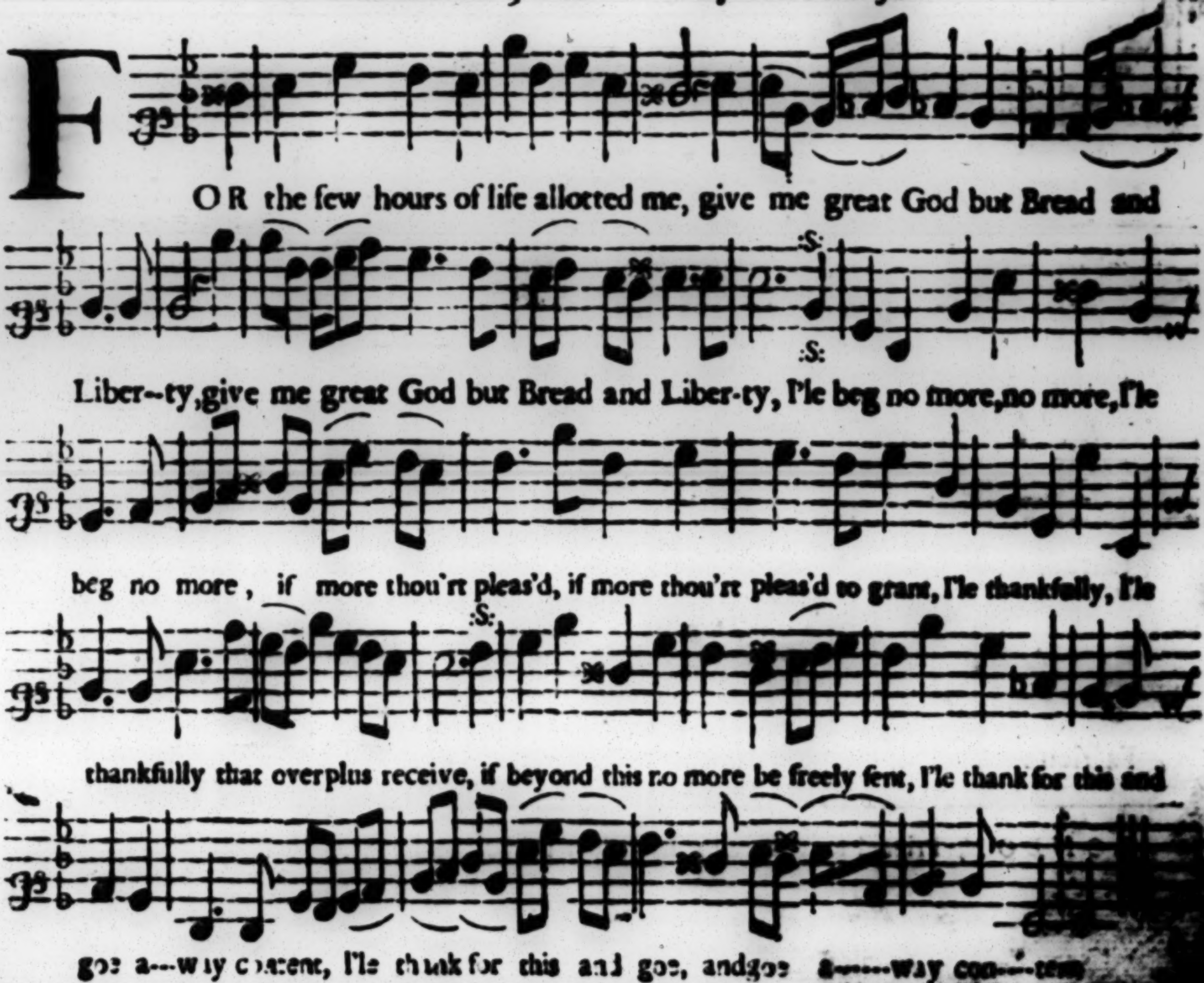

SUM up all the de-lights, ſum up all, all, ſum up all the delights the
World does produce, the darling allurements now chiefly in uſe, you'l find when com-
par'd there's none can contend with the ſolled enjoyment of Bot—tle and Friend,
for Honour or Wealth or Beauty may waſt, thoſe Joys often Fade but
rarely do Laſt, they're ſo hard to at—tain and ſo ea-ſi-ly loſt, that the
pleaſure nere anſwers the trouble & coſt; none like Wine, none like Wine & true
Friendſhip are laſting and ſure, from Jealouſie free, and from Envy ſe--cure, then
fill up the Glaſſes un—til they run ore, a Friend and good Wine are the
Charms we A—dore.

LONDON, Printed for *John Carr* at the *Middle Temple-Gate*. 1687.

A CATCH for 3 Voc. By Mr. *Henry Purcel.*

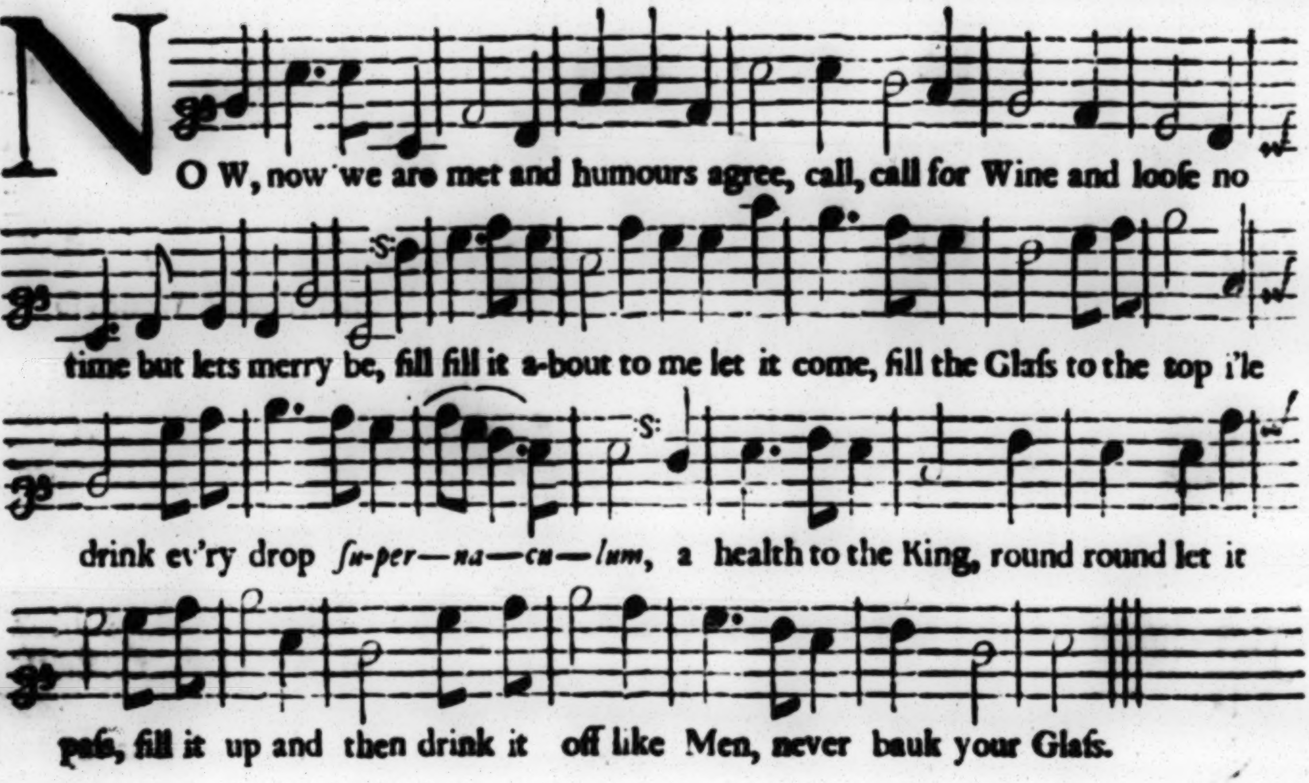

M
Y La-dy's Coachman *John* be'ng Married to her Maid, her Ladyſhip did
hear on't & to him thus ſhe ſaid, and to him thus ſhe ſaid, I never had a Wench ſo
handſom in my life, I prethe therefore tell me, I prethe therefore tell me how got
you ſuch a Wife, *John* ſtar'd her in the Face and anſwer'd very blunt, e'ne as my
Lord got you, how's that ? why by the ——

A CATCH for 3 Voc. By Mr. *Nicholſon.*


F
OR the few hours of life allotted me, give me great God but Bread and
Liber-ty, give me great God but Bread and Liber-ty, I'le beg no more, no more, I'le
beg no more, if more thou'rt pleas'd, if more thou'rt pleas'd to grant, I'le thankfully, I'le
thankfully that overplus receive, if beyond this no more be freely ſent, I'le thank for this and
goe a--way content, I'le thank for this and goe, and goe a-----way con----tent

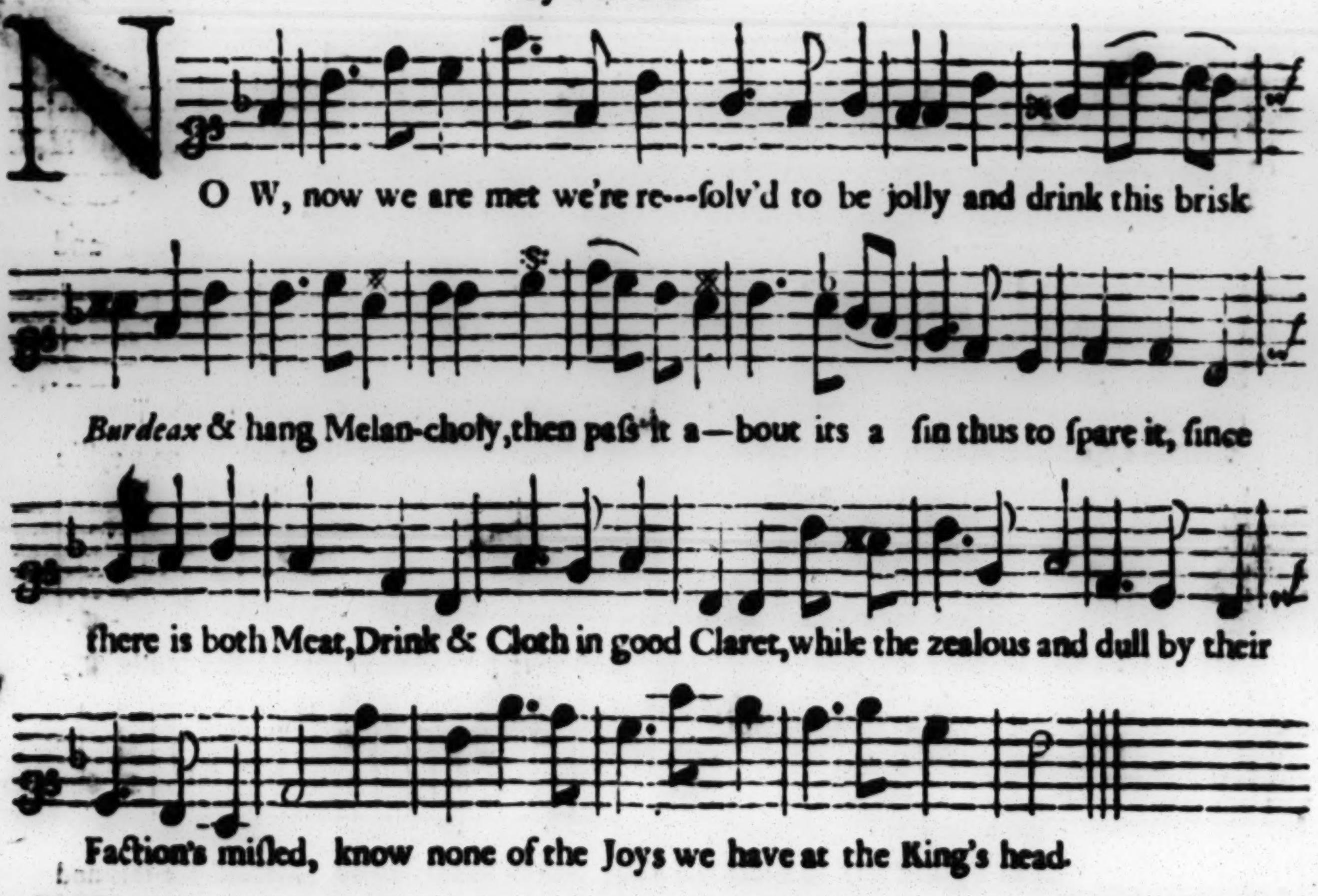
A CATCH for 3 Voices.

By Mr. *Henry Purcel.*

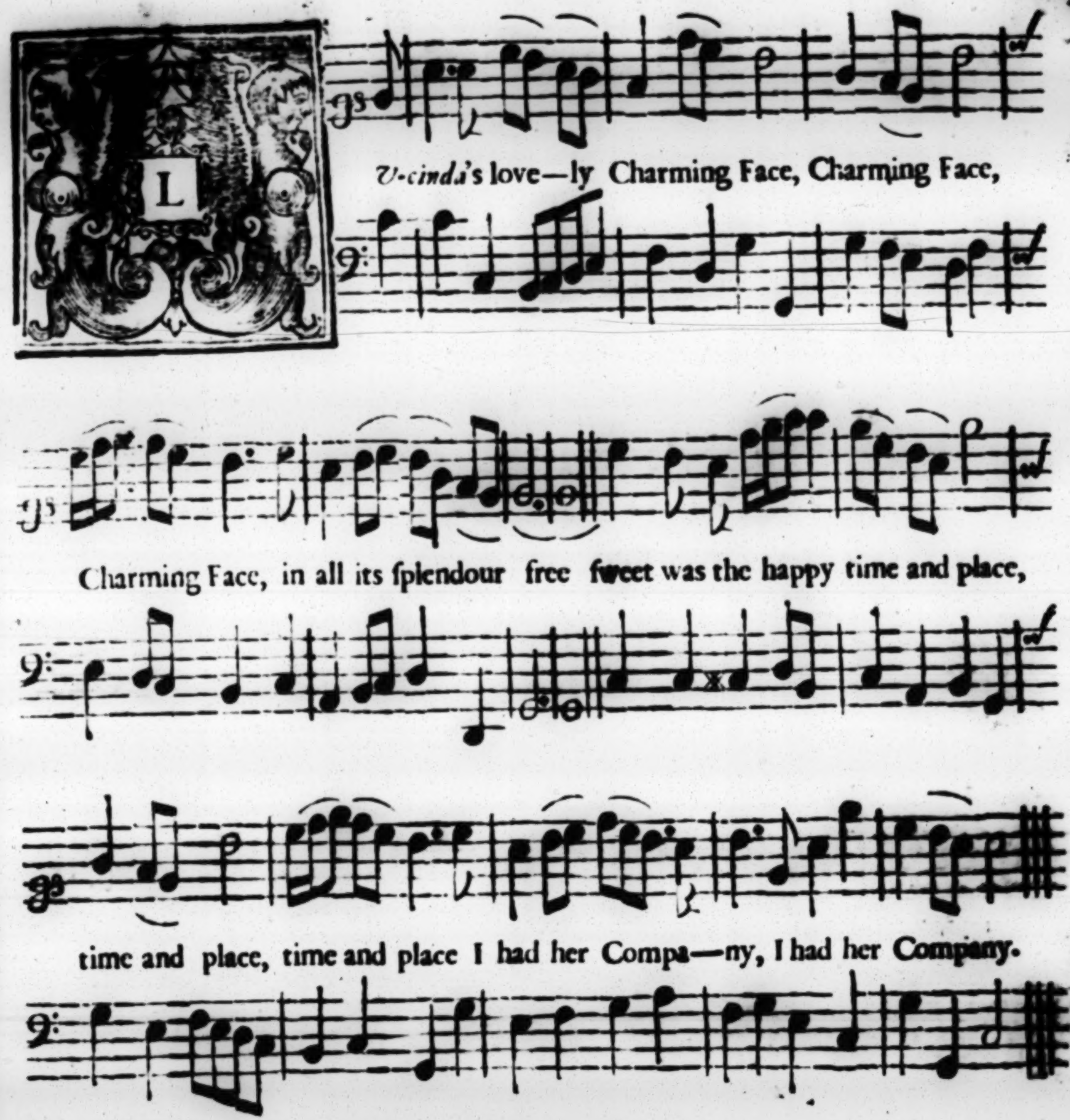

N
OW, now we are met and humours agree, call, call for Wine and looſe no
time but lets merry be, fill fill it a-bout to me let it come, fill the Glaſs to the top i'le
drink ev'ry drop *ſu-per—na—cu—lum*, a health to the King, round round let it
paſs, fill it up and then drink it off like Men, never bauk your Glaſs.

A CATCH for 3 Voices.

By Mr. *Snow.*


N
OW, now we are met we're re---ſolv'd to be jolly and drink this brisk
Burdeax & hang Melan-choly, then paſs it a—bout its a ſin thus to ſpare it, ſince
there is both Meat, Drink & Cloth in good Claret, while the zealous and dull by their
Faction's miſled, know none of the Joys we have at the King's head.

LONDON, Printed for *Sam. Scott* next door to the *Devil-Tavern* by *Temple-Bar.* 1687.

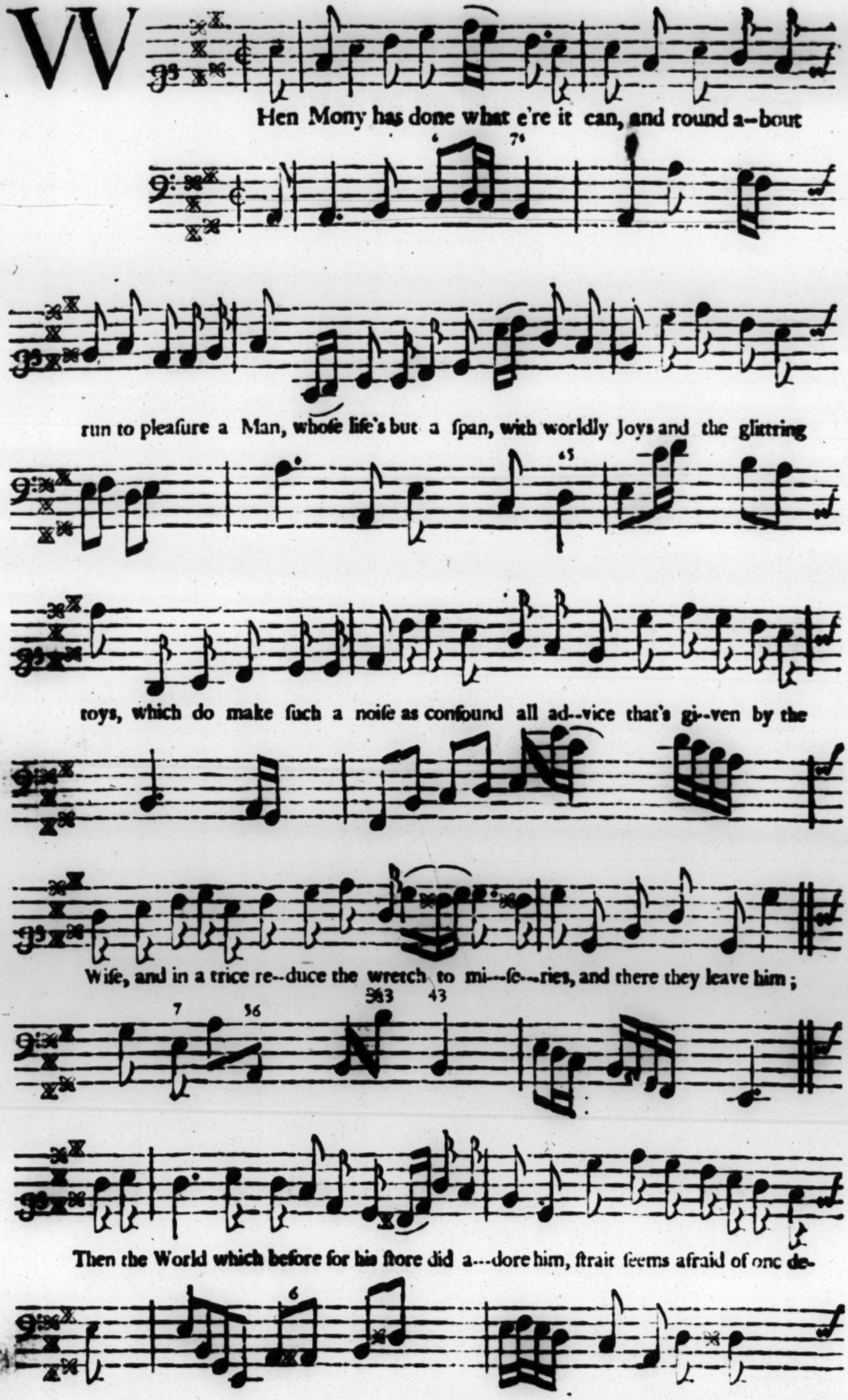

L
U-cinda's love—ly Charming Face, Charming Face,
Charming Face, in all its ſplendour free ſweet was the happy time and place,
time and place, time and place I had her Compa—ny, I had her Company.

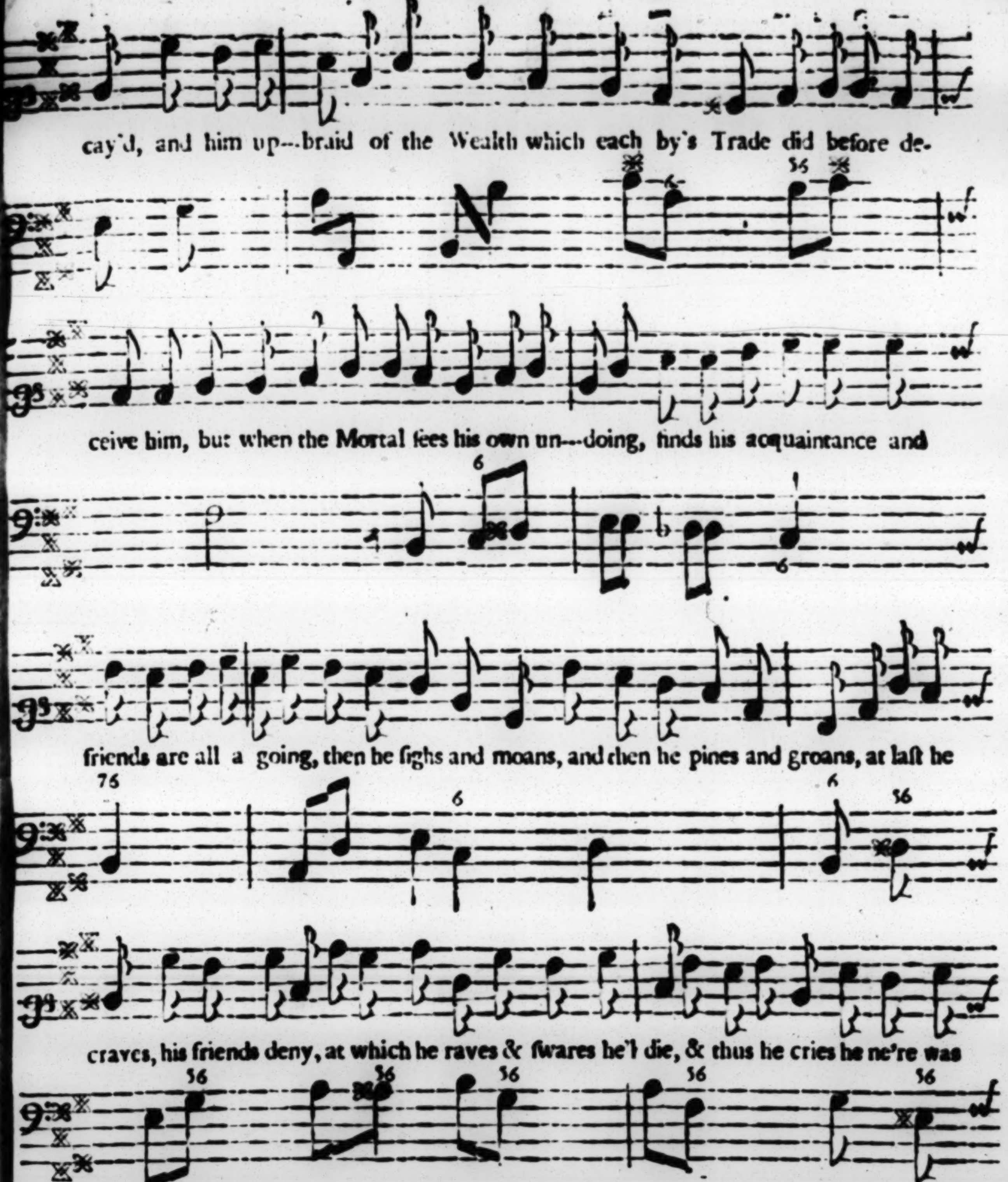
I wiſh each Minute was an Age,
So bleſt in Love was I,
I preſt her lips and did ingage
What Love could not deny.

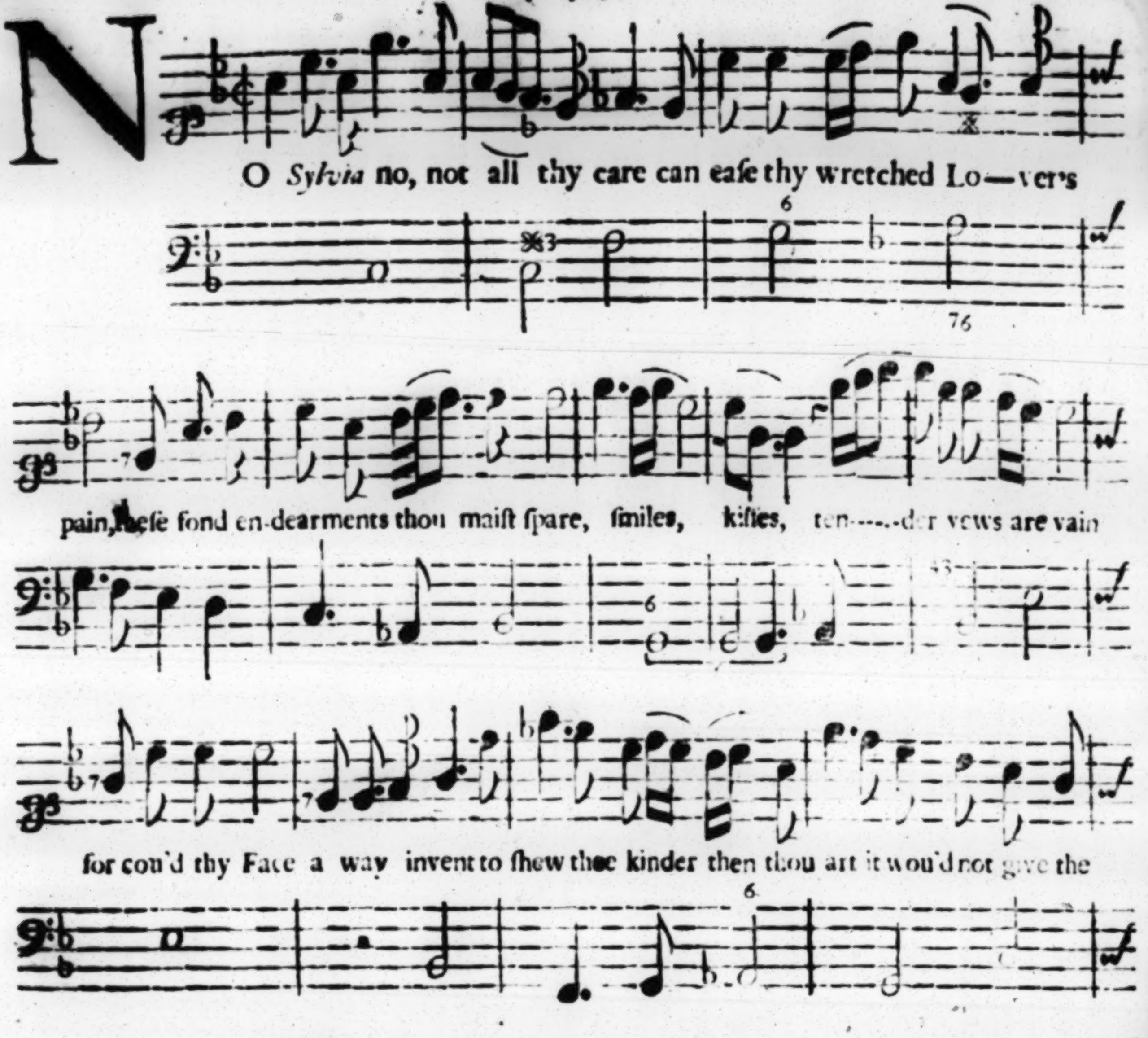
Both equally we ſoon expreſt,
Claſpt in each others Arms,
My Head upon her Snowy Breſt
We lay deſolv'd in Charms.

Mr. *Sam. Ackroyde.*

The Words by Mr. *Weeden* to Mr. *Reddings* Tune.


W
Hen Mony has done what e're it can, and round a--bout
6
7
run to pleaſure a Man, whoſe life's but a ſpan, with worldly Joys and the glittring
65
toys, which do make ſuch a noiſe as confound all ad--vice that's gi--ven by the
Wiſe, and in a trice re--duce the wretch to mi---ſe---ries, and there they leave him;
7
56
363
43
Then the World which before for his ſtore did a---dore him, ſtrait ſeems afraid of one de-
6

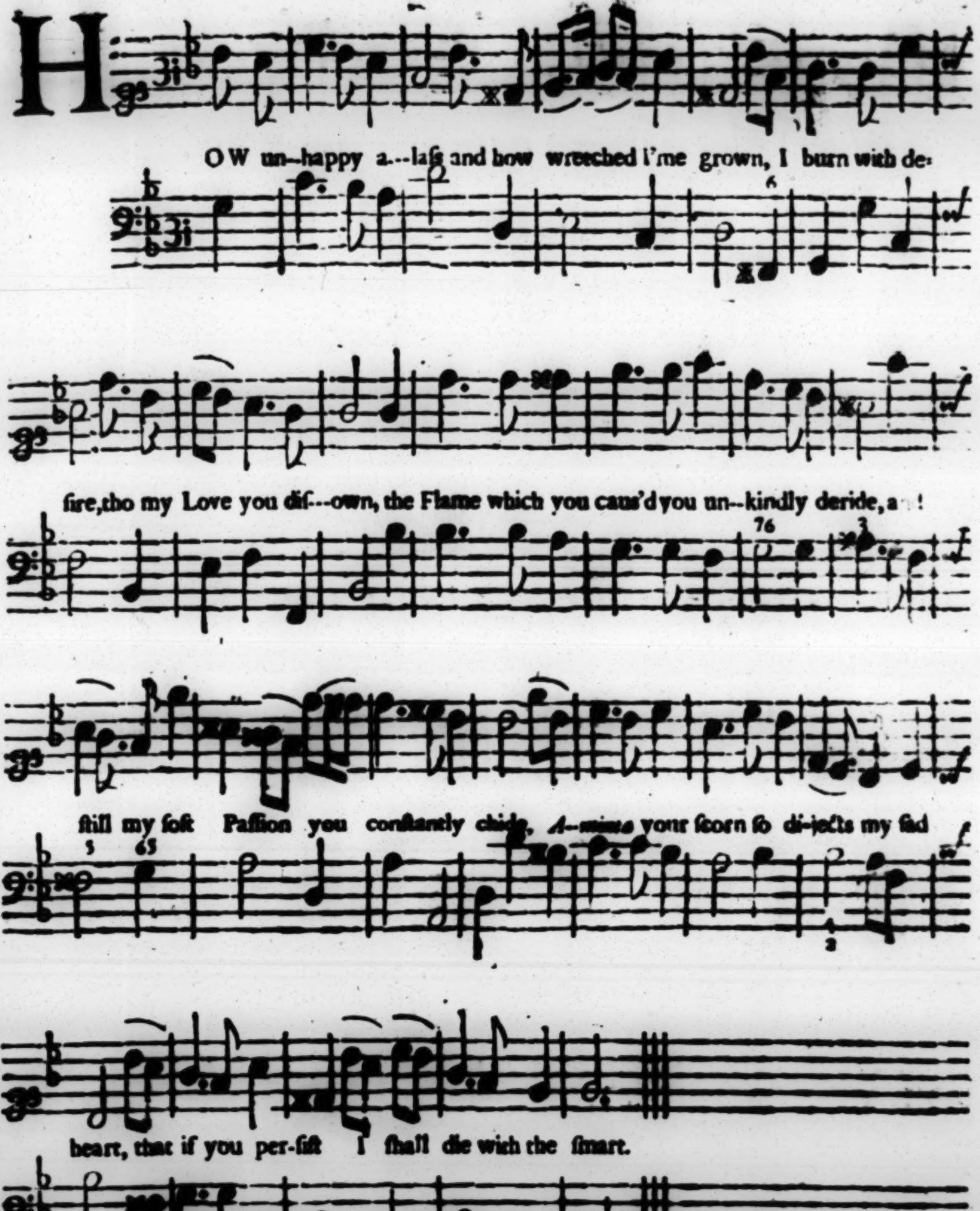

cay'd, and him up--braid of the Wealth which each by's Trade did before de-
ceive him, but when the Mortal ſees his own un---doing, finds his acquaintance and
friends are all a going, then he ſighs and moans, and then he pines and groans, at laſt he
craves, his friends deny, at which he raves & ſwares he'l die, & thus he cries he ne're was
wiſe until in mi---ſe---ry he dies, and thus the wretched ſpendthrift lies, fare him well for
e---ver more, A--men.


NO Sylvia no, not all thy care can eaſe thy wretched Lo—vers
pain, theſe fond en-dearments thou maiſt ſpare, ſmiles, kiſſes, ten-----der vews are vain
for cou'd thy Face a way invent to ſhew thee kinder then thou art it wou'd not give the
leaſt content, it wou'd not give the leaſt con---tent to my—— di—
ſtracted Jealous Heart.

Mr. *Peter Iſack.*

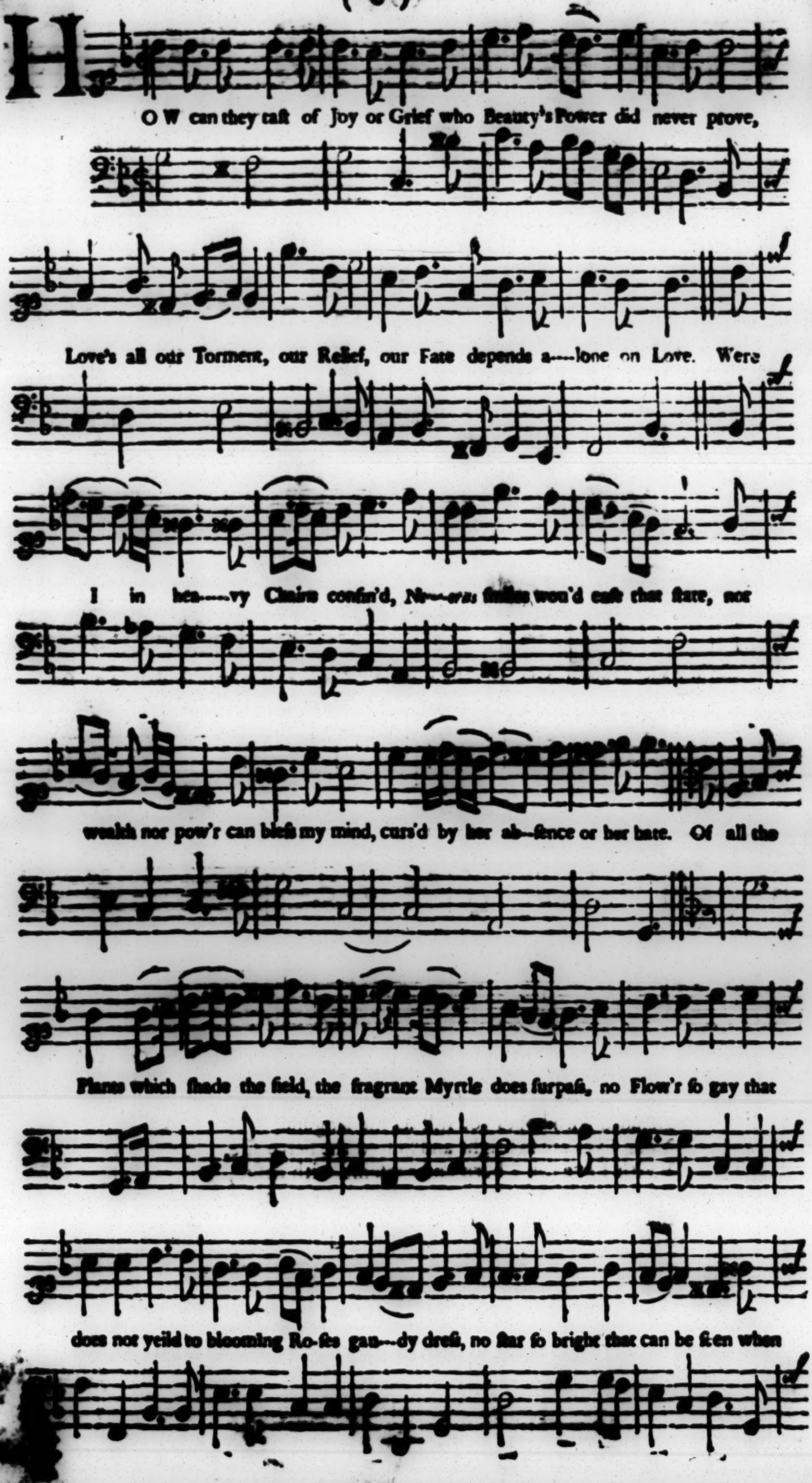
Why is it that thy Snow-white Arms
So eagerly claſps me to thy Breaſt,
When all thy Beauties, all thy Charms,
By *Damon* are each Night poſſeſt.

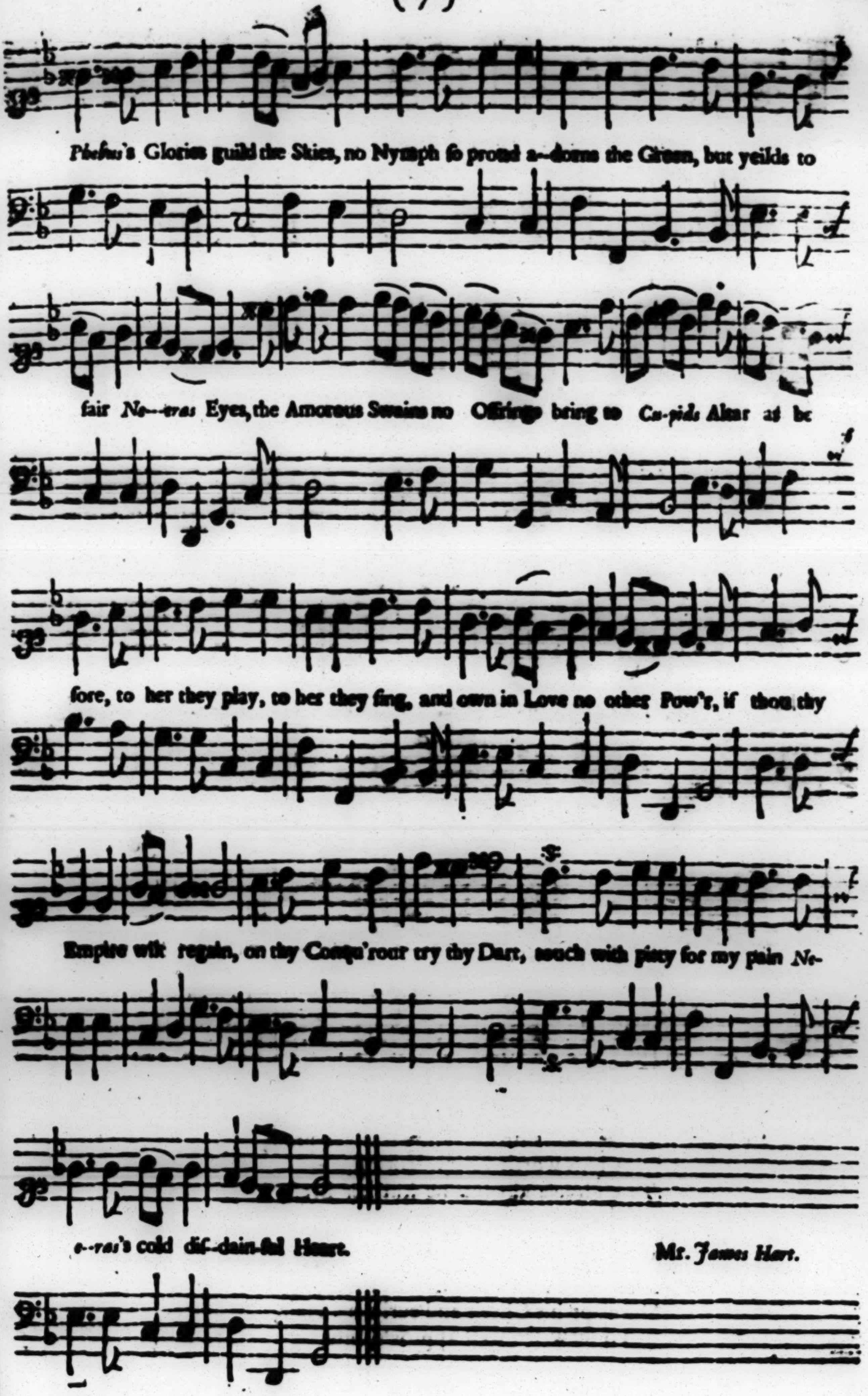
Then ſtrive no more my grief to eaſe,
In Love I'me ſuch a Miſer grown,
Not all the Wealth thou giv'ſt con pleaſe,
'Till the rich ſtock be all my own.


H
OW un--happy a---laſs and how wretched I'me grown, I burn with de-
ſire, tho my Love you diſ---own, the Flame which you caus'd you un--kindly deride, and
ſtill my ſoft Paſſion you conſtantly chide, A--minta your ſcorn ſo di-jects my ſad
heart, that if you per-ſiſt I ſhall die with the ſmart.

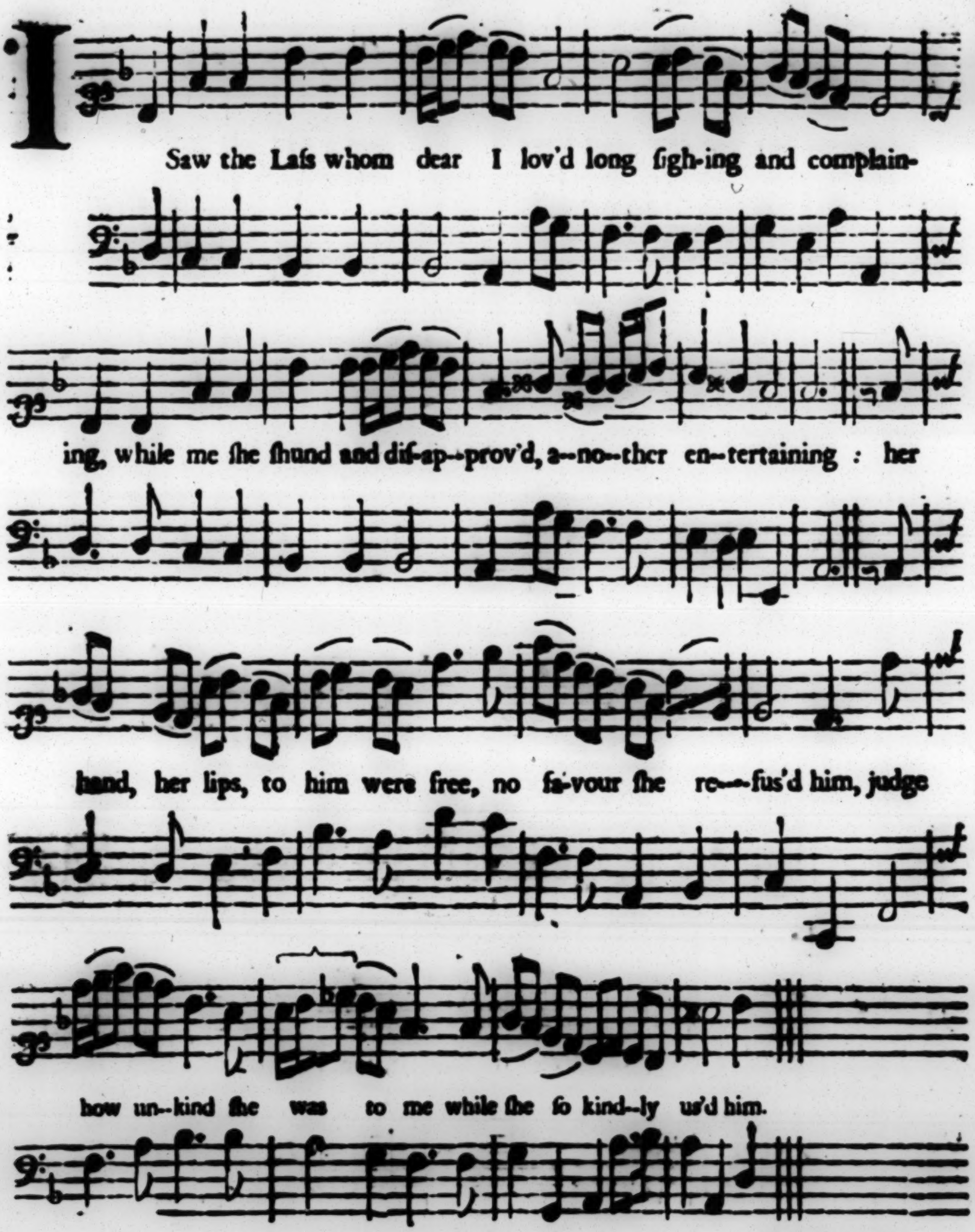
Set by Mr. *Courtival.*

VVhen alone I lament and ſigh out my anguiſh,
Deluded with hopes you ſtill let me languiſh,
Your Eyes are ſo bright and ſo feed the fierce fire,
VVith Love ſtill I burn and conſume with deſire,
I ſigh, much oppreſt, to give eaſe to my pain,
But the Flame in my Breſt does ſtill burn and remain.


HOW can they taſt of Joy or Grief who Beauty's Power did never prove,
Love's all our Torment, our Relief, our Fate depends a----lone on Love. Were
I in hea----vy Chains confin'd, Ne---ver ſmiles won'd eaſe that ſtate, nor
wealth nor pow'r can bleſs my mind, curs'd by her ab--ſence or her hate. Of all the
Plants which ſhade the field, the fragrant Myrtle does ſurpaſs, no Flow'r ſo gay that
does not yeild to blooming Ro-ſes gau---dy dreſs, no ſtar ſo bright that can be ſeen when


Phœbus's Glories guild the Skies, no Nymph ſo proud a--dorns the Green, but yeilds to
fair Ne--eras Eyes, the Amorous Swains no Offerings bring to Cu-pids Altar at be
fore, to her they play, to her they ſing, and own in Love no other Pow'r, if thou thy
Empire wilt regain, on thy Conqu'rour try thy Dart, touch with pity for my pain Ne-
e--ras's cold diſ--dain-ful Heart.

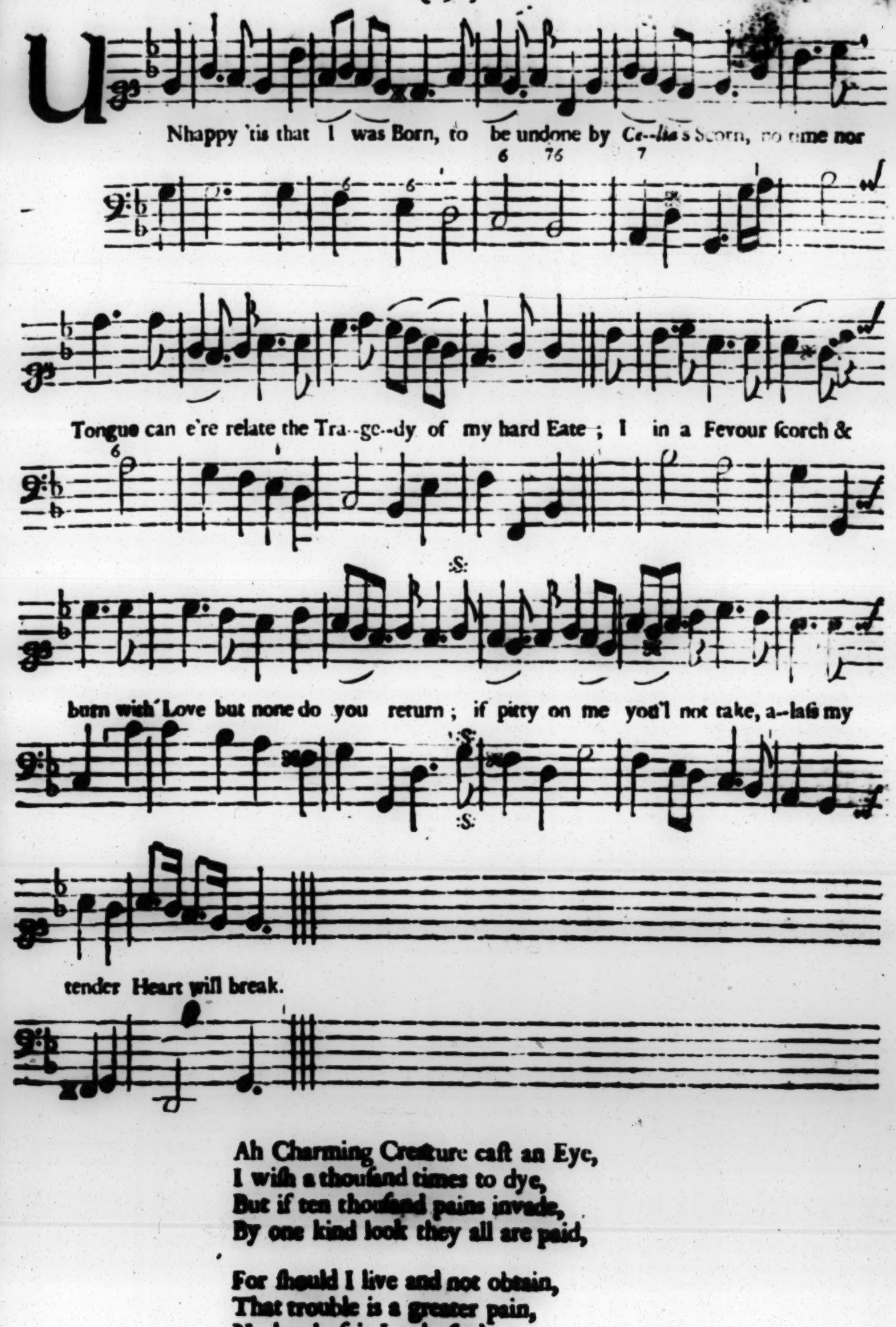
Mr. *James Hart.*


I Saw the Laſs whom dear I lov'd long ſigh-ing and complain-
ing, while me ſhe ſhund and diſ-ap--prov'd, a--no--ther en--tertaining : her
hand, her lips, to him were free, no fa-vour ſhe re---fus'd him, judge
how un--kind ſhe was to me while ſhe ſo kind--ly us'd him.

Mr. *Moſes Snow.*

His Hand her Milk white Bubbies preſt,
A bliſs worth Kings deſiring,
Ten Thouſand times he kiſt her Breſt,
The Snowy Mounts admiring.

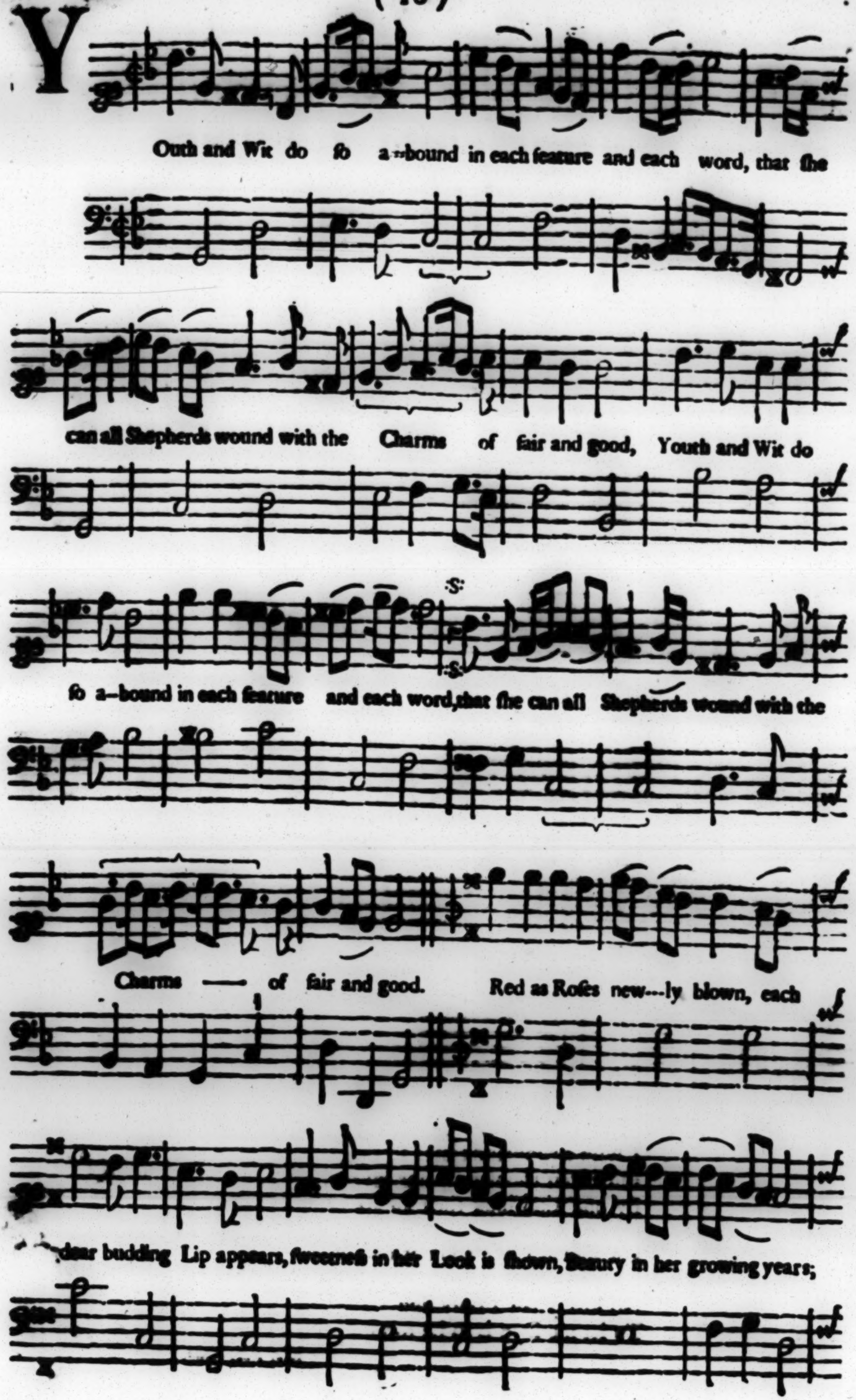
While pleas'd to be the Charming Fair,
That to ſuch Paſſion mov'd him,
She clapt his Cheek and curl'd his Hair,
To ſhew ſhe well approv'd him.

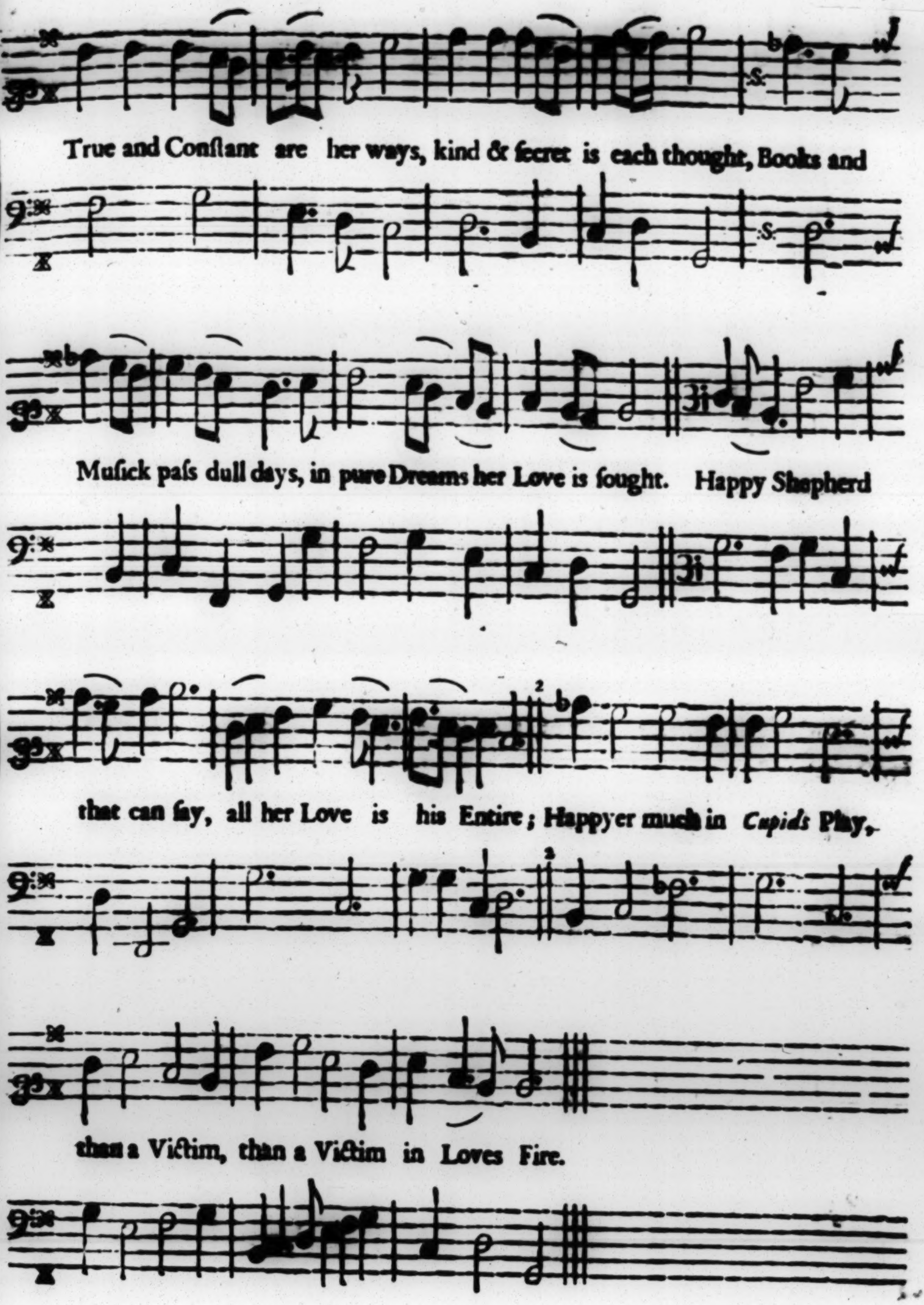

UNhappy 'tis that I was Born, to be undone by Cæ--lia's Scorn, no time nor
6 76 7
6 6
Tongue can e're relate the Tra--ge--dy of my hard Fate; I in a Fevour ſcorch &
6
burn with Love but none do you return; if pitty on me you'l not take, a--laſs my
tender Heart will break.

Ah Charming Creature caſt an Eye,
I wiſh a thouſand times to dye,
But if ten thouſand pains invade,
By one kind look they all are paid,

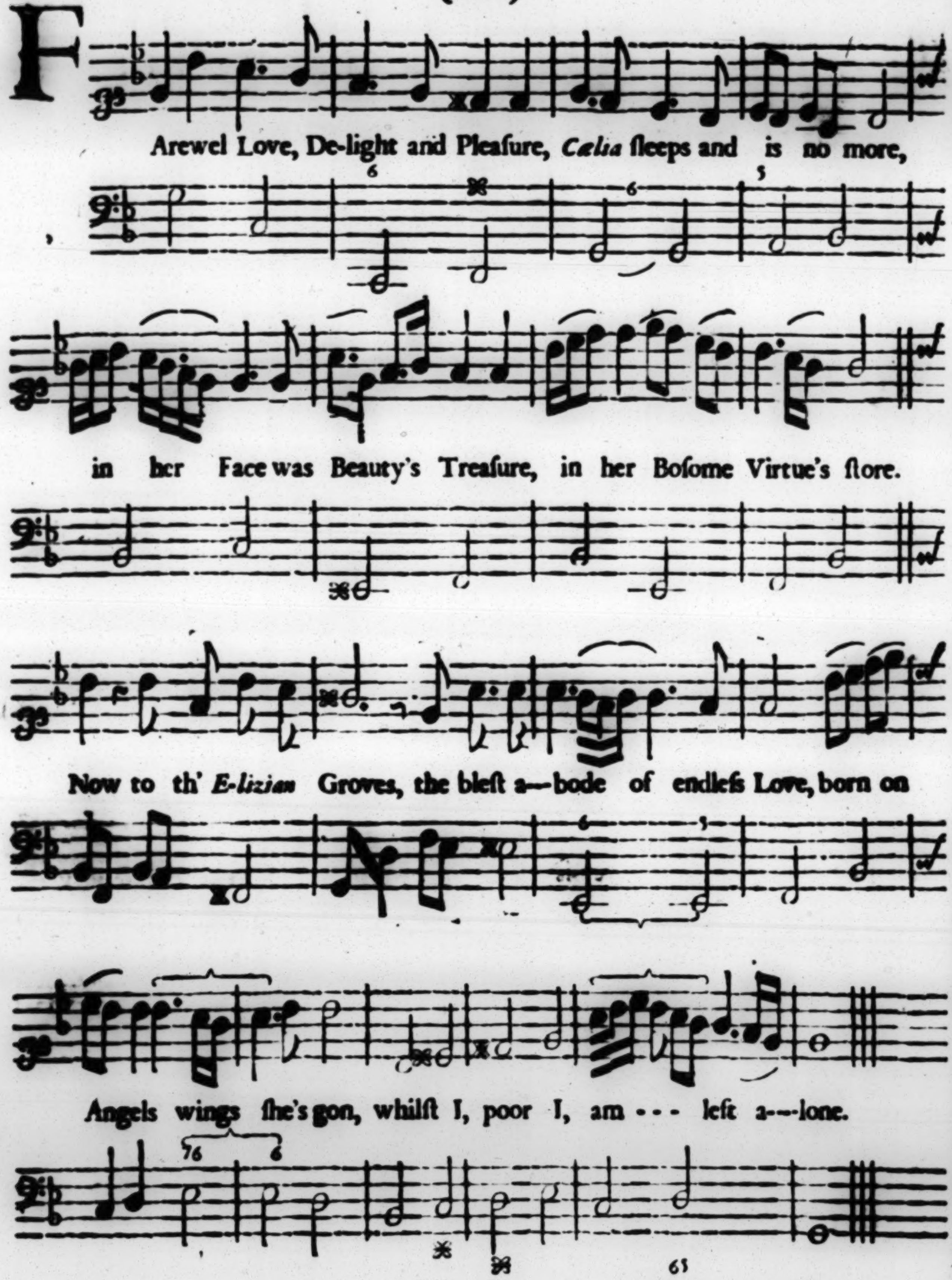
For ſhould I live and not obtain,
That trouble is a greater pain,
No lovely fair I only find
To let me Dye is to be Kind.

Mr. Rob. King.

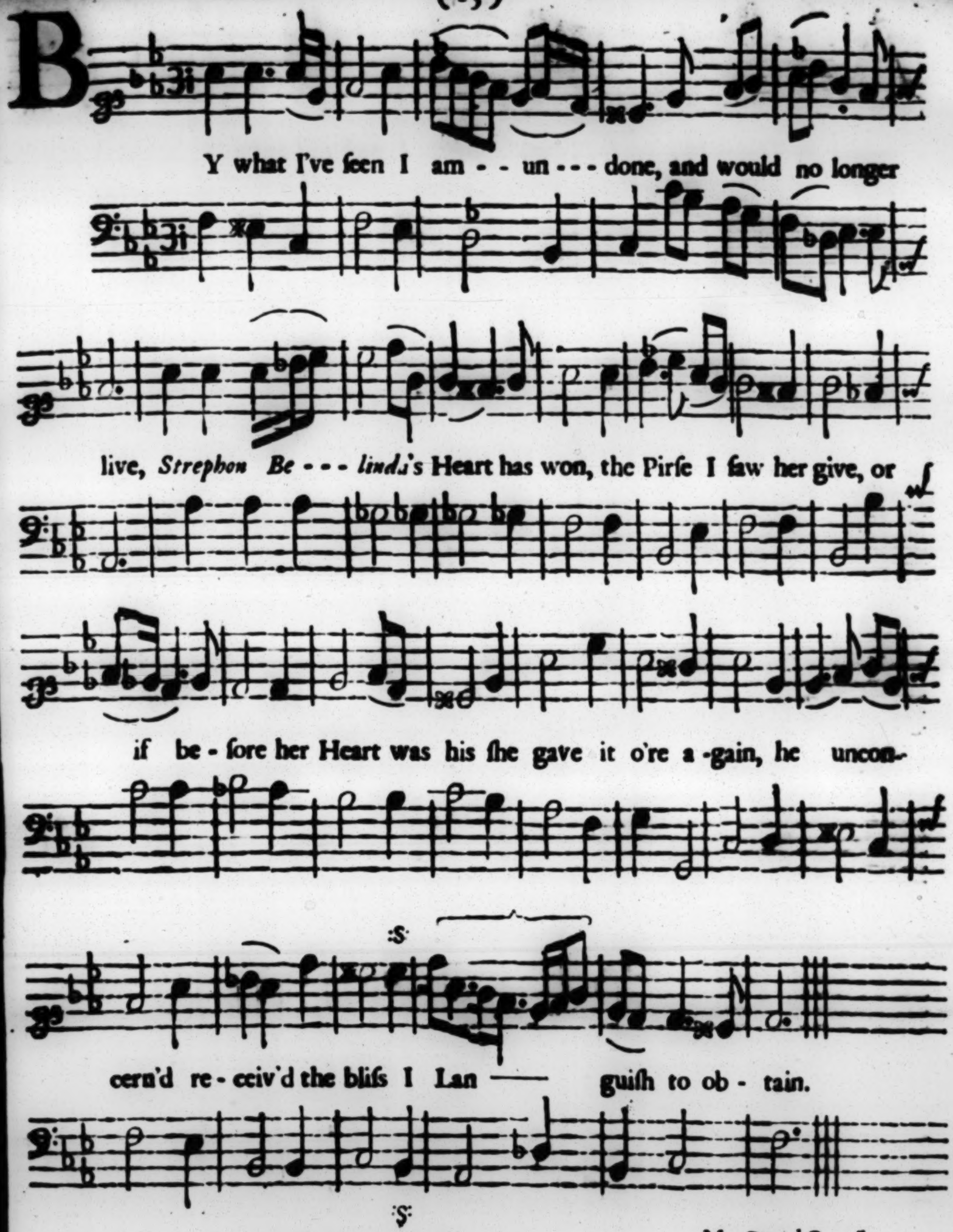

YOuth and Wit do ſo a--bound in each feature and each word, that ſhe
can all Shepherds wound with the Charms of fair and good, Youth and Wit do
S:
ſo a--bound in each feature and each word, that ſhe can all Shepherds wound with the
Charms —— of fair and good. Red as Roſes new---ly blown, each
dear budding Lip appears, ſweetneſs in her Look is ſhown, Beauty in her growing years;


True and Conſtant are her ways, kind & ſecret is each thought, Books and
Muſick paſs dull days, in pure Dreams her Love is ſought. Happy Shepherd
that can ſay, all her Love is his Entire; Happyer much in *Cupids* Play,
than a Victim, than a Victim in Loves Fire.

Mr. *James Hart*.

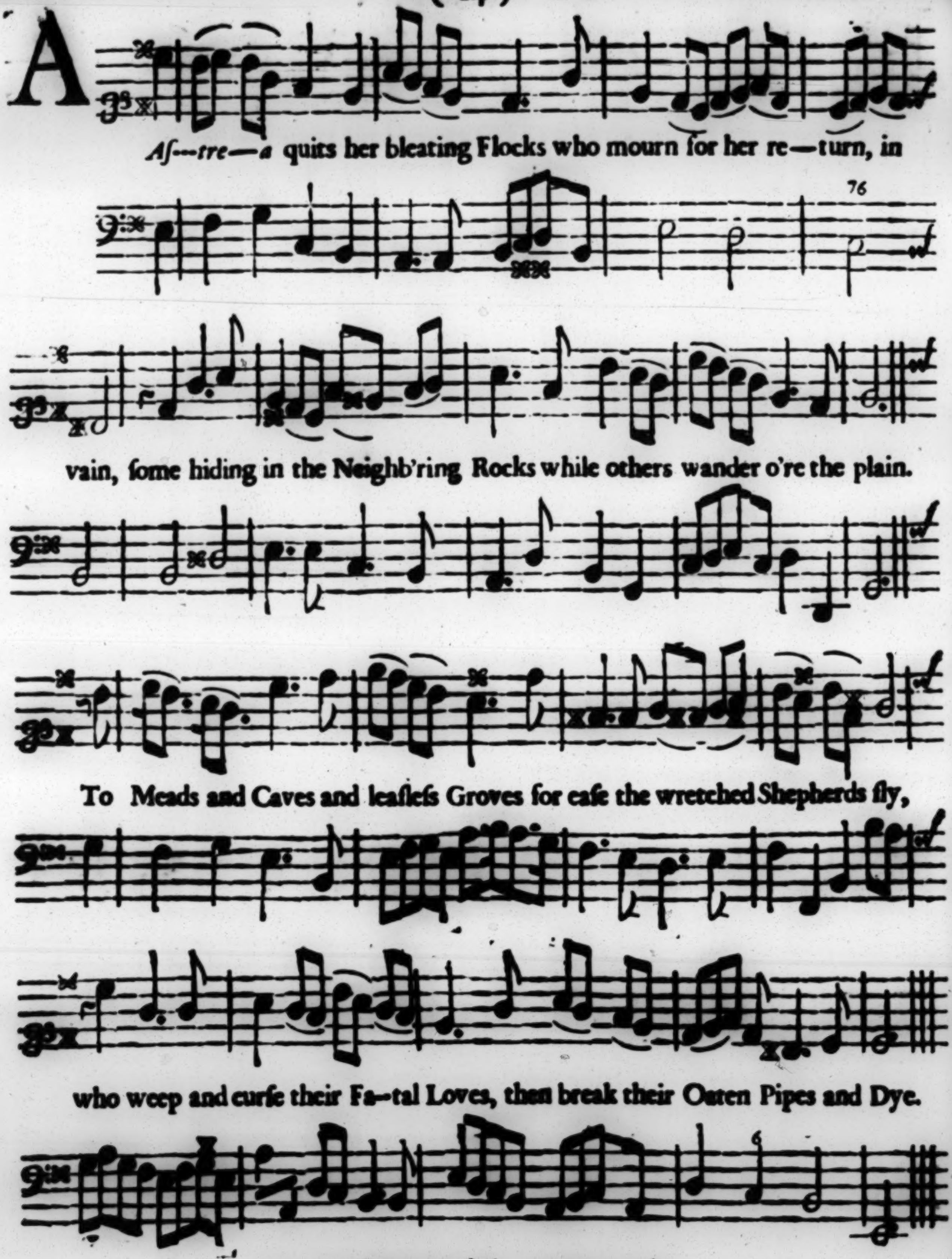

FArewel Love, De-light and Pleaſure, Cælia ſleeps and is no more,
in her Face was Beauty's Treaſure, in her Boſome Virtue's ſtore.
Now to th' E-lizian Groves, the bleſt a--bode of endleſs Love, born on
Angels wings ſhe's gon, whilſt I, poor I, am - - - left a--lone.

Mr. *Alex. Damaſcene.*


B
Y what I've ſeen I am - - un - - - done, and would no longer
live, *Strephon* *Be* - - - *linda*'s Heart has won, the Pirſe I ſaw her give, or
if be - ſore her Heart was his ſhe gave it o're a -gain, he uncon-
cern'd re - ceiv'd the bliſs I Lan —— guiſh to ob - tain.
:S:
:S:

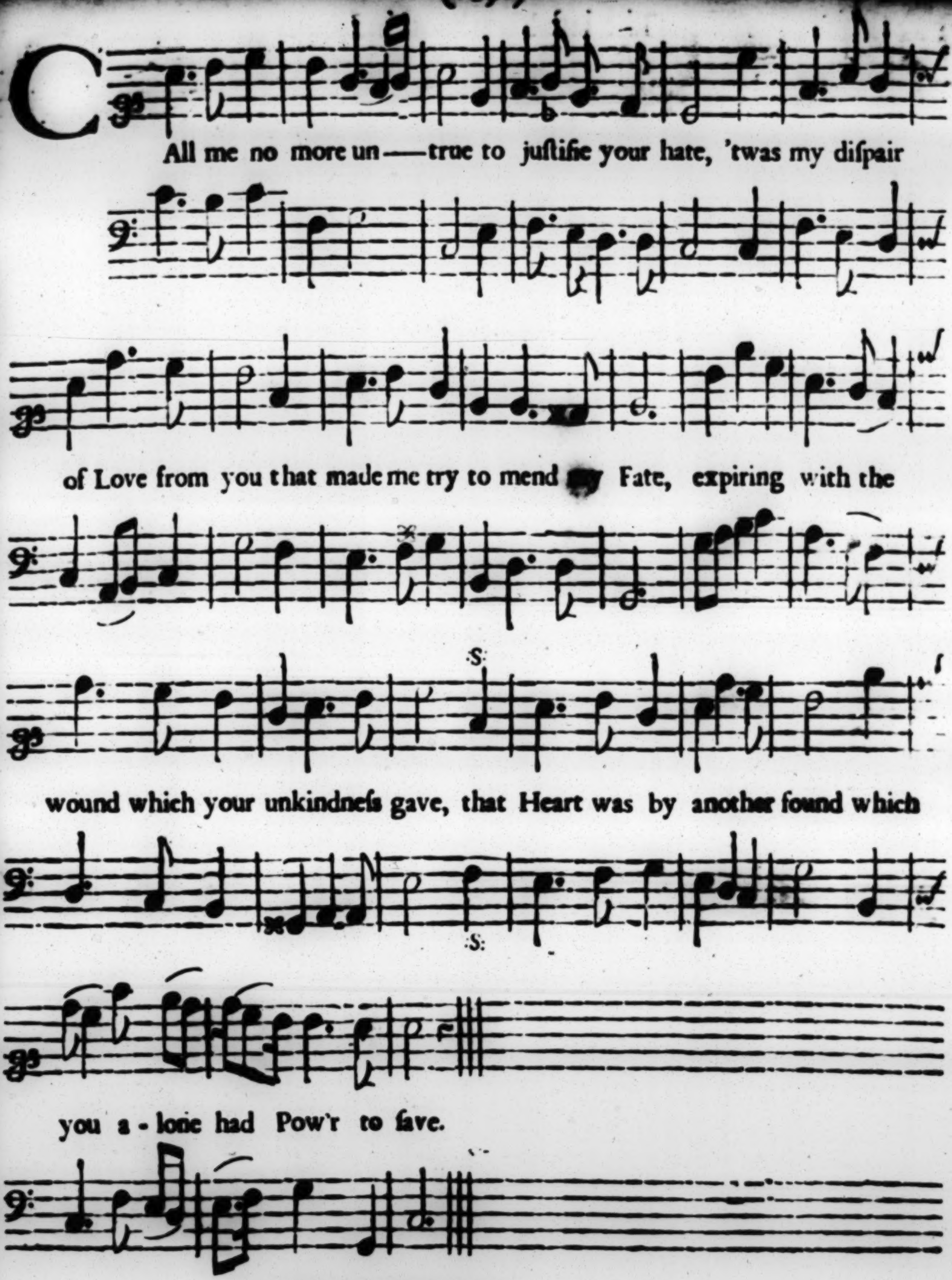
Mr. *Daniel Purcell.*

Cruel *Belinda* ceaſe to give
  Thoſe looks when I am by,
Cannot my Rival happy live
  Unleſs he ſee me Dye.
If you delight to puniſh me,
  I will no more complain,
But let not him my Torments ſee,
  To glory in my pain.


A
Aſ---tre—a quits her bleating Flocks who mourn for her re—turn, in
76
vain, ſome hiding in the Neighb'ring Rocks while others wander o're the plain.
To Meads and Caves and leaſleſs Groves for eaſe the wretched Shepherds fly,
who weep and curſe their Fa--tal Loves, then break their Oaten Pipes and Dye.
6

But now Revenge their wrongs require,
And find her guilty of the Plot,
Her Charms will ſet the Town on Fire,
Then Marr'age Chains muſt prove her lot,
So ſhe from whence ſuch wonders ſpring,
VVhere Graces all in Conſort meet,
This Bird confin'd too late will ſing,
O Virgin's Liberty is ſweet.

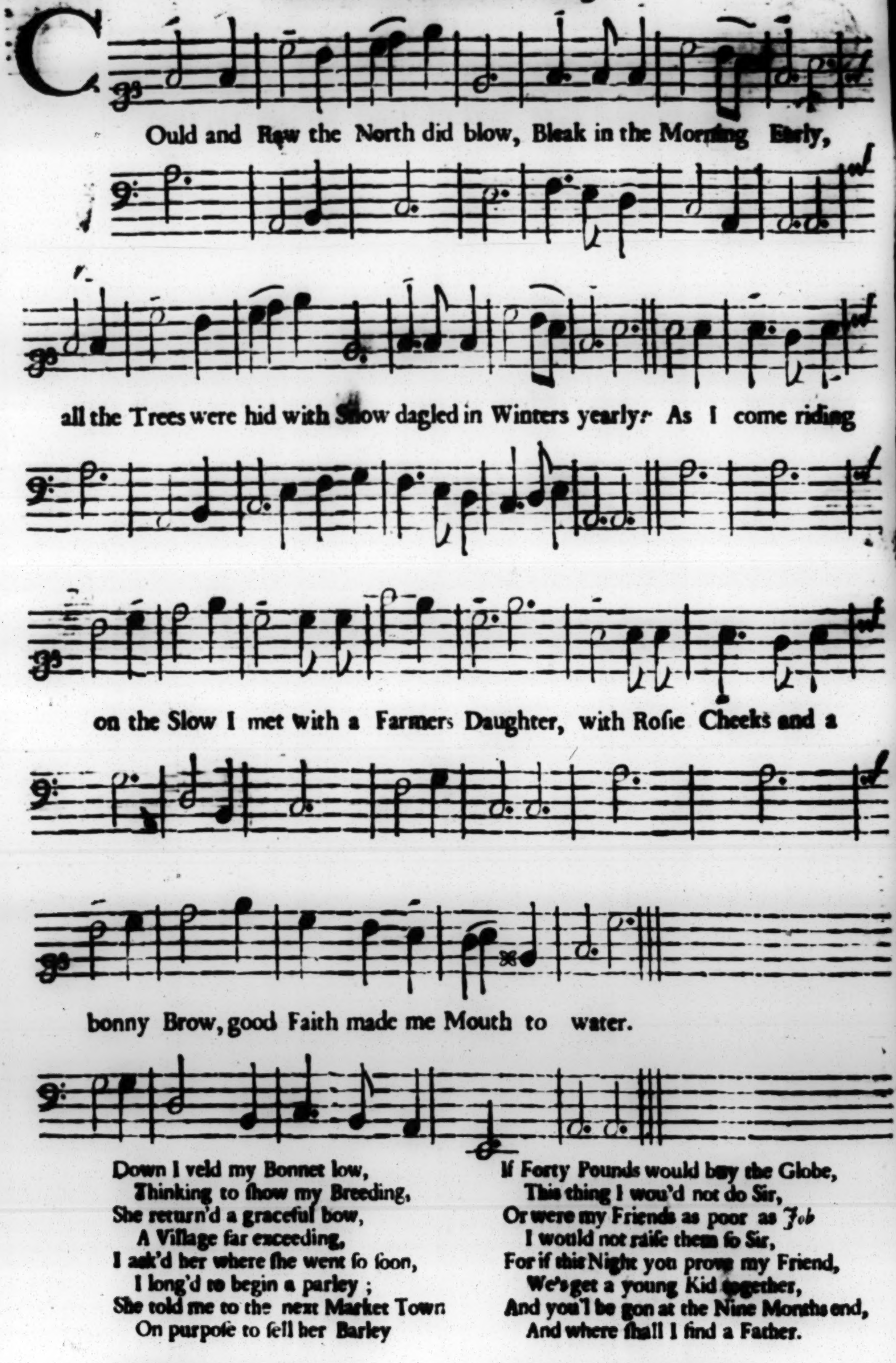
Mr. *William Turner*.


CAll me no more un——true to juſtifie your hate, 'twas my diſpair
of Love from you that made me try to mend my Fate, expiring with the
wound which your unkindneſs gave, that Heart was by another found which
you a-lone had Pow'r to ſave.

As Men benighted ſtray,
Led by ſome treacherous Fire,
Pleas'd with falſe Light I loſt my way,
And miſt the place of my deſire.
A Morning Sinners Vow
Juſt Heaven with Pity meet,
My Soul forſakes all Idolls now
To ſerve for ever at your Feet.

Mr. *William Turner*.

The laſt New Scotch Song.

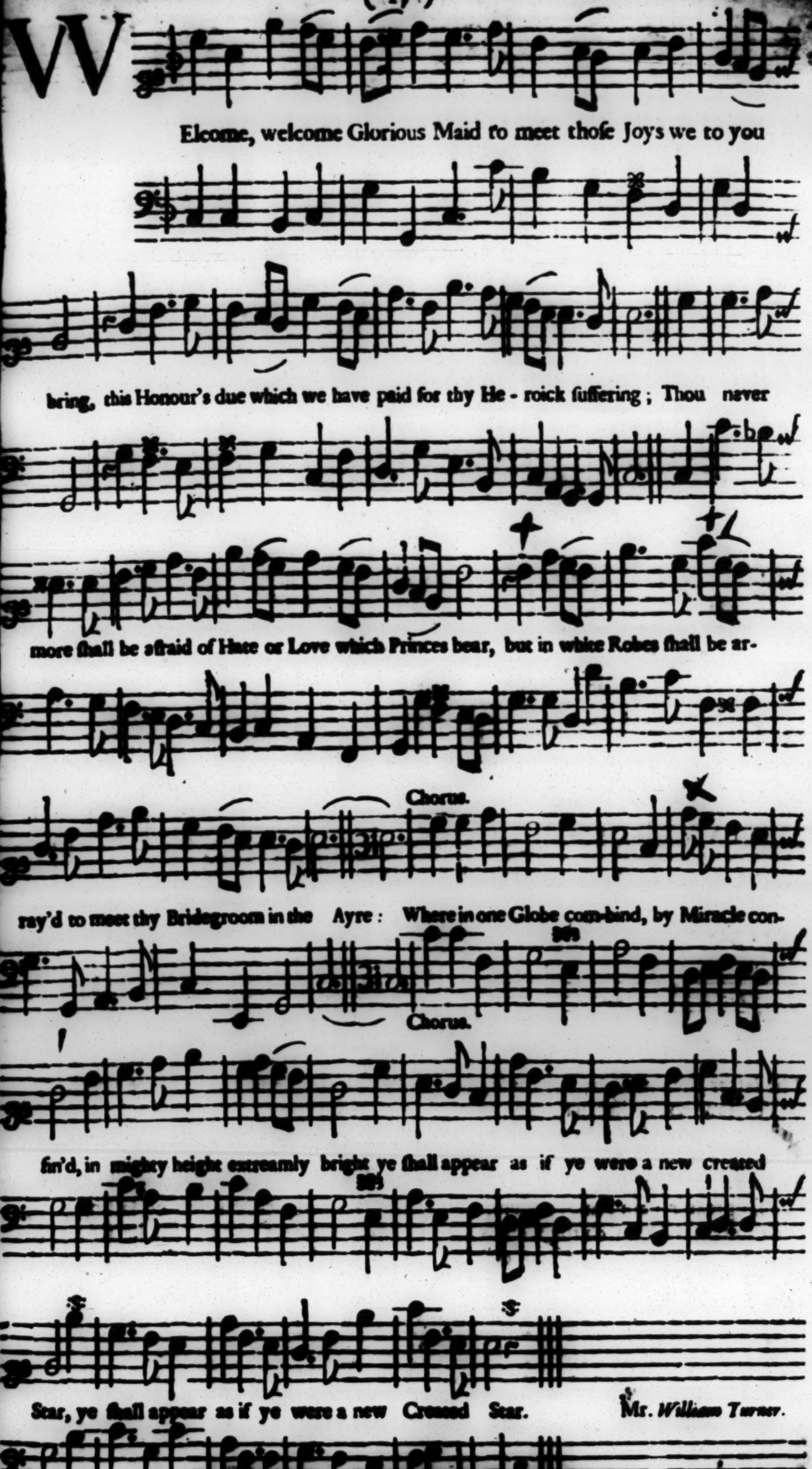

C
Ould and Raw the North did blow, Bleak in the Morning Early,
all the Trees were hid with Snow dagled in Winters yearly: As I come riding
on the Slow I met with a Farmers Daughter, with Roſie Cheeks and a
bonny Brow, good Faith made me Mouth to water.

Down I veld my Bonnet low,
Thinking to ſhow my Breeding,
She return'd a graceful bow,
A Village far exceeding,
I ask'd her where ſhe went ſo ſoon,
I long'd to begin a parley ;
She told me to the next Market Town
On purpoſe to ſell her Barley

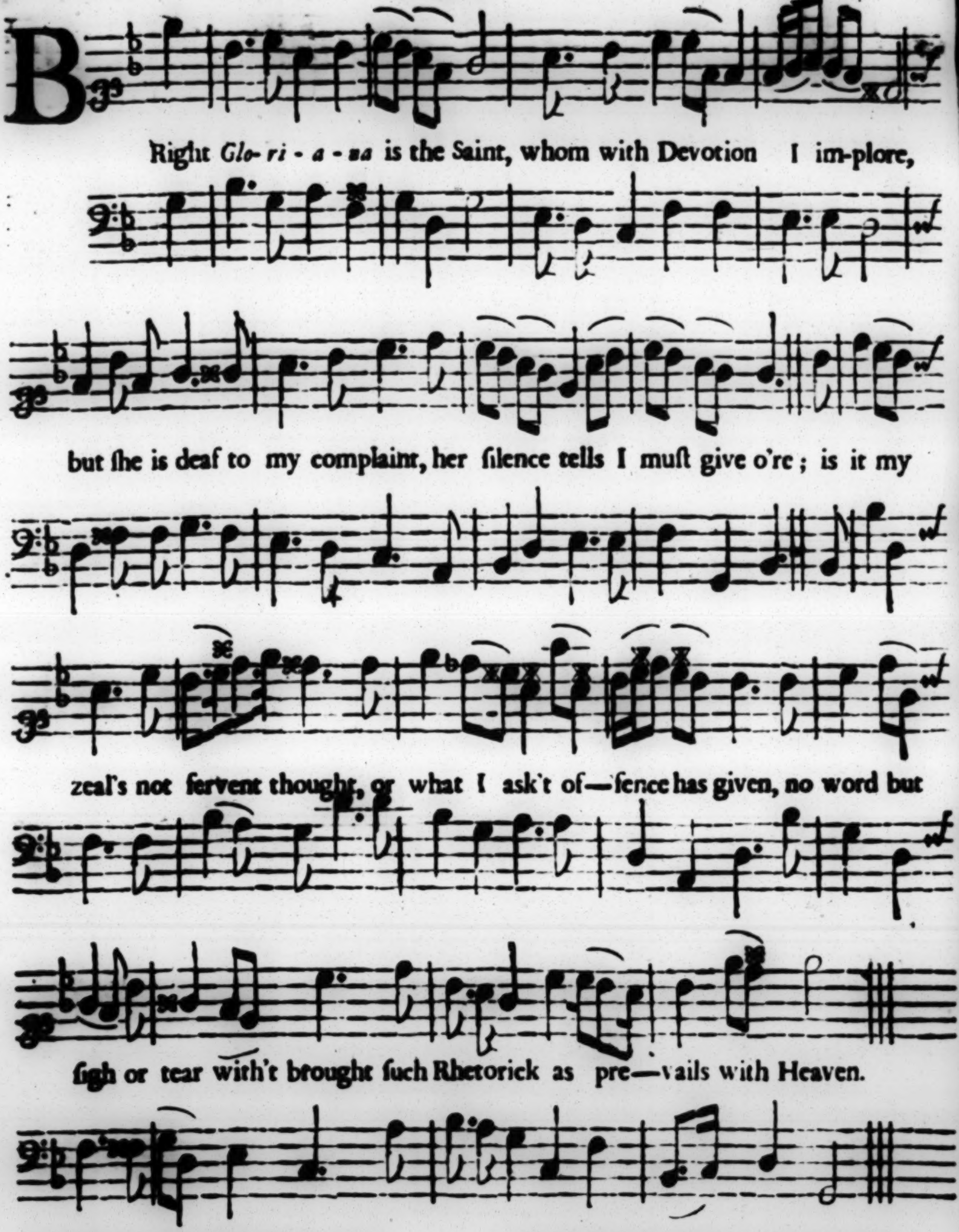
In this Purſe ſweet Soul ſaid I
Twenty pounds lye fairly,
Seek no further one to buy,
For I'le take all thy Barley,
Twenty more ſhall purchaſe delight,
Thy Perſon I love ſo dearly,
If thou wot lig with me this Night
And go home in the Morning early.

If Forty Pounds would buy the Globe,
This thing I wou'd not do Sir,
Or were my Friends as poor as *Job*
I would not raiſe them ſo Sir,
For if this Night you prove my Friend,
We's get a young Kid together,
And you'l be gon at the Nine Months end,
And where ſhall I find a Father.

I told her I had Wedded been
Fourteen Years or longer,
Elſe I would take her for my Queen
And tye the knot much Stronger,
She bid me then no further come
But manage my Wedlock fairly,
And keep Purſe for poor Spouſe at home,
For ſome other ſhould have her Barley.


W
Elcome, welcome Glorious Maid to meet thoſe Joys we to you
bring, this Honour's due which we have paid for thy He - roick ſuffering ; Thou never
more ſhall be afraid of Hate or Love which Princes bear, but in white Robes ſhall be ar-
Chorus.
ray'd to meet thy Bridegroom in the Ayre : Where in one Globe com-bind, by Miracle con-
Chorus.
fin'd, in mighty height extreamly bright ye ſhall appear as if ye were a new created
Star, ye ſhall appear as if ye were a new Created Star.

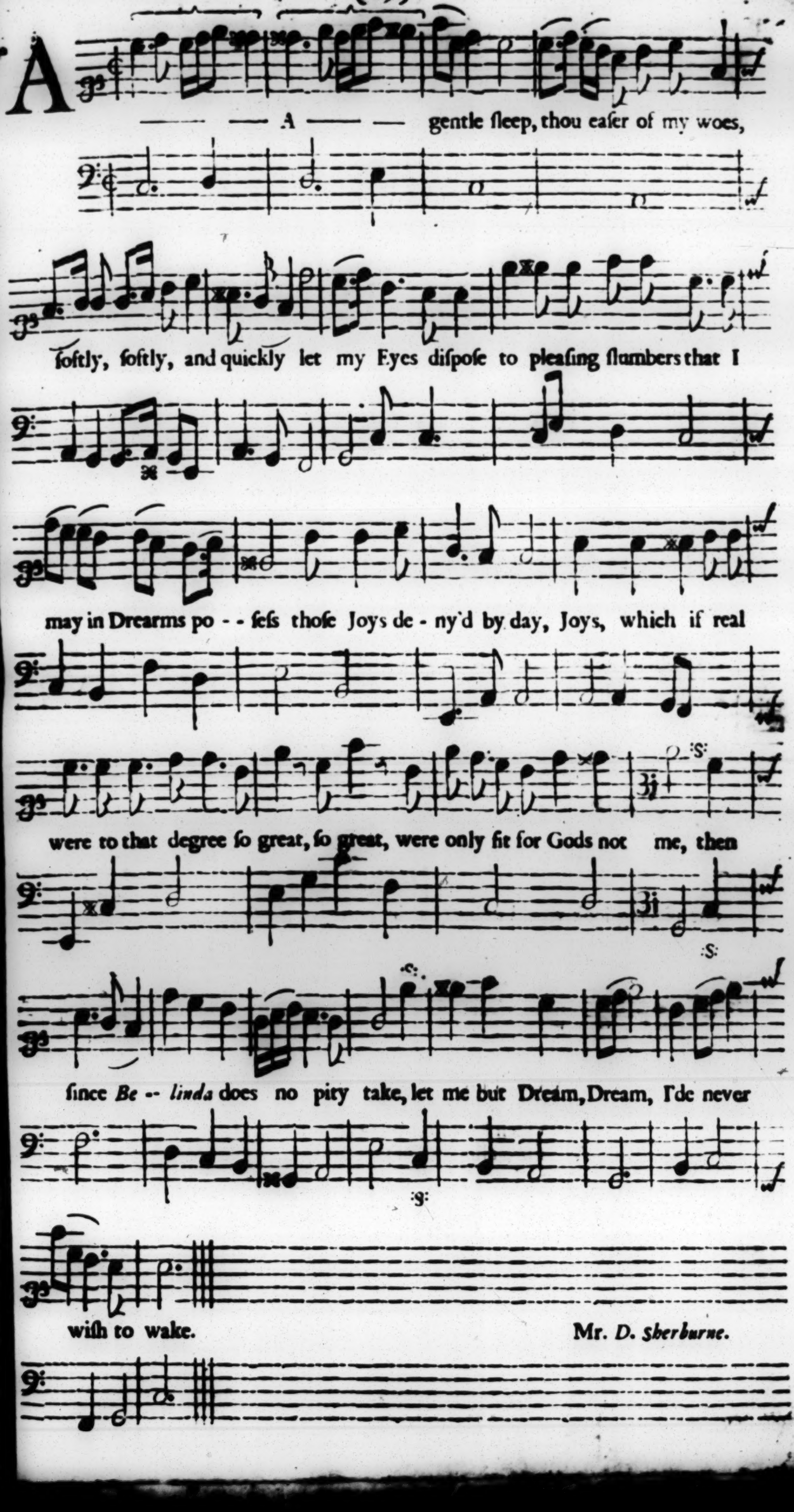
Mr. *William Turner*.


B
Right Glo- ri - a - na is the Saint, whom with Devotion I im-plore,
but ſhe is deaf to my complaint, her ſilence tells I muſt give o're; is it my
zeal's not fervent thought, or what I ask't of—ſence has given, no word but
ſigh or tear with't brought ſuch Rhetorick as pre—vails with Heaven.

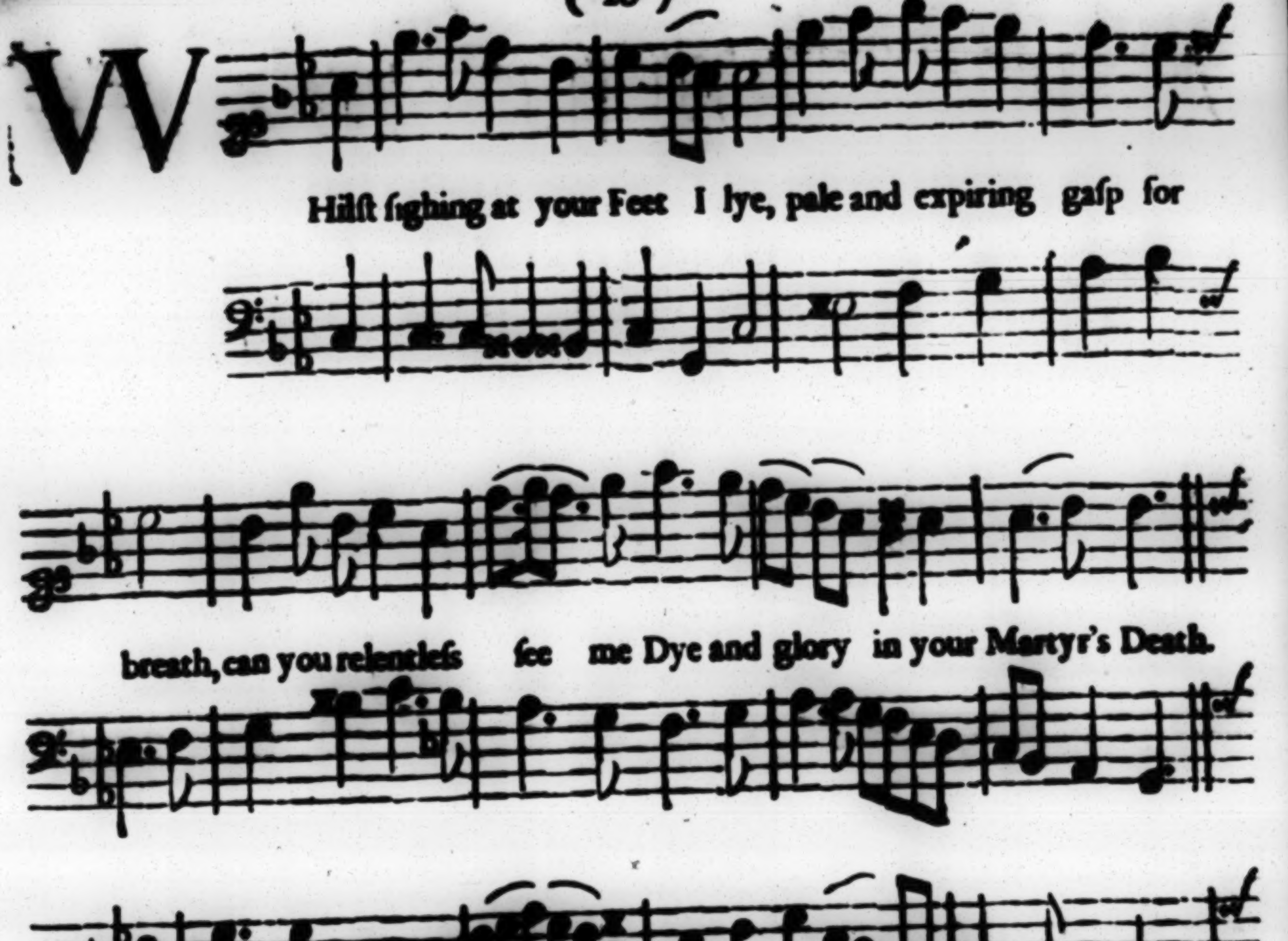
The latter then muſt be the cauſe,
Yet how cou'd that her anger move,
So harmleſs my Petition was,
I only ask't of her her Love,
And now the fatal reaſon's found,
The greater pain I muſt endure,
Such folly 'tis to ſearch the wound
That does admit no hopes of cure.

VVith grief and anguiſh I'me perplext,
So ſad my caſe on either ſide,
I had not liv'd had I not ask't,
'Tis worſe than Death now I'me deny'd;
Tell me of neither racks nor wheels,
Tho ſharp they bring no laſting pain,
Nor Torments like to that he feels
VVho loves and is not lov'd again.

Mr. *William Turner.*

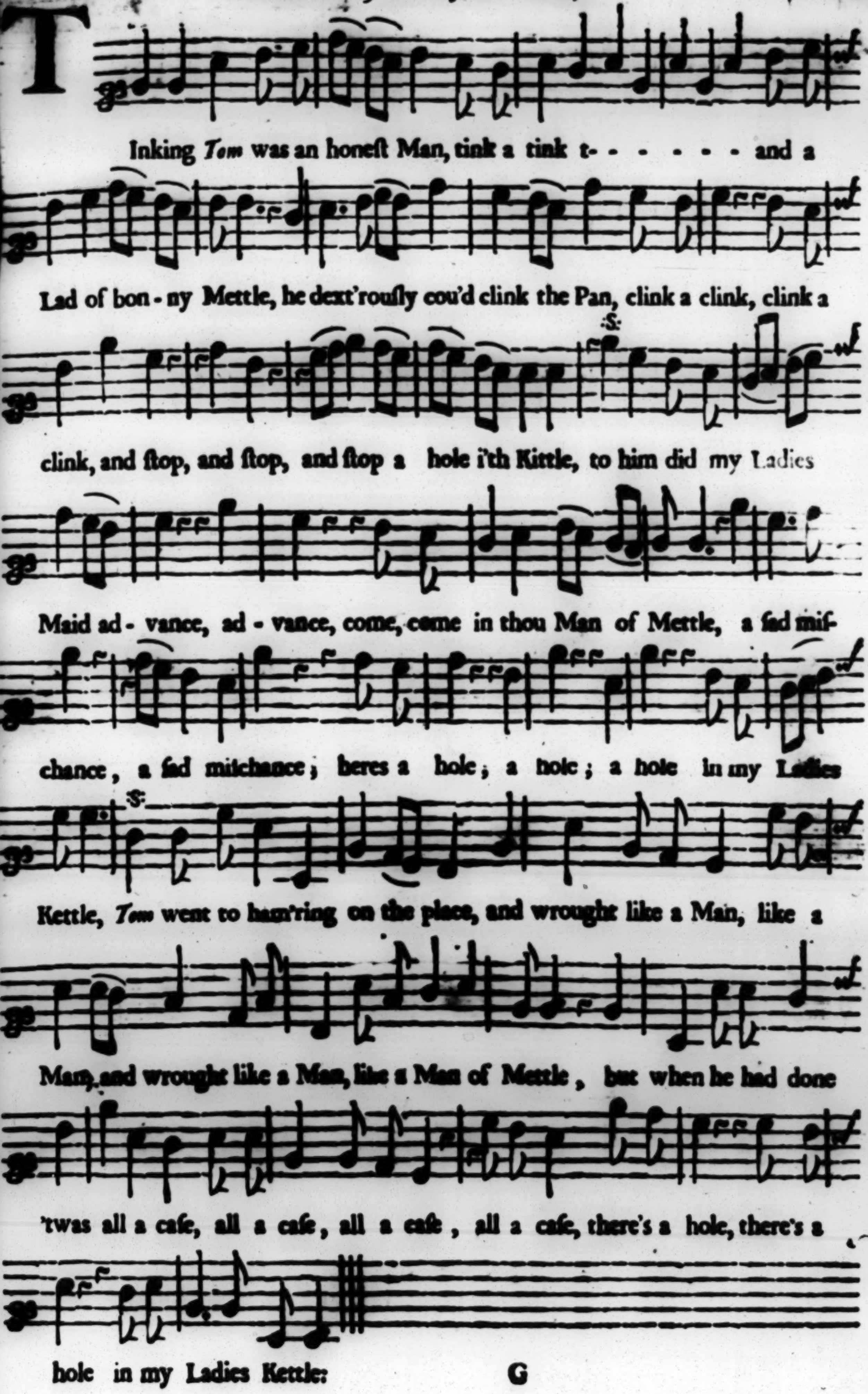

A
—— —— A —— —— gentle ſleep, thou eaſer of my woes,
ſoftly, ſoftly, and quickly let my Eyes diſpoſe to pleaſing ſlumbers that I
may in Drearms po - - ſeſs thoſe Joys de - ny'd by day, Joys, which if real
were to that degree ſo great, ſo great, were only fit for Gods not me, then
ſince *Be* -- *linda* does no pity take, let me but Dream, Dream, I'de never
wiſh to wake.

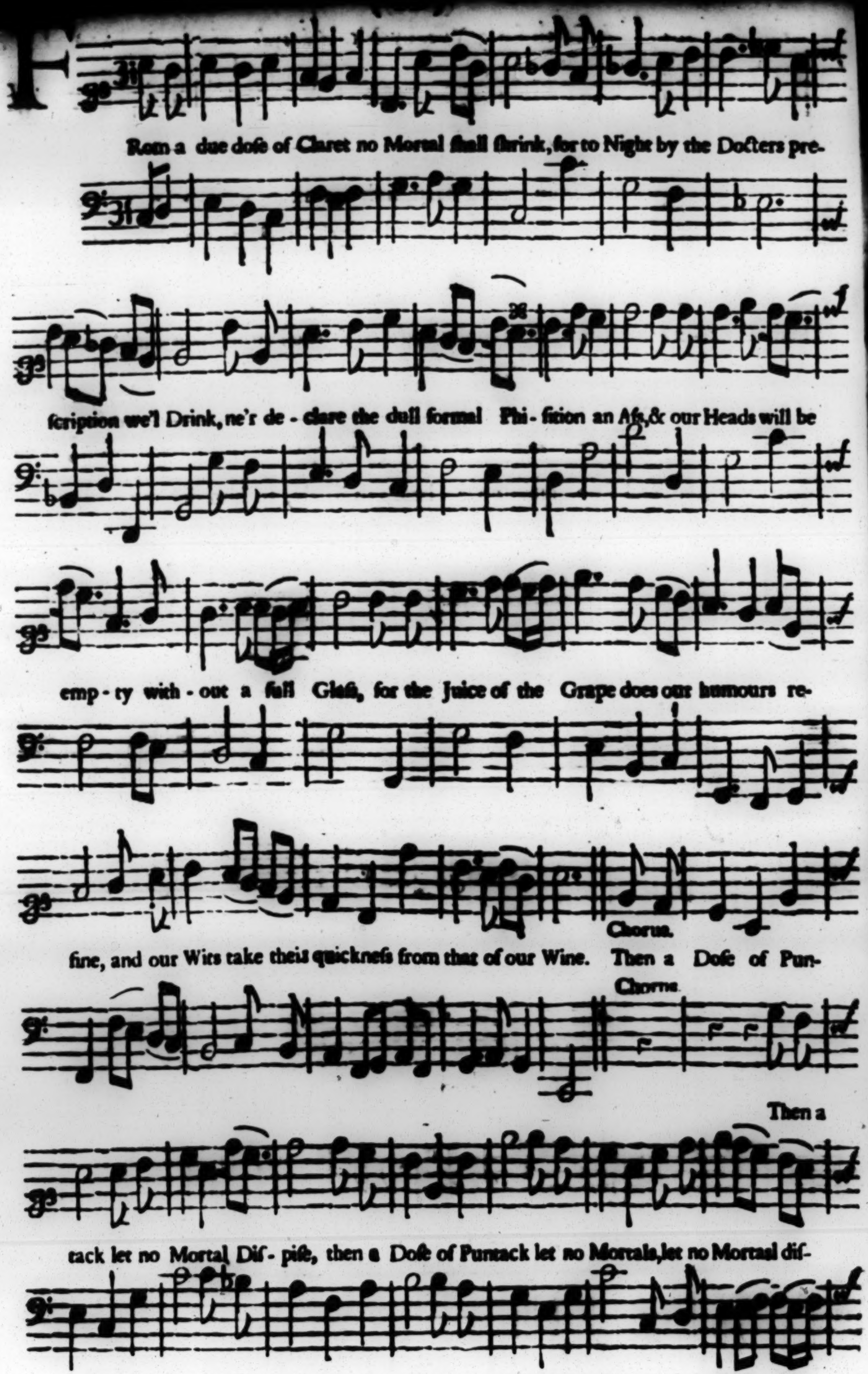
Mr. *D. Sherburne*.

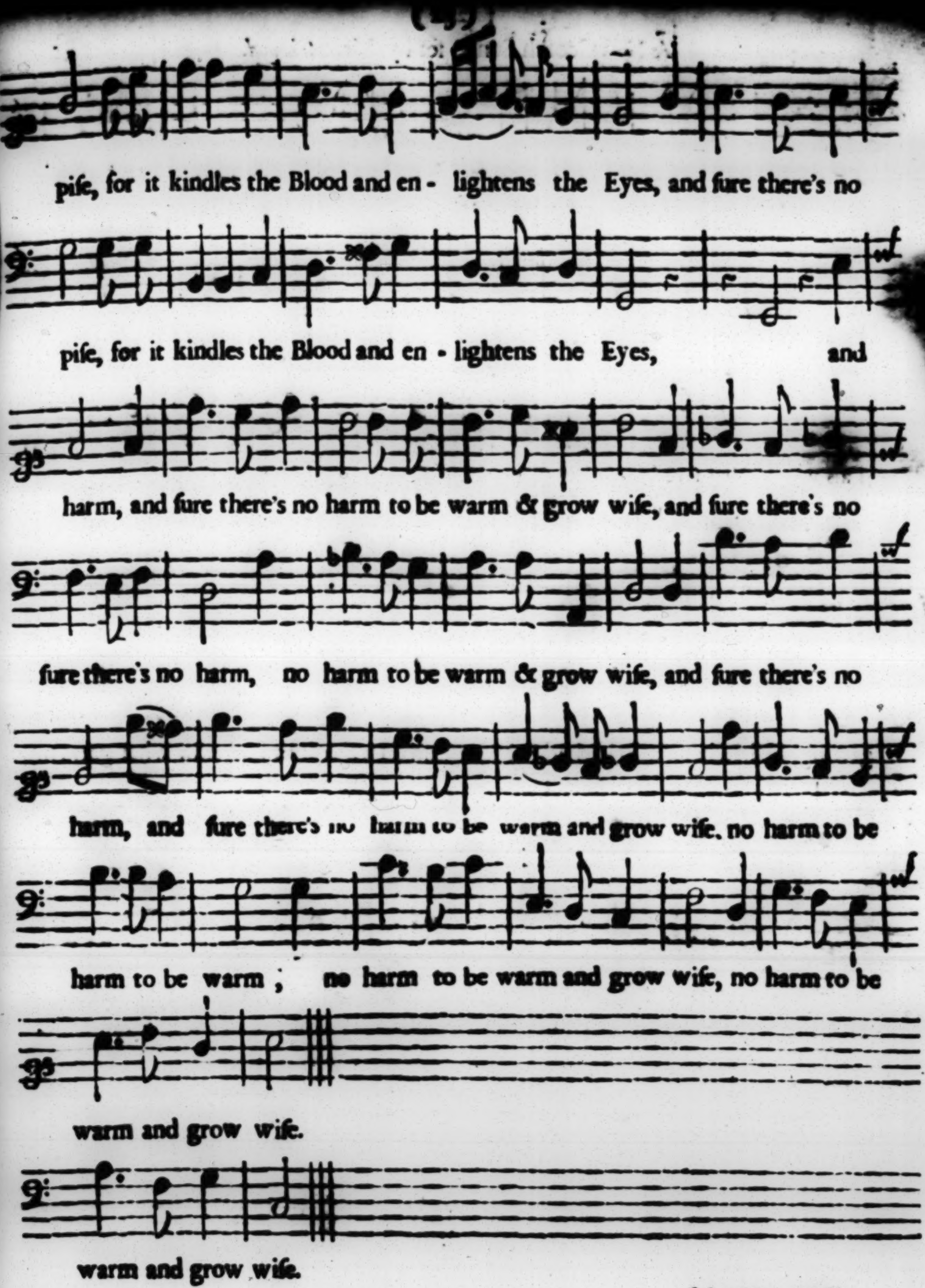

W
Hilſt ſighing at your Feet I lye, pale and expiring gaſp for
breath, can you relentleſs ſee me Dye and glory in your Martyr's Death.
Ah would the Torments I ſuſtain raiſe but compaſſion in your Breaſt,
one pitying look would eaſe my Pain, and give my Soul E - ternal Reſt.

Tho you command me not to live,
  VVhich I with pleaſure muſt obey,
My Love will after Death ſurvive,
  VVhich Fate or Time can ne're decay,
And ſince all hopes of you are loſt,
  And Joy with Life muſt diſappear,
VVhen I'me converted to a Ghoſt,
  I'le be your Guardian Angel here.

A Catch for 3 Voc. by Mr. *Ackroyd*.

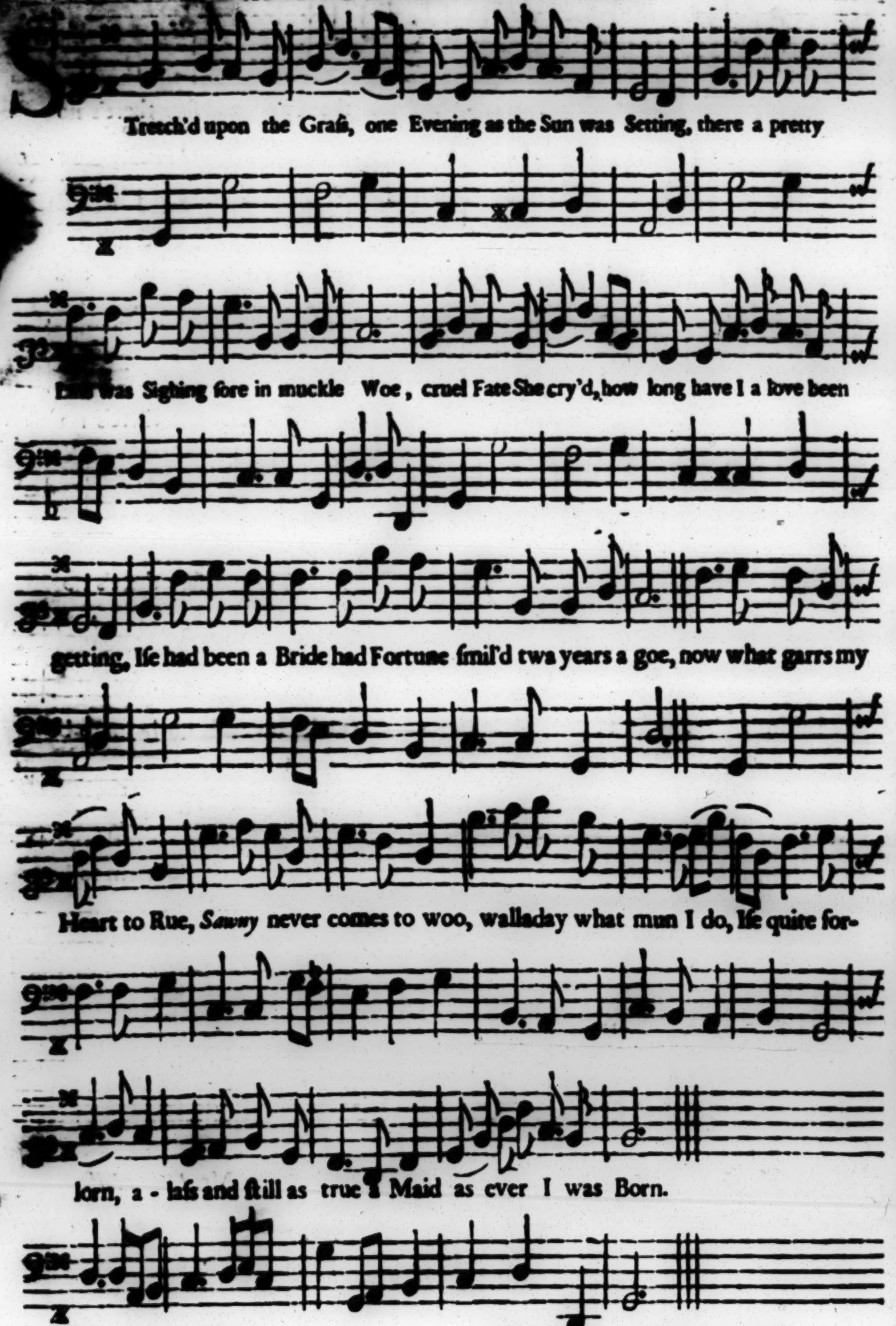

T
Inking *Tom* was an honeſt Man, tink a tink t- - - - - - - and a
Lad of bon - ny Mettle, he dext'rouſly cou'd clink the Pan, clink a clink, clink a
clink, and ſtop, and ſtop, and ſtop a hole i'th Kittle, to him did my Ladies
Maid ad - vance, ad - vance, come, come in thou Man of Mettle, a ſad miſ-
chance, a ſad miſchance; heres a hole; a hole; a hole in my Ladies
Kettle, *Tom* went to ham'ring on the place, and wrought like a Man, like a
Man, and wrought like a Man, like a Man of Mettle, but when he had done
'twas all a caſe, all a caſe, all a caſe, all a caſe, there's a hole, there's a
hole in my Ladies Kettle:


F
Rom a due doſe of Claret no Mortal ſhall ſhrink, for to Night by the Doctors pre-
ſcription we'l Drink, ne'r de - clare the dull formal Phi - ſition an Aſs, & our Heads will be
emp - ty with - out a full Glaſs, for the Juice of the Grape does our humours re-
Chorus.
fine, and our Wits take theis quickneſs from that of our Wine. Then a Doſe of Pun-
Chorus
Then a
tack let no Mortal Diſ - piſe, then a Doſe of Puntack let no Mortals, let no Mortaal diſ-
Doſe of Puntack let no Mortals diſ - piſe, then a Doſe of Puntack let no Mortals diſ-


piſe, for it kindles the Blood and en - lightens the Eyes, and ſure there's no
piſe, for it kindles the Blood and en - lightens the Eyes, and
harm, and ſure there's no harm to be warm & grow wiſe, and ſure there's no
ſure there's no harm, no harm to be warm & grow wiſe, and ſure there's no
harm, and ſure there's no harm to be warm and grow wiſe, no harm to be
harm to be warm ; no harm to be warm and grow wiſe, no harm to be
warm and grow wiſe.
warm and grow wiſe.

Mr. *Hen. Hall.*

A New Scotch Song, ſet by Mr. *Ackroyd.*


S
Tretch'd upon the Graſs, one Evening as the Sun was Setting, there a pretty
Laſs was Sighing ſore in muckle Woe, cruel Fate She cry'd, how long have I a love been
getting, Iſe had been a Bride had Fortune ſmil'd twa years a goe, now what garrs my
Heart to Rue, *Sawny* never comes to woo, walladay what mun I do, Iſe quite for-
lorn, a - laſs and ſtill as true a Maid as ever I was Born.

Moggy that was foul
As Hicks of Leith in Rainy weather,
Yet to make her glad
Has got a Lad full ſix Foot high.
Jenny black as coal
And *Wully Cragg* are link'd together,
Ev'ry dowdy Fool
Has always better luck than I,

Yellow, Fair, or Black, or Brow,
Every Trollop now goes down,
Nene is left but I alone;
Iſe paſt Eighteen,
And yet as right a Maid as e're,
The Deek's in aw the Men.

FINIS.

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VVhen Mony has done, 2
VVhilſt Sighing, 20

Y

Youth and VVit do, 10

MUSICK Books ſold by John Carr *at the* Middle-Temple *Gate.*

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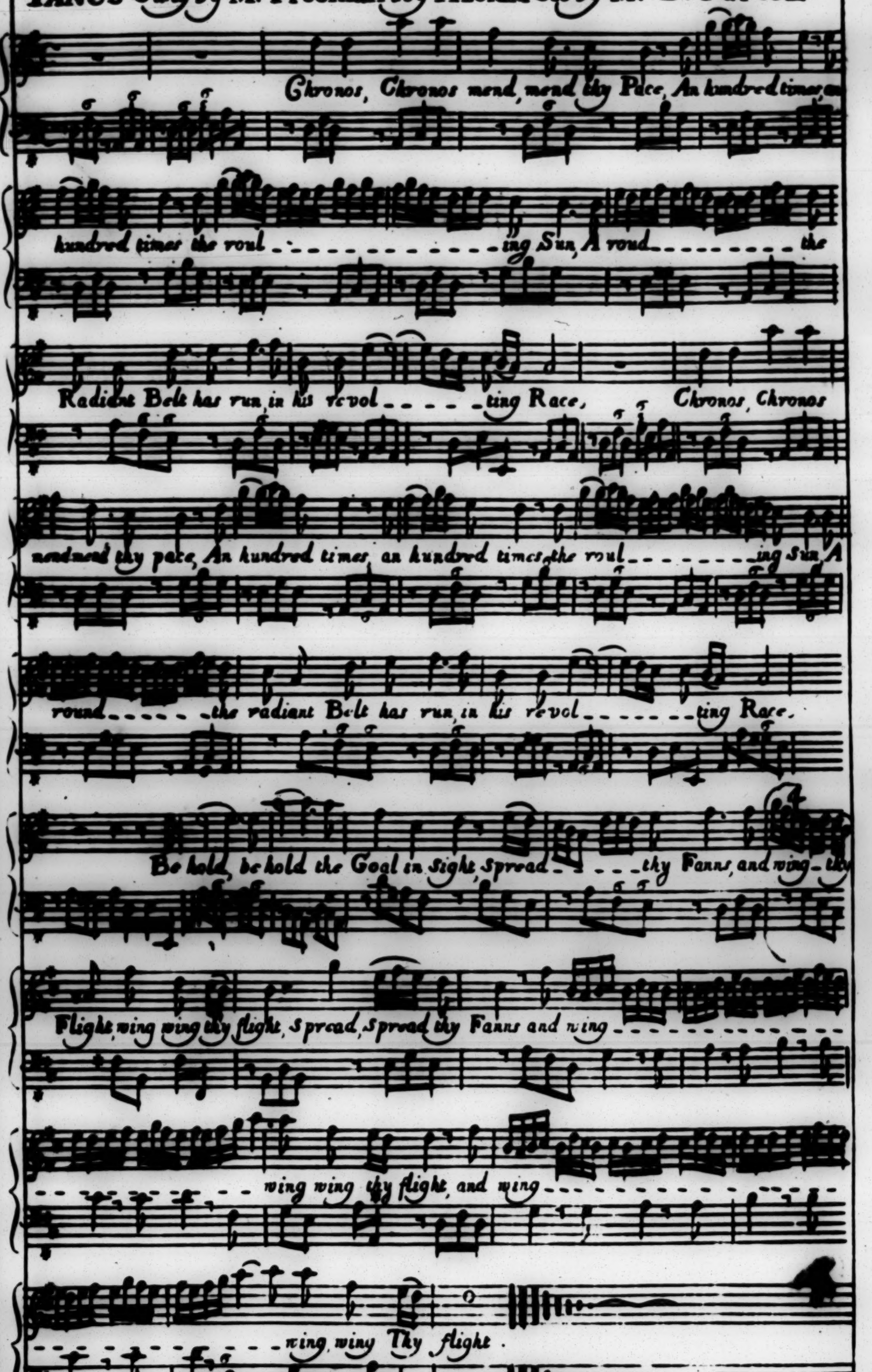
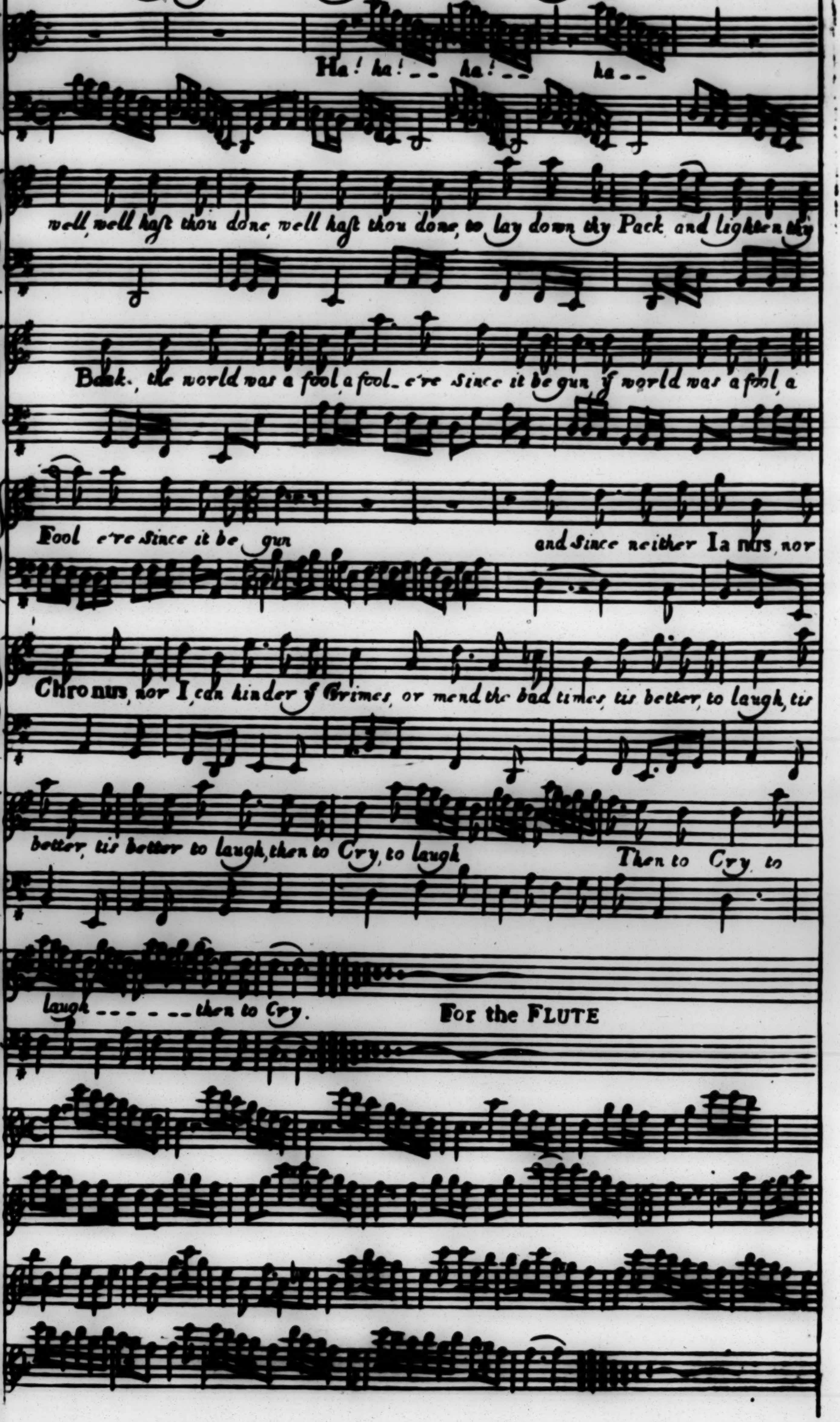
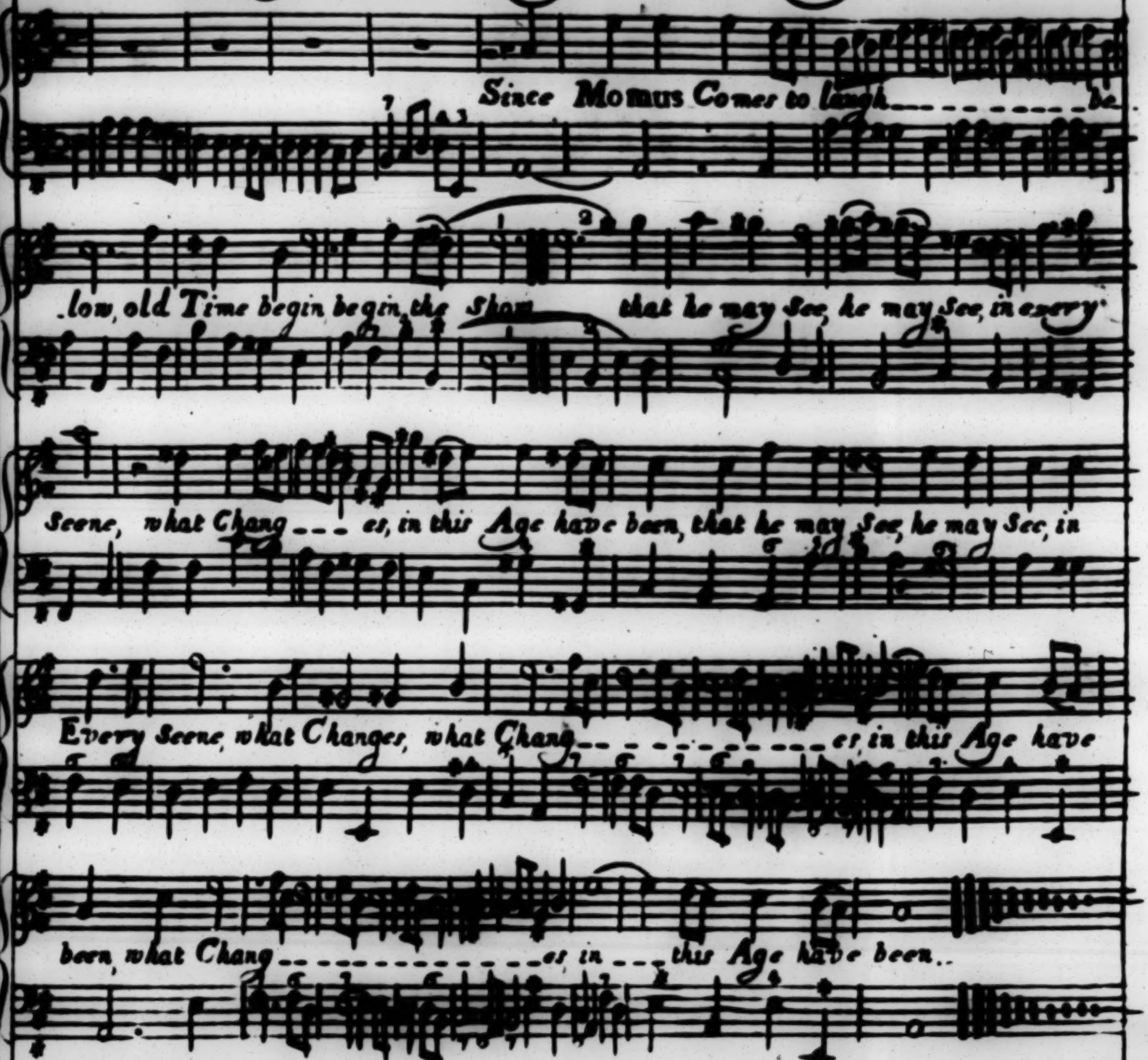
IANUS Sung by Mr. Freeman in ye PILGRIM Set by Mr. D: Purcell.


Chronos, Chronos mend, mend thy Pace, An hundred times, an
hundred times the roul-----------------ing Sun, A round---------the
Radiant Belt has run in his revol-----ting Race, Chronos, Chronos
mend mend thy pace, An hundred times, an hundred times, the roul---------ing Sun A
round-----the radiant Belt has run, in his revol---------ting Race.
Be hold, be hold the Goal in Sight, Spread----thy Fanns, and wing-thy
Flight, wing wing thy flight, Spread, Spread thy Fanns and wing--------------------
--------------wing wing thy flight, and wing----------------
-------------wing, wing Thy flight.

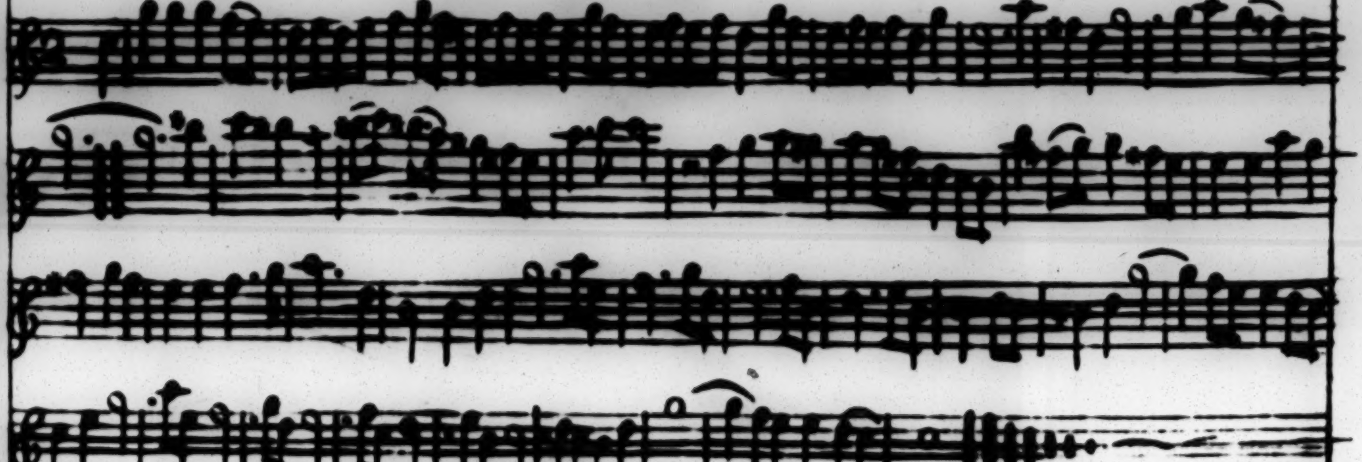
MOMUS Sung by Mr Pate, in ye PILGRIM Set by Mr D: Purcell.


Ha! ha! -- ha! -- ha --
well, well haſt thou done, well haſt thou done, to lay down thy Pack and lighten thy
Back. , the world was a fool, a fool -- e're ſince it be gun ye world was a fool, a
Fool e're ſince it be gun and ſince neither Ia nus, nor
Chronus, nor I, can hinder ye Crimes, or mend the bad times, tis better, to laugh, tis
better, tis better to laugh, then to Cry, to laugh Then to Cry to
laugh ------ then to Cry.
For the FLUTE

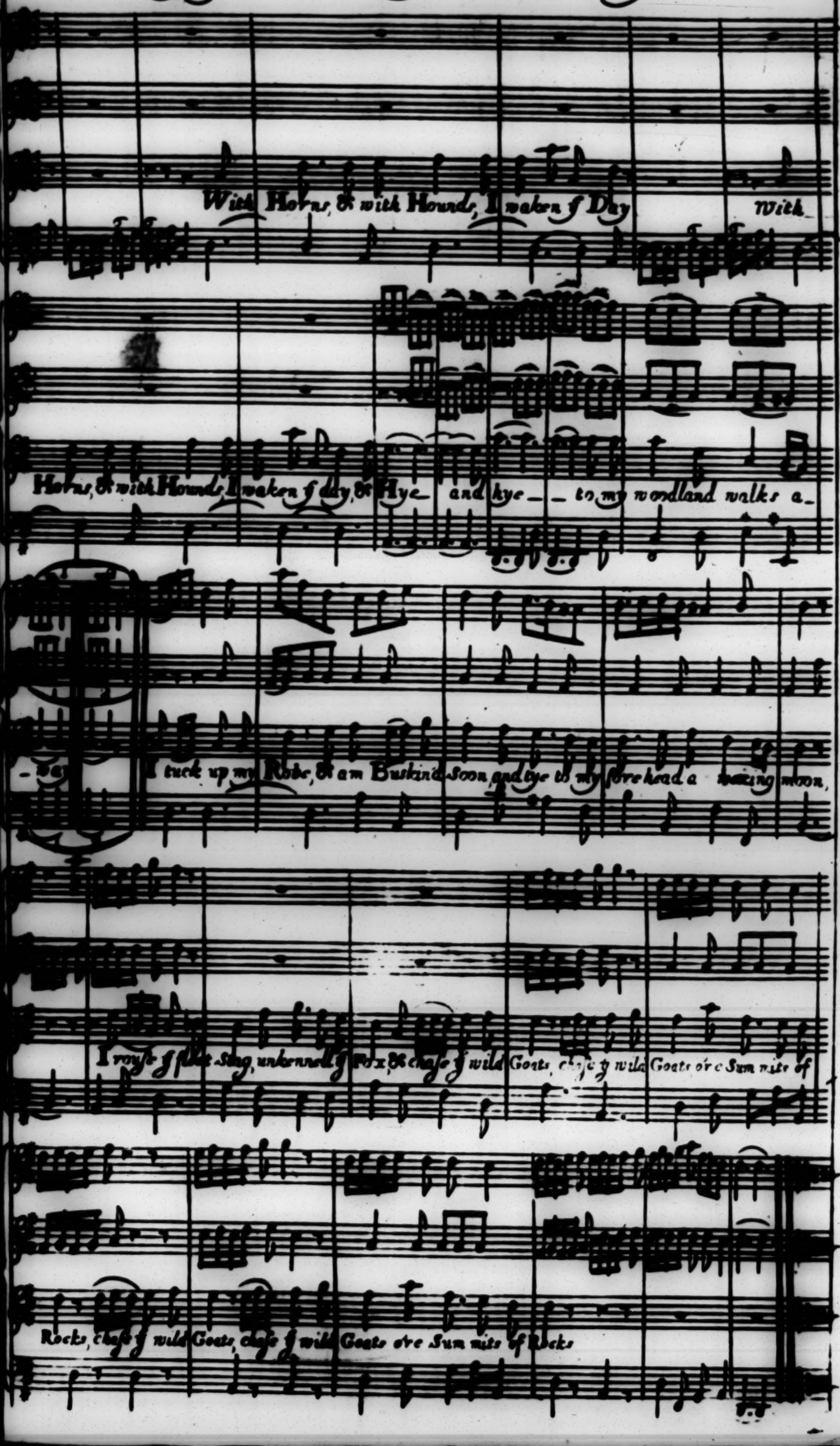
IANUS, *Sung by* Mr. Freeman *in ye* PILGRIM *Set by* Mr. D: Purcell


Since Momus Comes to laugh - - - - - - - - be-
-low, old Time begin begin the Show that he may See, he may See, in every
Scene, what Chang - - - es, in this Age have been, that he may See, he may See, in
Every Scene, what Changes, what Chang - - - - - - - - - - - - es, in this Age have
been, what Chang - - - - - - - - - - - - - es, in - - this Age have been..

For the Flute



DIANA Sung by Mrs Erwin in ye PILGRIM Set by Mr D: Purcell


With Horns, & with Hounds, I waken ye Day With
Horns, & with Hounds I waken ye day, & Hye and hye — to my woodland walks a-
-way I tuck up my Robe, & am Buskin'd soon and tye to my forehead a waxing moon,
I rouse ye fleet Stag, unkennell ye Fox, & chase ye wild Goats, chase ye wild Goats o're Sum mits of
Rocks, chase ye wild Goats, chase ye wild Goats o're Sum mits of Rocks

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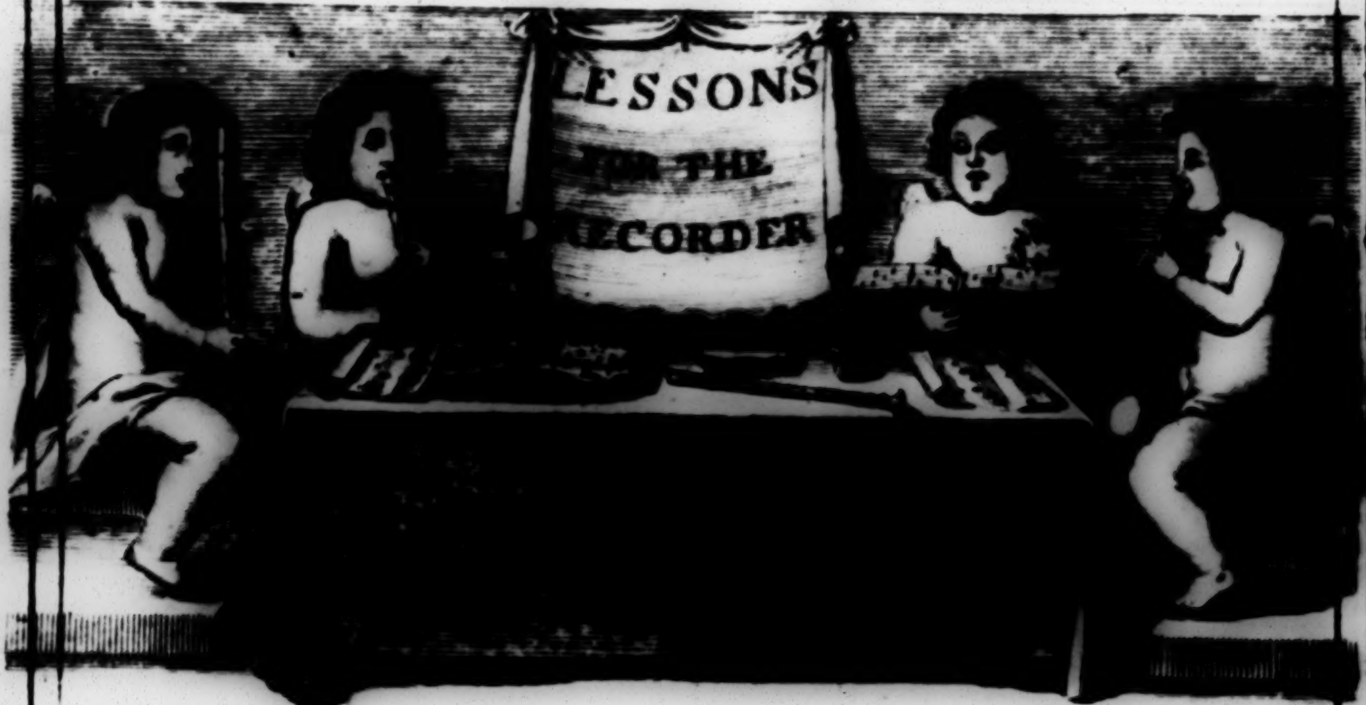

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in Miter Court in *Fleet-ſtreet.* And at moſt Muſick-Shops in Town. 1693.

A *Table* of SONGS contain'd in this Book.

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Aires for 2 Flutes by Mr. Godfrido Finger, and *Mr.* John Baniſter. P. 34, 35.
Aires for 2 Flutes by Mr. Keen P. 36, 37.

TO
Thomas Drax, Eſquire.

SIR,

BY the advice and aſſiſtance of ſome Eminent *Maſters of* **Muſick**, *whom I have great reaſon to believe my very good Friends, and by ſome Care and Induſtry of my own, I have Collected this ſmall Volume, which I find wants nothing but your Name to Recommend it to the* **Muſical** *part of the World; the Sence of this Encourages me (but with all Humility imaginable) to beg your Protection of it, ſince none (eſpecially who have had Gentleman-like Education) will be ſo unmannerly as to oppoſe what a Perſon of your Senſe and Merit has Vouchſaf'd to Patroniſe. I am not unſenſible how Ridiculous an attempt of Panegyrick would appear in me, who am altogether as unfit for it, as to perform in a Conſort of* **Muſick**, *but this I muſt beg leave to affirm, that if Perſons of your Rank and Sphere, not only condeſcend to be Patrons of the Sons of* **Apollo**, *but to be Performers alſo, we have all the ground imaginable to be aſſured, that our* **Iſland** *will be as famous for Excellent Compoſitions and admirable Performances in* **Muſick**, *a[illegible] the long acknowledg'd Miſtreſs of the World. N[illegible] muſt beg if you ſhould find any Errors that you [illegible] not Impute them to the want of Skill in the Maſters, but either to mine or the Printers overſight, who do not pretend to Infallibility. But this I need not have mention'd, ſince I know you are ſo Generous as to Connive at ſuch faults, and I hope you will Pardon this preſumption of*

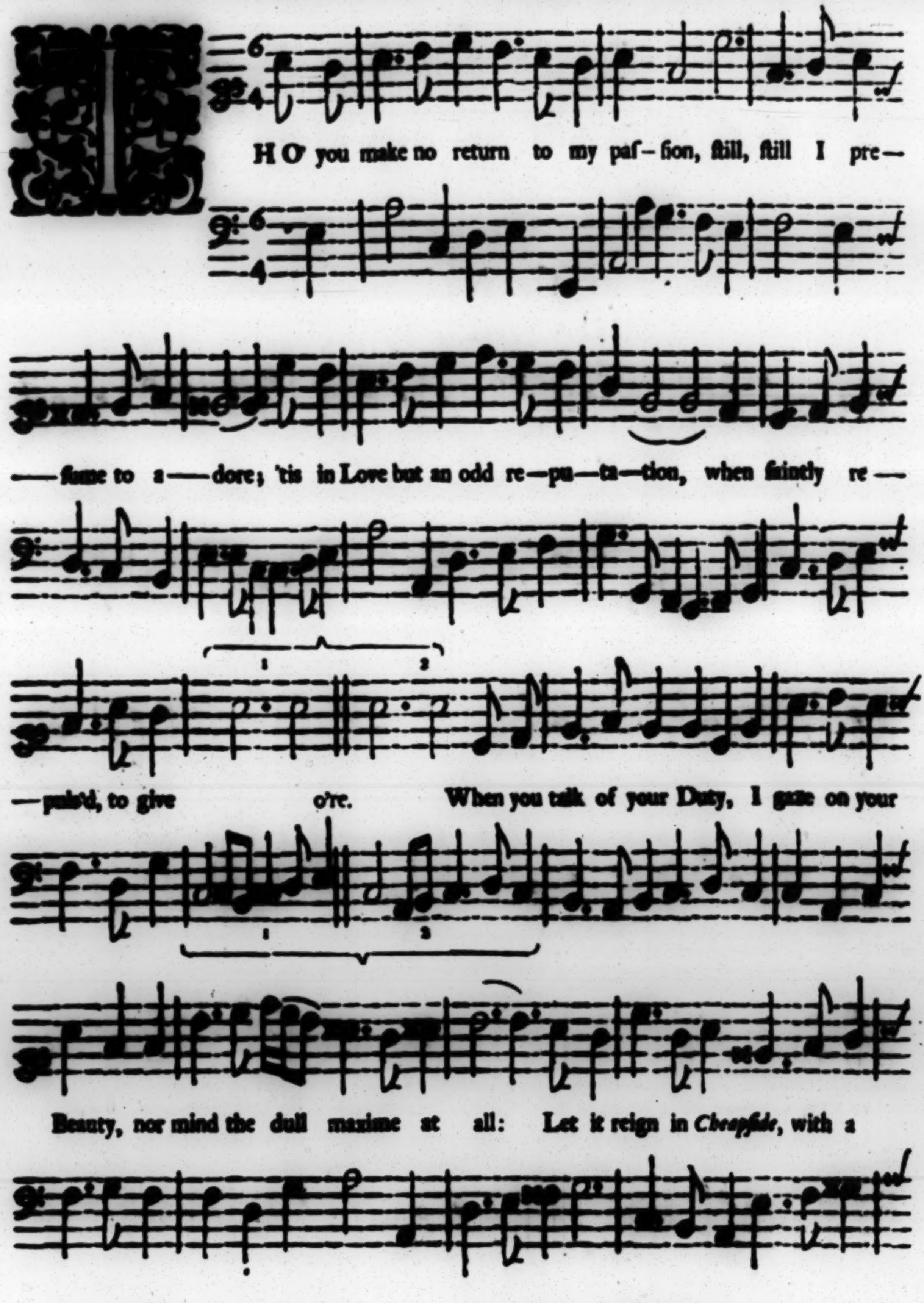
Your already infinitely oblig'd,

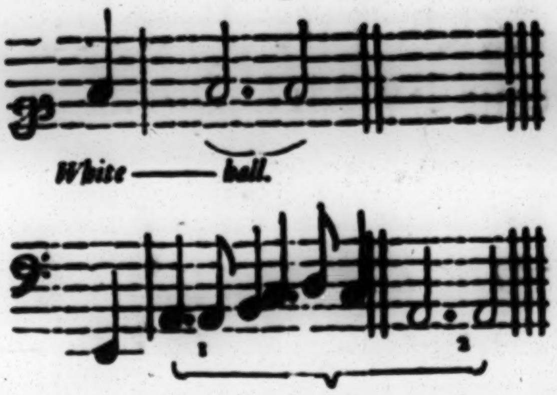
And moſt humble Servant,

John Hudgebutt.

The firſt Song in the Maids laſt Prayer,

by Mr. *Henry Purcell.* Sung by Mrs. *Dyer.*

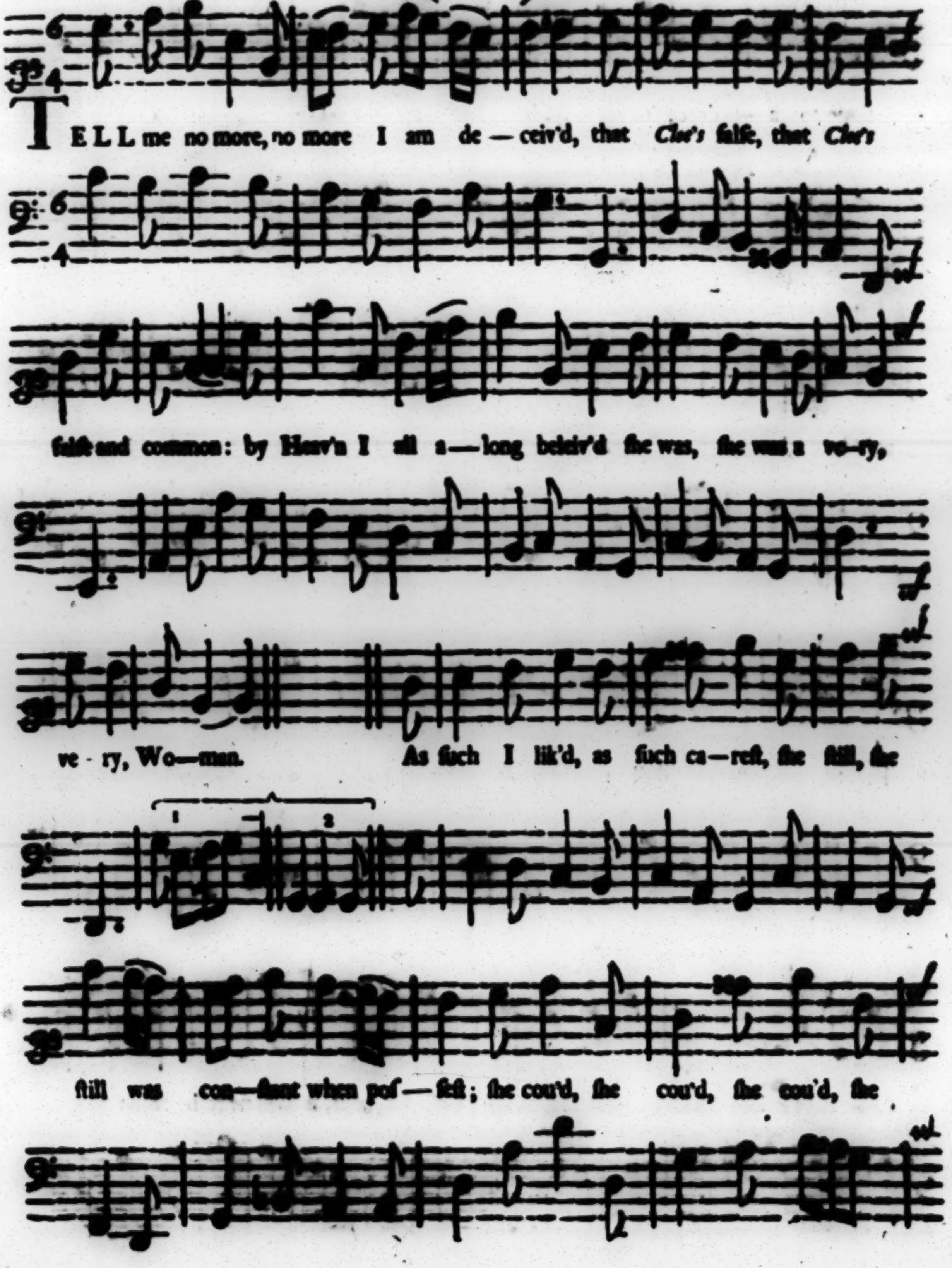

T
H O' you make no return to my paſ–ſion, ſtill, ſtill I pre–
——ſume to a——dore; 'tis in Love but an odd re–pu–ta–tion, when faintly re—
—pulſ'd, to give o're. When you talk of your Duty, I gaze on your
1
2
Beauty, nor mind the dull maxime at all: Let it reign in *Cheapſide*, with a
Ci–tizens Bride; it will ne'er be receiv'd, it will ne'er, ne'er, it will ne'er be receiv'd at

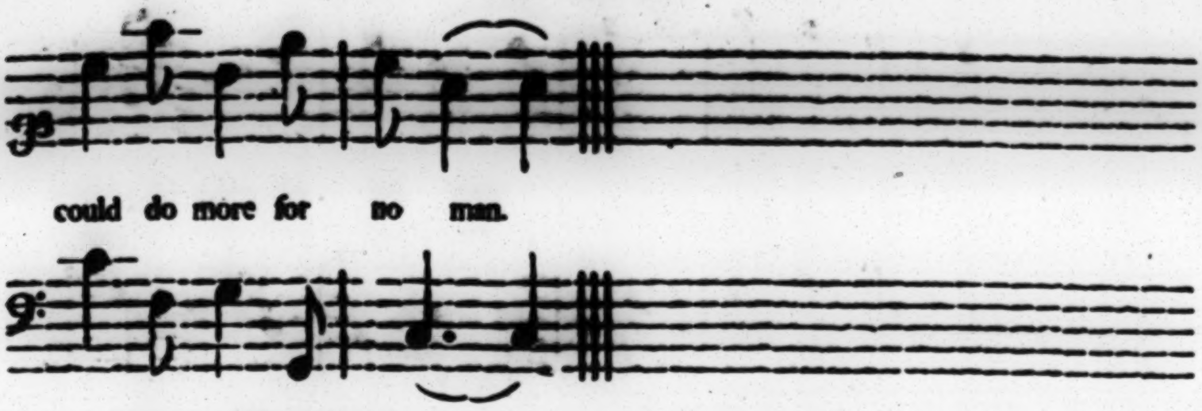

White —— hall.
1
2

II.

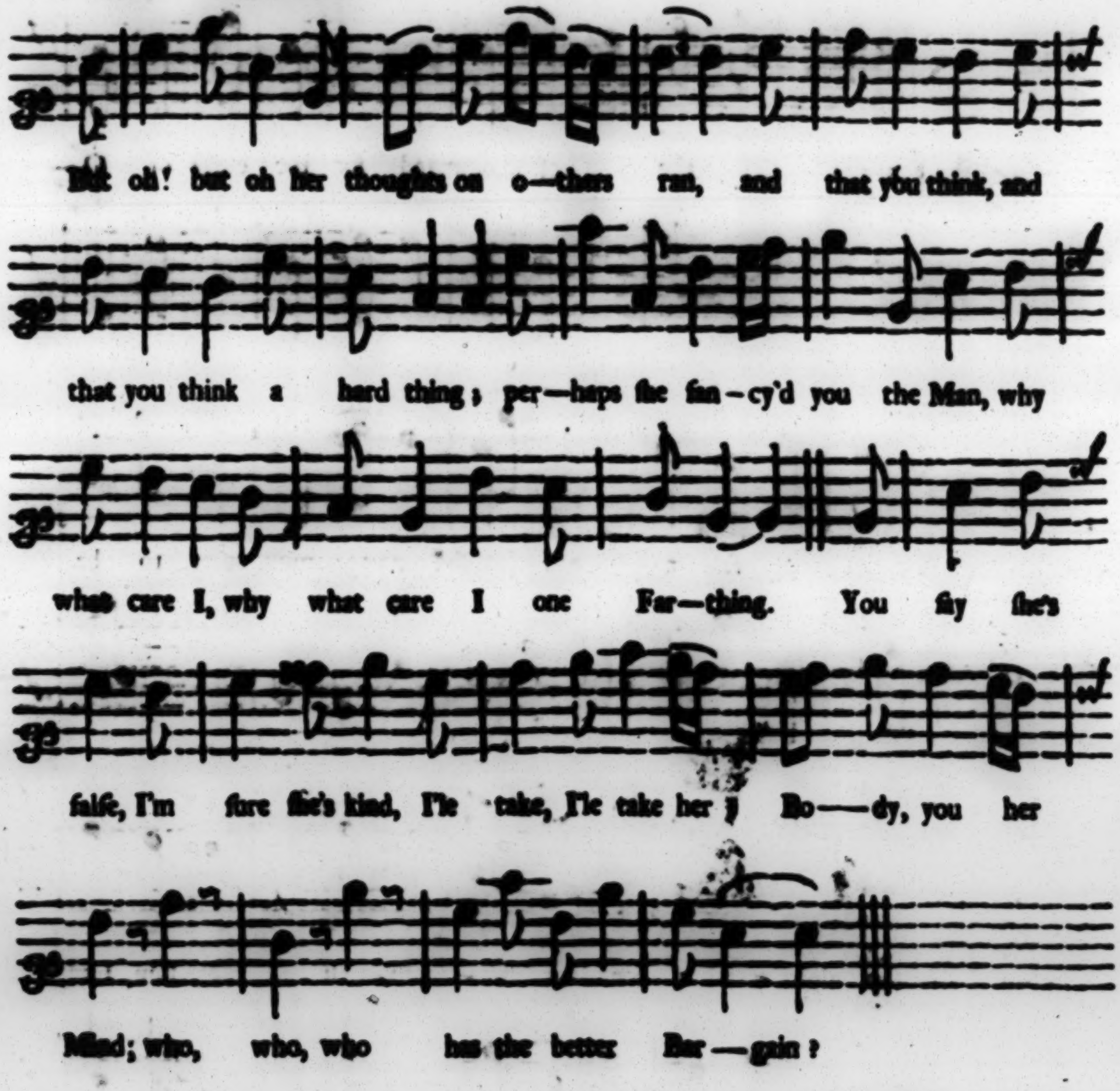
What Apocryphal Tales are you told,
By one who would make you beleive,
That, becauſe of *to have and to hold*,
You ſtill muſt be pinn'd to his ſleeve.
'Twere apparent high Treaſon,
'Gainſt Love and 'gainſt Reaſon,
Should one ſuch a Treaſure engroſs:
He who knows not the Joys,
That attend ſuch a Choice,
Shou'd reſign to another who does.

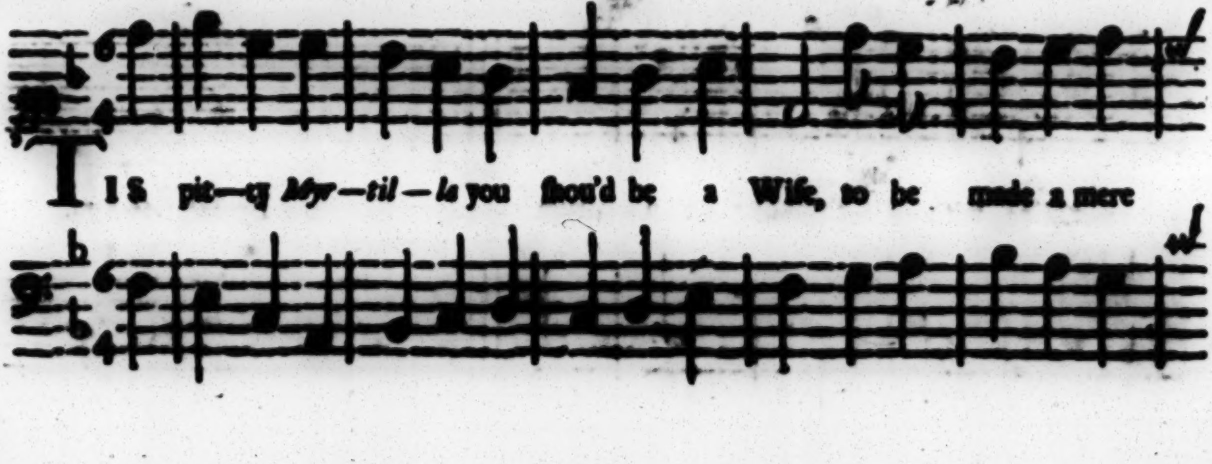
The 2d. Song in the Maids laſt Prayer, Sung by Mrs. *Ayliff*.

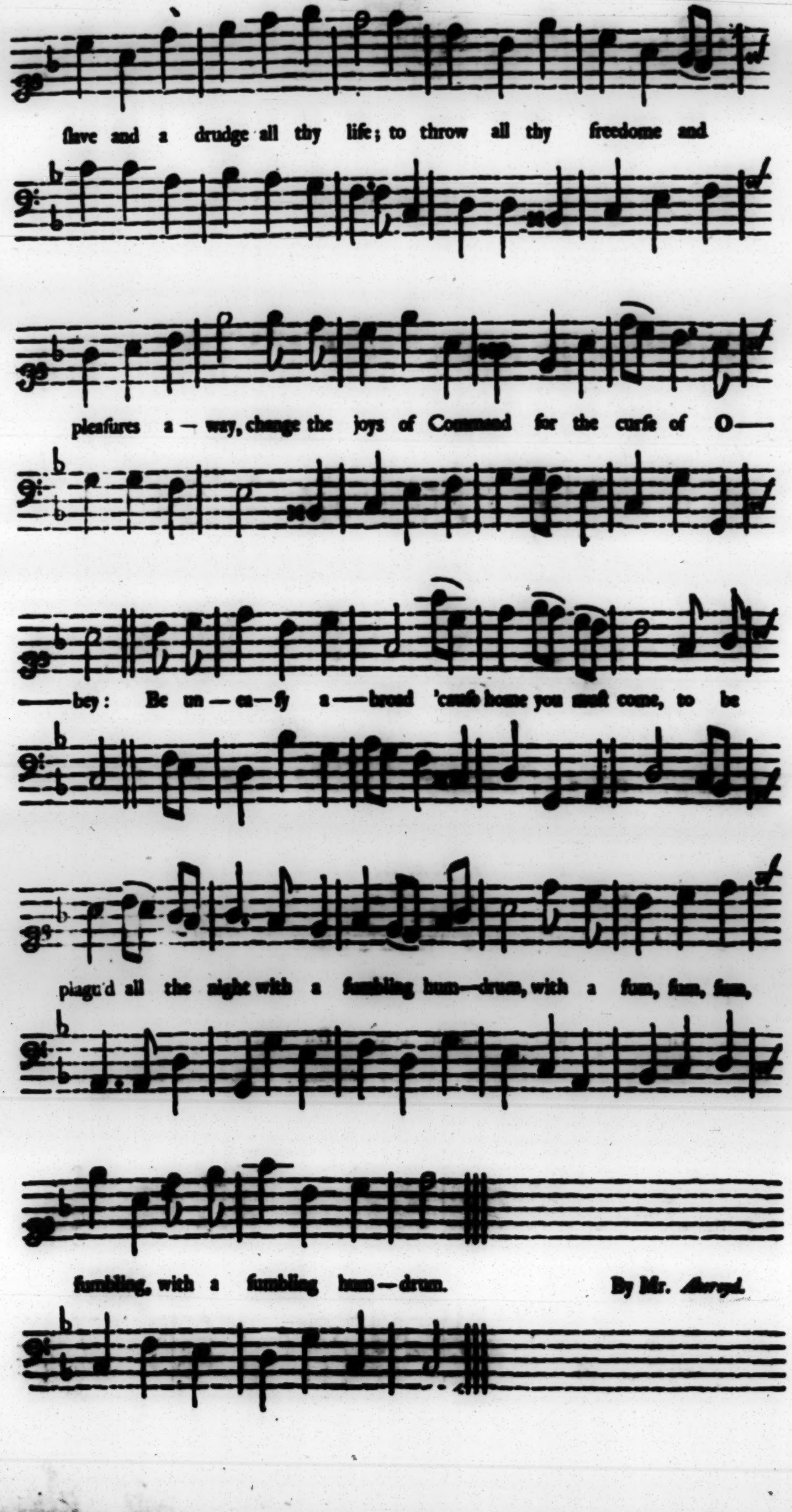

TELL me no more, no more I am de — ceiv'd, that Cloe's falſe, that Cloe's
falſe and common: by Heav'n I all a — long beleiv'd ſhe was, ſhe was a ve - ry,
ve - ry, Wo — man. As ſuch I lik'd, as ſuch ca — reſt, ſhe ſtill, ſhe
1
2
ſtill was con — ſtant when poſ — ſeſt; ſhe cou'd, ſhe cou'd, ſhe cou'd, ſhe


could do more for no man.

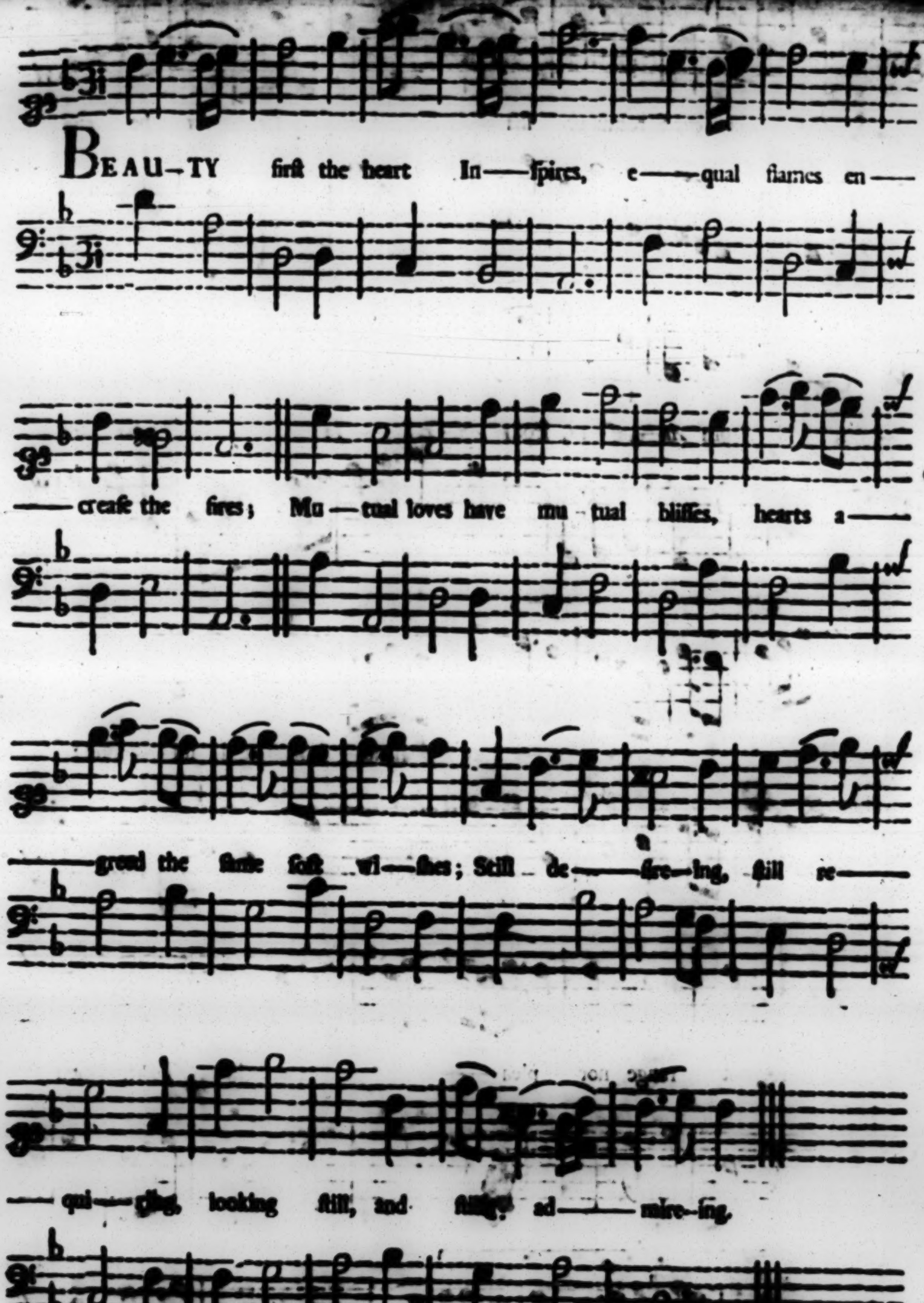
2d. Stanza.


But oh! but oh her thoughts on o—thers ran, and that you think, and
that you think a hard thing; per—haps ſhe fan—cy'd you the Man, why
what care I, why what care I one Far—thing. You ſay ſhe's
falſe, I'm ſure ſhe's kind, I'le take, I'le take her Bo——dy, you her
Mind; who, who, who has the better Bar—gain?


TIS pit—cy *Myr—til—la* you ſhou'd be a Wife, to be made a mere


ſlave and a drudge all thy life; to throw all thy freedome and
pleaſures a — way, change the joys of Command for the curſe of O—
—bey: Be un—ea—ſy a—broad 'cauſe home you muſt come, to be
plagu'd all the night with a ſumbling hum—drum, with a ſum, ſum, ſum,
ſumbling, with a ſumbling hum—drum.

By Mr. *Akeroyd.*


BEAU-TY first the heart In——ſpires, e——qual flames en——
——creaſe the fires; Mu—tual loves have mu tual bliſſes, hearts a——
——greed the ſame ſoft wi—ſhes; Still de——ſire-ing, ſtill re——
——qui——ring, looking ſtill, and ſtill ad——mire-ing.

Set by Mr. *Akeroyd*

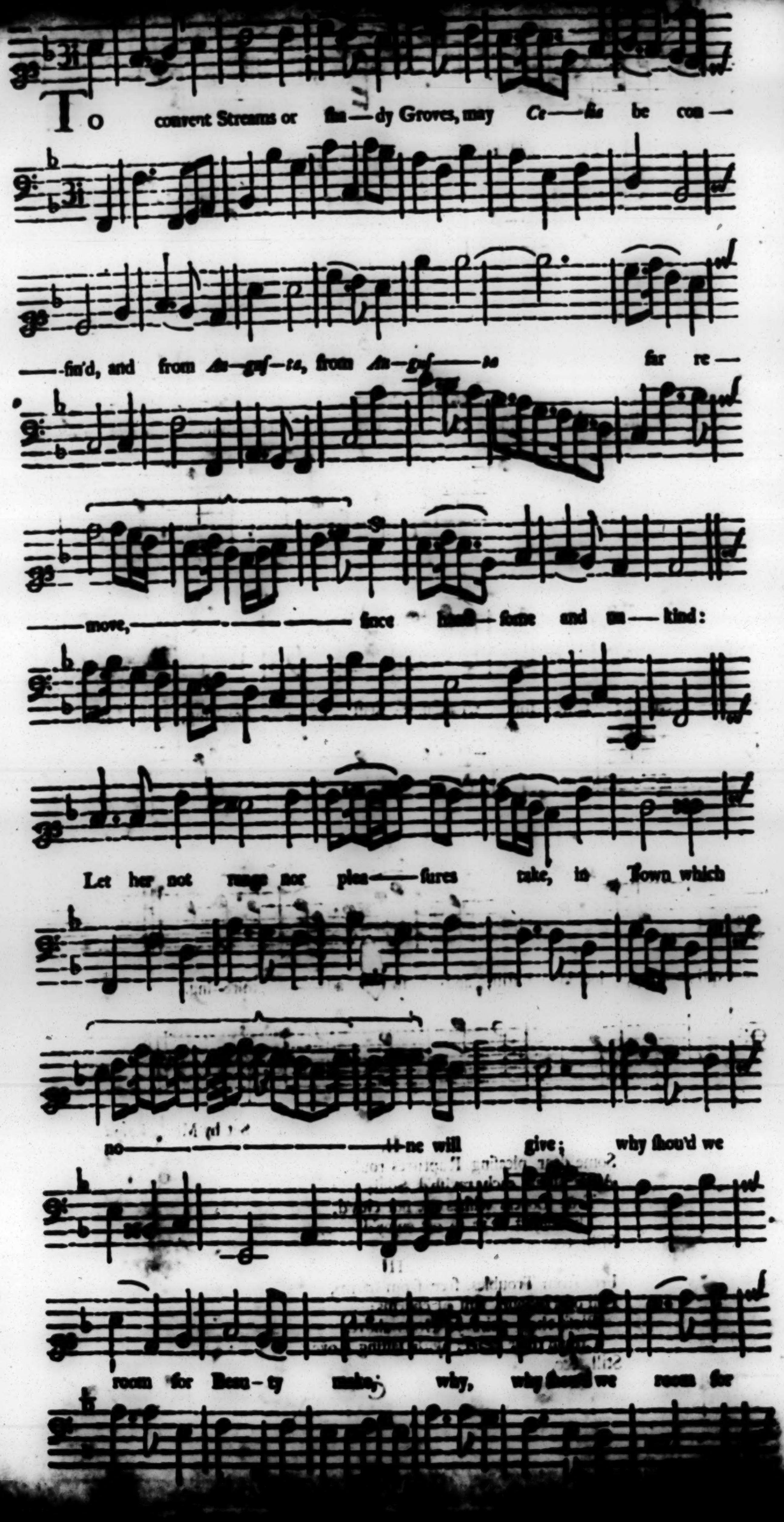
II.

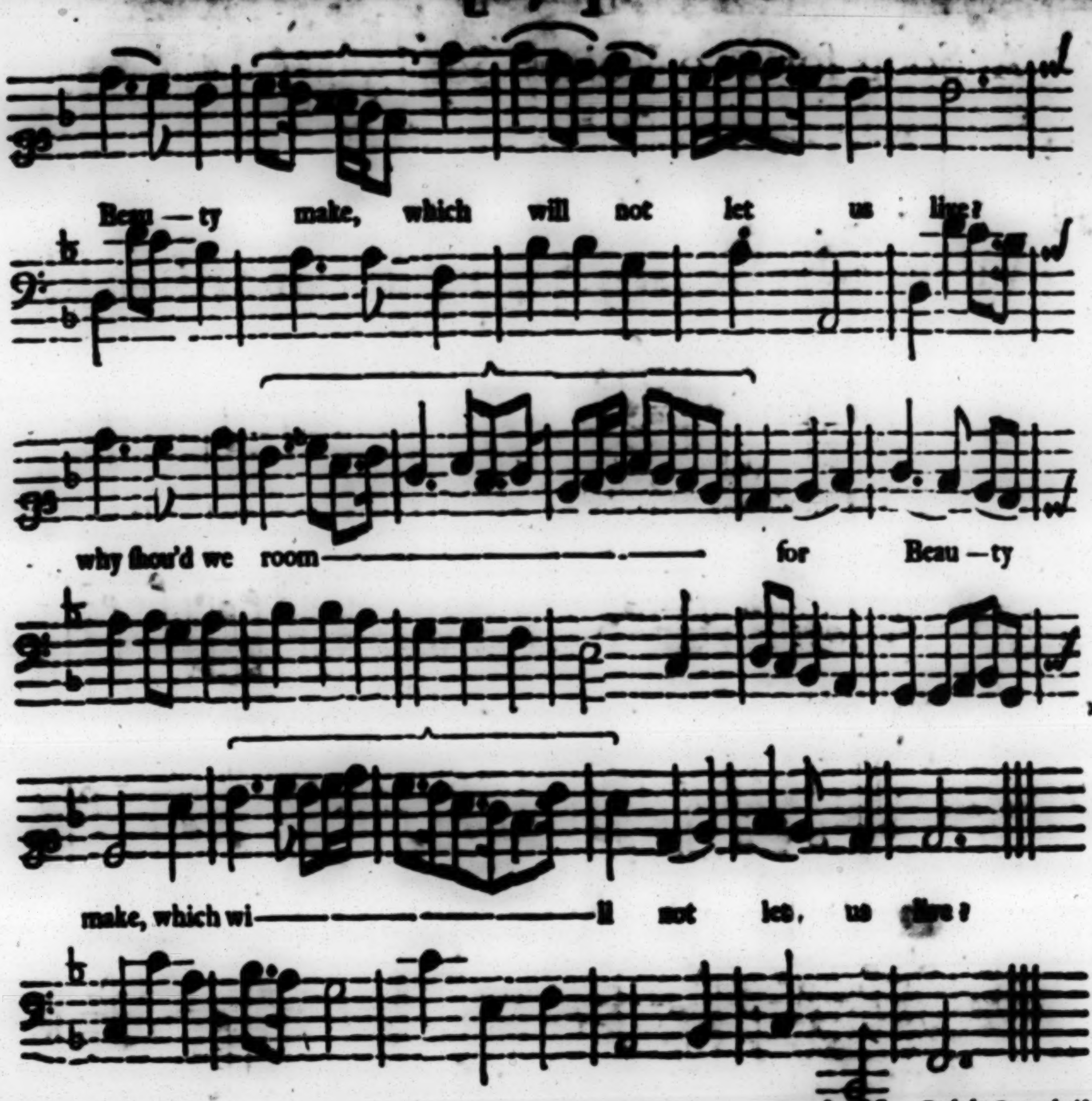
Some dear pleaſing Raptures roul,
[illegible] each raviſh'd Soul,
True Lovers wiſhes are not cloy'd,
The object ne'er ſo oft enjoy'd.
Still, &c.

III.

Free from Troubles, free from harms,
Full of Honour, full of charms;
Bleſs their [illegible] ye Gods above,
Crown their hearts with laſting Love.
Still, &c.

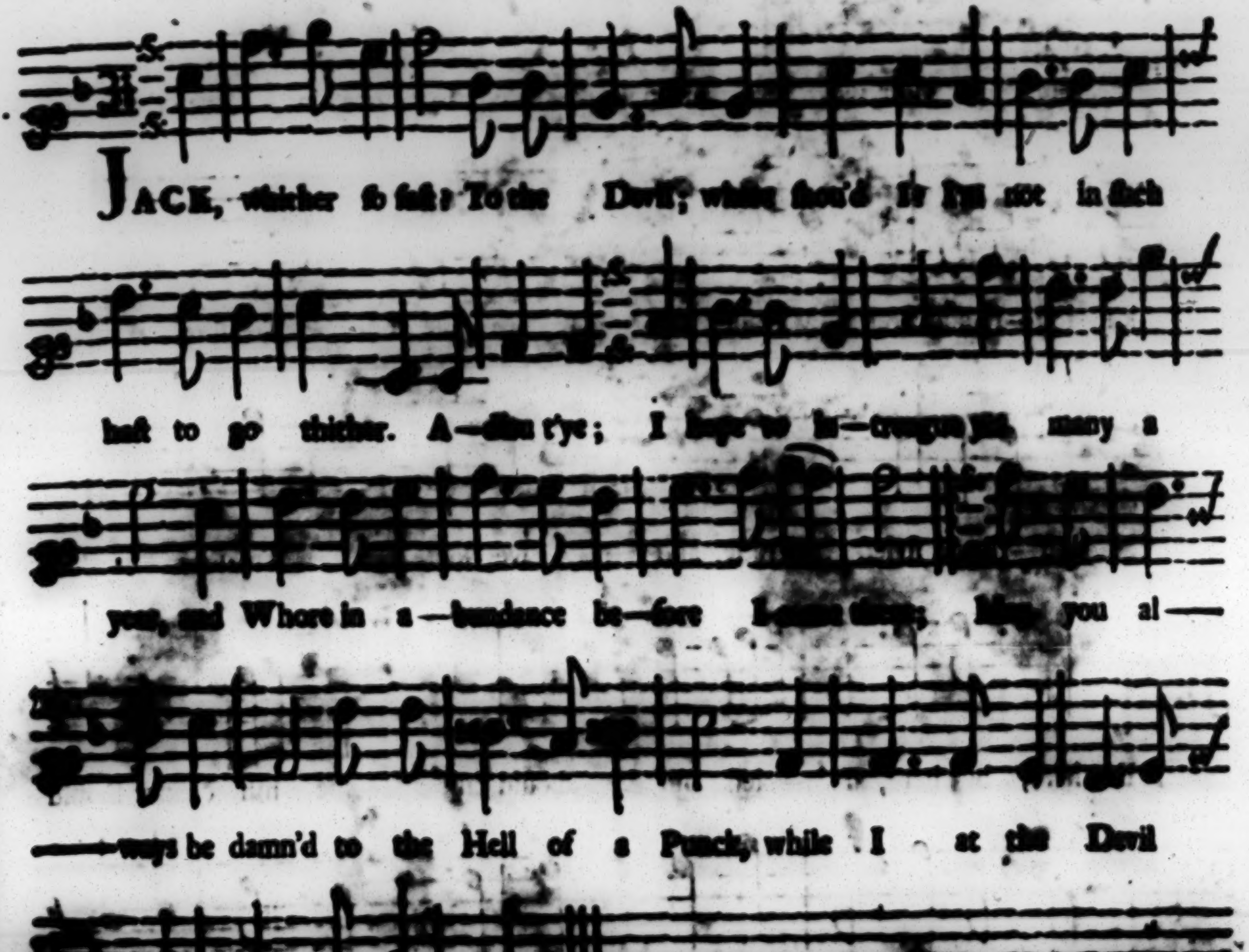
C


To convent Streams or ſha—dy Groves, may Ce—lia be con—
—fin'd, and from Au—guſ—ta, from Au—guſ——ta far re—
——move,—— —— —— ſince hand—ſome and un—kind:
Let her not range nor plea——ſures take, in Town which
no—— —— ——ne will give; why ſhou'd we
room for Beau—ty make, why, why ſhou'd we room for

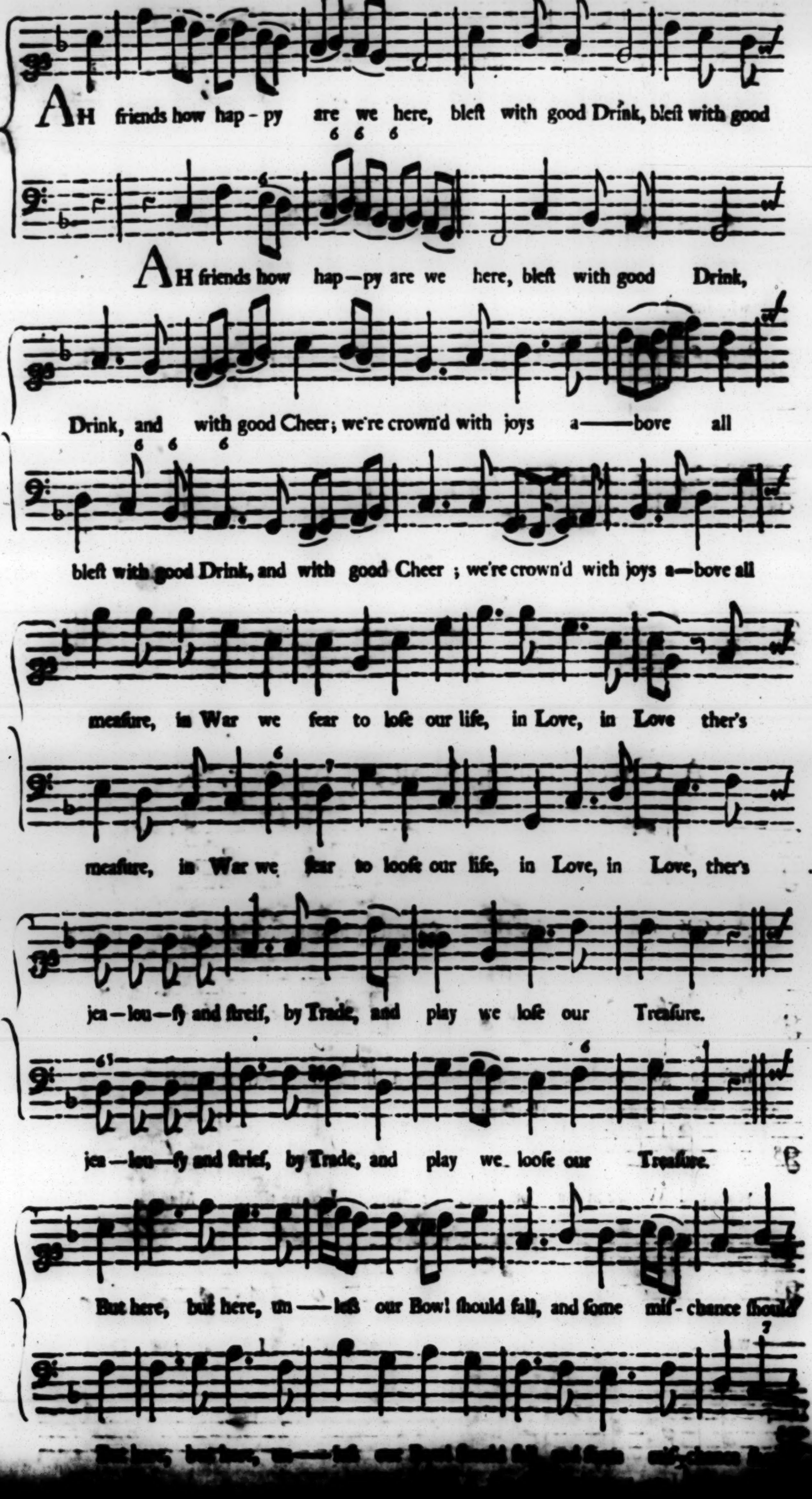

Beau—ty make, which will not let us live?
why ſhou'd we room————— for Beau—ty
make, which wi—————ll not let, us live?

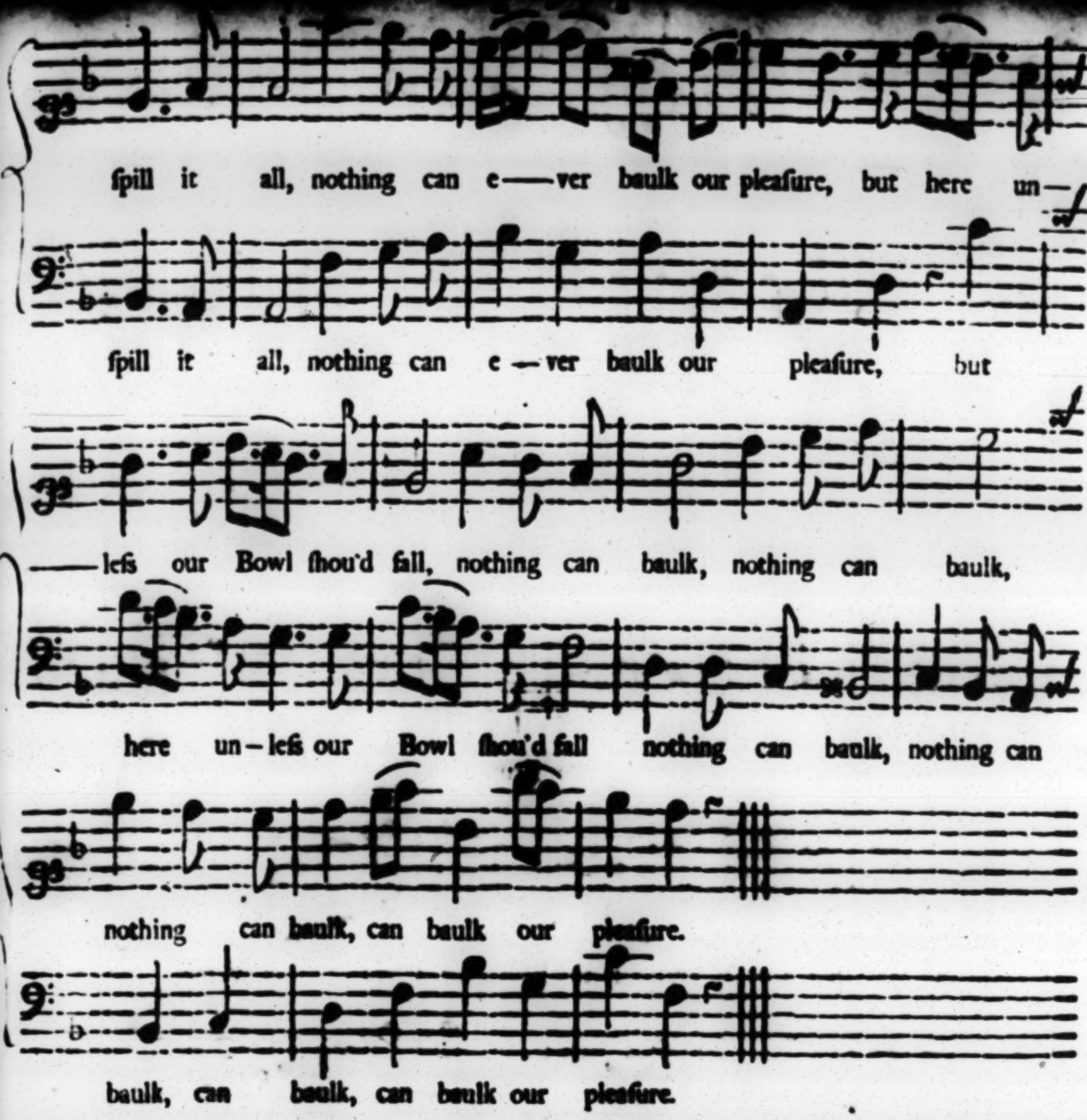
Set by Mr. *Ralph Courtivil.*

A Catch for 3. Voices, by Mr. *King.*

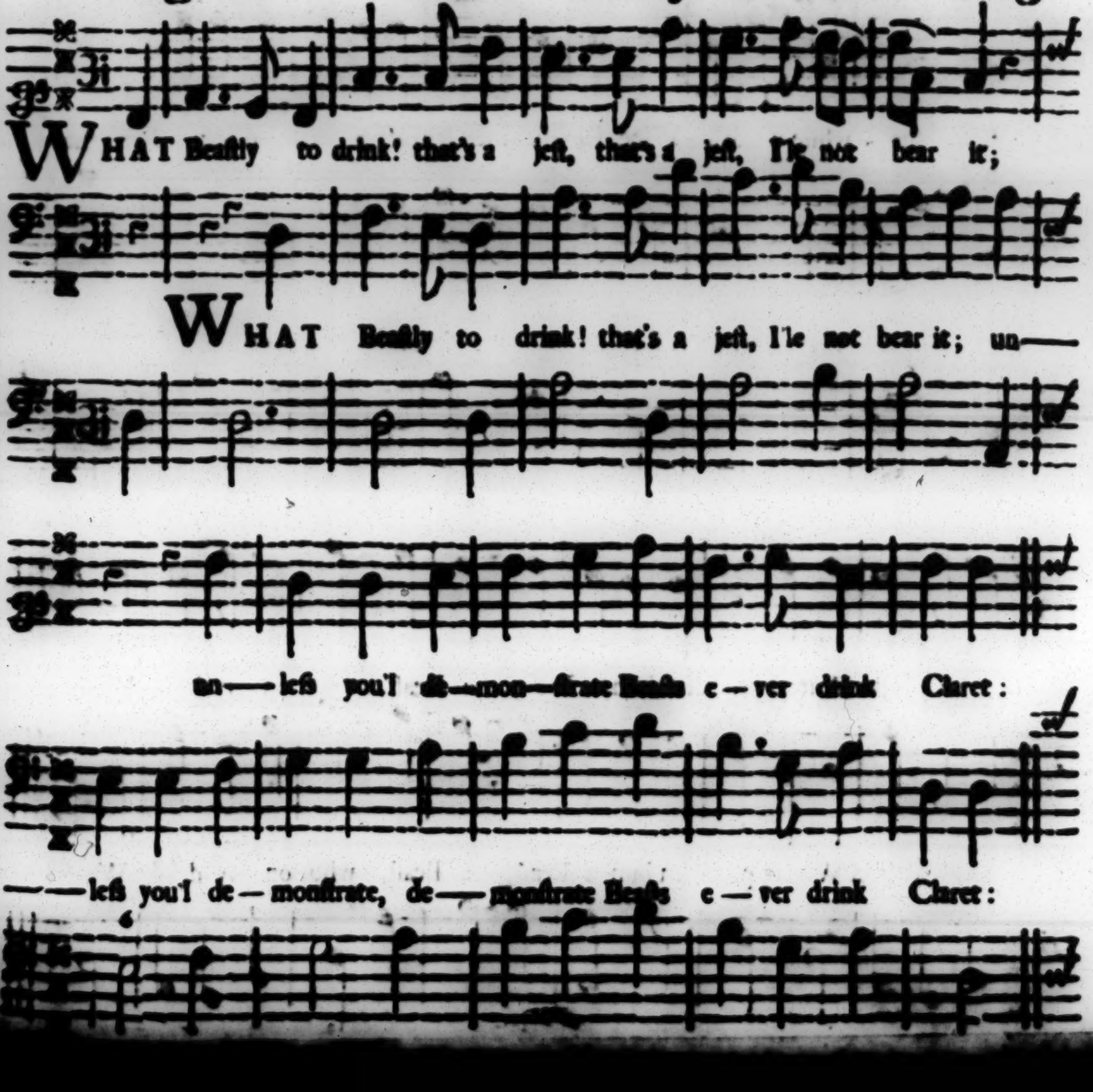

JACK, whither ſo faſt? To the Devil; whither ſhou'd I fly not in ſuch
haſt to go thither. A—dieu t'ye; I hope to be—[illegible] many a
year, and Whore in a—bundance be—fore I [illegible] May you al——
——ways be damn'd to the Hell of a Punch, while I at the Devil

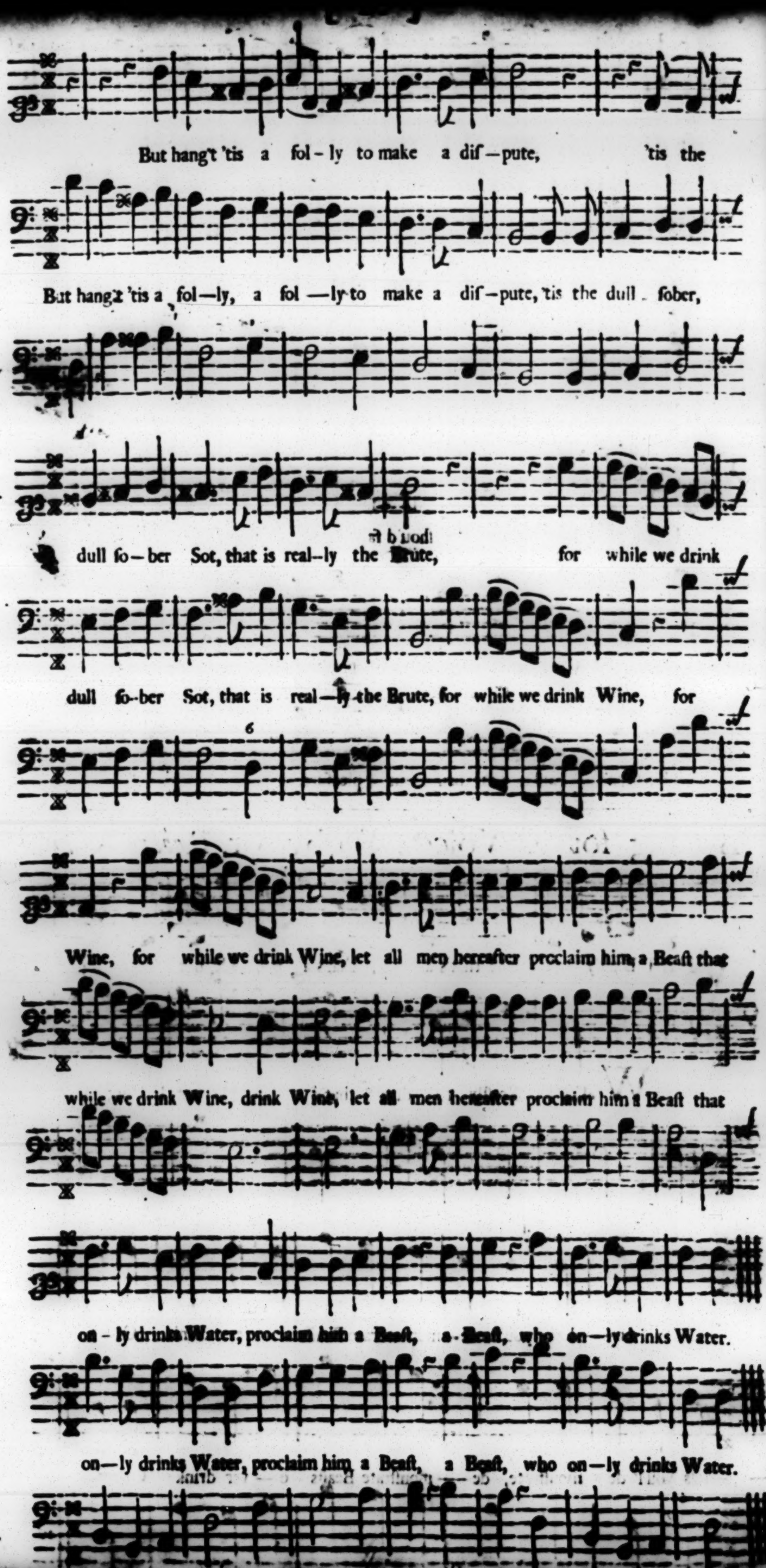
A Song for two Voices, Set by Mr. *Akeroyde*.

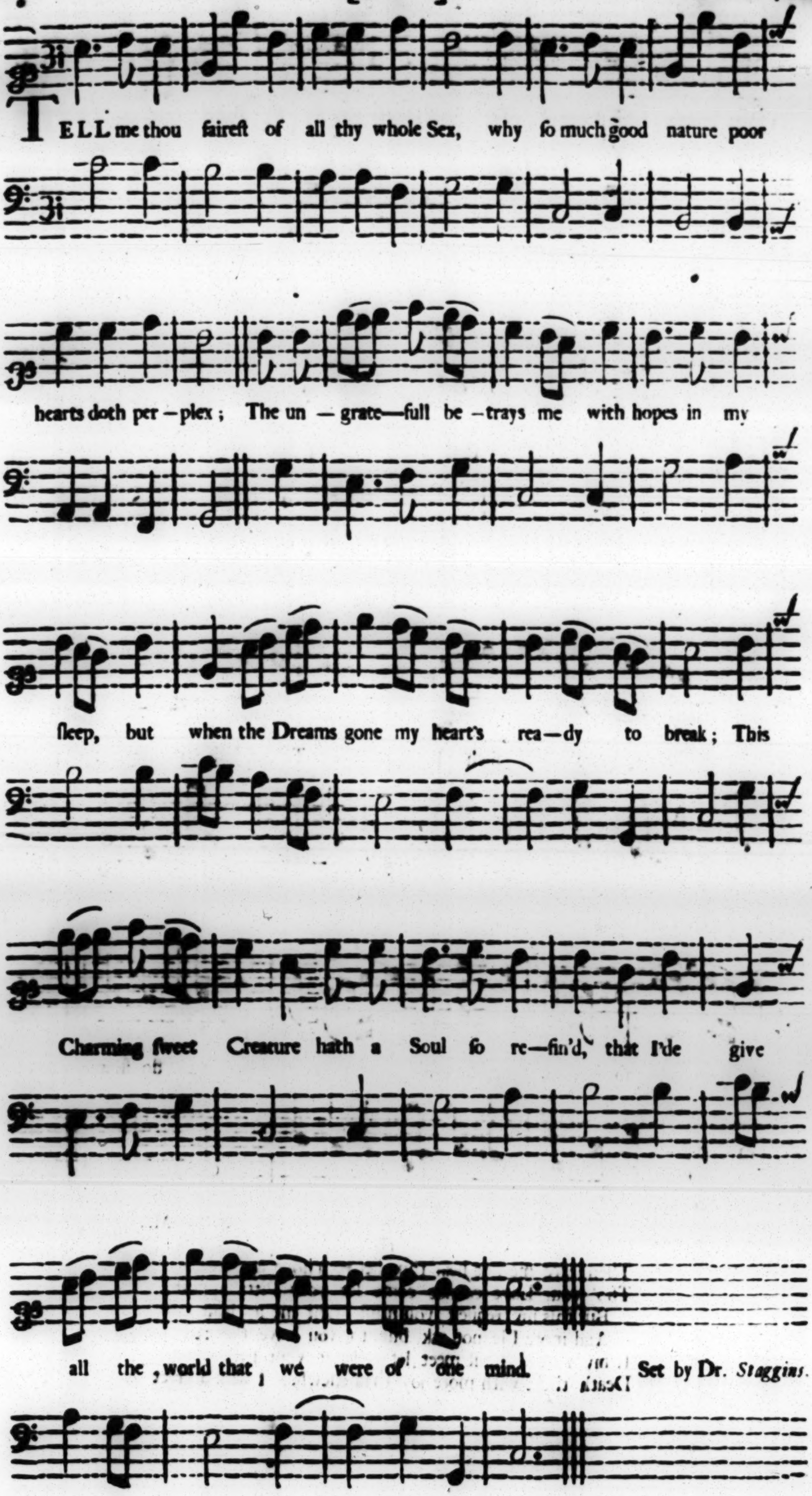

AH friends how hap - py are we here, bleſt with good Drink, bleſt with good
6 6 6
AH friends how hap—py are we here, bleſt with good Drink,
Drink, and with good Cheer; we're crown'd with joys a——bove all
6 6 6
bleſt with good Drink, and with good Cheer ; we're crown'd with joys a—bove all
meaſure, in War we fear to loſe our life, in Love, in Love ther's
6 7
meaſure, in War we fear to looſe our life, in Love, in Love, ther's
jea—lou—ſy and ſtreif, by Trade, and play we loſe our Treaſure.
6 5 6
jea—lou—ſy and ſtreif, by Trade, and play we looſe our Treaſure.
B
But here, but here, un——leſs our Bowl ſhould fall, and ſome miſ-chance ſhould
7
But here, but here, un——leſs our Bowl ſhould fall, and ſome miſ-chance


ſpill it all, nothing can e——ver baulk our pleaſure, but here un—
ſpill it all, nothing can e—ver baulk our pleaſure, but
——leſs our Bowl ſhou'd fall, nothing can baulk, nothing can baulk,
here un—leſs our Bowl ſhou'd fall nothing can baulk, nothing can
nothing can baulk, can baulk our pleaſure.
baulk, can baulk, can baulk our pleaſure.

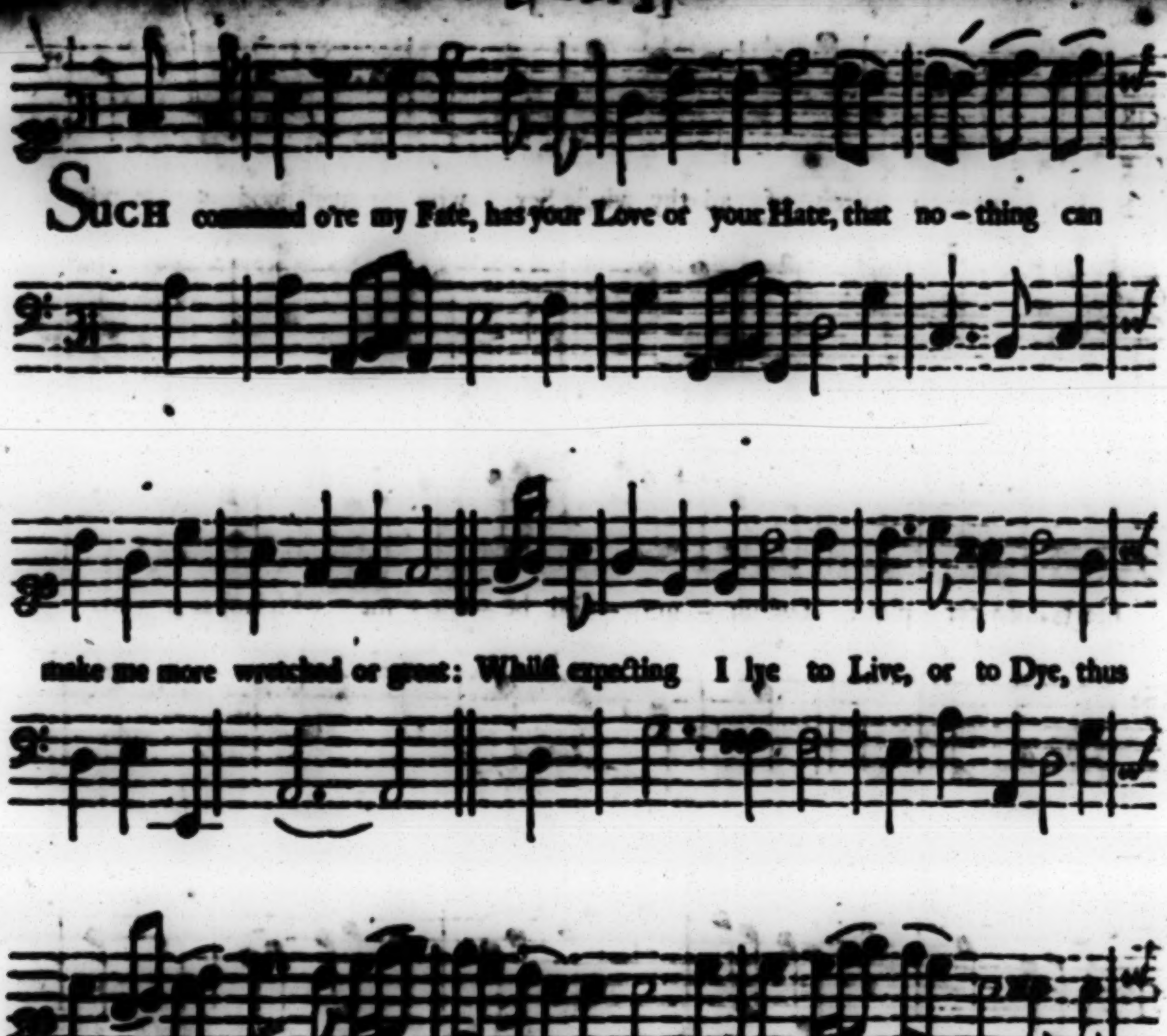
A Song for 2. Voices, Set by Mr. *Robert King*.


WHAT Beaſtly to drink! that's a jeſt, that's a jeſt, I'le not bear it;
WHAT Beaſtly to drink! that's a jeſt, I'le not bear it; un——
un——leſs you'l de——mon——ſtrate Beaſts e—ver drink Claret:
——leſs you'l de—monſtrate, de——monſtrate Beaſts e—ver drink Claret:


But hang't 'tis a fol-ly to make a diſ-pute, 'tis the
But hang't 'tis a fol—ly, a fol—ly to make a diſ-pute, 'tis the dull ſober,
dull ſo-ber Sot, that is real-ly the Brute, for while we drink
dull ſo-ber Sot, that is real—ly the Brute, for while we drink Wine, for
6
Wine, for while we drink Wine, let all men hereafter proclaim him a Beaſt that
while we drink Wine, drink Wine, let all men hereafter proclaim him a Beaſt that
on-ly drinks Water, proclaim him a Beaſt, a Beaſt, who on—ly drinks Water.
on—ly drinks Water, proclaim him a Beaſt, a Beaſt, who on—ly drinks Water.


TELL me thou faireſt of all thy whole Sex, why ſo much good nature poor
hearts doth per – plex ; The un – grate—full be – trays me with hopes in my
ſleep, but when the Dreams gone my heart's rea—dy to break ; This
Charming ſweet Creature hath a Soul ſo re—fin'd, that I'de give
all the world that we were of one mind.

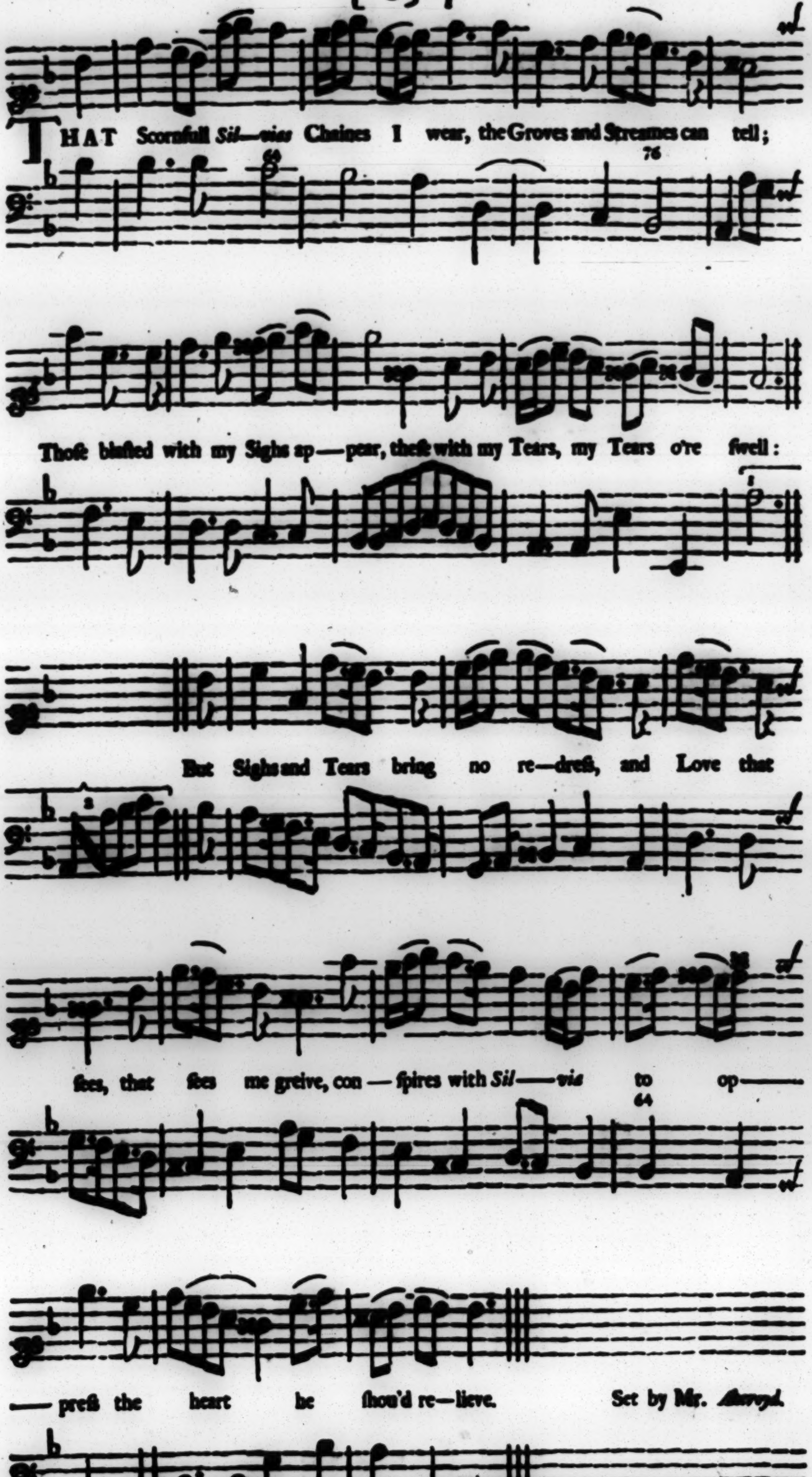
Set by Dr. *Staggins*.


SUCH command o're my Fate, has your Love or your Hate, that no-thing can
make me more wretched or great: Whilst expecting I lye to Live, or to Dye, thus
doubtfull the sentence of such I re-ly, your Tongue bids me go, tho' your
eyes sly not so, but much kinder words from their language do flow.

Set by Mr. *Tho. Tollet.*

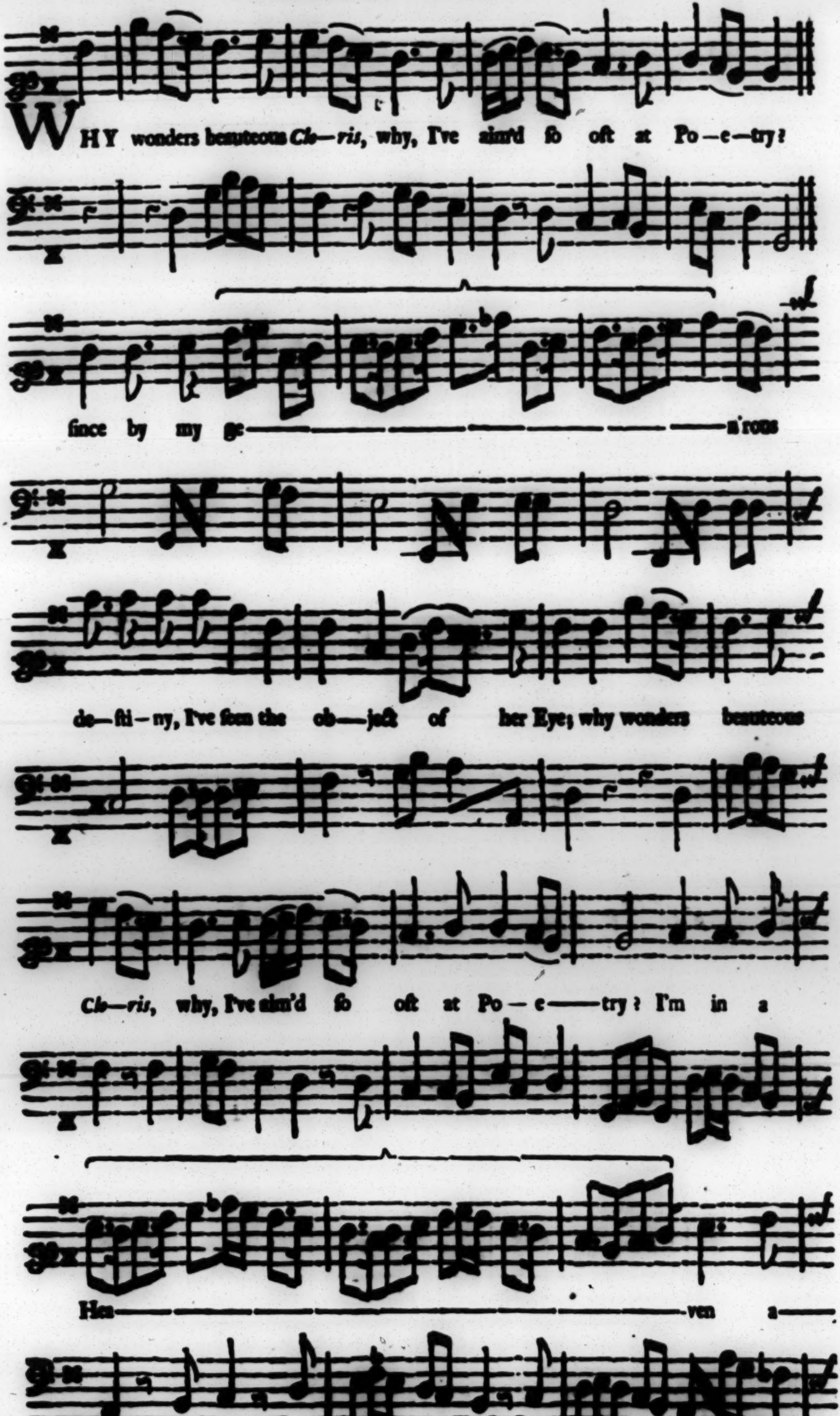
II.

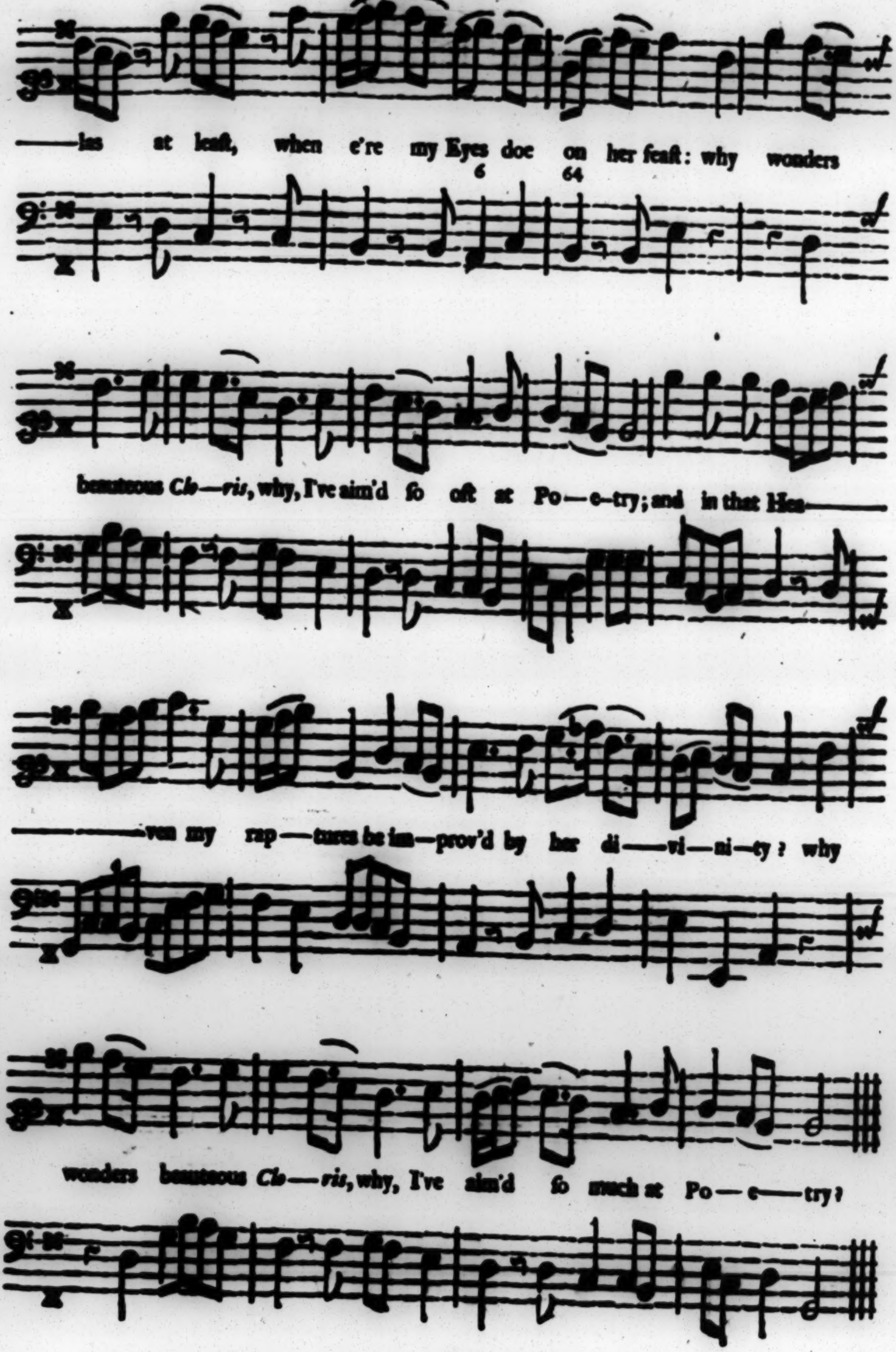
Then leave me not here [illegible] hope and fear,
Tho' your Love cannot come let your Pity appear:
[illegible] just,
And since I'm undone [illegible] to you leave the rest;
If my Fate I must meet let it be at your Feet,
Death there with more joy than elsewhere I wou'd greet.


THAT Scornfull *Sil—vias* Chaines I wear, the Groves and Streames can tell;
Thoſe blaſted with my Sighs ap—pear, theſe with my Tears, my Tears o're ſwell:
But Sighs and Tears bring no re—dreſs, and Love that
ſees, that ſees me greive, con—ſpires with *Sil—vis* to op—
—preſs the heart he ſhou'd re—lieve.

Set by Mr. *Akeroyd.*

A Song Set by Mr. *Samuel Akeroyde*. The Words by Sir *Ed.* S.

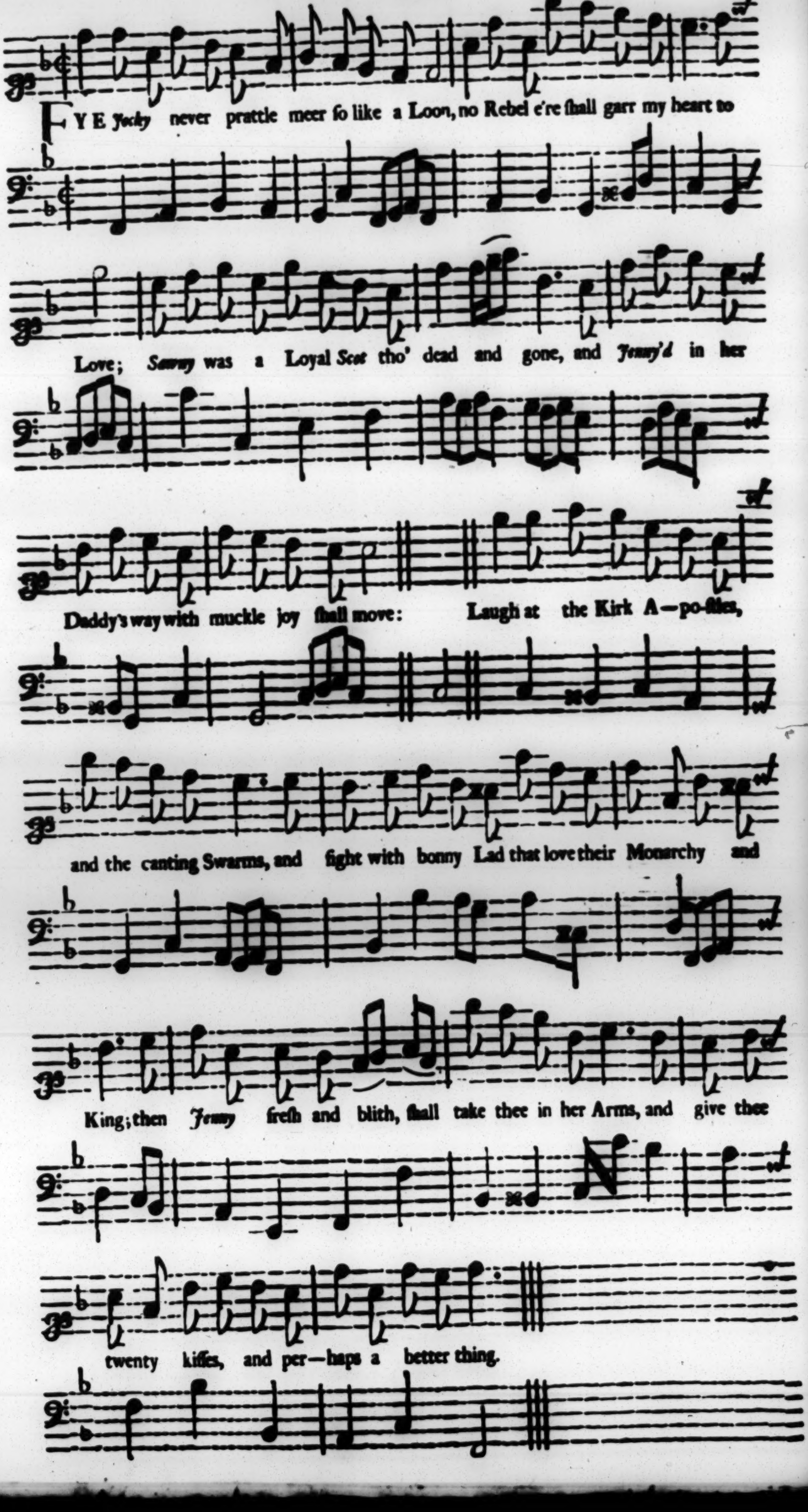

WHY wonders beauteous *Clo—ris*, why, I've aim'd ſo oft at Po—e—try?
ſince by my ge———————n'rous
de—ſti—ny, I've ſeen the ob—ject of her Eye; why wonders beauteous
Clo—ris, why, I've aim'd ſo oft at Po—e——try? I'm in a
Hea———————ven a——


——las at leaſt, when e're my Eyes doe on her feaſt: why wonders
6
64
beauteous *Clo—ris*, why, I've aim'd ſo oft at Po—e-try; and in that Hea——
——ven my rap—tures be im—prov'd by her di—vi—ni—ty? why
wonders beauteous *Clo—ris*, why, I've aim'd ſo much at Po—e—try?

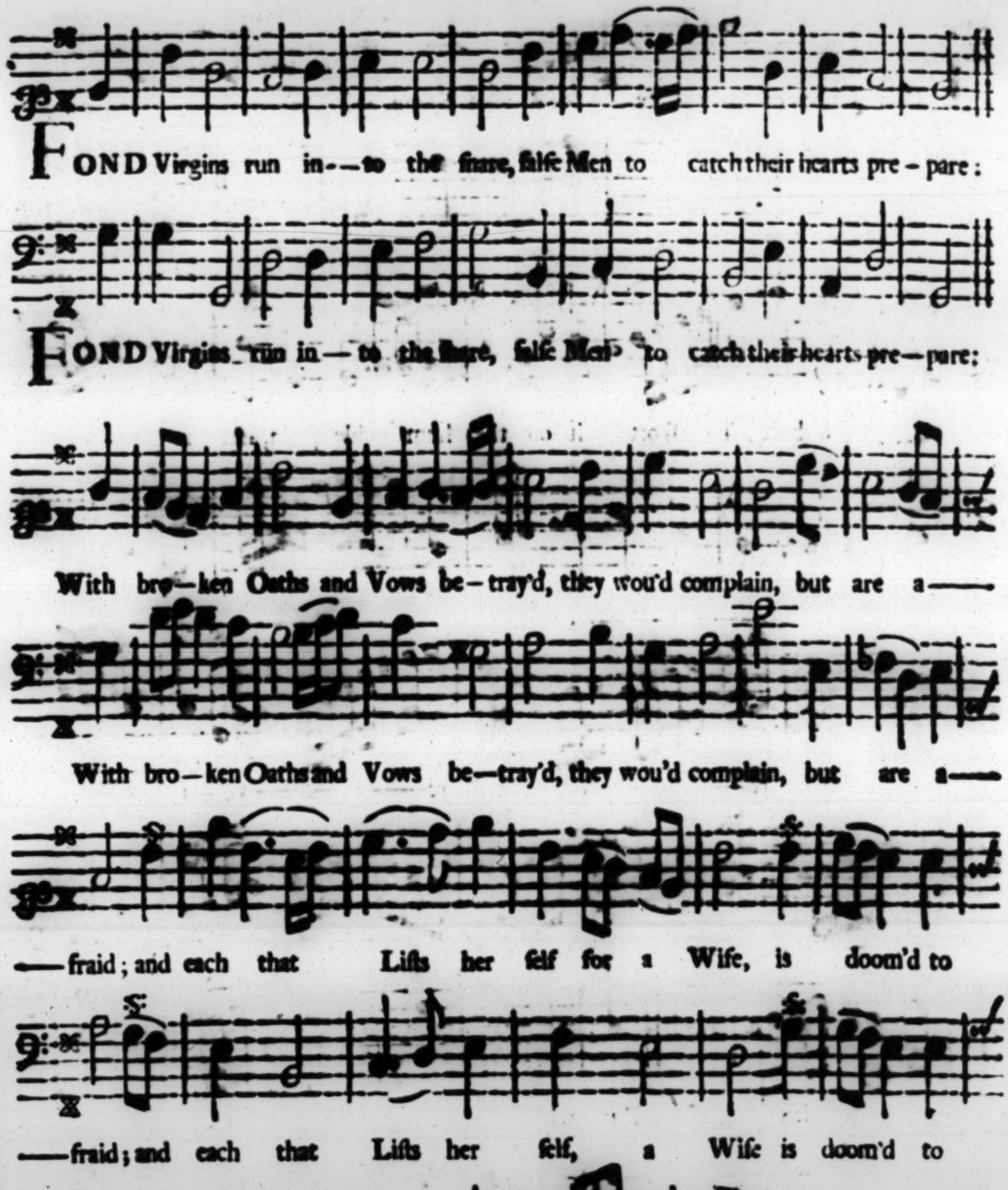
II.

Tranſlated thus to Heavens bleſt Shore,
I ceaſe to be the thing before;
And in thoſe hallow'd Plains receive,
Rewards too great for Earth to give;
Then *Cloris* can you ſo admire,
At what you only, you Inſpire;
The mighty wonders of whoſe Eyes,
Produce your *Strephons* Rhapſodies.

A Song in the *Richmond* Heireſt, or a Woman once in the Right.

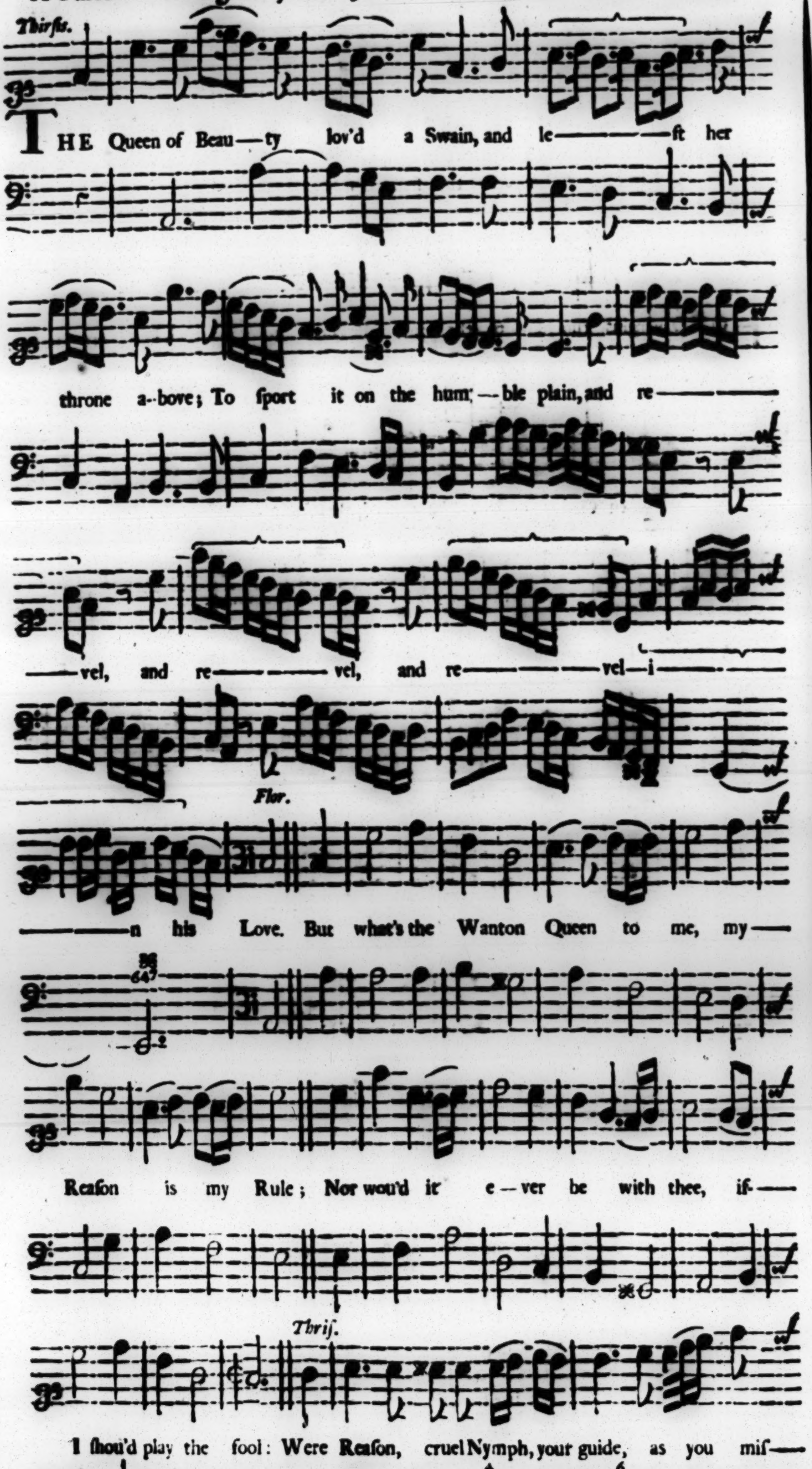

FYE *Jocky* never prattle meer ſo like a Loon, no Rebel e're ſhall garr my heart to
Love; *Sawny* was a Loyal *Scot* tho' dead and gone, and *Jenny'd* in her
Daddy's way with muckle joy ſhall move: Laugh at the Kirk A—po-ſtles,
and the canting Swarms, and fight with bonny Lad that love their Monarchy and
King; then *Jenny* freſh and blith, ſhall take thee in her Arms, and give thee
twenty kiſſes, and per—haps a better thing.

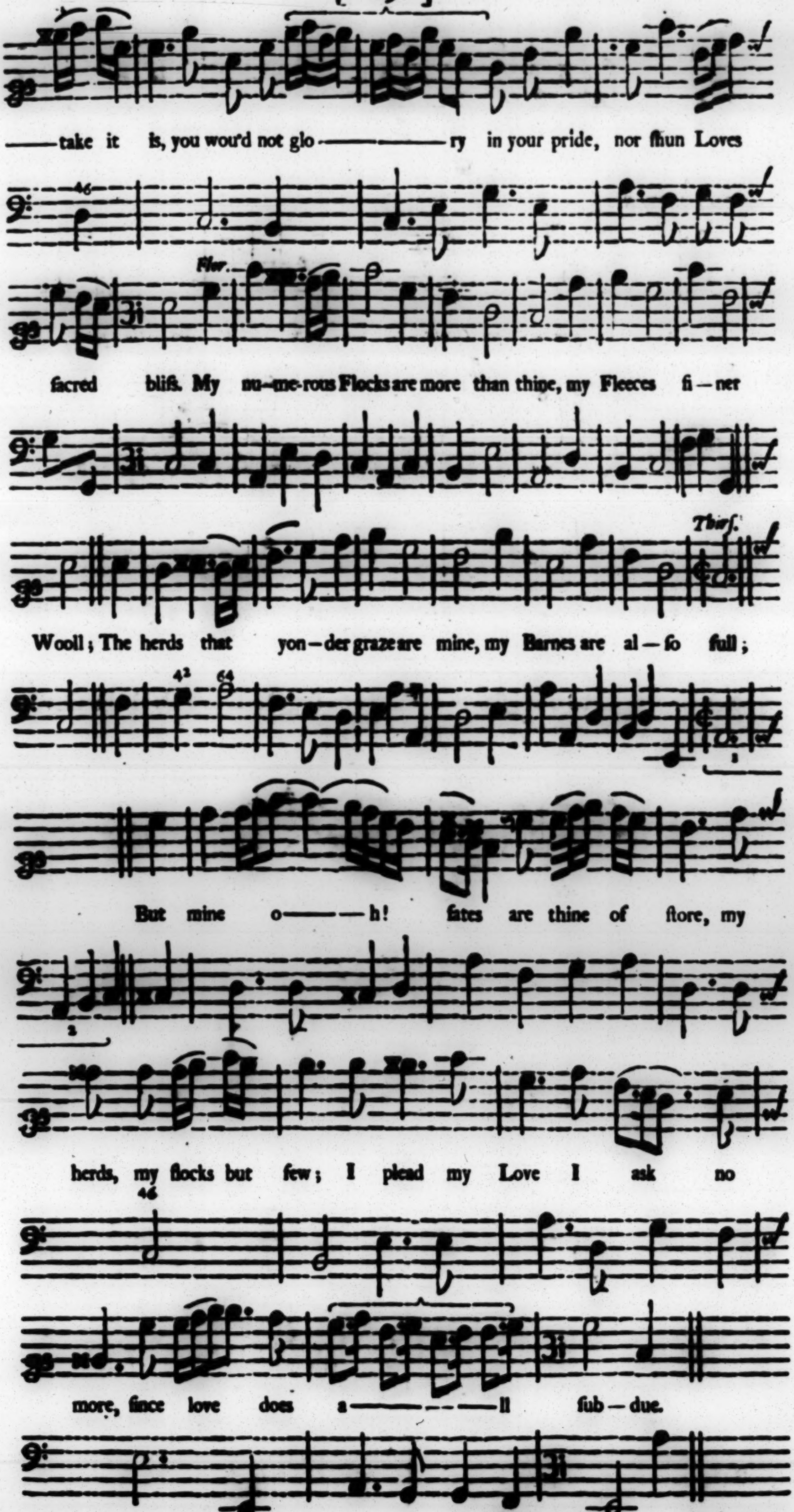
A Song for 2 Voices, Set by Mr. *Samuel Akeroyde*. The Words by Mr. *Jo. O.*


FOND Virgins run in-—to the ſnare, falſe Men to catch their hearts pre-pare:
FOND Virgins run in—to the ſnare, falſe Men to catch their hearts pre-pare:
With bro—ken Oaths and Vows be-tray'd, they wou'd complain, but are a——
With bro—ken Oaths and Vows be—tray'd, they wou'd complain, but are a——
——fraid; and each that Liſts her ſelf for a Wiſe, is doom'd to
——fraid; and each that Liſts her ſelf, a Wiſe is doom'd to
praiſe, is doom'd, is doom'd to praiſe the care—full life.
praiſe is doom'd to praiſe the care—full life.

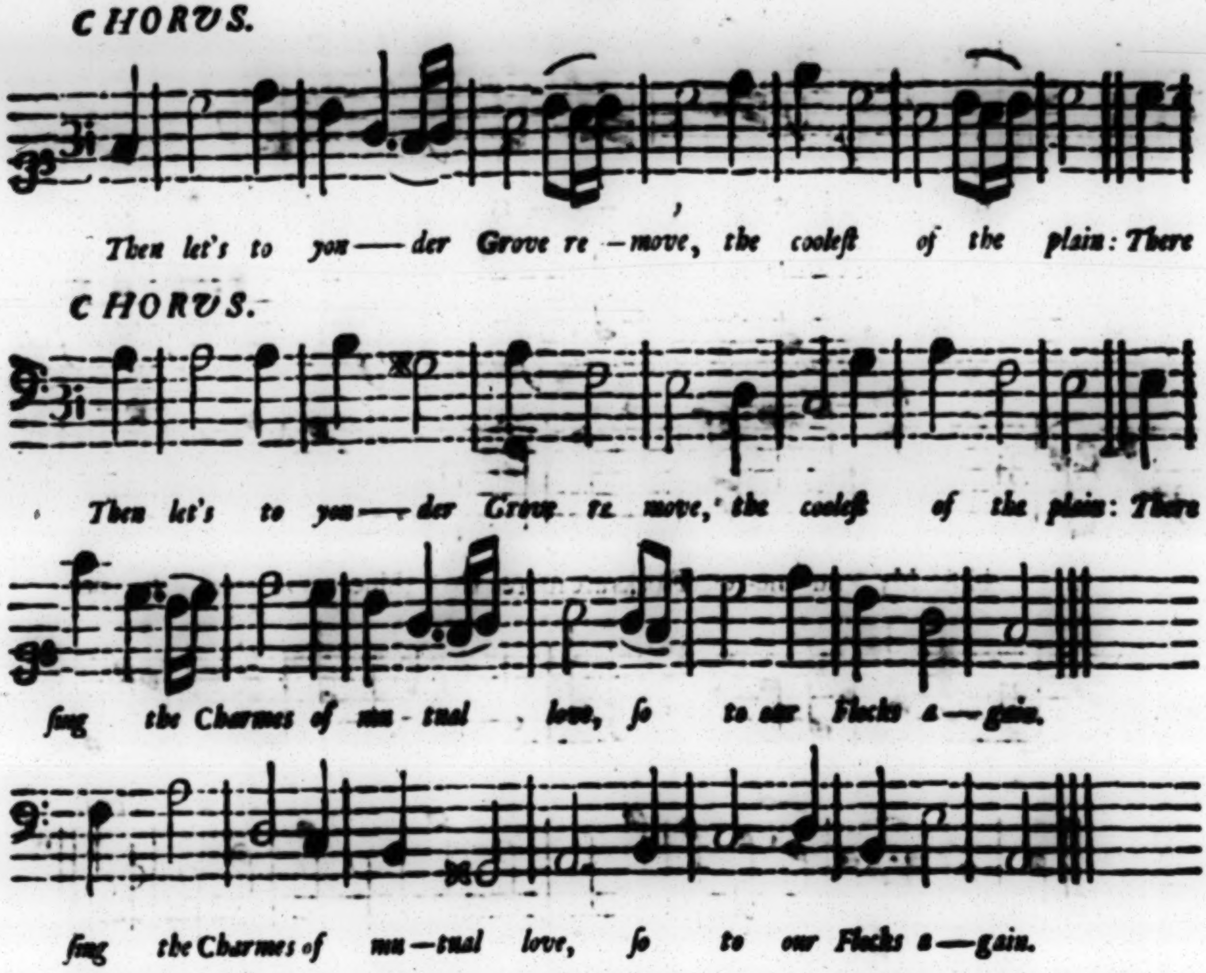
II
Praiſe the carefull life,
The Nymph ſhe is both gay and wiſe,
The tempting Bait diſcreetly flyes;
She loves her ſelf, ſhe loves her friend,
She looks for joys and has her end;
She only can her freedom boaſt,
Which when reſign'd is ever loſt.

A Paſtoral Dialogue by Mr. *Jo. O.* Set by Mr. *Samuel Akeroyd.*

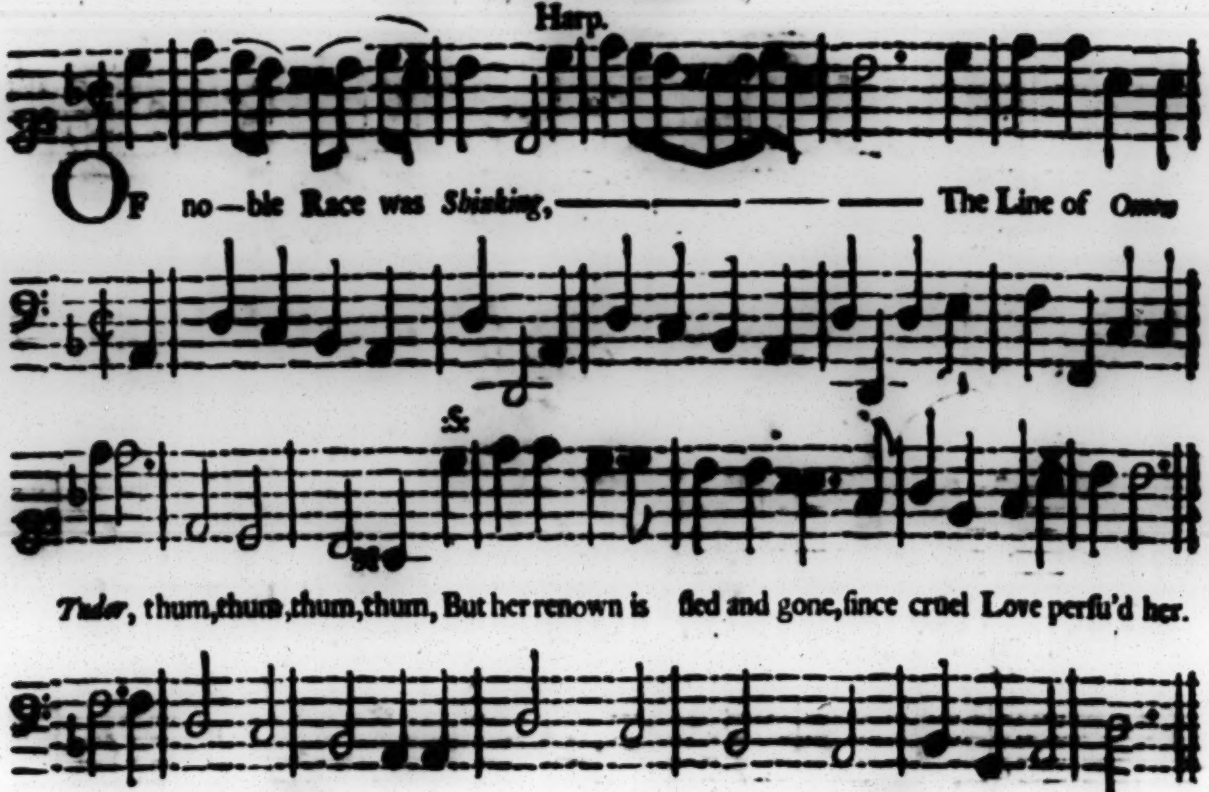

Thirſis.
THE Queen of Beau—ty lov'd a Swain, and le——ft her
throne a-bove; To ſport it on the hum—ble plain, and re——
——vel, and re——vel, and re——vel—i——
——n his Love. But what's the Wanton Queen to me, my——
Flor.
6 4 7
Reaſon is my Rule; Nor wou'd it e—ver be with thee, if——
Thriſ.
I ſhou'd play the fool: Were Reaſon, cruel Nymph, your guide, as you miſ——
4
6


——take it is, you wou'd not glo——————ry in your pride, nor ſhun Loves
46
Flor.
ſacred bliſs. My nu-me-rous Flocks are more than thine, my Fleeces fi-ner
Thirſ.
Wooll; The herds that yon-der graze are mine, my Barnes are al-ſo full;
42
64
But mine o———h! fates are thine of ſtore, my
herds, my flocks but few; I plead my Love I aſk no
46
more, ſince love does a————ll ſub-due.

Turn over to the *CHORUS.*


CHORUS.
Then let's to yon—der Grove re—move, the cooleſt of the plain: There
CHORUS.
Then let's to yon—der Grove re—move, the cooleſt of the plain: There
ſing the Charmes of mu—tual love, ſo to our Flocks a—gain.
ſing the Charmes of mu—tual love, ſo to our Flocks a—gain.

A Song in the *Richmond* Heireſt, or a Woman once in the Right.

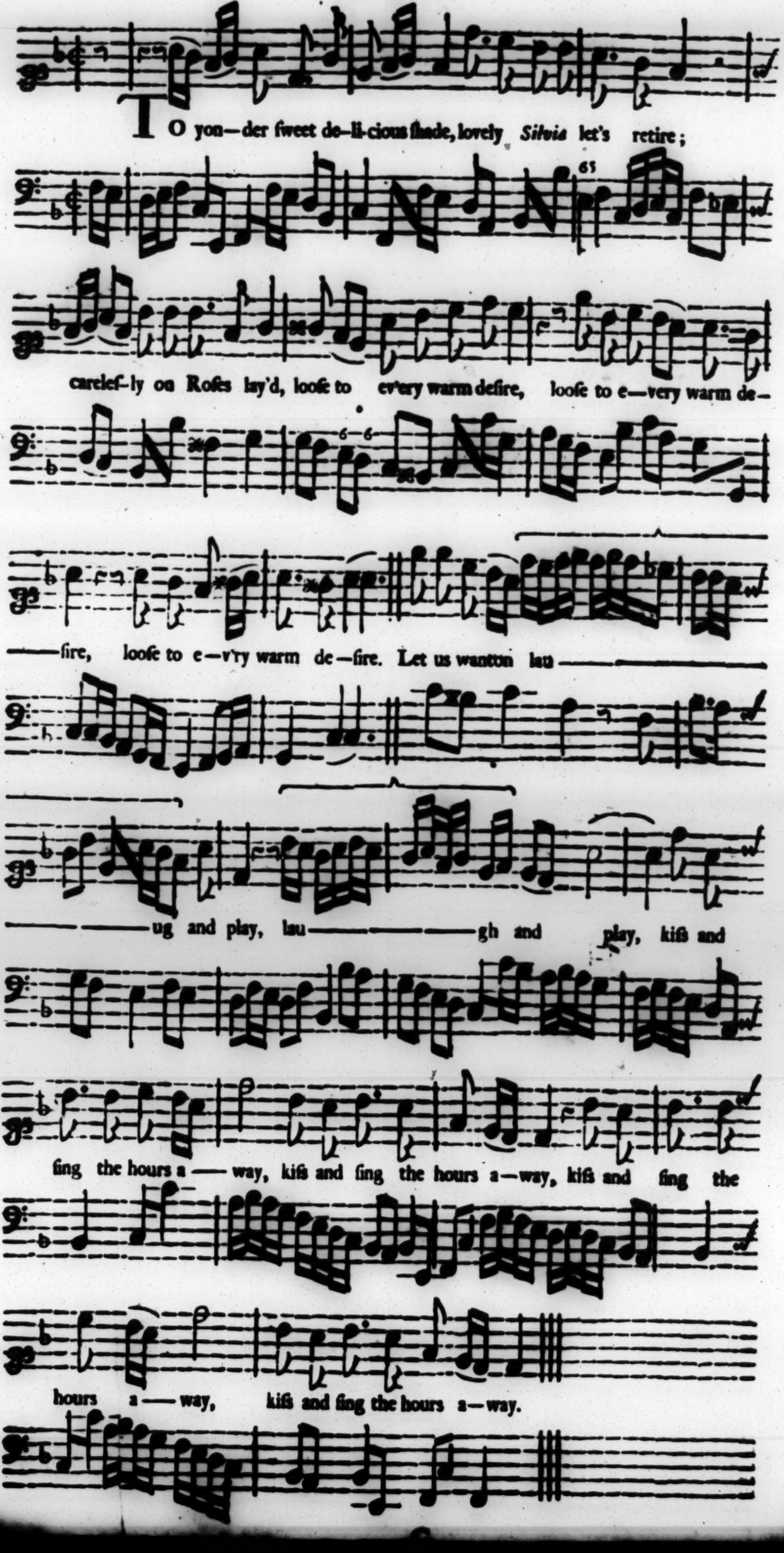

Harp.
OF no—ble Race was *Shinking*, —— The Line of *Owen*
Tudor, thum, thum, thum, thum, But her renown is fled and gone, ſince cruel Love perſu'd her.

II.
Fair *Winnies* Eyes bright ſhining,
And Lilly breaſts Alluring;
Poor *Jenkins* heart with fatal Dart,
Have wounded paſt all curing.

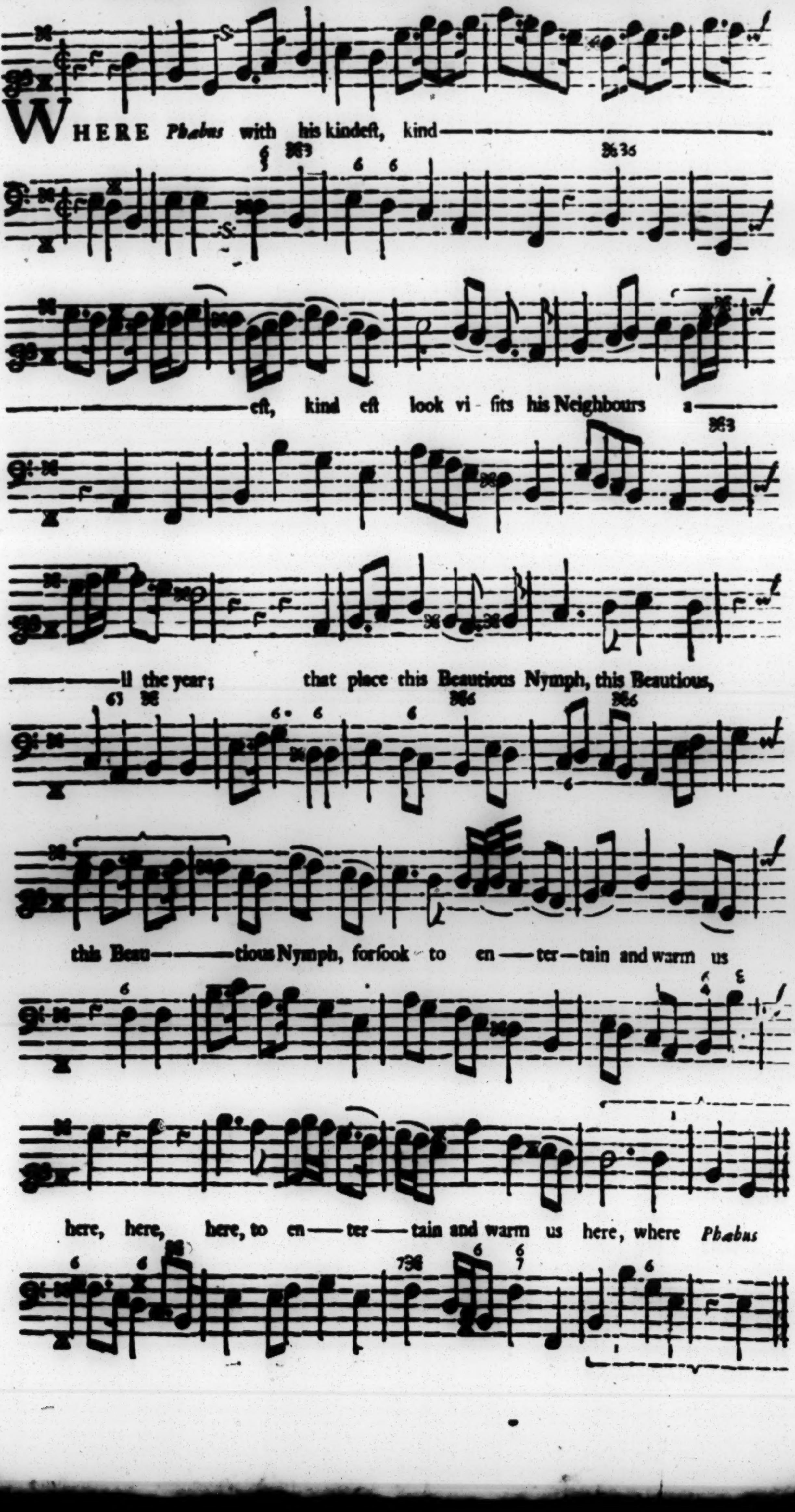
III.
Her was the prettyeſt Fellow
At Foot-ball, or at Crickett;
At Hunting Chace, or nimble Race,
Cots-plut how her cou'd prick it.

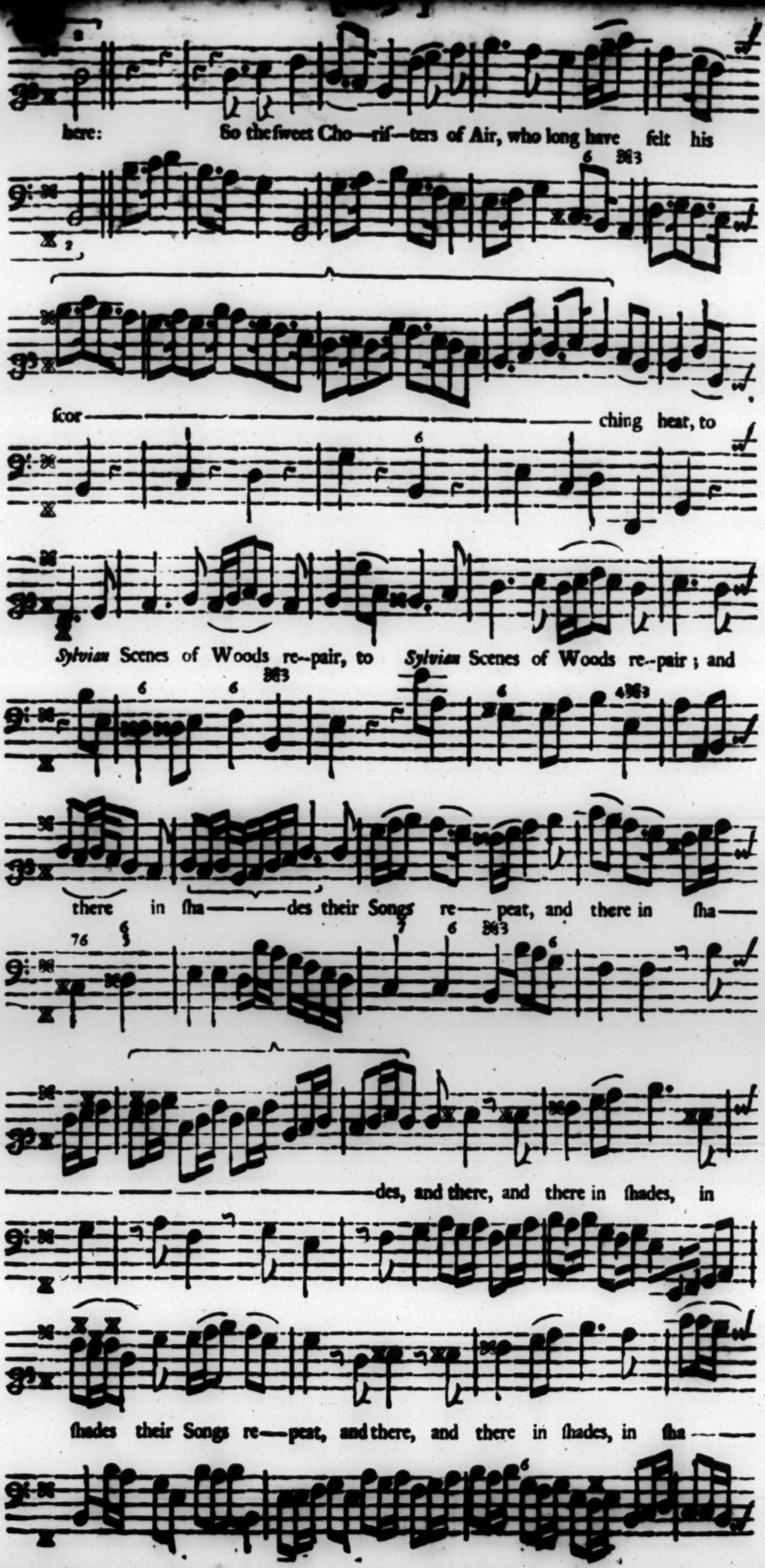
IV.
But now all joy's are flying,
All pale and wan her Checks too;
Her heart ſo akes, her quite forſakes,
Her Herrings, and her Leeks too.

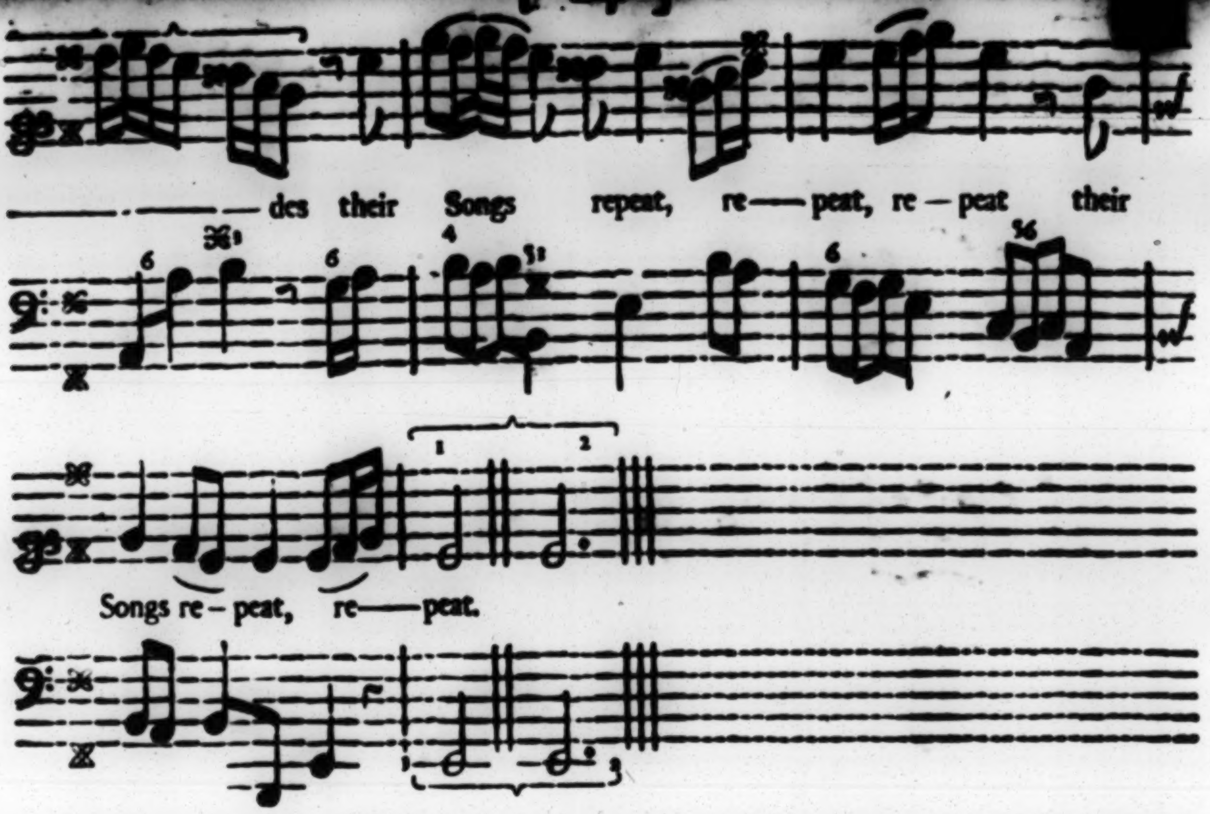
V.
No more muſt dear Metheglin,
Be top'd at good *Mongomery*;
And if Love ſore, ſmart one week more,
Adieu Cream-Cheeſe and Flomery.

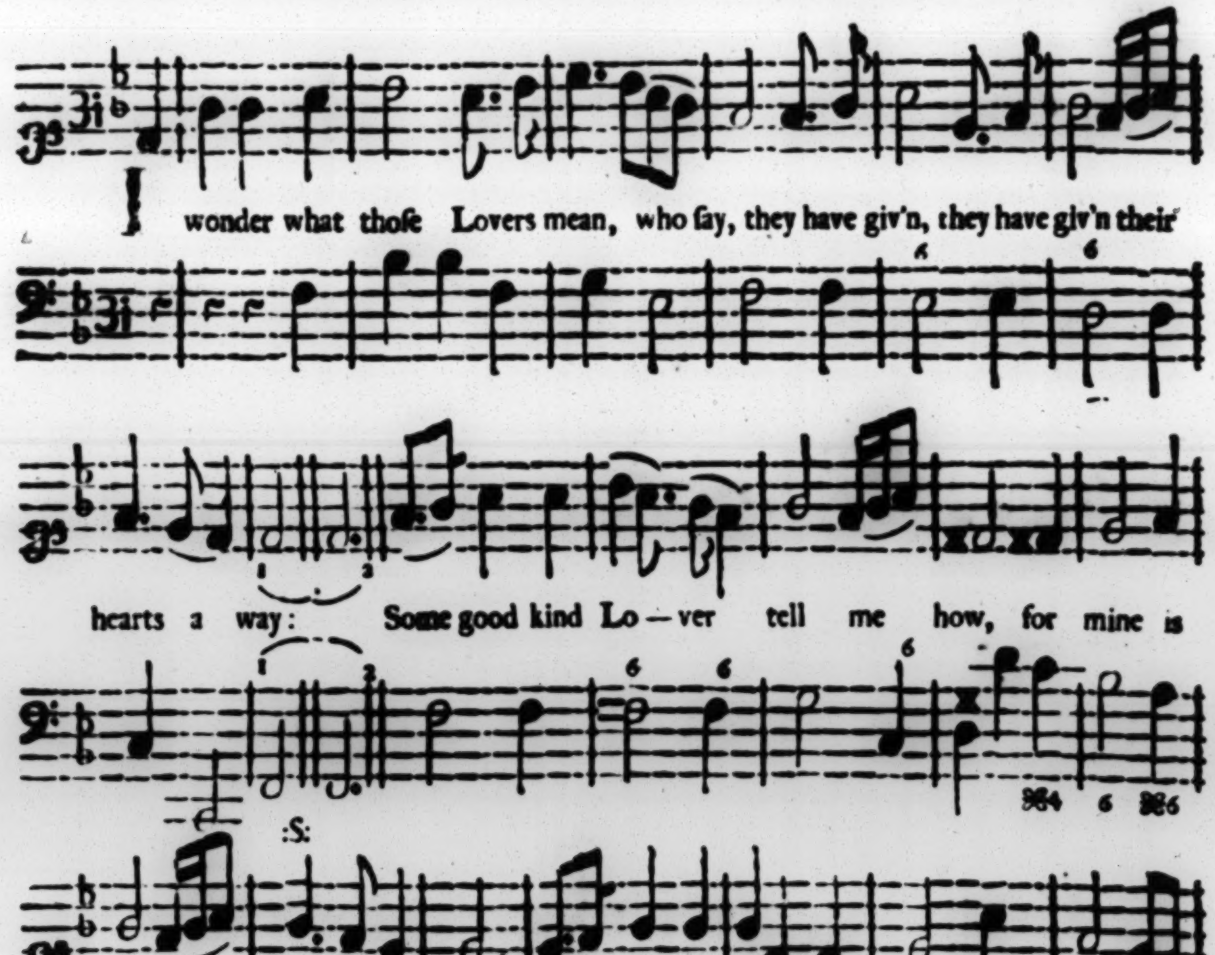

To yon—der ſweet de—li—cious ſhade, lovely *Silvia* let's retire;
careleſ—ly on Roſes lay'd, looſe to ev'ery warm deſire, looſe to e—very warm de—
—ſire, looſe to e—v'ry warm de—ſire. Let us wanton lau
ug and play, lau gh and play, kiſs and
ſing the hours a—way, kiſs and ſing the hours a—way, kiſs and ſing the
hours a—way, kiſs and ſing the hours a—way.

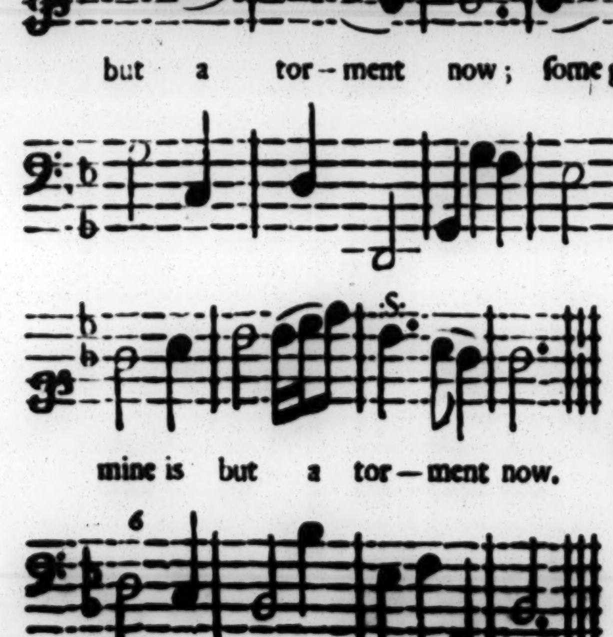
A Song on the *Italian* Woman, The Words by Mr. *Heningham*. Set by Mr *R. Courtiville*.


WHERE *Phœbus* with his kindeſt, kind——
——eſt, kind eſt look vi - ſits his Neighbours a——
——ll the year; that place this Beautious Nymph, this Beautious,
this Beau——tious Nymph, forſook to en——ter—tain and warm us
here, here, here, to en——ter——tain and warm us here, where *Phœbus*


here: So the ſweet Cho—riſ—ters of Air, who long have felt his
ſcor——— ching heat, to
Sylvian Scenes of Woods re--pair, to *Sylvian* Scenes of Woods re--pair; and
there in ſha———des their Songs re—— peat, and there in ſha——
——des, and there, and there in ſhades, in
ſhades their Songs re—peat, and there, and there in ſhades, in ſha——


———des their Songs repeat, re—peat, re-peat their
Songs re-peat, re—peat.


I wonder what those Lovers mean, who ſay, they have giv'n, they have giv'n their
hearts a way: Some good kind Lo-ver tell me how, for mine is
but a tor-ment now; ſome good kind Lo-ver tell me how, for

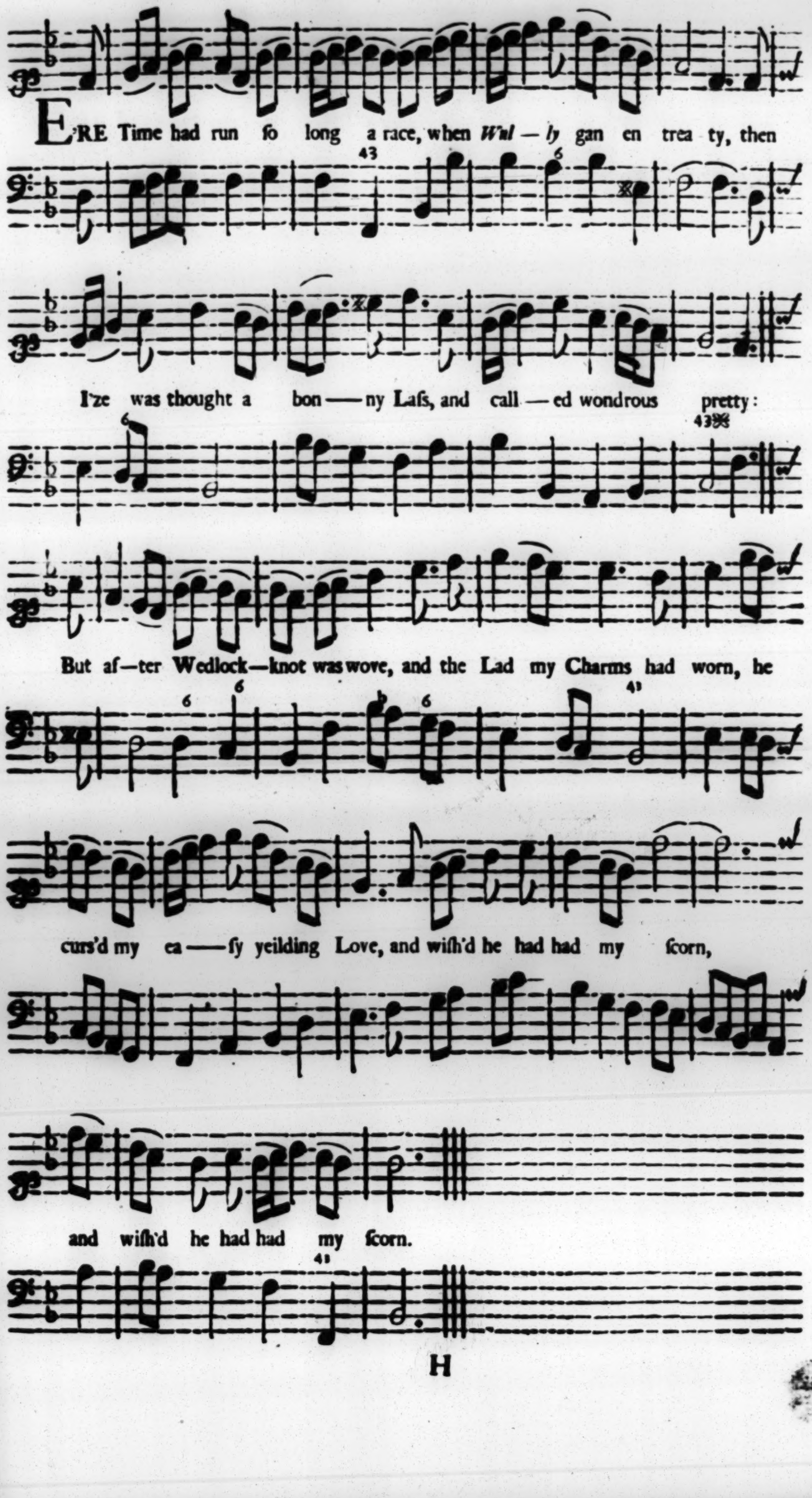

mine is but a tor-ment now.

II
If ſo it be one place both hearts contain,
For what, for what do they complain;
What Courteſies can Love do more,
Then to joyn hearts that were parted before;
What Courteſies can Love do more,
Than to joyn hearts that were parted before.

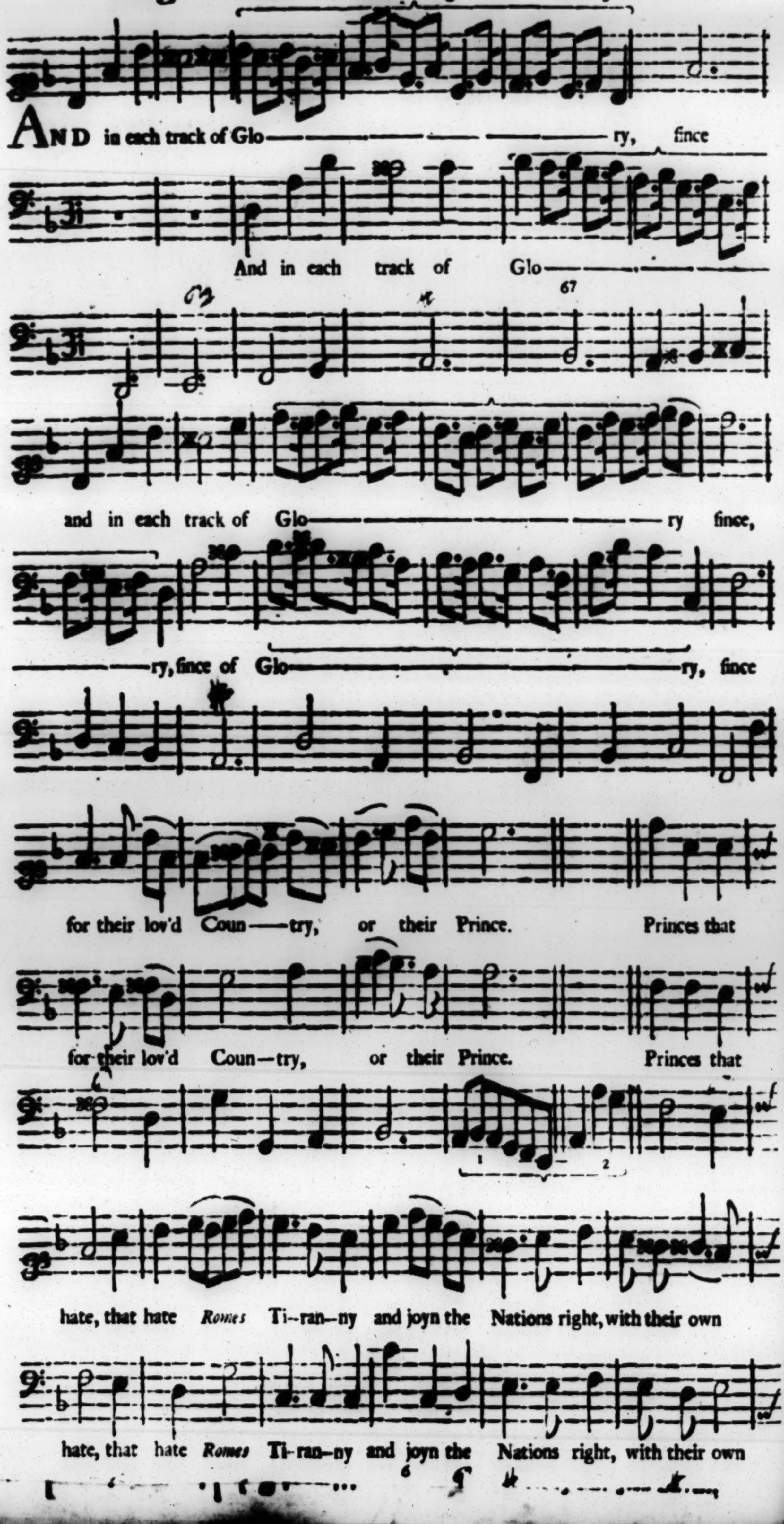
Set by Mr. *John Barrett*,

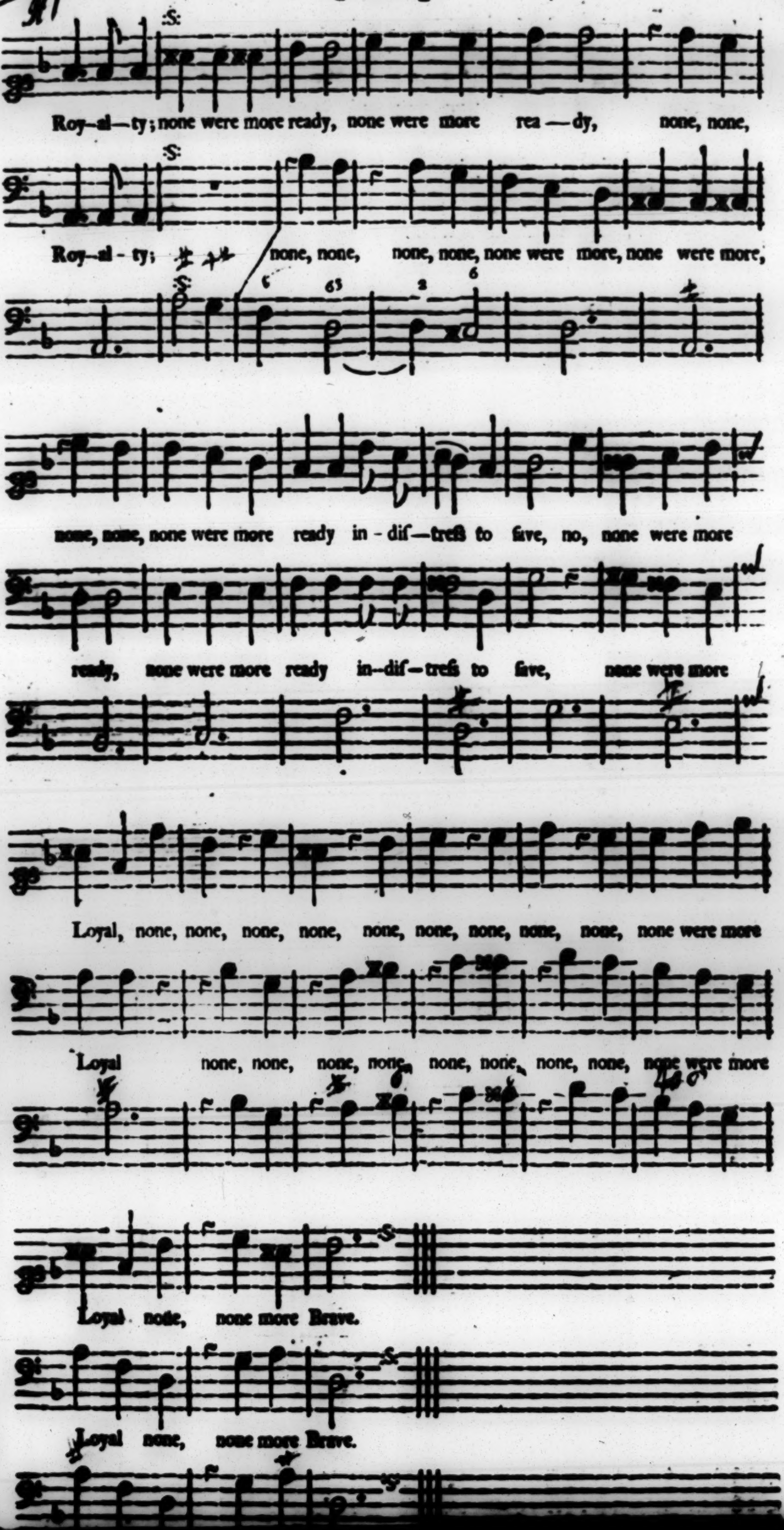
(65)

A Scotch Song ſet by Mr. *Robert King*.

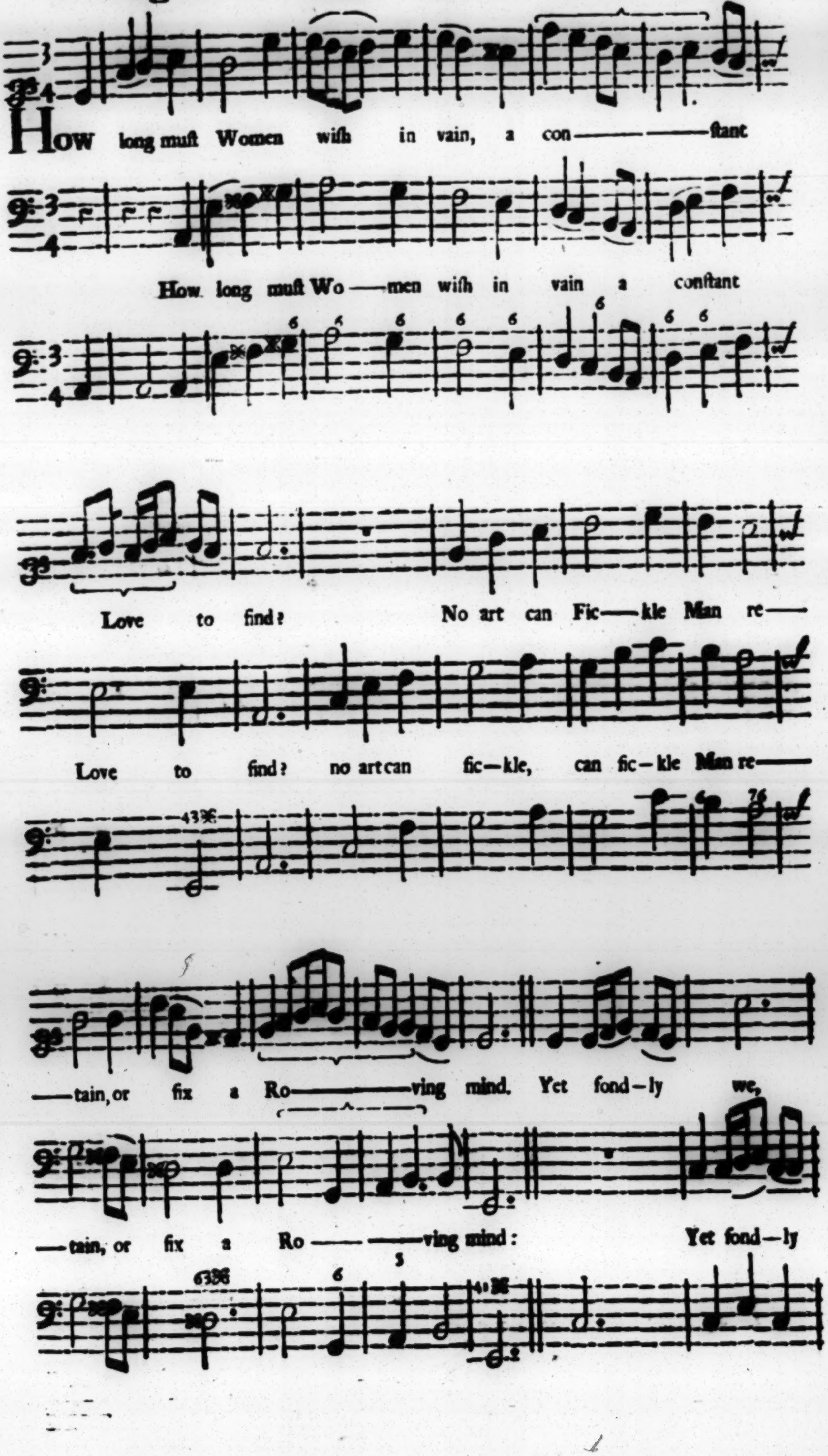

ERE Time had run ſo long a race, when *Wil — ly* gan en trea ty, then
I'ze was thought a bon — ny Laſs, and call — ed wondrous pretty:
But aſ—ter Wedlock—knot was wove, and the Lad my Charms had worn, he
curs'd my ea — ſy yeilding Love, and wiſh'd he had had my ſcorn,
and wiſh'd he had had my ſcorn.

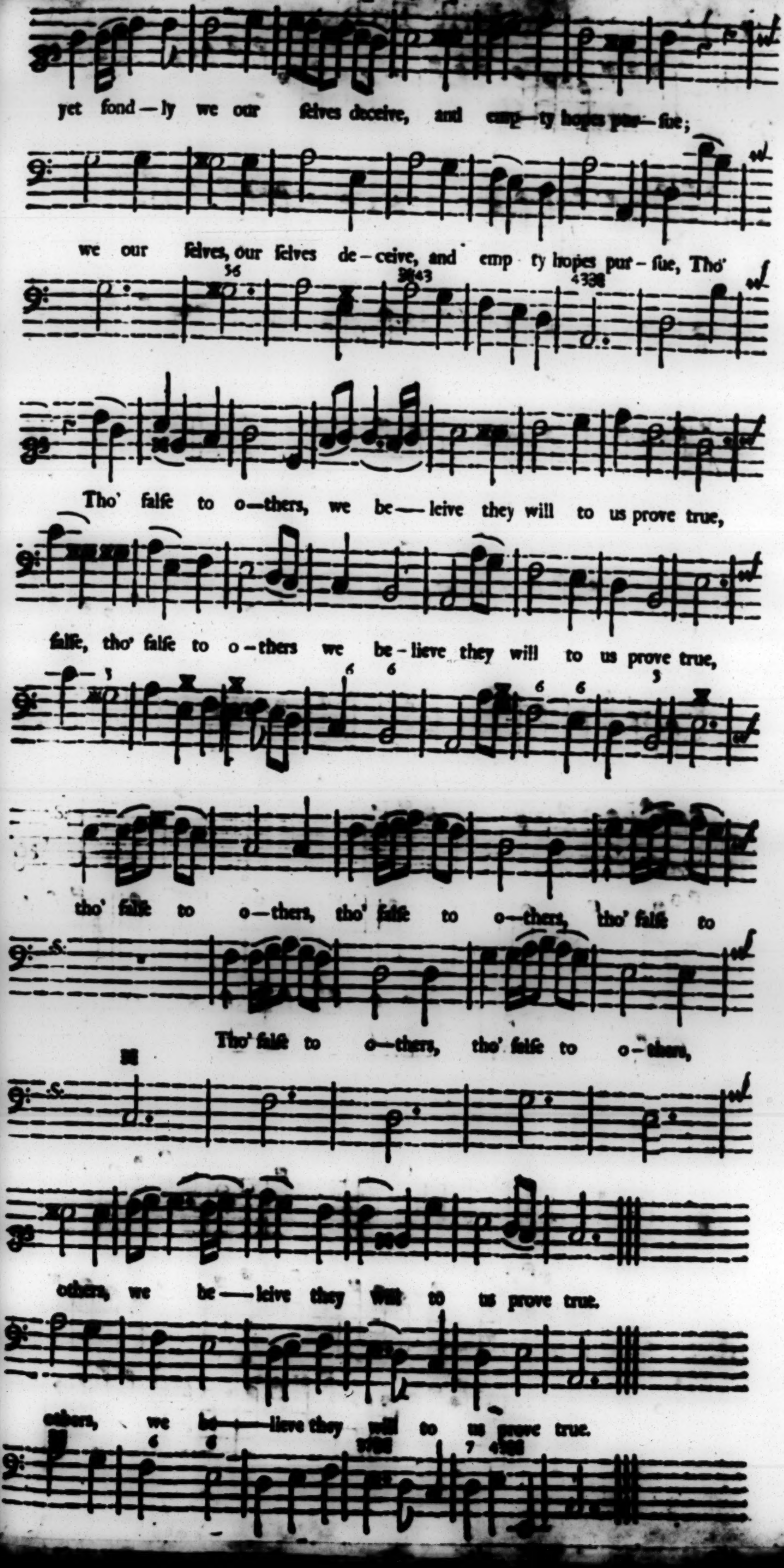
A Song for two Voices by Mr. *Henry Purcell*.


AND in each track of Glo——ry, ſince
And in each track of Glo——
and in each track of Glo——ry ſince,
——ry, ſince of Glo——ry, ſince
for their lov'd Coun——try, or their Prince. Princes that
for their lov'd Coun—try, or their Prince. Princes that
hate, that hate Romes Ti--ran--ny and joyn the Nations right, with their own
hate, that hate Romes Ti-ran--ny and joyn the Nations right, with their own

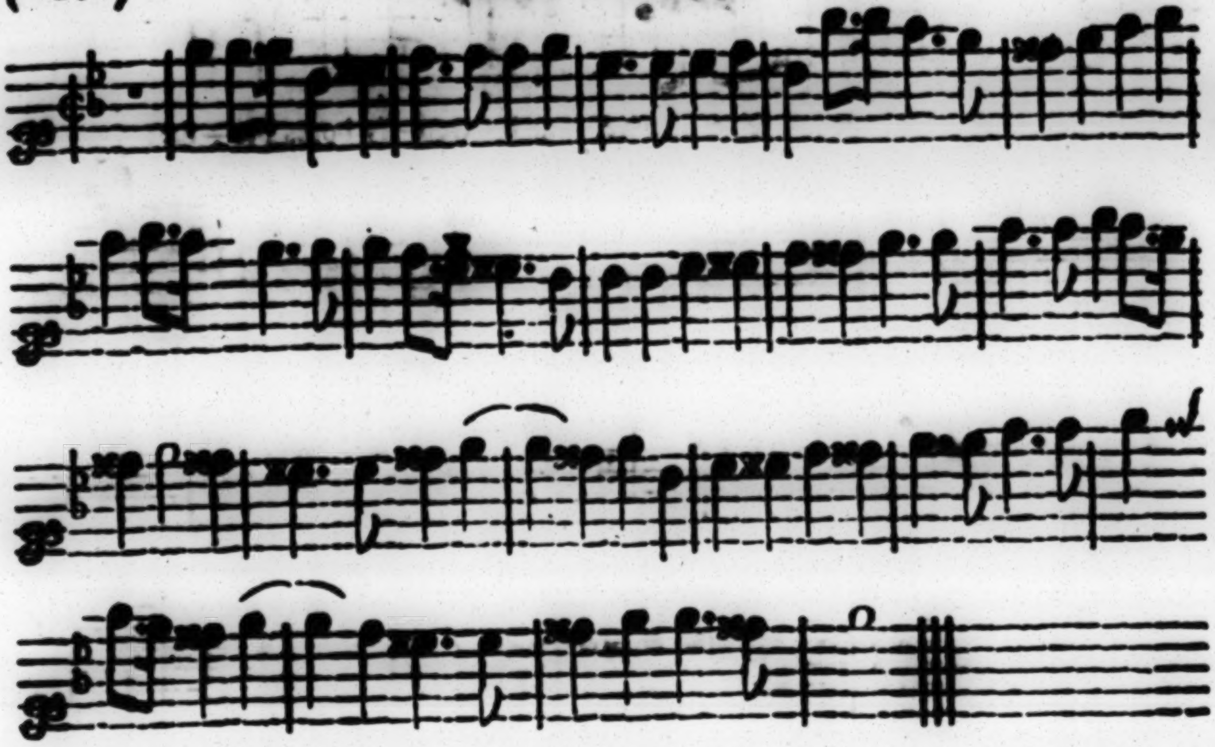

Roy-al—ty; none were more ready, none were more rea—dy, none, none,
Roy-al - ty; none, none, none, none, none were more, none were more,
6 63 2 6
none, none, none were more ready in - diſ—treſs to ſave, no, none were more
ready, none were more ready in--diſ—treſs to ſave, none were more
Loyal, none, none, none, none, none, none, none, none, none, none were more
Loyal none, none, none, none, none, none, none, none, none were more
Loyal none, none more Brave.
Loyal none, none more Brave.

A Song for 2 Voices. By Mr. *Robert King*.

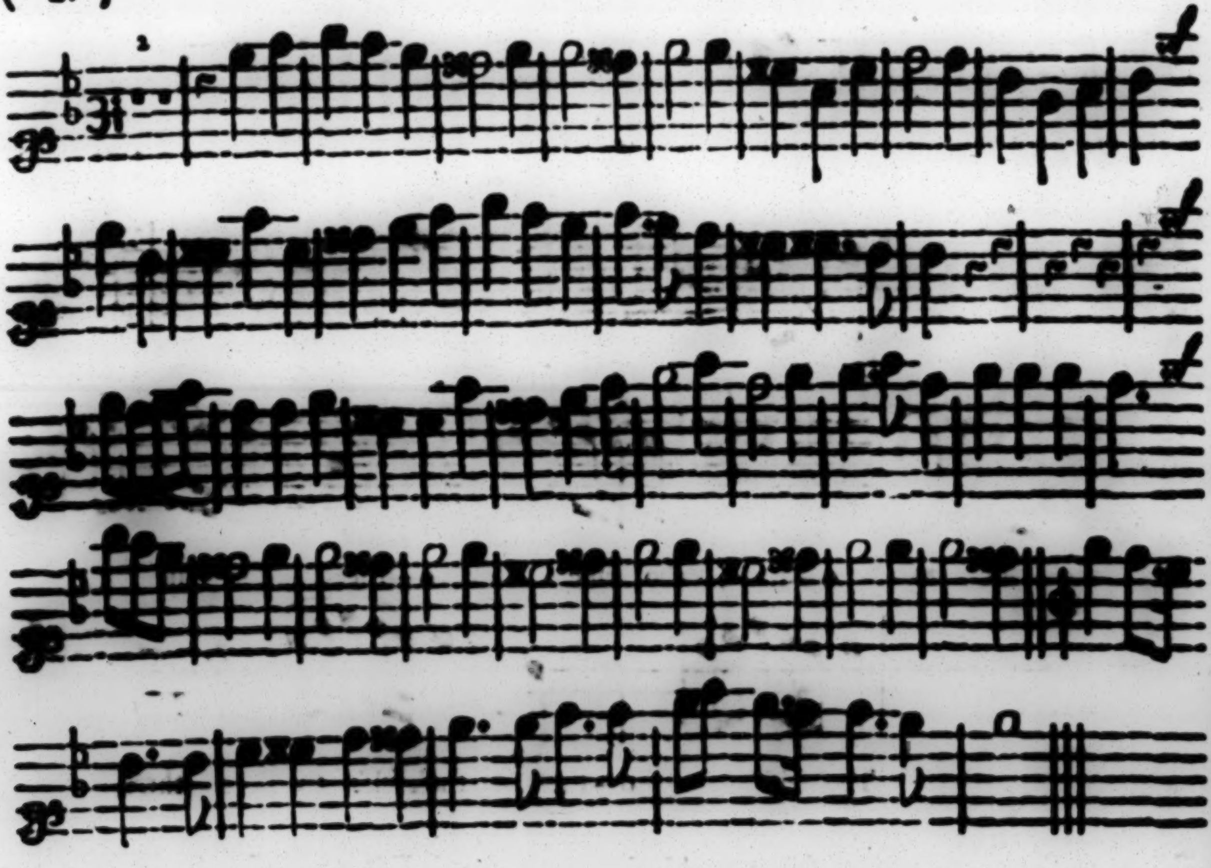

How long muſt Women wiſh in vain, a con——————ſtant
How long muſt Wo——men wiſh in vain a conſtant
Love to find? No art can Fic——kle Man re——
Love to find? no art can fic—kle, can fic—kle Man re——
——tain, or fix a Ro————ving mind. Yet fond—ly we,
——tain, or fix a Ro—— ——ving mind: Yet fond—ly


yet fond—ly we our ſelves deceive, and emp—ty hopes pur—ſue;
we our ſelves, our ſelves de—ceive, and emp ty hopes pur—ſue, Tho'
Tho' falſe to o—thers, we be—leive they will to us prove true,
falſe, tho' falſe to o—thers we be—lieve they will to us prove true,
tho' falſe to o—thers, tho' falſe to o—thers, tho' falſe to
Tho' falſe to o—thers, tho' falſe to o—thers,
others, we be—leive they will to us prove true.
others, we be—lieve they will to us prove true.

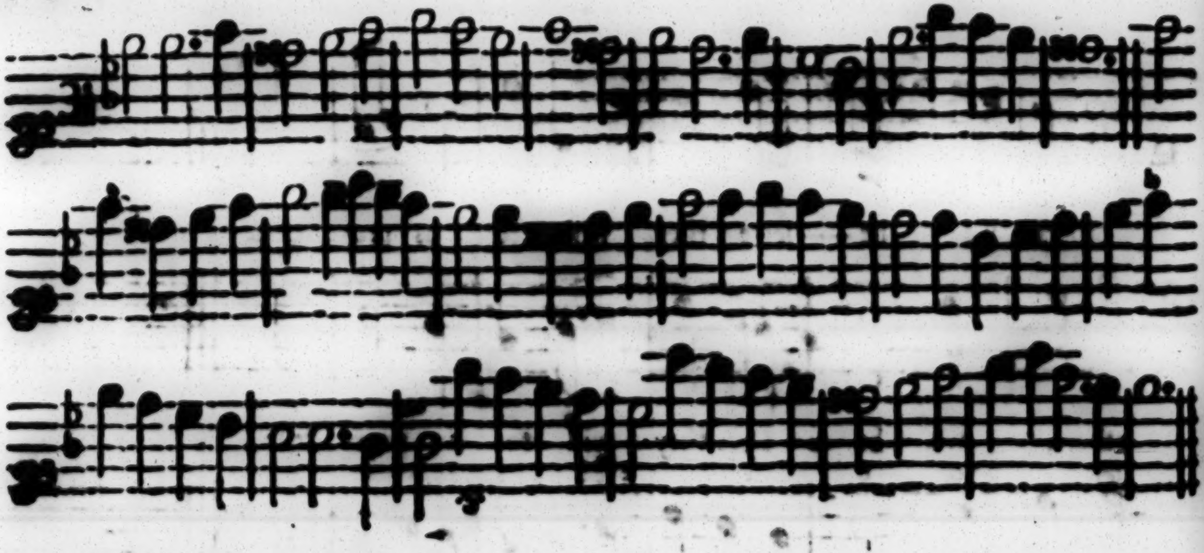
(1.)



(2.)

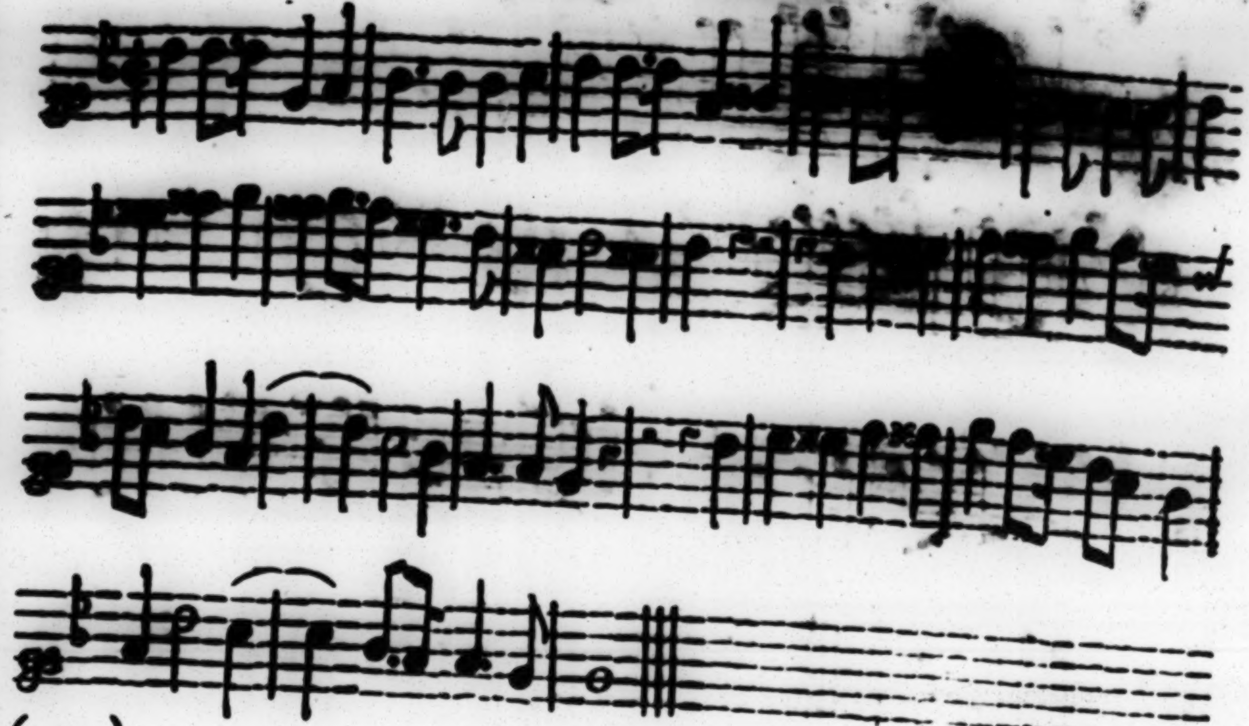


(3.)

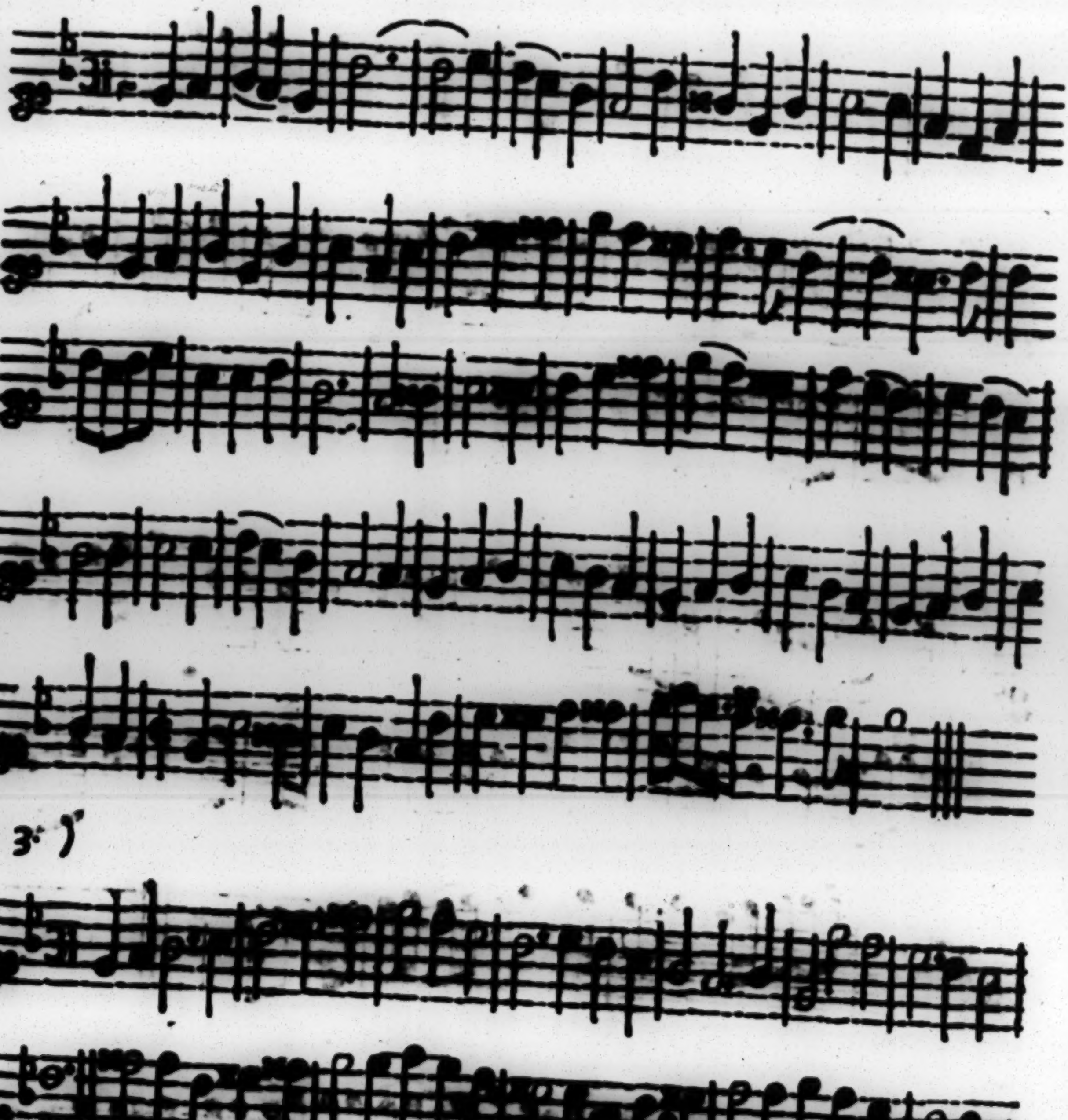


Second Treble.

(1.)



(2.)



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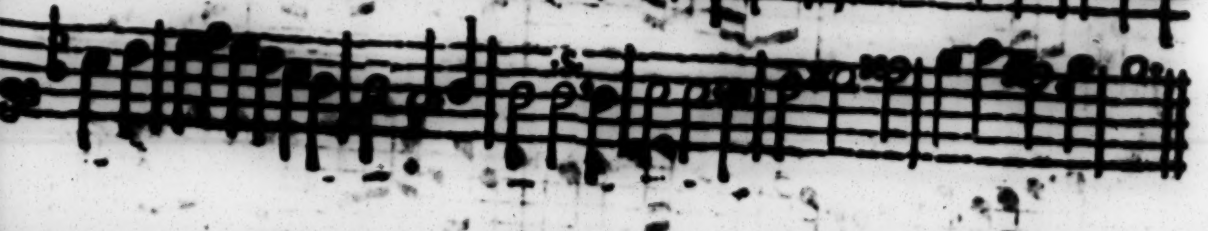
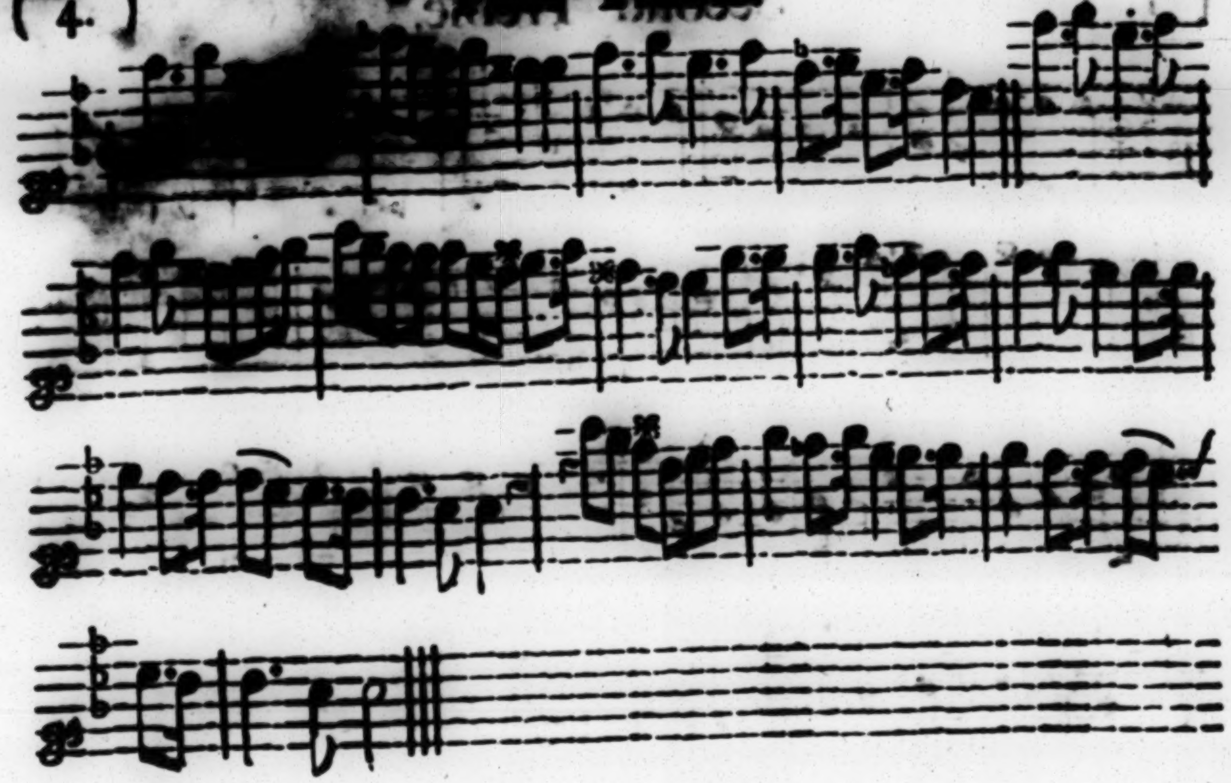
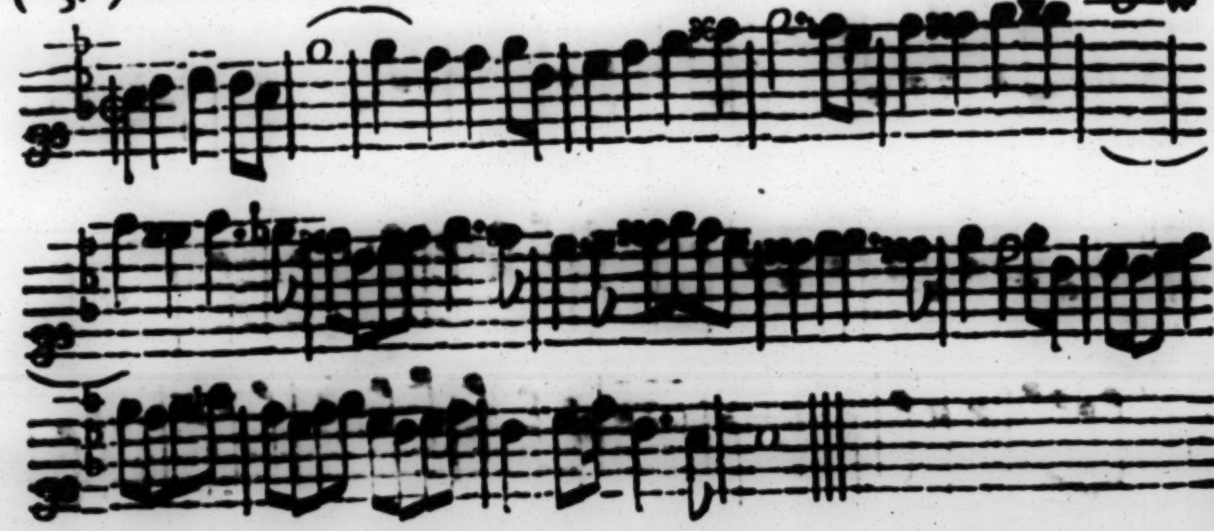


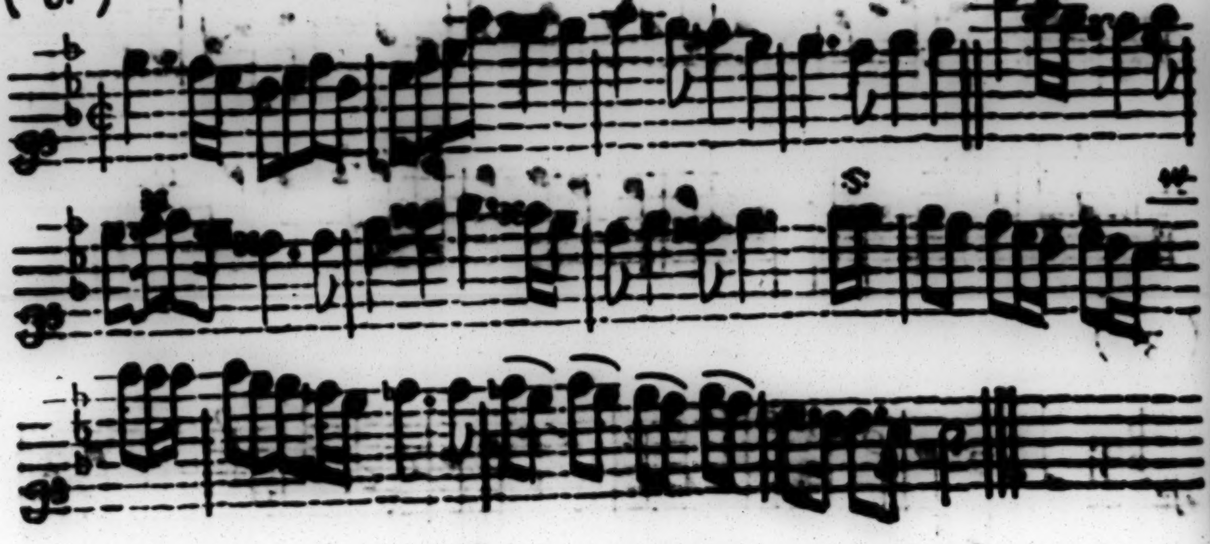
(4.)



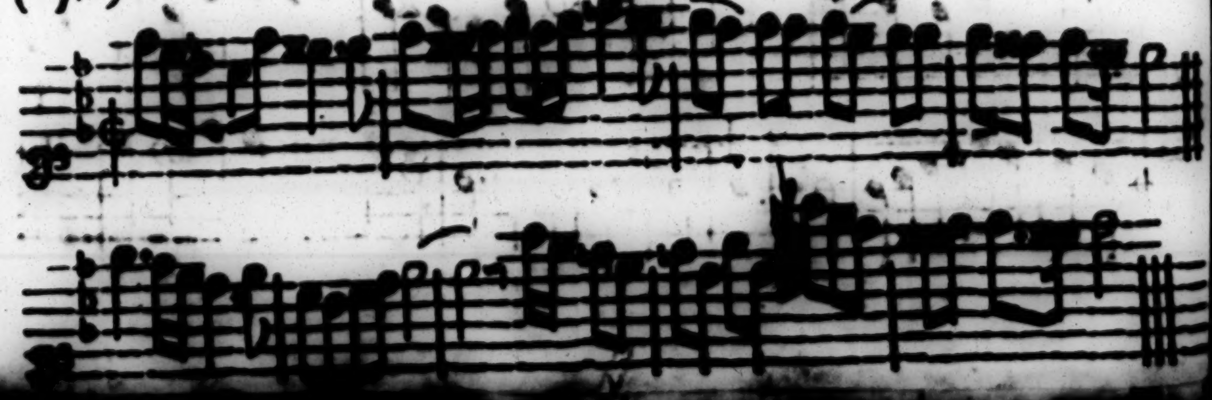
(5.)



(6.)



(7.)



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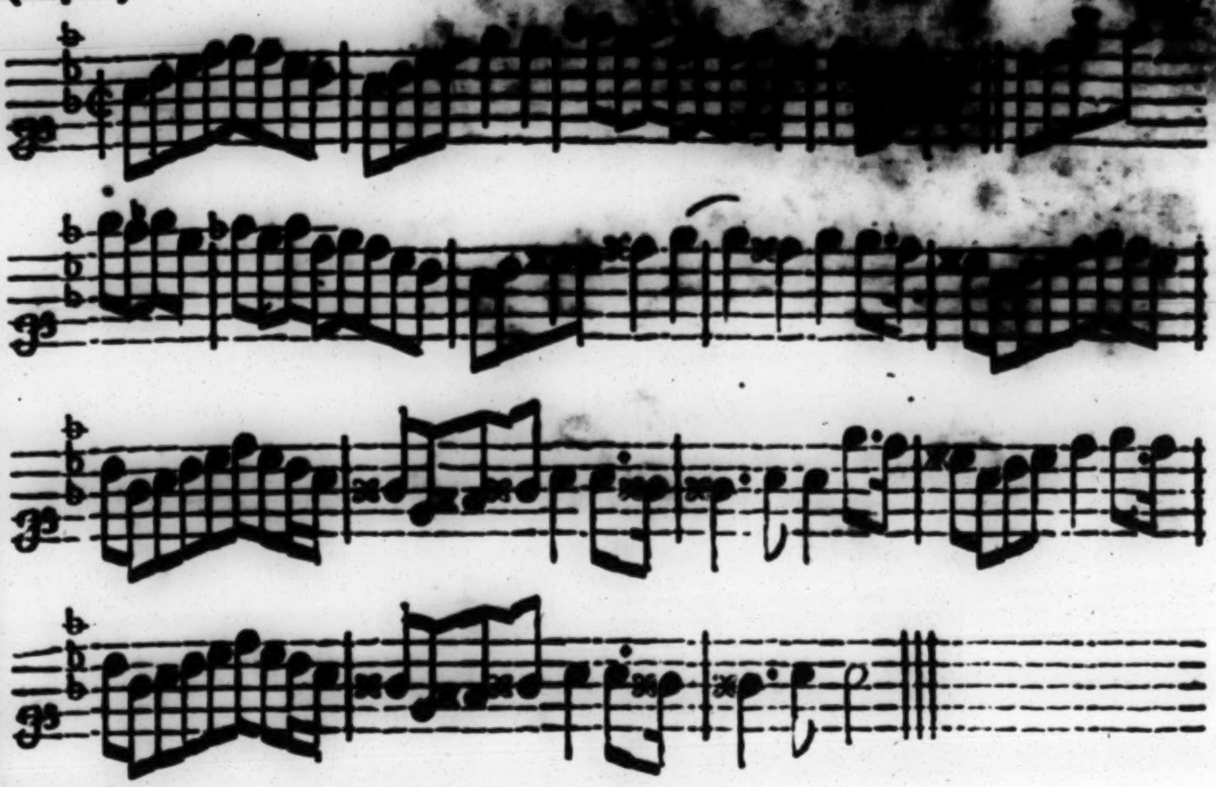

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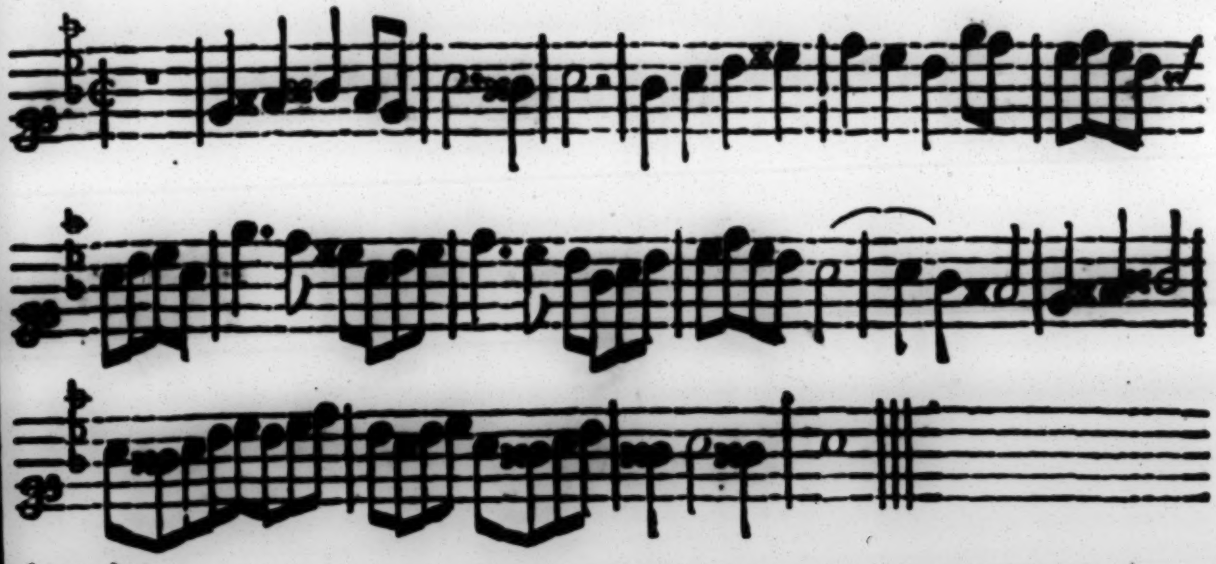

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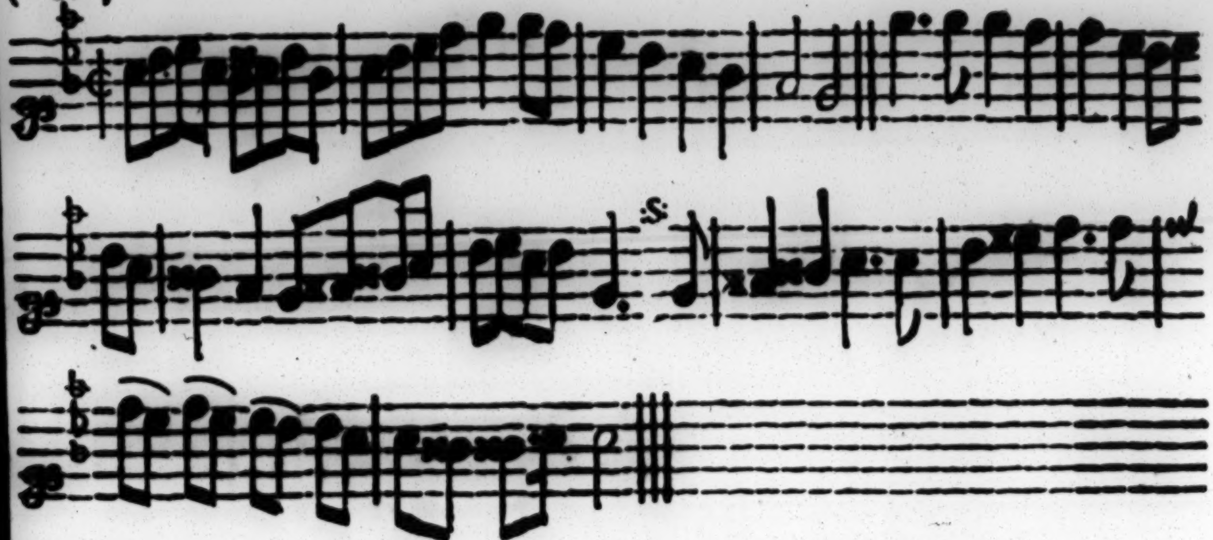

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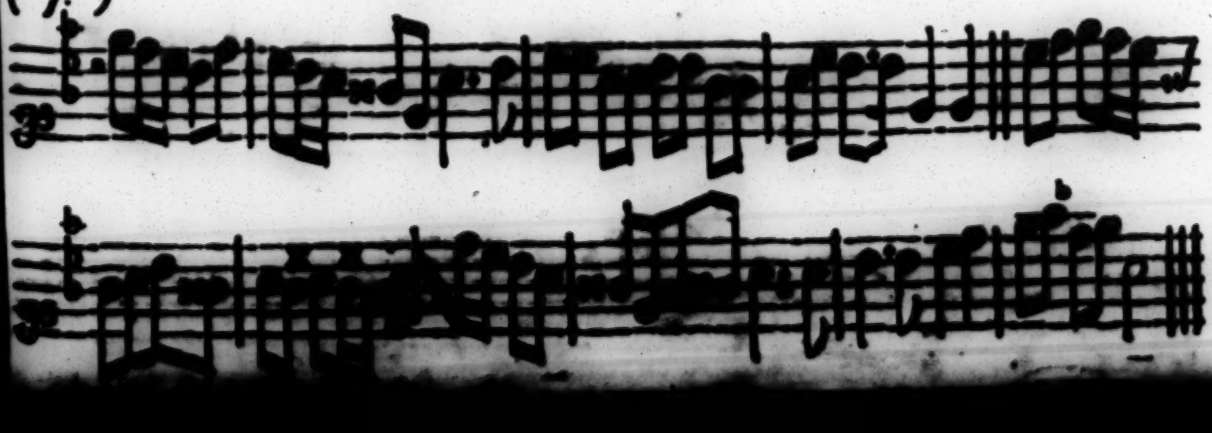

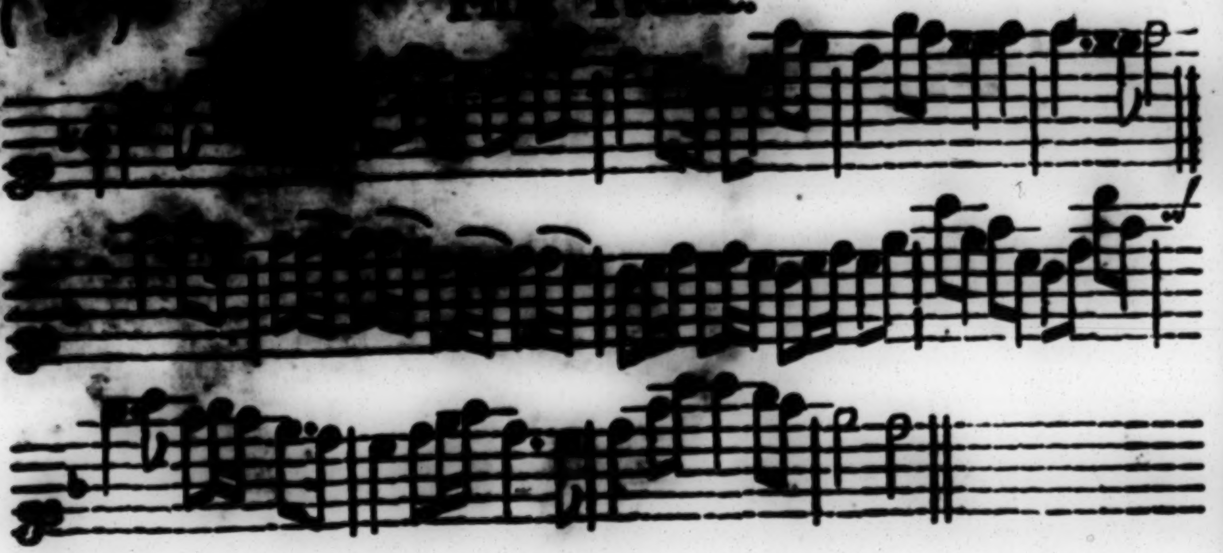

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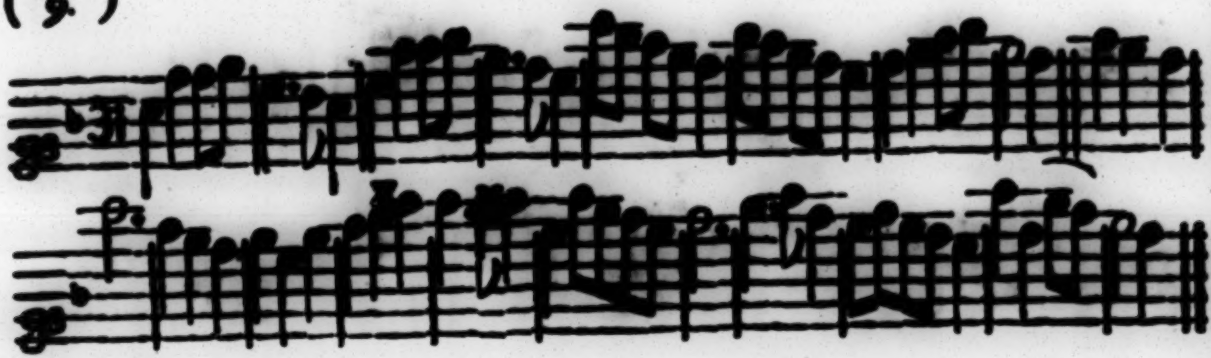

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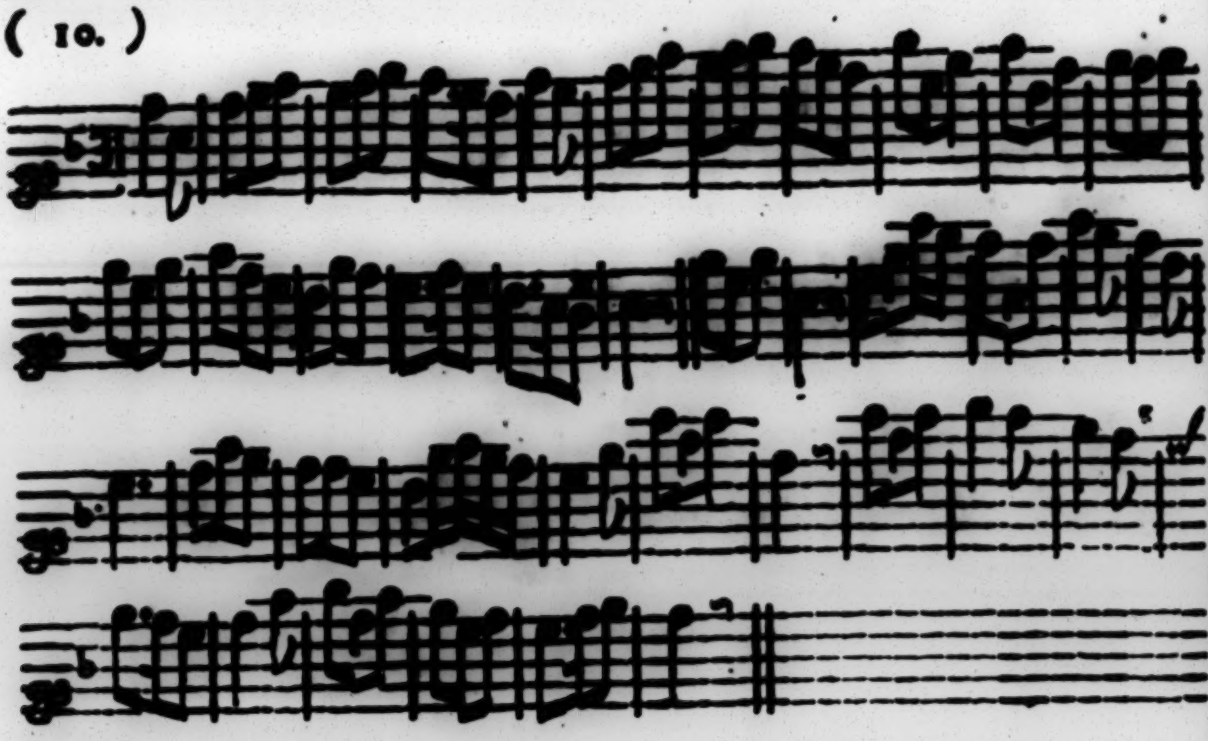

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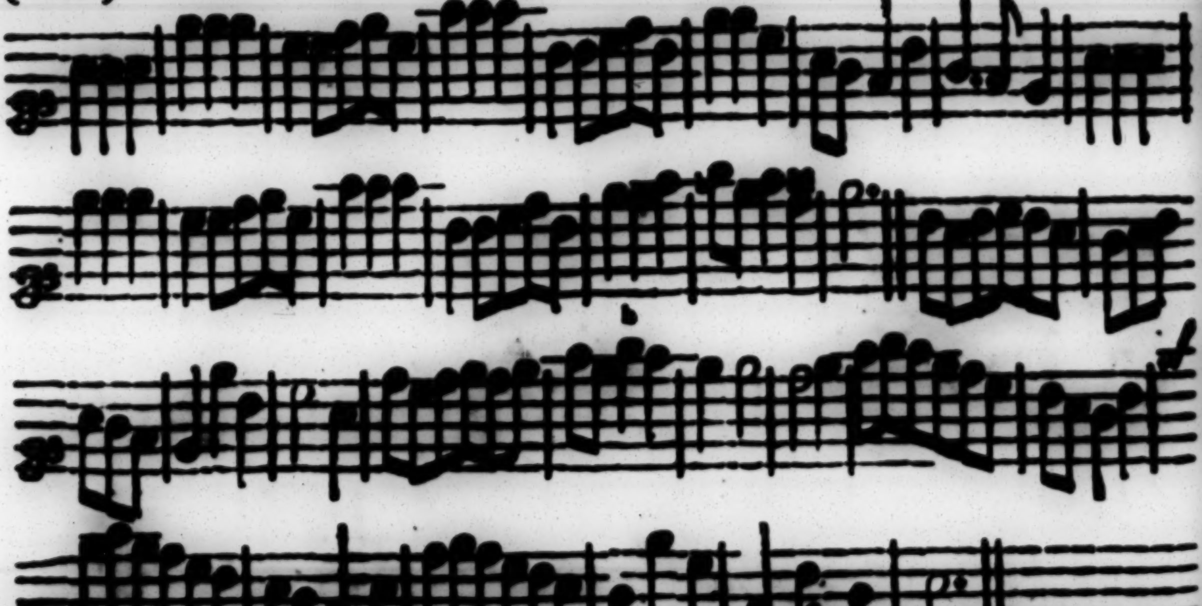

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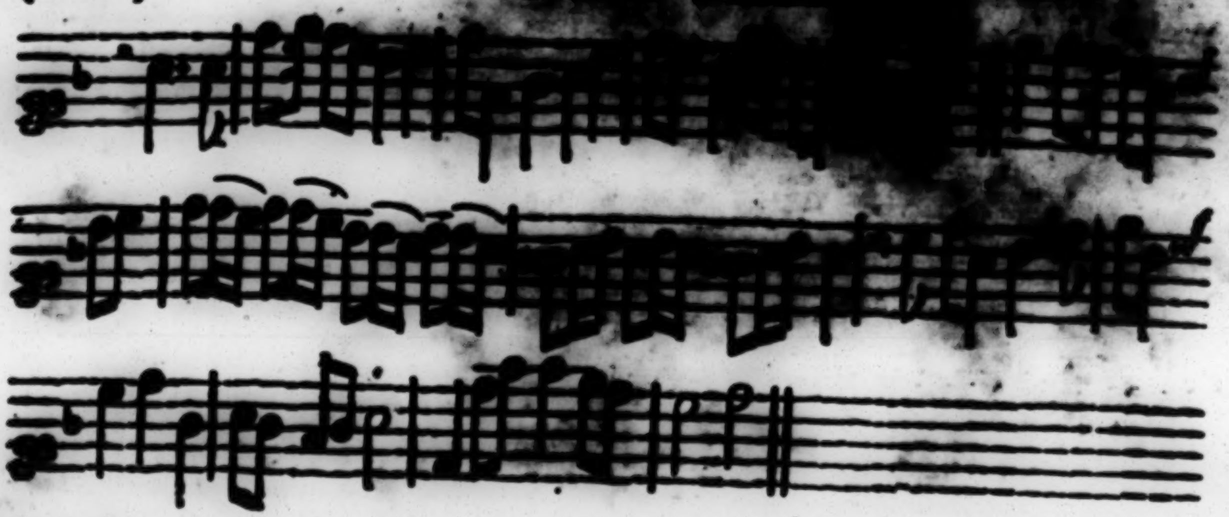

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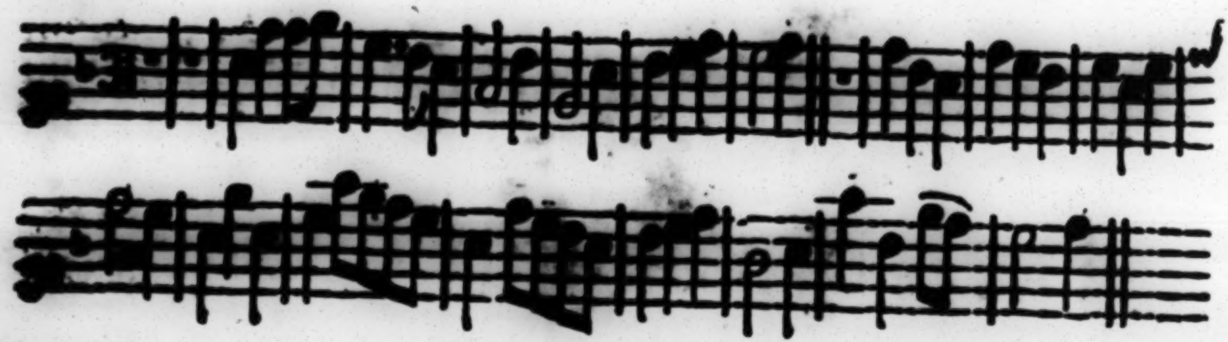

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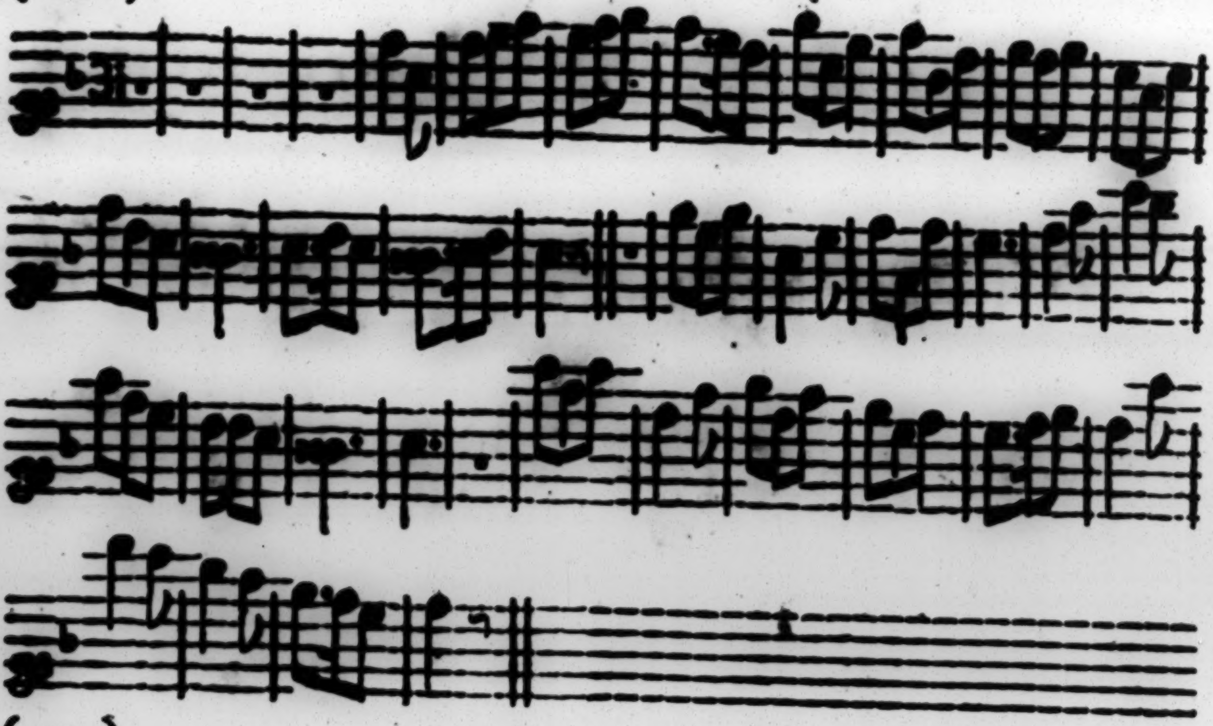

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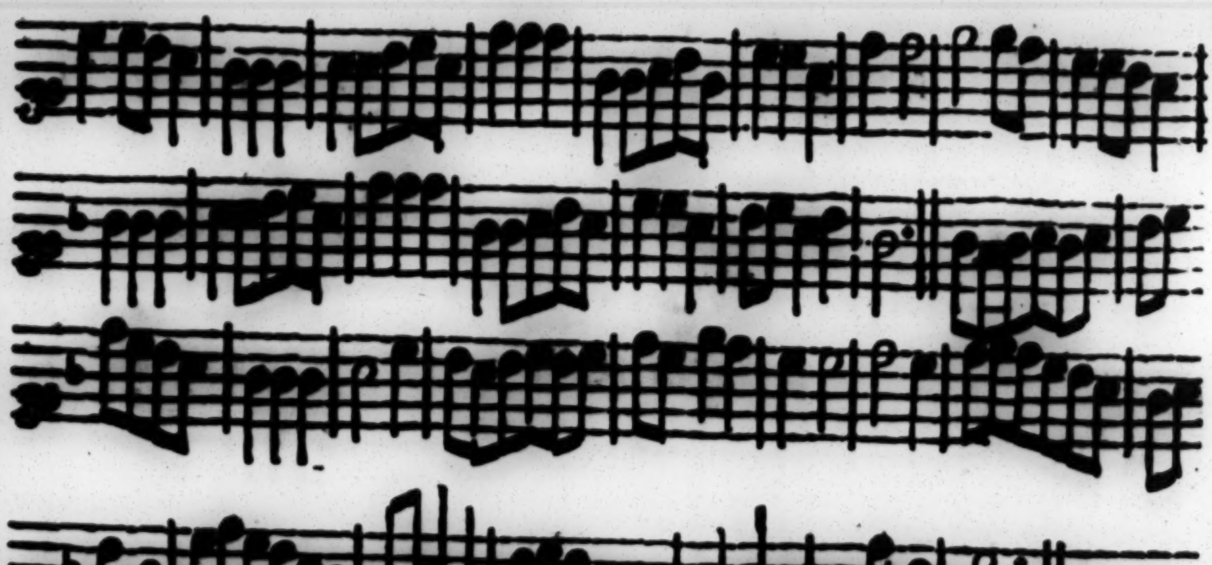

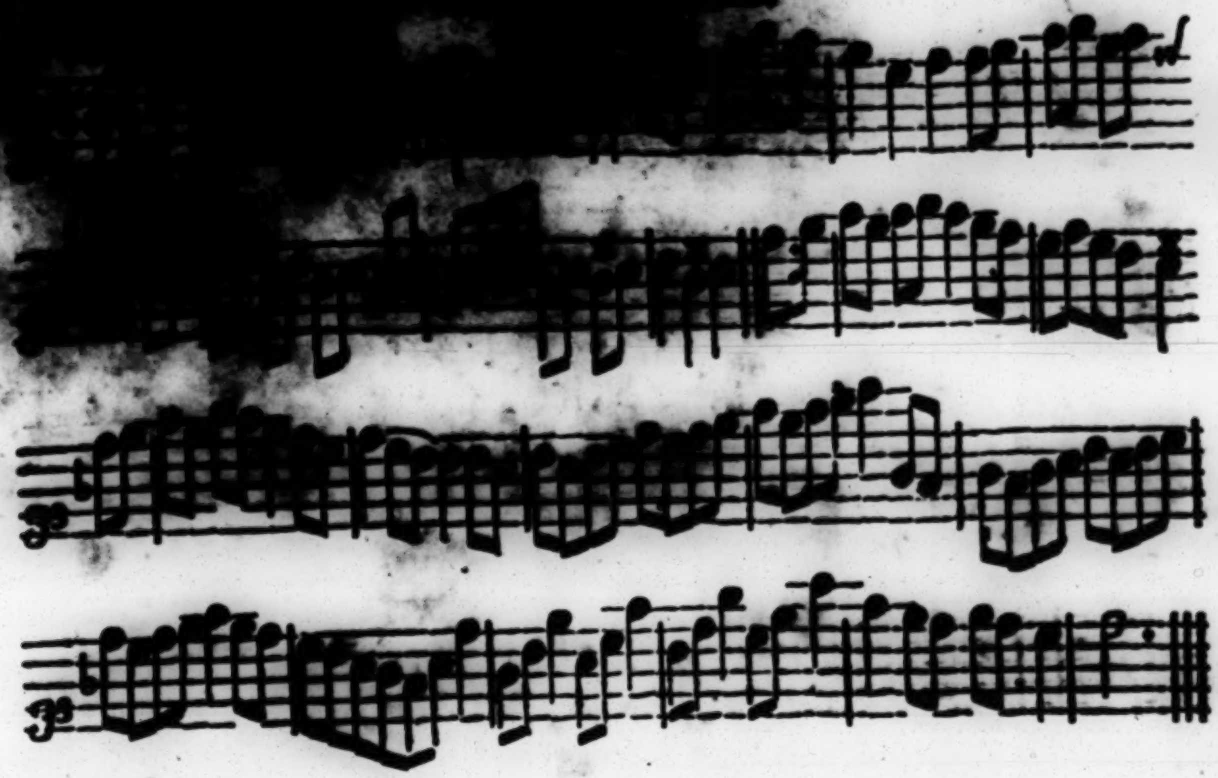

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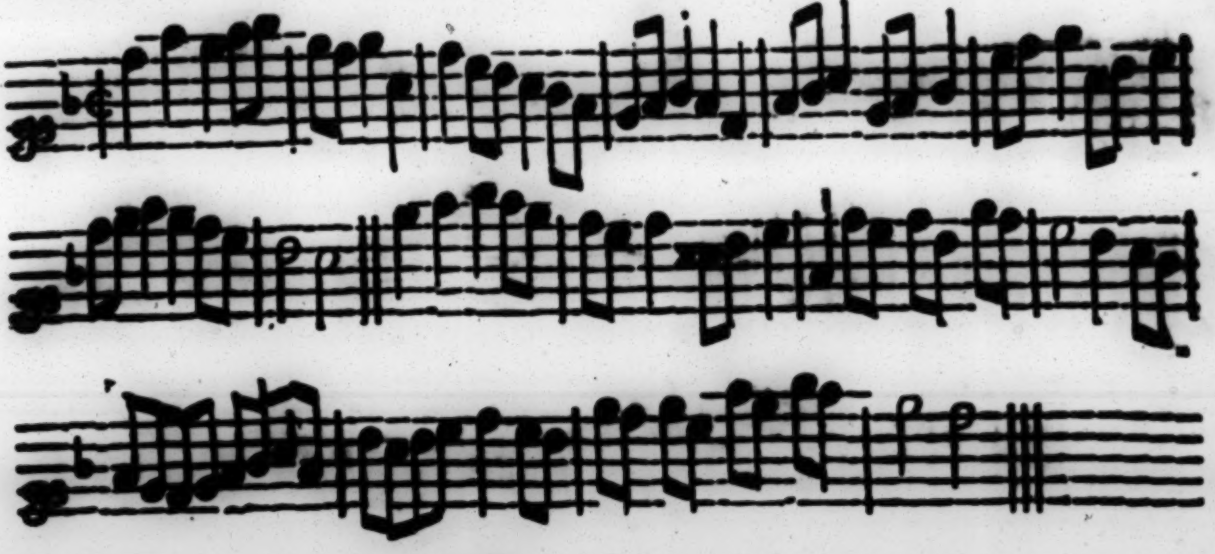

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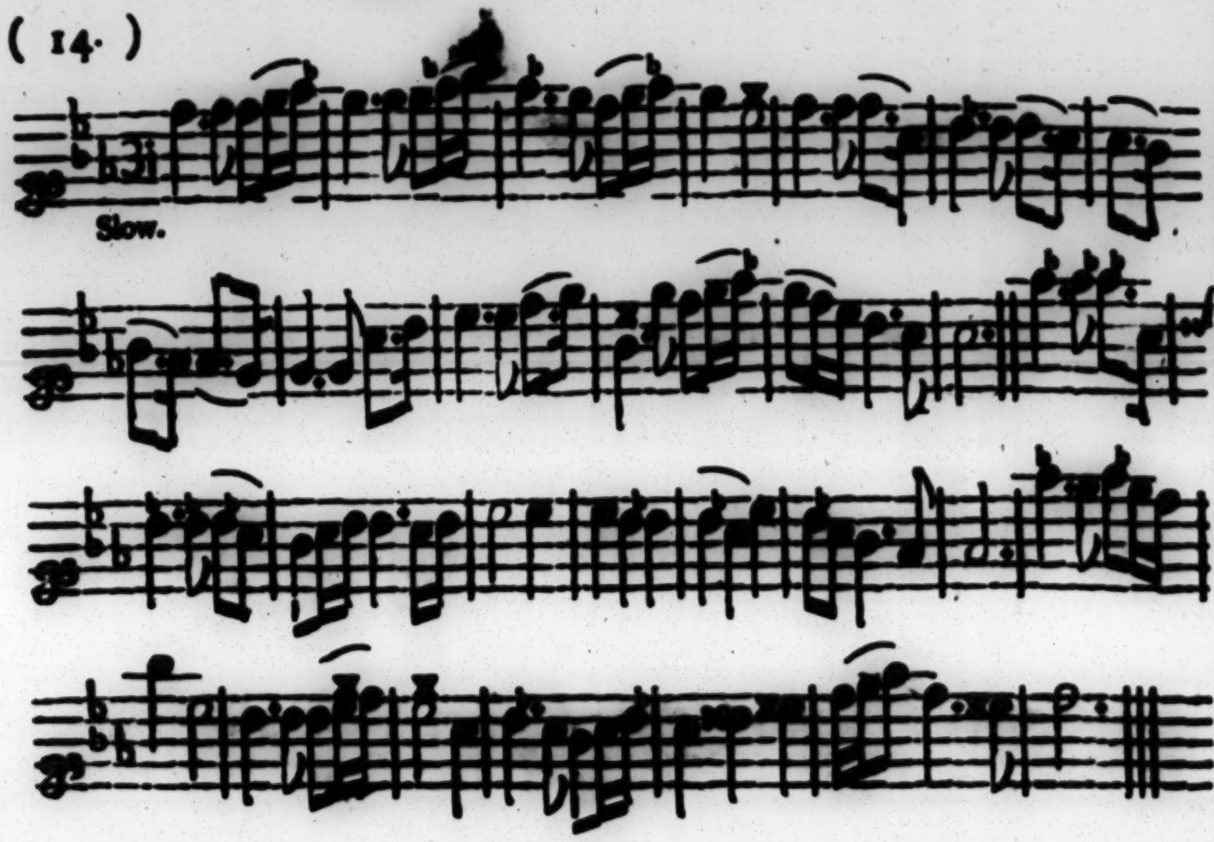

Second Treble.

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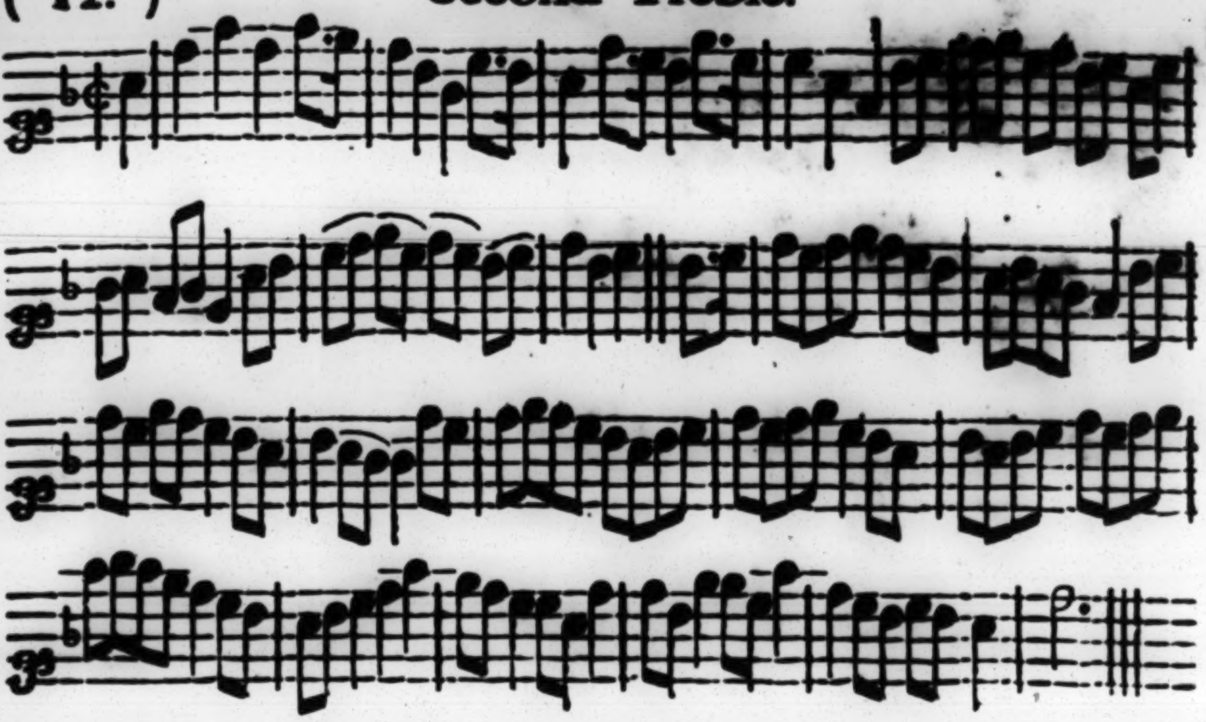

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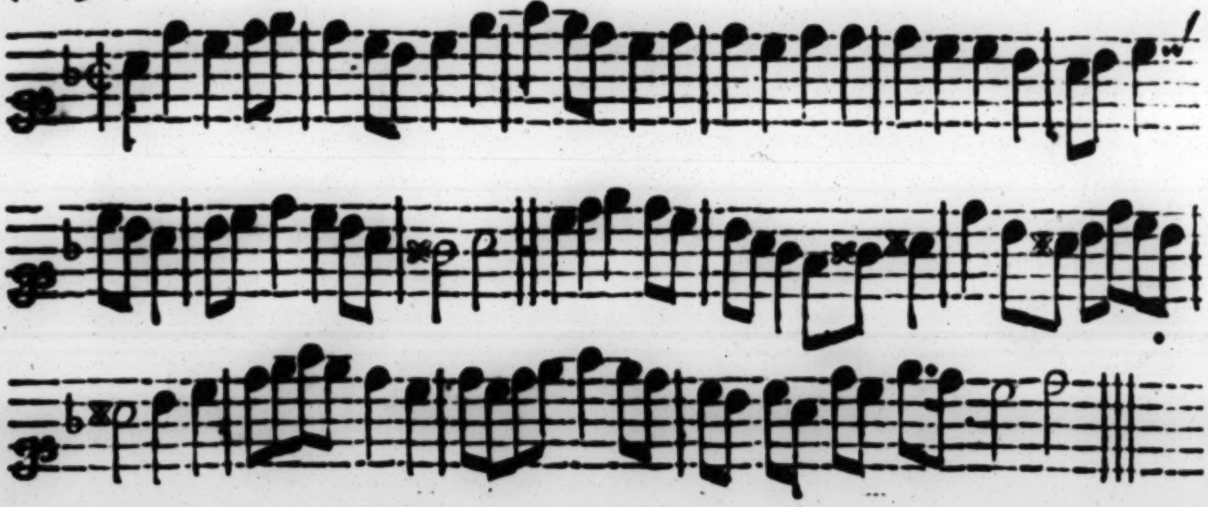

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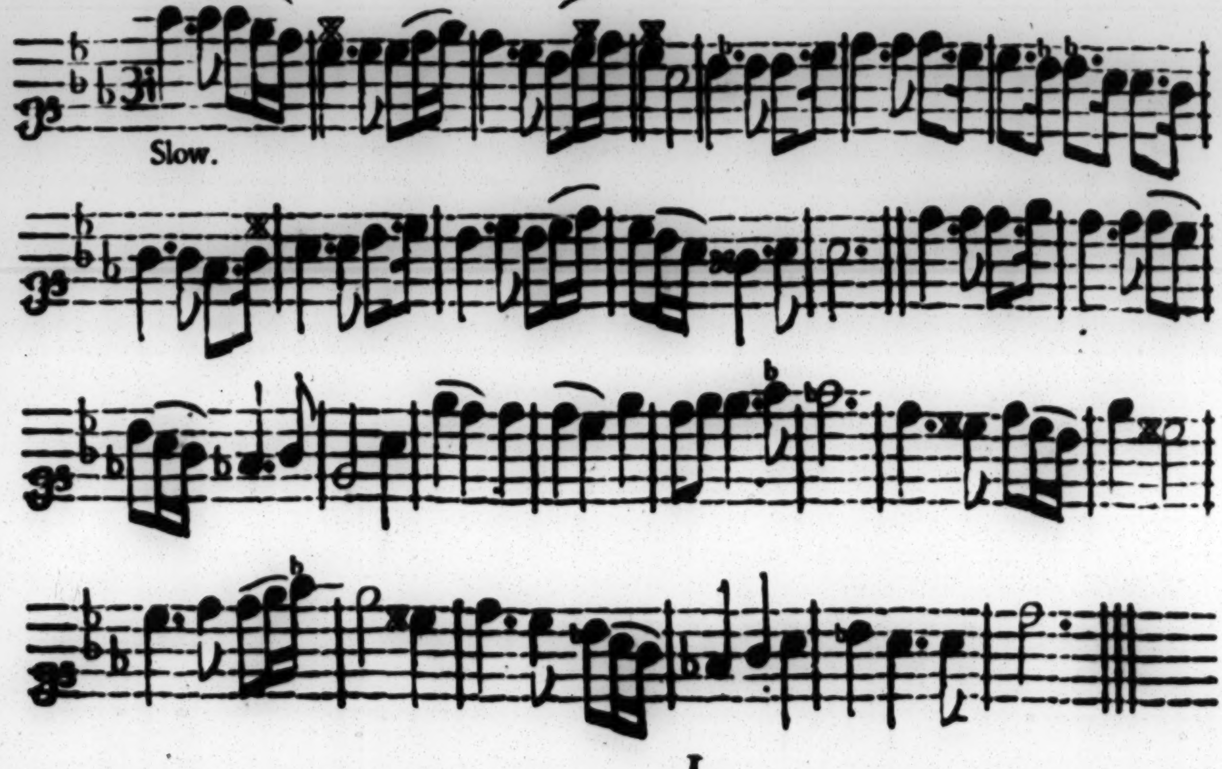
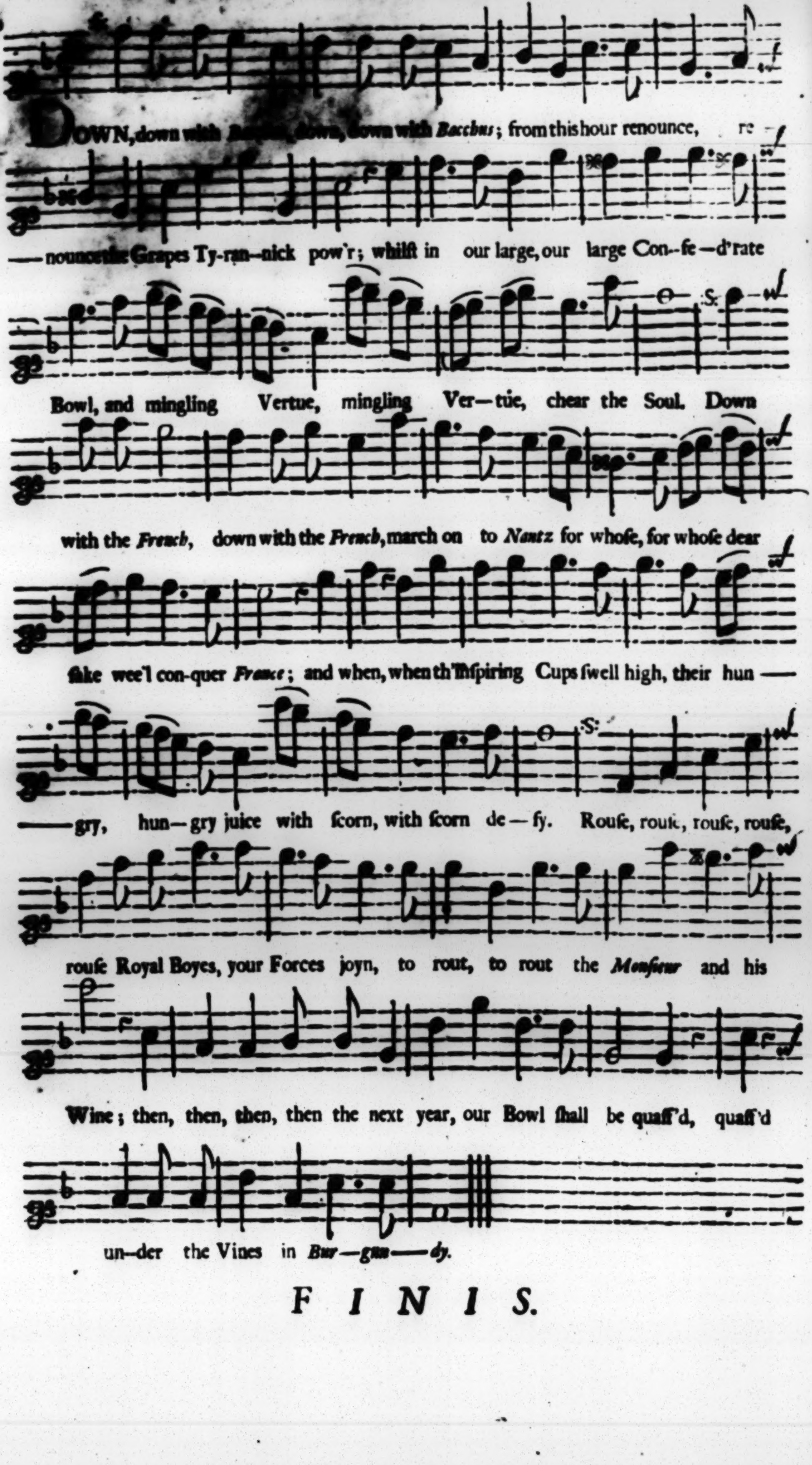


A Catch for 3 Voices. By Mr. *H. Purcell.*


DOWN, down with Bacchus, down, down with *Bacchus*; from this hour renounce, re-
—nounce the Grapes Ty-ran—nick pow'r; whilſt in our large, our large Con-fe—d'rate
Bowl, and mingling Vertue, mingling Ver—tue, chear the Soul. Down
with the *French*, down with the *French*, march on to *Nantz* for whoſe, for whoſe dear
ſake wee'l con-quer *France*; and when, when th' inſpiring Cups ſwell high, their hun—
—gry, hun—gry juice with ſcorn, with ſcorn de—fy. Rouſe, rouſe, rouſe, rouſe,
rouſe Royal Boyes, your Forces joyn, to rout, to rout the *Monſieur* and his
Wine; then, then, then, then the next year, our Bowl ſhall be quaff'd, quaff'd
un-der the Vines in *Bur—gun—dy*.

F I N I S.

THESAURUS MUSICUS:

BEING, A

COLLECTION of the Neweſt SONGS

PERFORMED

At Their *Majeſties Theatres*; and at the Conſorts in *Viller-ſtreet* in York-Buildings, and in *Charles-ſtreet Covent-Garden.*

WITH A

Thorow-Baſs to each SONG, for the *Harpſicord*, *Theorbo*, or *Baſs-Viol.*

To which is Annexed,

A *Collection* of *Airs*, Compoſed for two *Flutes*, by ſeveral Maſters.

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Printed by *J. Heptinſtall* for *Henry Playford*, and are to be ſold at his Shop near
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Fleetſtreet. And at moſt Muſick-Shops in Town. 1694.

A *Table* of SONGS contain'd in this Book.

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A Catalogue of Vocal and Inſtrumental *Muſick*, moſt of which being newly Reprinted for *Henry Playford* at his Shop near the *Temple*-Church.

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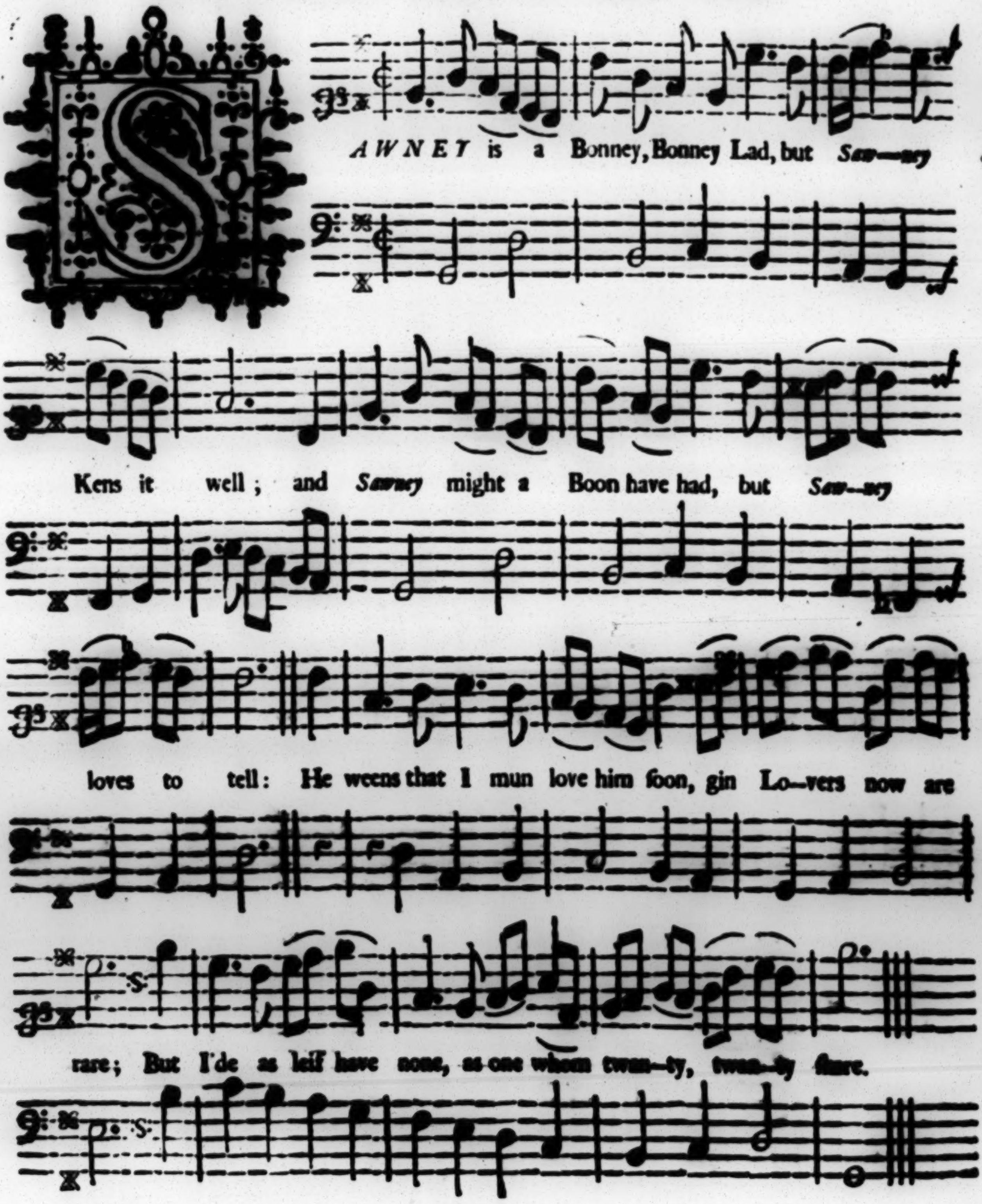
A New Scotch Song Sung at the Conſort In York-Buildings, at the Entertainment of the Prince of *Baden*. Set by Mr. *Henry Purcell*.

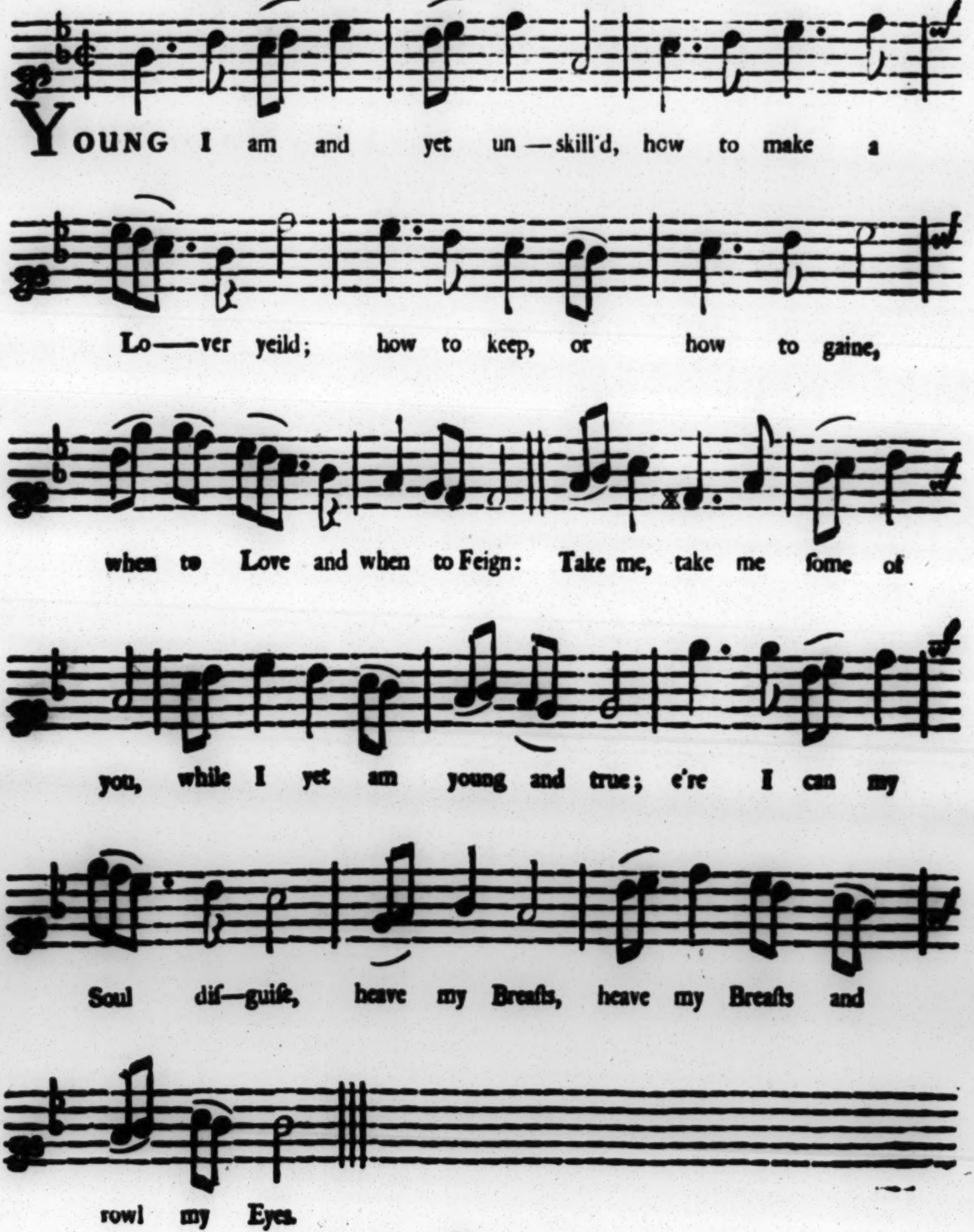

AWNEY is a Bonney, Bonney Lad, but Saw--ney
Kens it well; and Sawney might a Boon have had, but Saw--ney
loves to tell: He weens that I mun love him ſoon, gin Lo--vers now are
rare; But I'de as leif have none, as one whom twan--ty, twan--ty ſhare.

II.

When anent your love you come,
  Ah! *Sawney* were you true;
What tho' I ſeem to Frown and Gloom,
  I ne're cou'd gang from you;
Yet ſtill my Tongue doe what I can,
  With muckle Woe denyes;
Wa's me when once we like a Man,
  It Boots not to be wiſe.

A Song in the laſt new Play call'd *Love Triumphant*, &c.

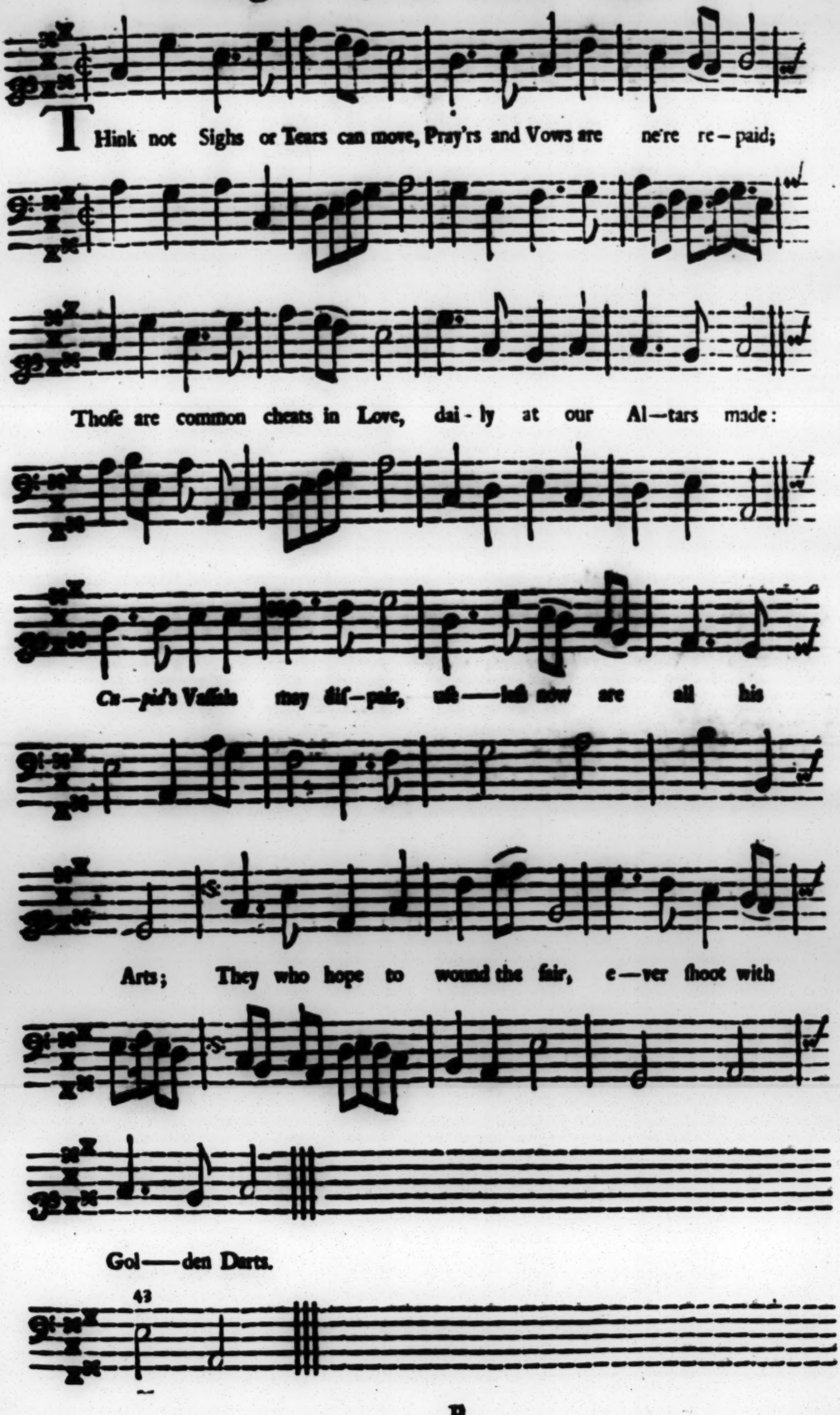
Set by Mr. *John Eccles.* Sung by a Girl.


YOUNG I am and yet un—skill'd, how to make a
Lo—ver yeild; how to keep, or how to gaine,
when to Love and when to Feign: Take me, take me ſome of
you, while I yet am young and true; e're I can my
Soul diſ—guiſe, heave my Breaſts, heave my Breaſts and
rowl my Eyes.

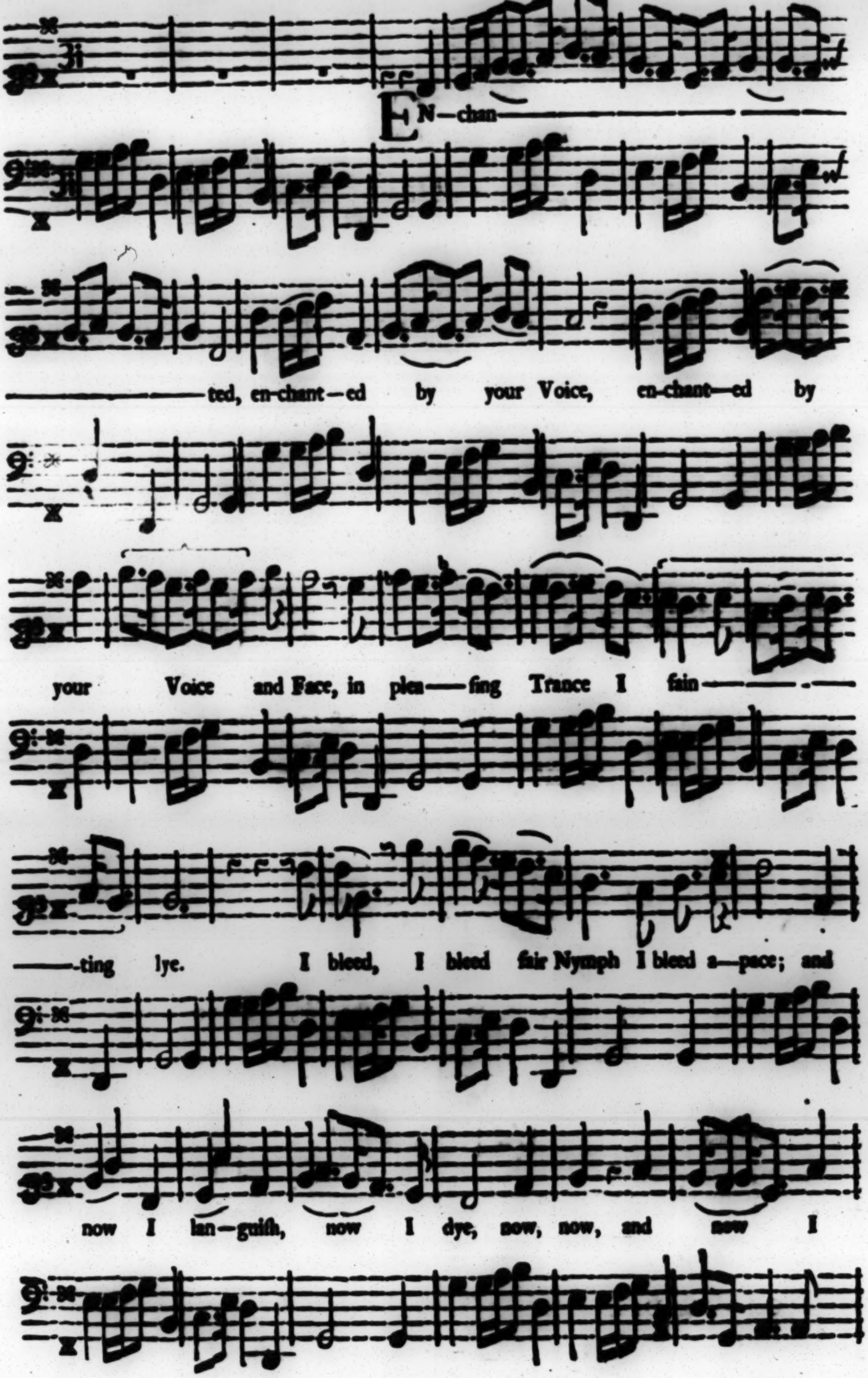
II.

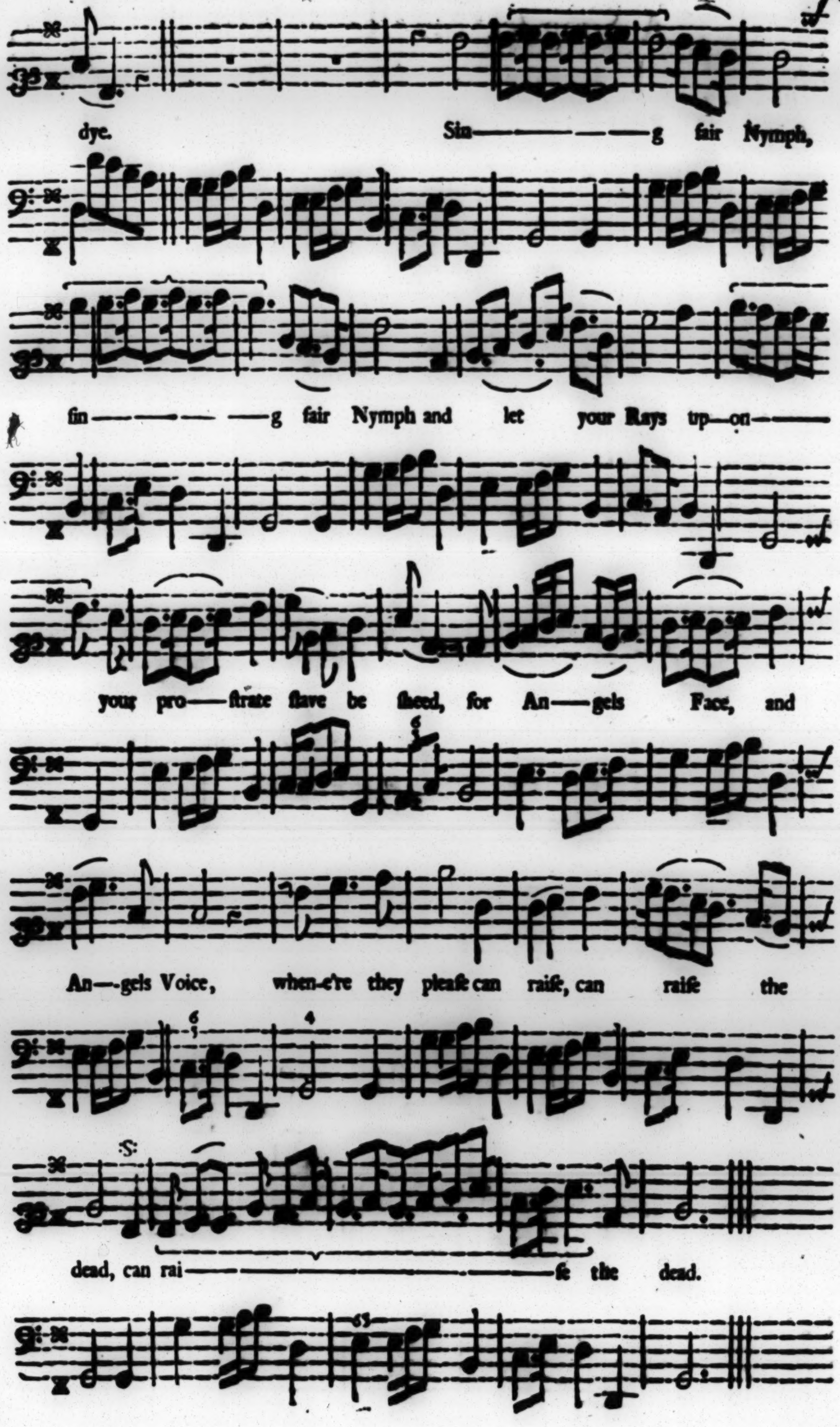
Stay not till I learn the way,
How to lye and to betray;
He that Love me firſt is bleſt,
For I may deceive the reſt:
Cou'd I find a blooming Youth,
Full of Love and full of Truth;
Brisk and of a *Jantee* Meen,
I ſhou'd long to be Fifteen.

A Song ſet by Mr. *Godfry Finger.*

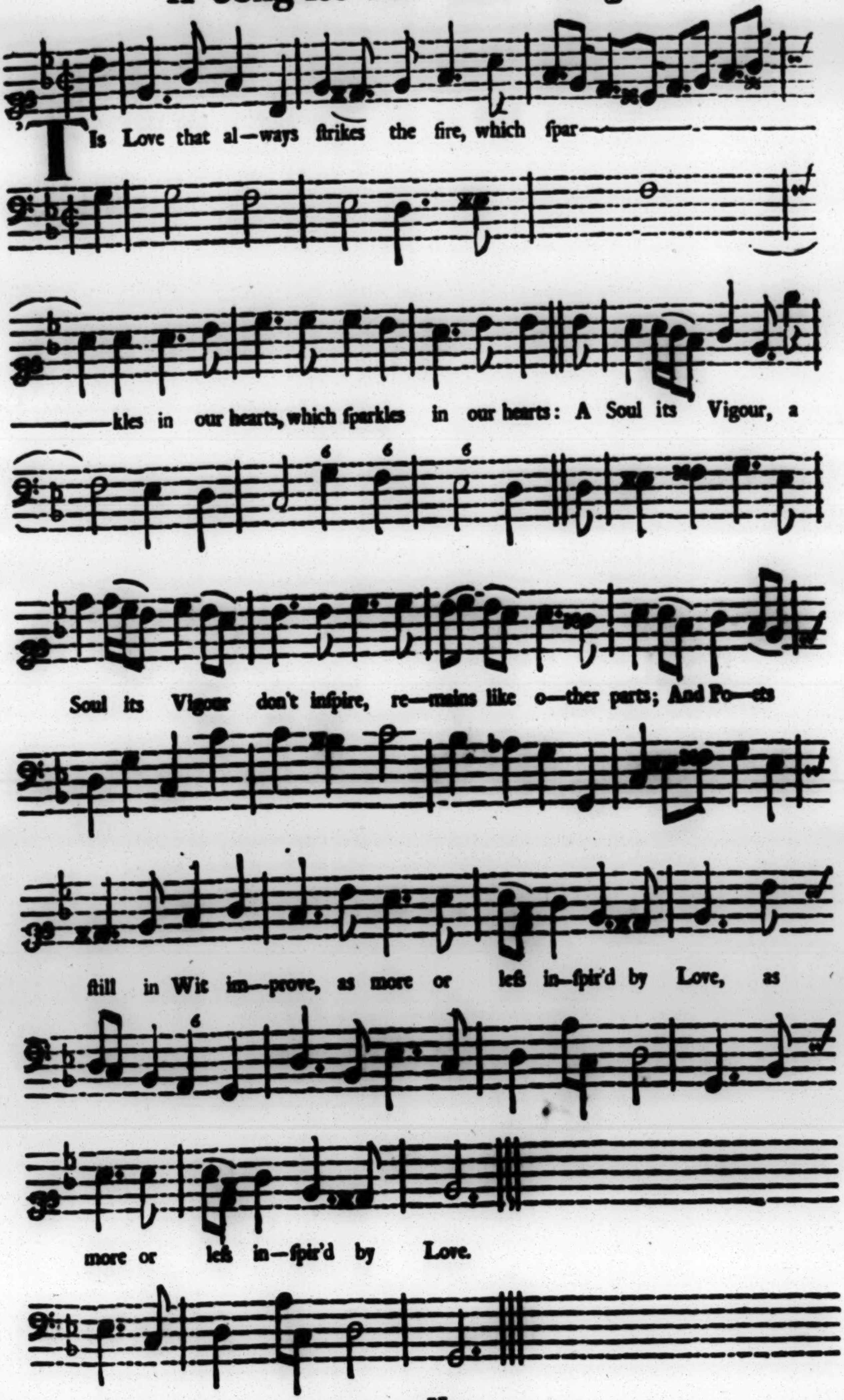

THink not Sighs or Tears can move, Pray'rs and Vows are ne're re—paid;
Thoſe are common cheats in Love, dai-ly at our Al—tars made:
Cu—pid's Vaſſals may diſ—pair, un—leſs now are all his
Arts; They who hope to wound the fair, e—ver ſhoot with
Gol—den Darts.
43

A Song to a Ground by Mr. *Henry Hall.*


EN-chan——
——ted, en-chant—ed by your Voice, en-chant—ed by
your Voice and Face, in plea——ſing Trance I fain——
——ting lye. I bleed, I bleed fair Nymph I bleed a—pace; and
now I lan—guiſh, now I dye, now, now, and now I


dye. Sin——g fair Nymph,
ſin——g fair Nymph and let your Rays up—on——
your pro——ſtrate ſlave be ſheed, for An——gels Face, and
An—-gels Voice, when-e're they pleaſe can raiſe, can raiſe the
dead, can rai——ſe the dead.

A Song ſet Mr. *Robert King.*

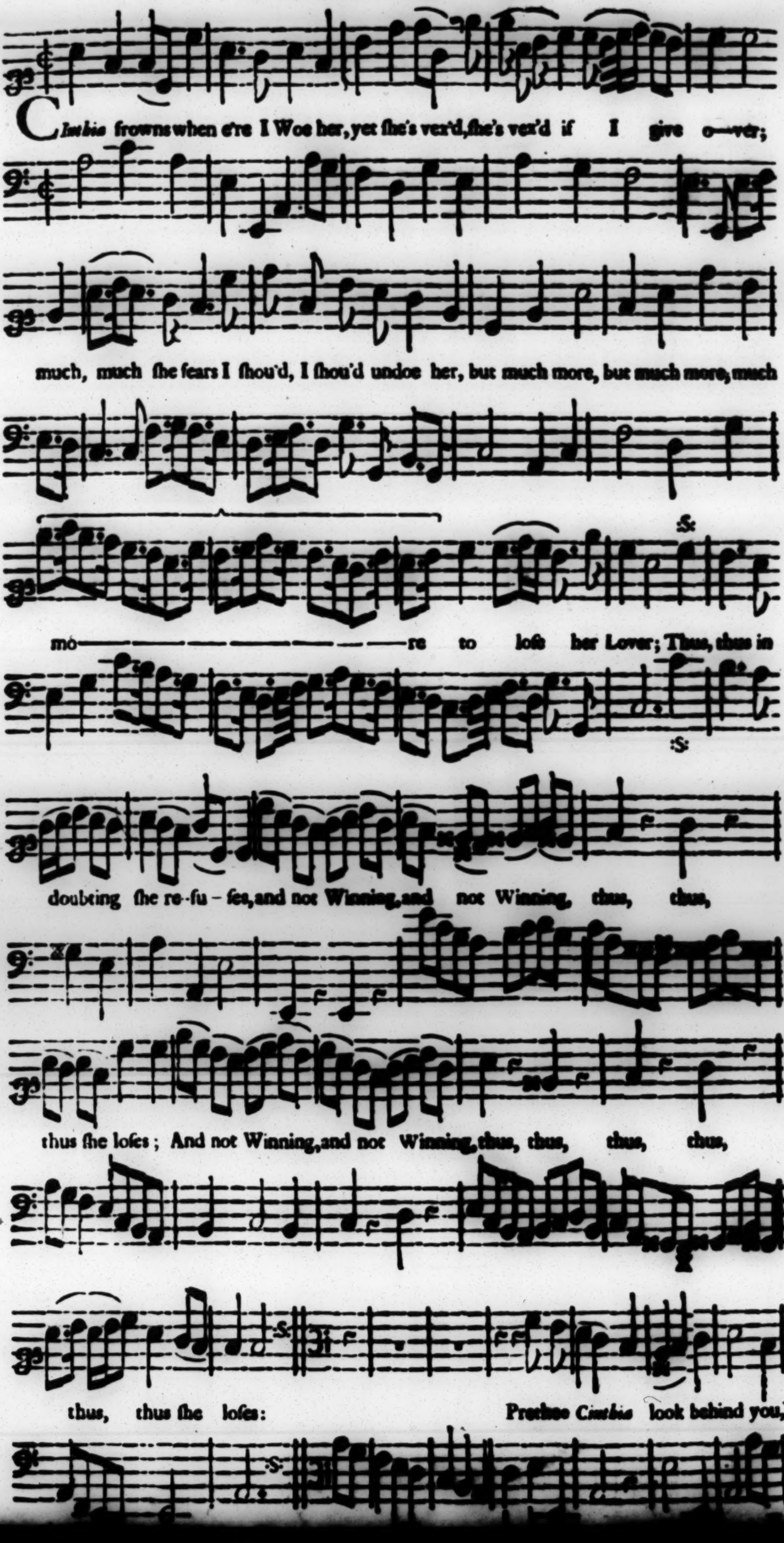

T'Is Love that al—ways ſtrikes the fire, which ſpar————————
————kles in our hearts, which ſparkles in our hearts: A Soul its Vigour, a
Soul its Vigour don't inſpire, re—mains like o—ther parts; And Po—ets
ſtill in Wit im—prove, as more or leſs in—ſpir'd by Love, as
more or leſs in—ſpir'd by Love.
6
6
6
6

II.

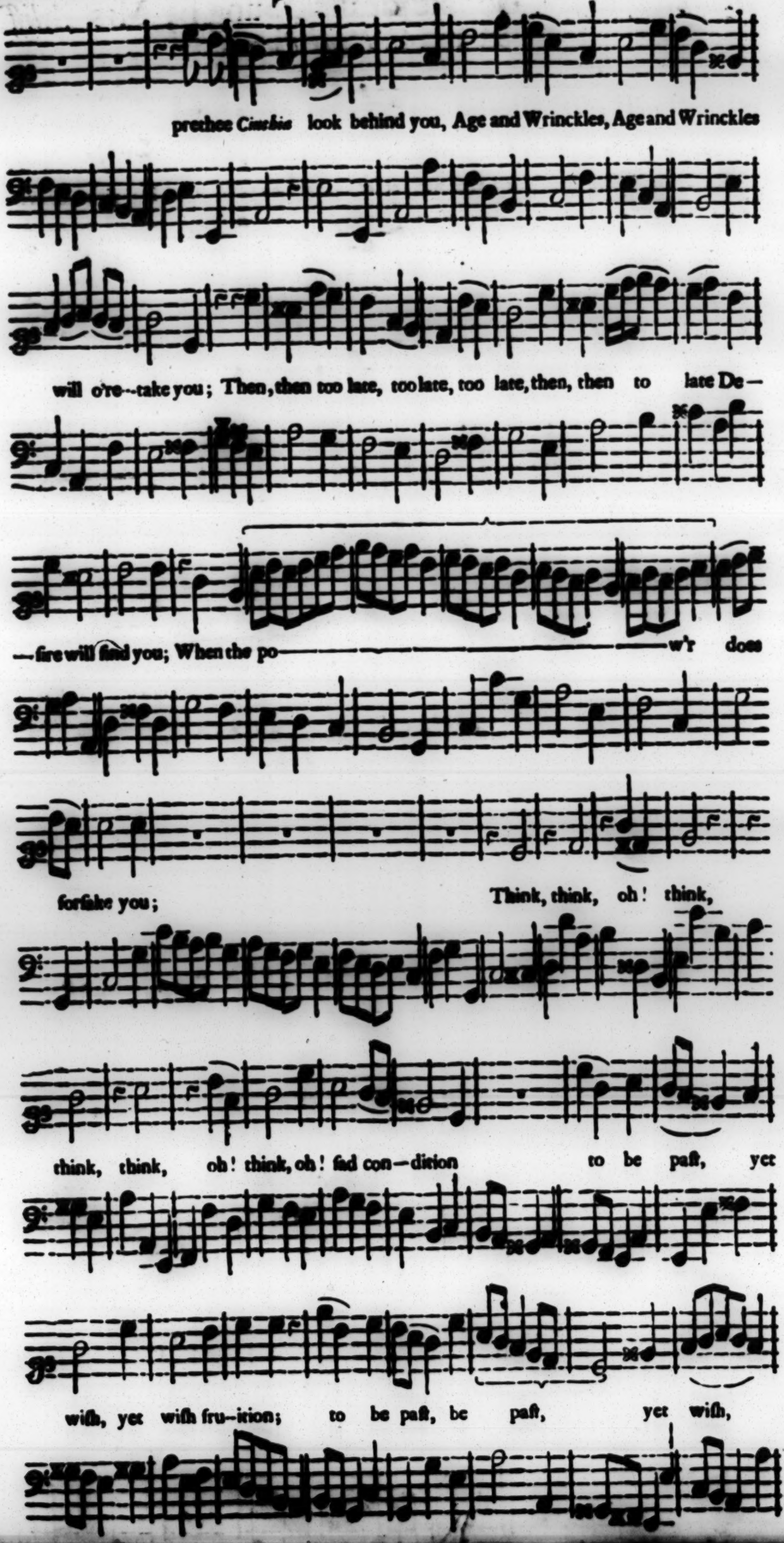
If this be true, as ſure it is,
Can I remain ſo poor,
And of its Portion ever miſs,
Who with ſuch Zeal adore?
Of all thy Bards, Love, tell me why
Muſt only *Strephon's* Fleece be dry?

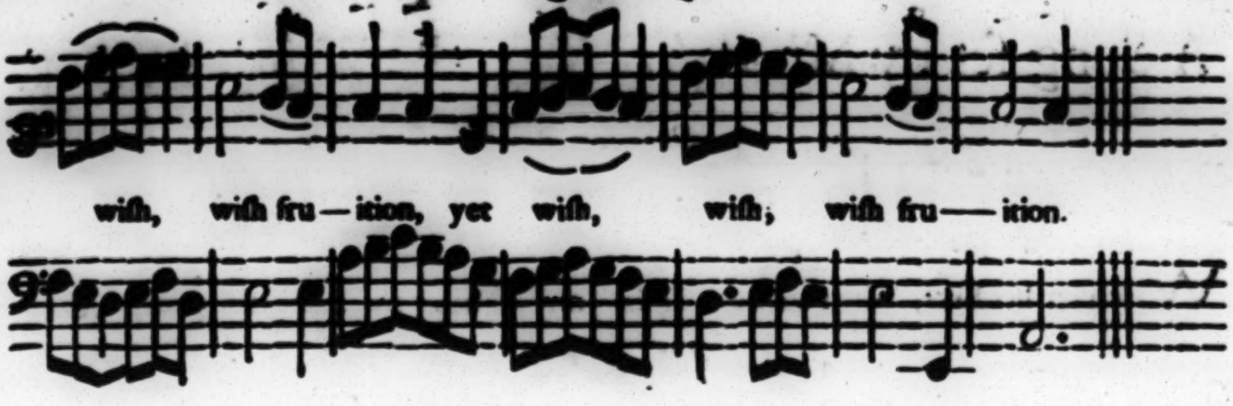
A Song in the Double-dealler, Sung by Mrs. *Ayliff*,

Set by Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

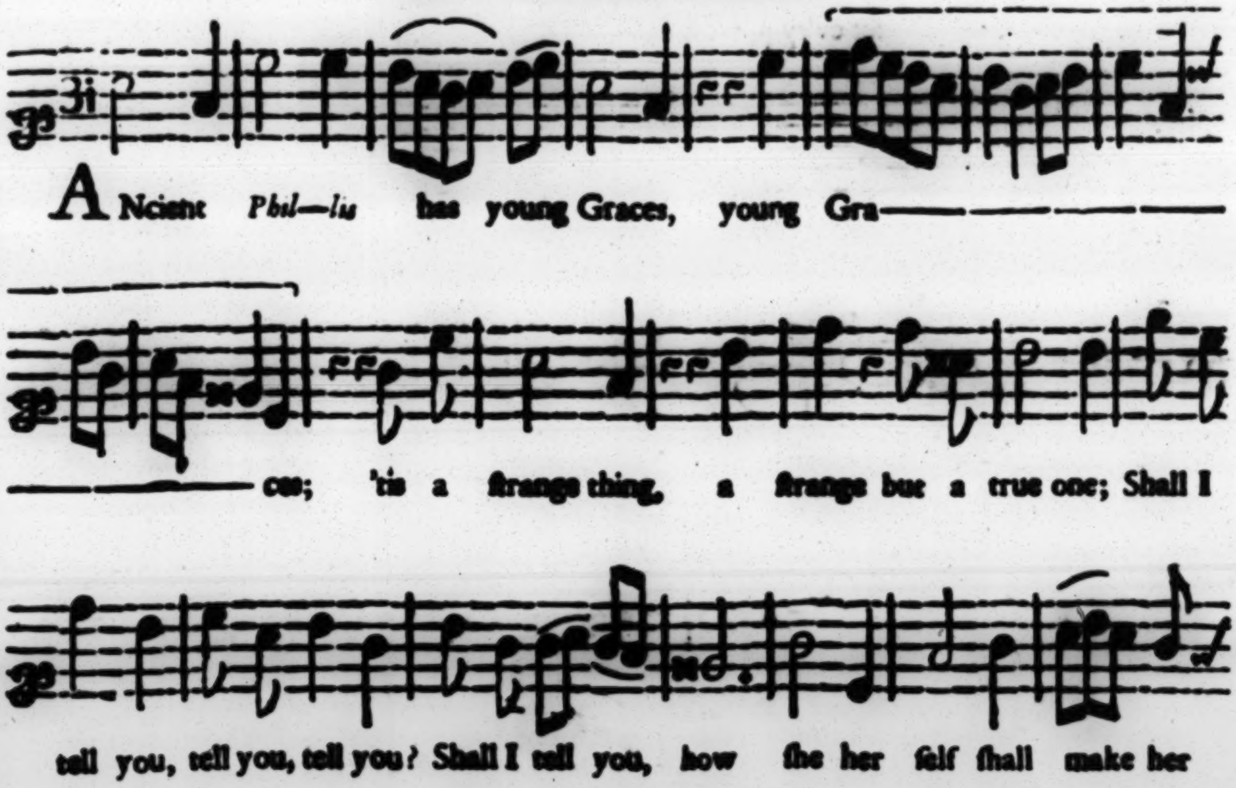

C*inthia* frowns when e're I Woe her, yet ſhe's vex'd, ſhe's vex'd if I give o—ver;
much, much ſhe fears I ſhou'd, I ſhou'd undoe her, but much more, but much more, much
mo——————re to loſe her Lover; Thus, thus in
doubting ſhe re-fu-ſes, and not Winning, and not Winning, thus, thus,
thus ſhe loſes; And not Winning, and not Winning, thus, thus, thus, thus,
thus, thus ſhe loſes:
Prethee *Cinthia* look behind you,

(88)

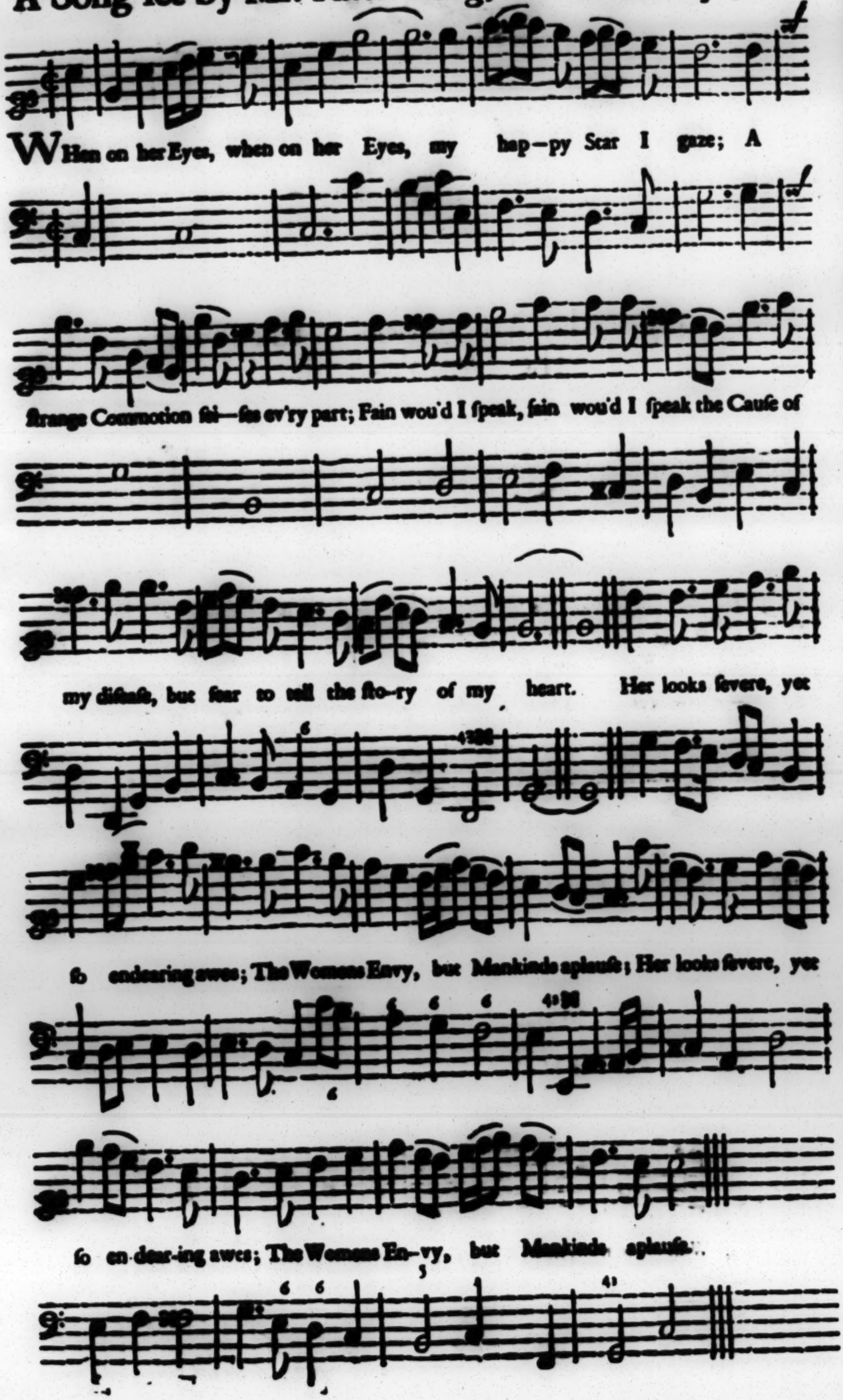

prethee Cinthia look behind you, Age and Wrinckles, Age and Wrinckles
will o're--take you; Then, then too late, too late, too late, then, then to late De—
—fire will find you; When the po——w'r does
forfake you;
Think, think, oh! think,
think, think, oh! think, oh! fad con—dition to be paft, yet
wifh, yet wifh fru--ition; to be paft, be paft, yet wifh,


wiſh, wiſh fru—ition, yet wiſh, wiſh; wiſh fru——ition.

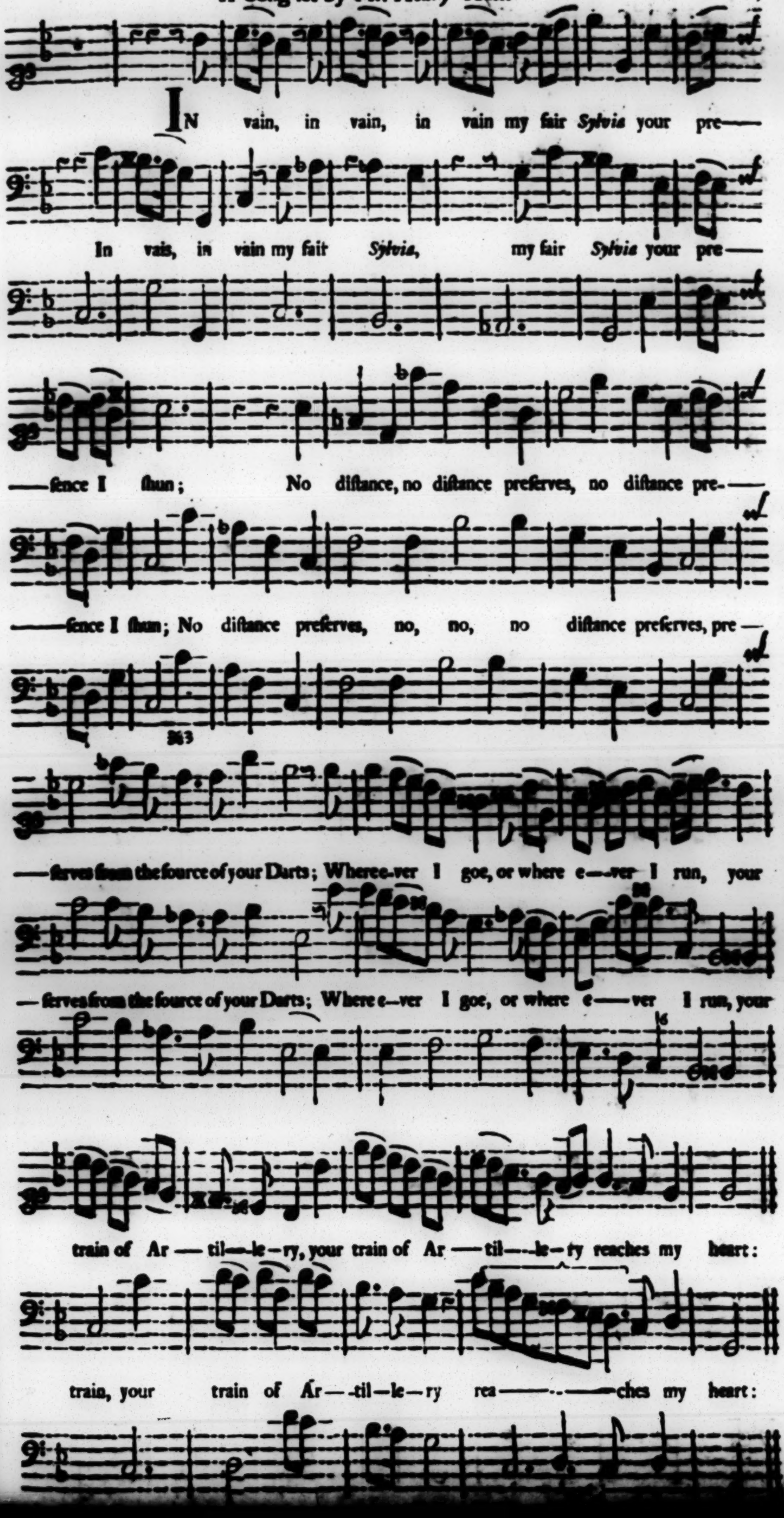
A Song ſet by Mr. *Bowman* in the *Comedy* call'd the Double-dealer.

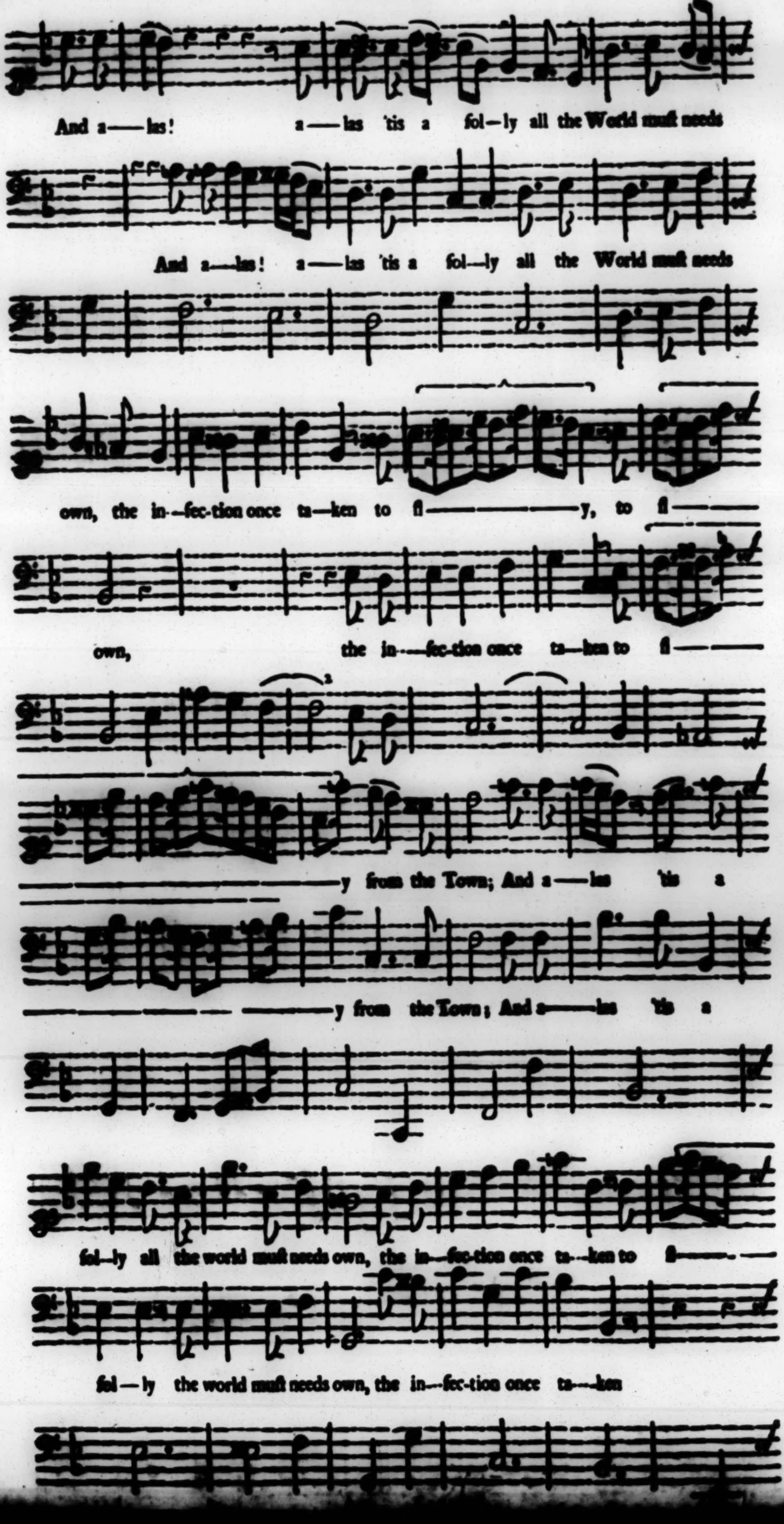

ANcient *Phil—lis* has young Graces, young Gra————
———ces; 'tis a ſtrange thing, a ſtrange but a true one; Shall I
tell you, tell you, tell you? Shall I tell you, how ſhe her ſelf ſhall make her
own Fa—cis; And each Morning, Morning, Morning, ſtill wear's a new one;
where's the Won—der now, now, now, now? where's the Won—der now, now, now,
now? the Won————der now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now?

A Song ſet by Mr. *Robert King*, the Words by *J. F.*

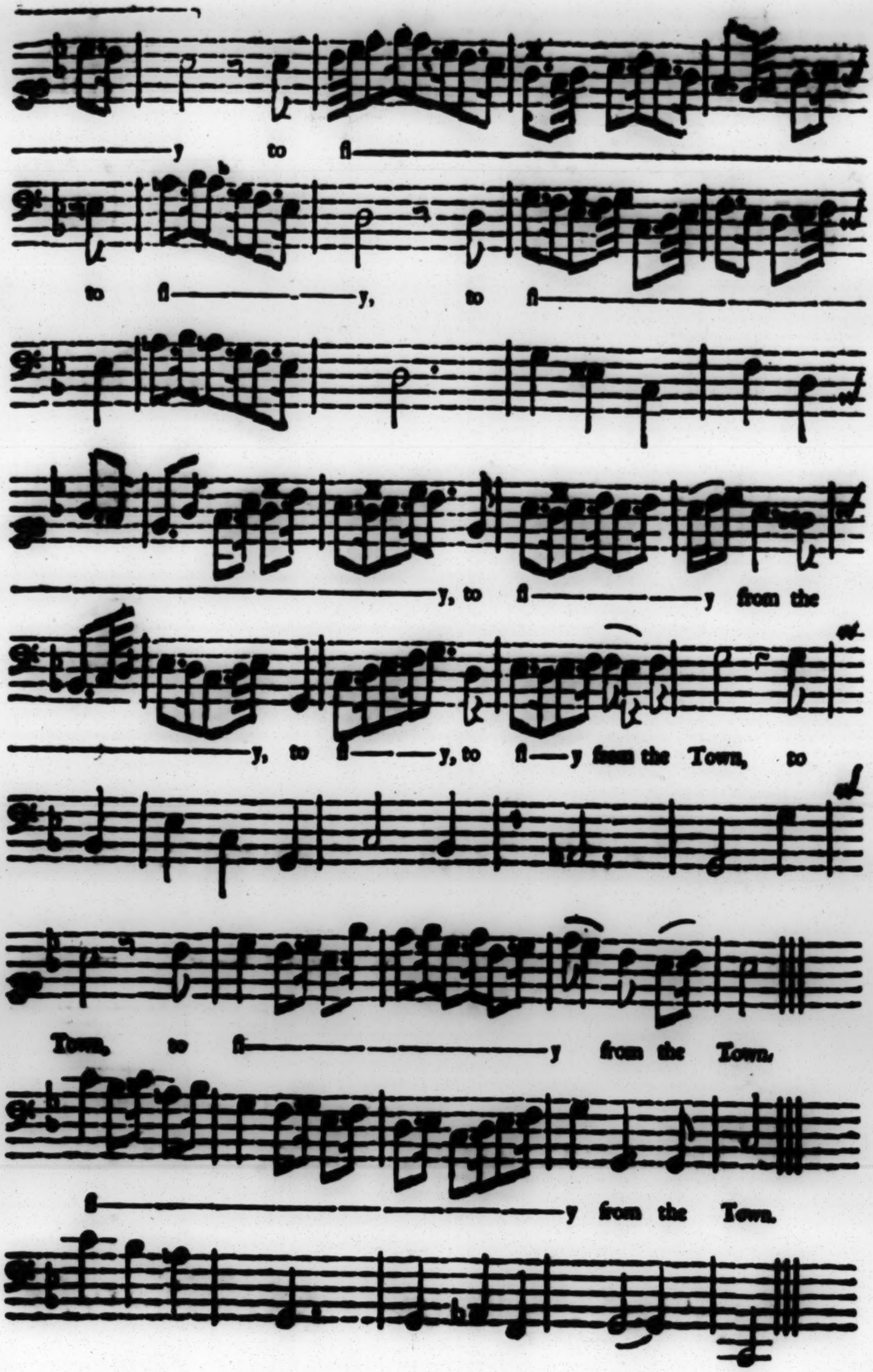

WHen on her Eyes, when on her Eyes, my hap-py Star I gaze; A
ſtrange Commotion ſei-ſes ev'ry part; Fain wou'd I ſpeak, fain wou'd I ſpeak the Cauſe of
my diſeaſe, but fear to tell the ſto-ry of my heart. Her looks ſevere, yet
ſo endearing awes; The Womens Envy, but Mankinds aplauſe; Her looks ſevere, yet
ſo en-dear-ing awes; The Womens En-vy, but Mankinds aplauſe.

A Song ſet by Mr. *Henry Hall.*

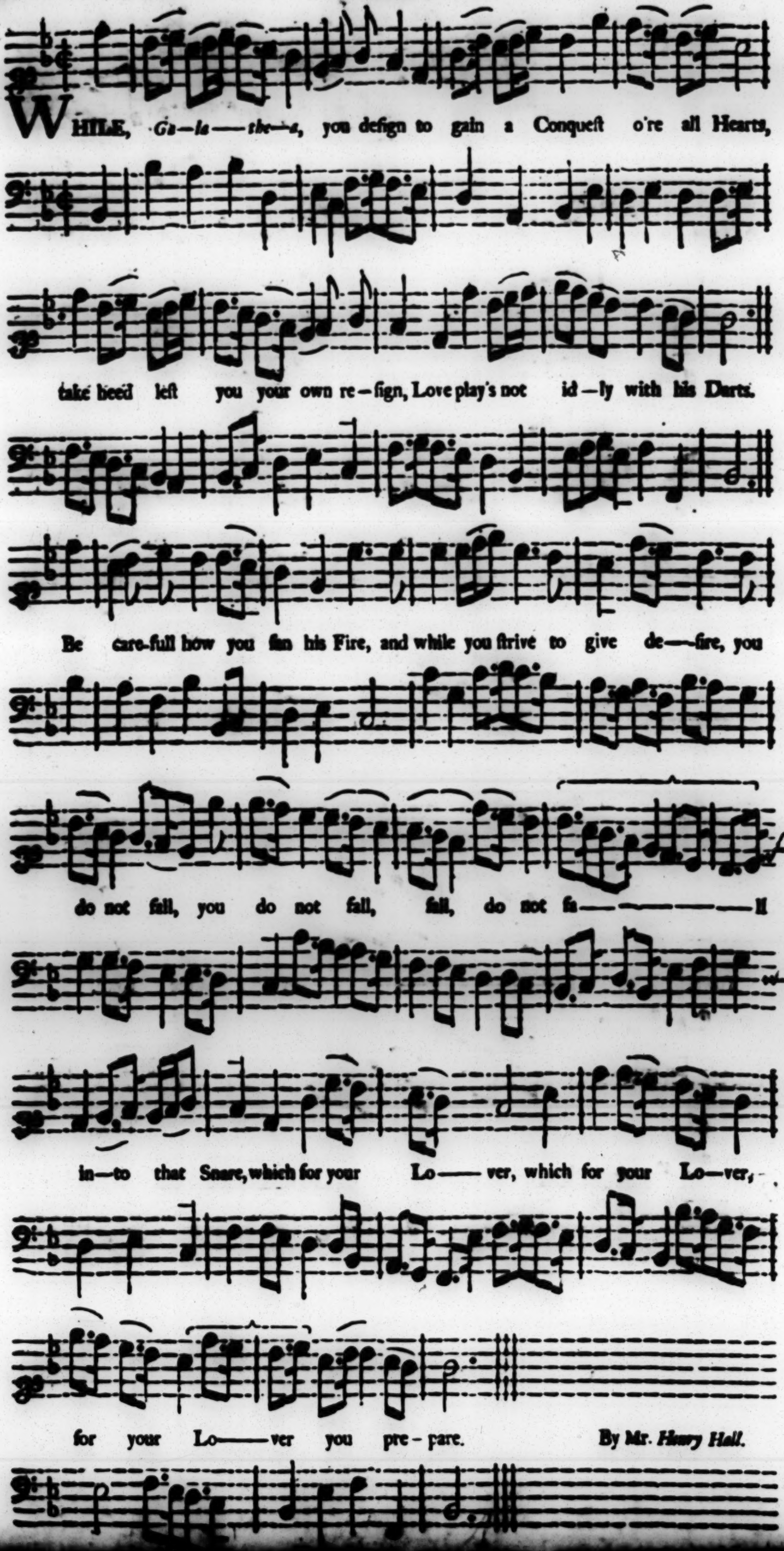

IN vain, in vain, in vain my fair *Sylvia* your pre—
In vais, in vain my fair *Sylvia*, my fair *Sylvia* your pre—
—ſence I ſhun; No diſtance, no diſtance preſerves, no diſtance pre-—
—ſence I ſhun; No diſtance preſerves, no, no, no diſtance preſerves, pre—
—ſerves from the ſource of your Darts; Wheree-ver I goe, or where e—ver I run, your
—ſerves from the ſource of your Darts; Where e—ver I goe, or where e—ver I run, your
train of Ar—til—le—ry, your train of Ar—til—le—ry reaches my heart:
train, your train of Ar—til—le—ry rea——ches my heart:


And a—las! a—las 'tis a fol—ly all the World muſt needs
And a—las! a—las 'tis a fol—ly all the World muſt needs
own, the in-fec-tion once ta—ken to fl——y, to fl——
own, the in-fec-tion once ta—ken to fl——
——y from the Town; And a—las 'tis a
——y from the Town; And a—las 'tis a
fol—ly all the world muſt needs own, the in—fec-tion once ta—ken to fl——
fol—ly the world muſt needs own, the in—fec-tion once ta—ken

(95)

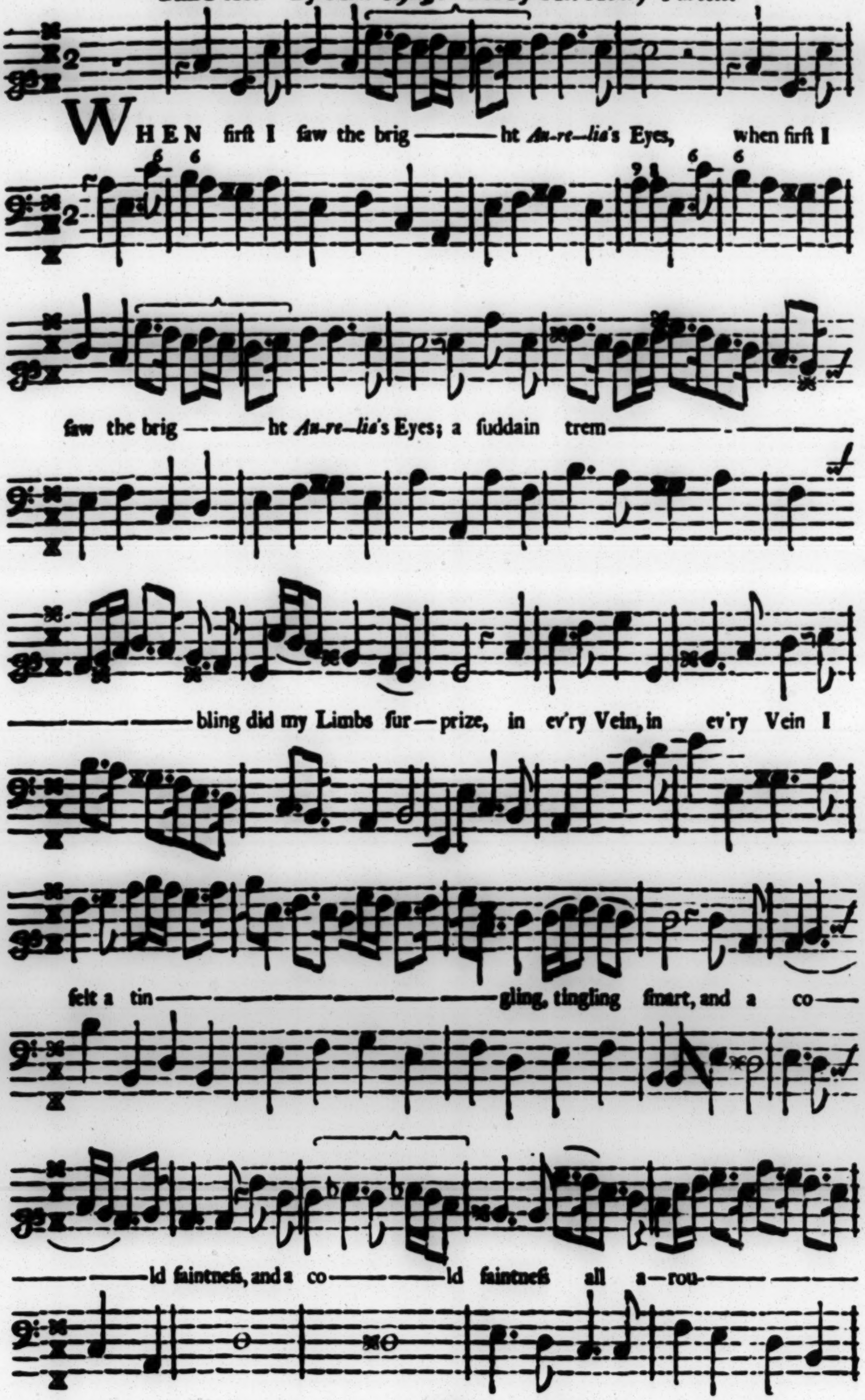

y to fl
to fl y, to fl
y, to fl y from the
y, to fl y, to fl y from the Town, to
Town, to fl y from the Town.
fl y from the Town.

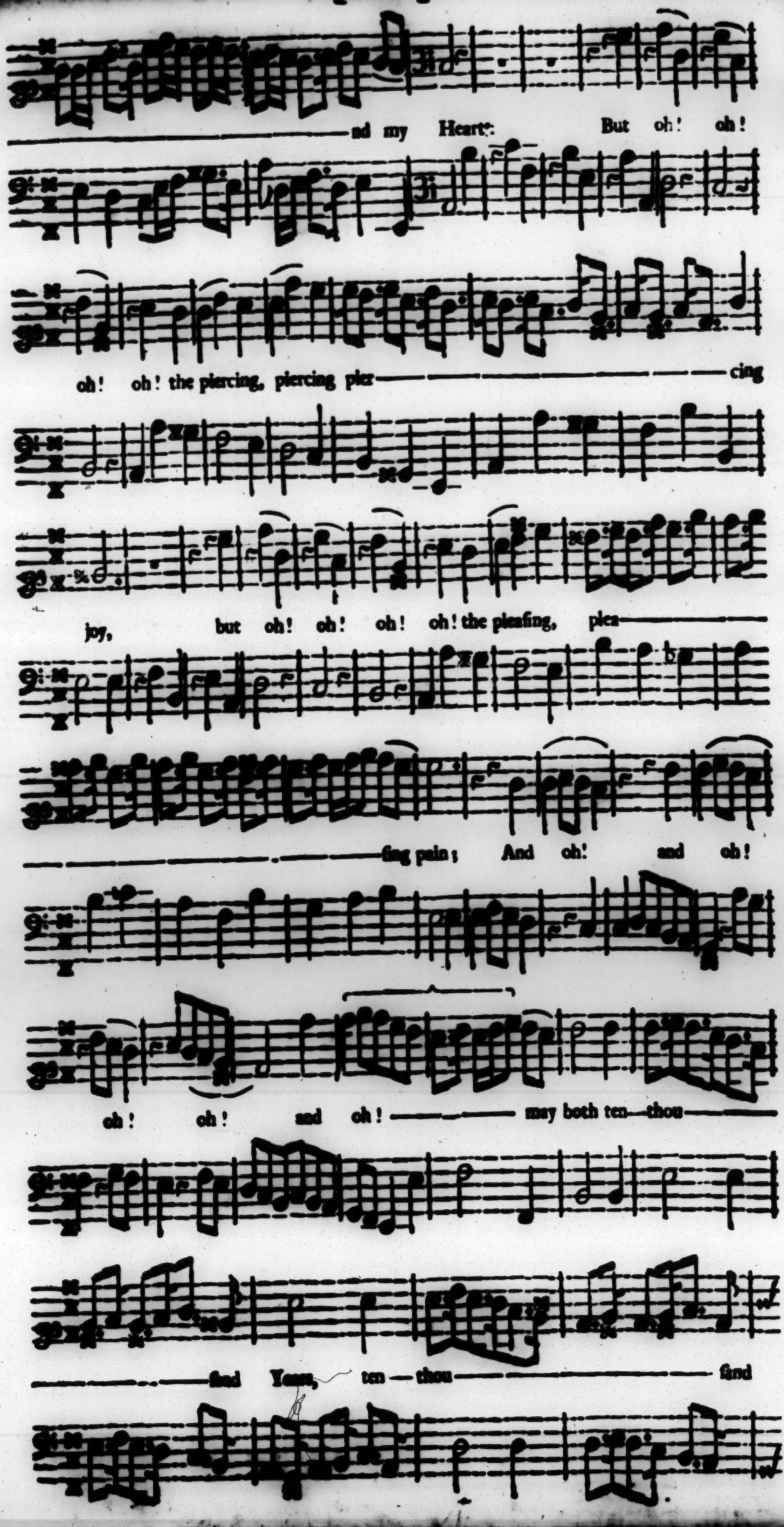
94)

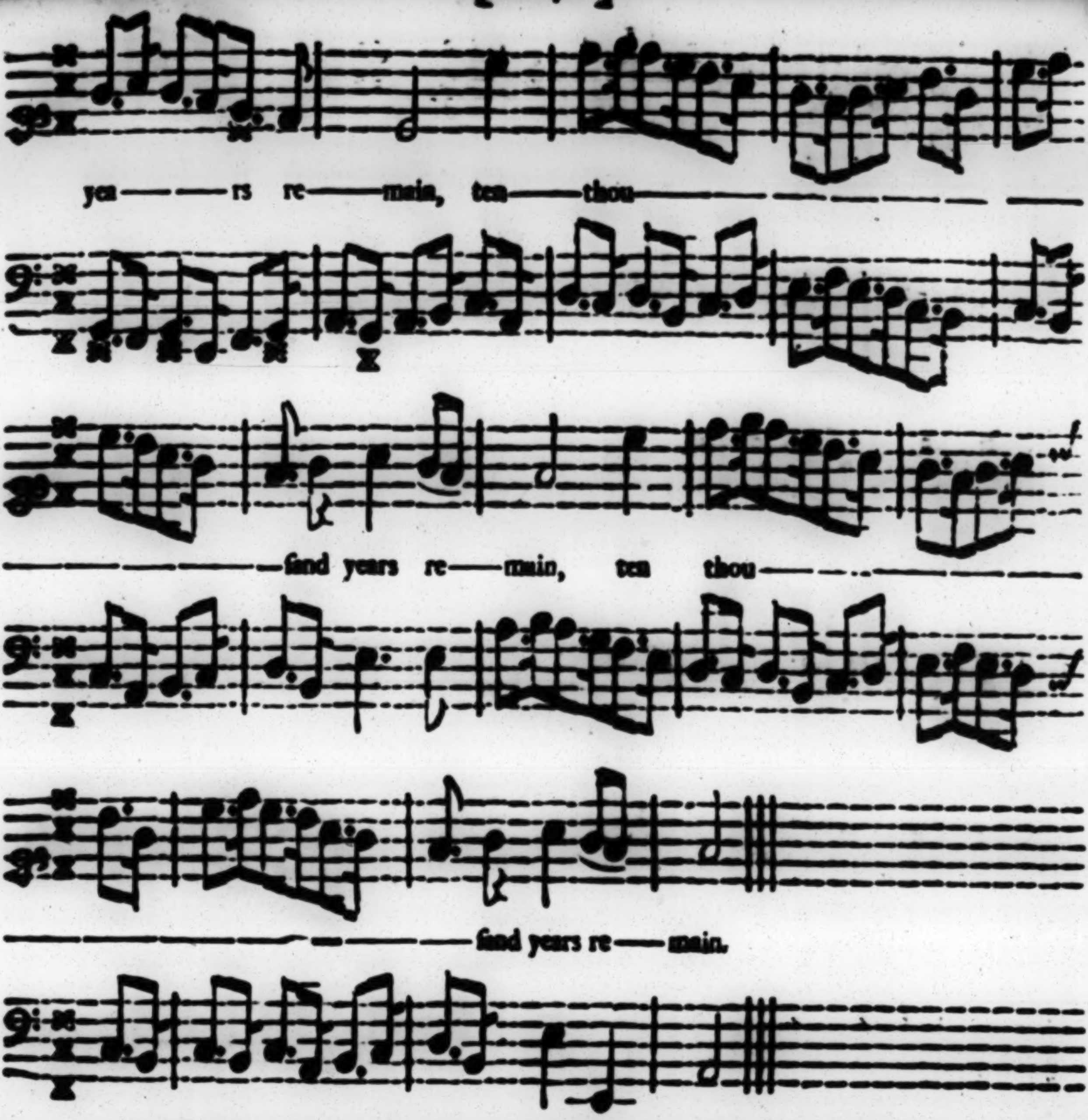

WHILE, Ga—la——the—a, you deſign to gain a Conqueſt o're all Hearts,
take heed leſt you your own re—ſign, Love play's not id—ly with his Darts.
Be care-full how you fan his Fire, and while you ſtrive to give de——ſire, you
do not fall, you do not fall, fall, do not fa——————ll
in—to that Snare, which for your Lo—— ver, which for your Lo—ver,
for your Lo——ver you pre-pare.

By Mr. *Henry Hall.*

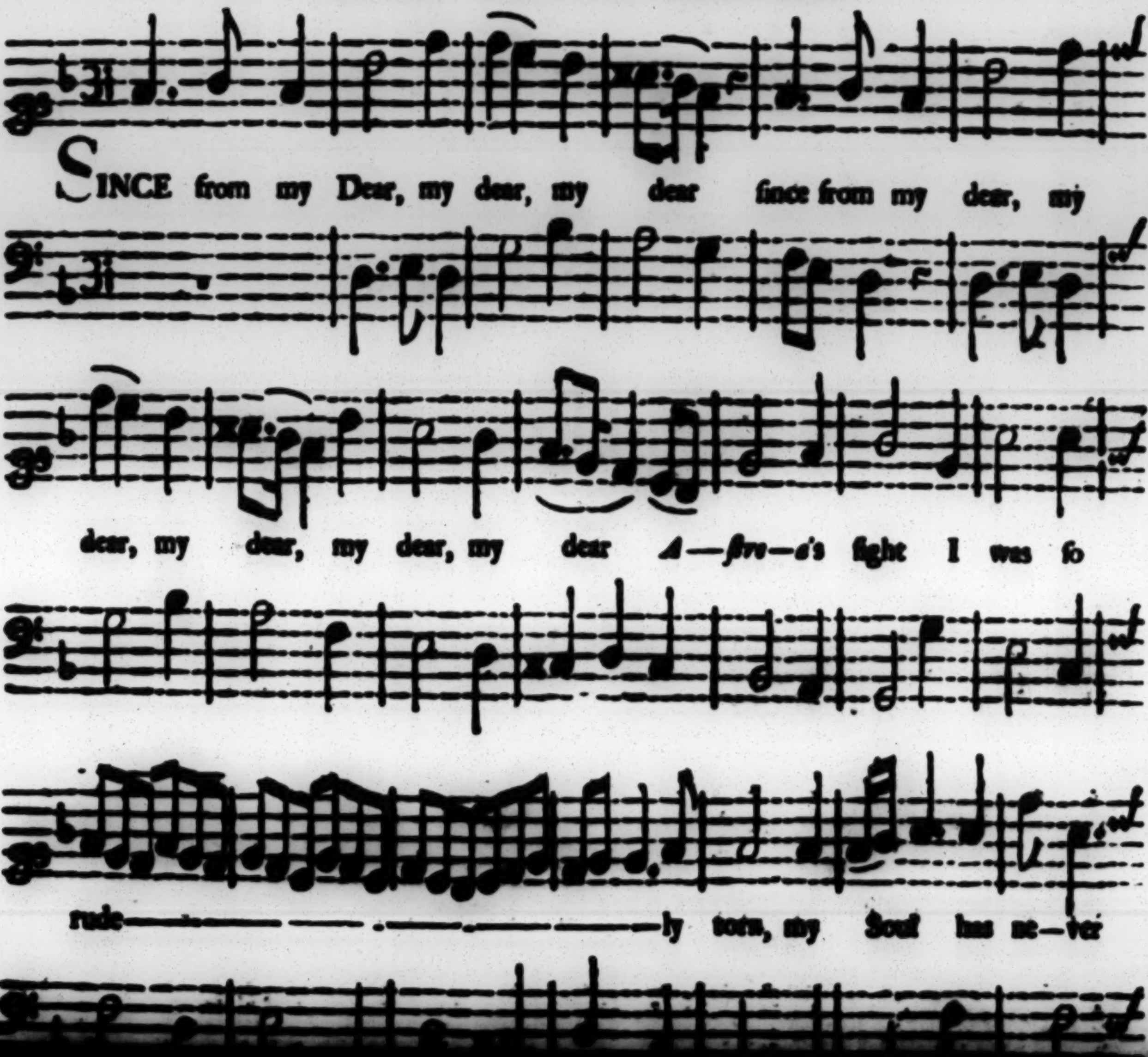
A New Song in the *Propheteſs*, or the Hiſtory of *Diocleſian*, Sung in the Third Act. By Mrs. *Ayliff*. Set by Mr. *Henry Purcell*.


WHEN firſt I ſaw the brig——ht *Au-re—lia*'s Eyes, when firſt I
ſaw the brig——ht *Au-re—lia*'s Eyes; a ſuddain trem——
——bling did my Limbs ſur—prize, in ev'ry Vein, in ev'ry Vein I
felt a tin——gling, tingling ſmart, and a co——
——ld faintneſs, and a co——ld faintneſs all a-rou——
——nd my Heart, all a—rou——
6
6
9
6
6

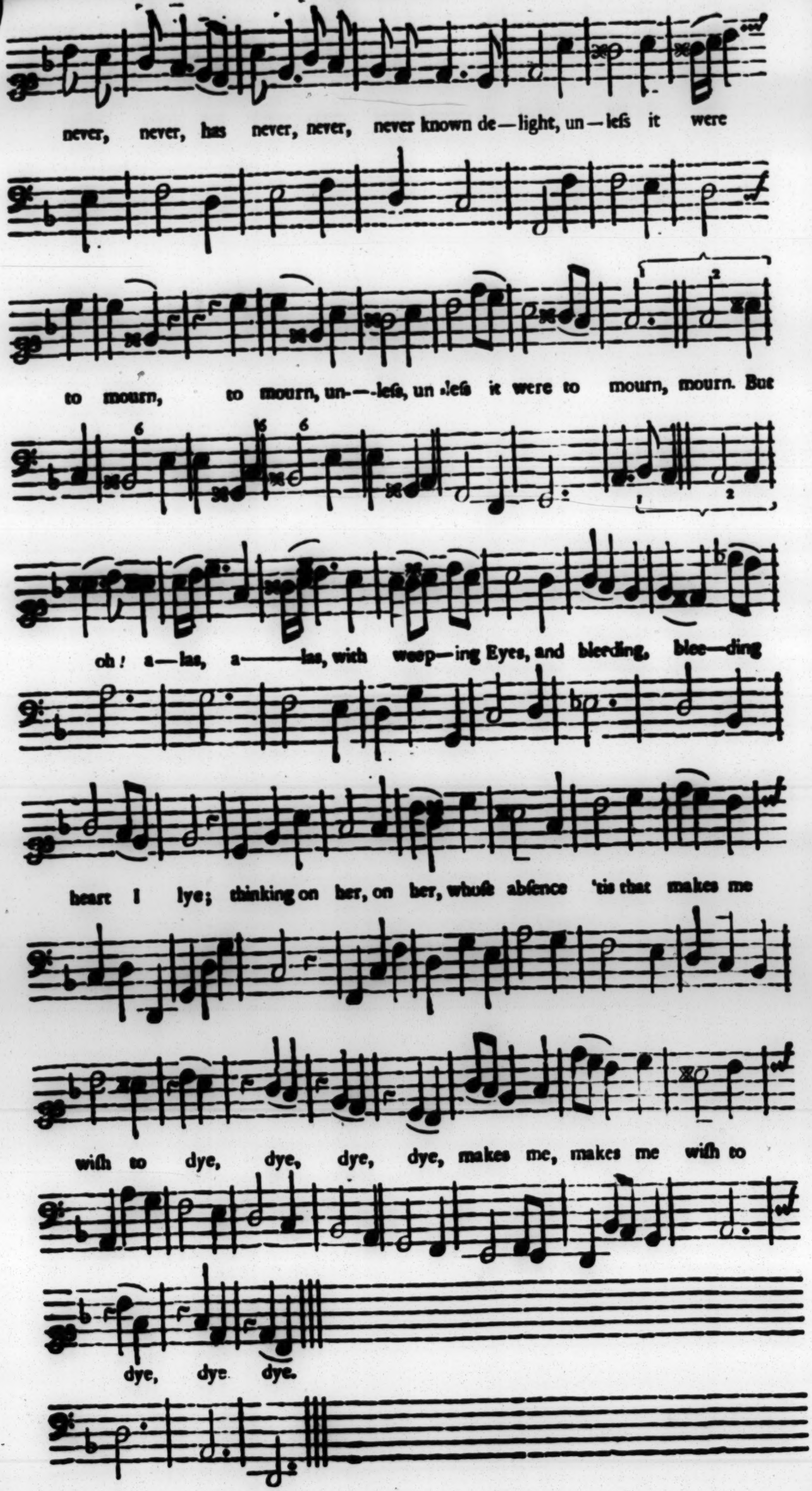

nd my Heart; But oh! oh!
oh! oh! the piercing, piercing pier——cing
joy, but oh! oh! oh! oh! the pleaſing, plea——
——ſing pain; And oh! and oh!
oh! oh! and oh! —— may both ten—thou——
——ſand Years, ten—thou——ſand


yea——rs re——main, ten——thou——
——fand years re——main, ten thou——
——fand years re——main.

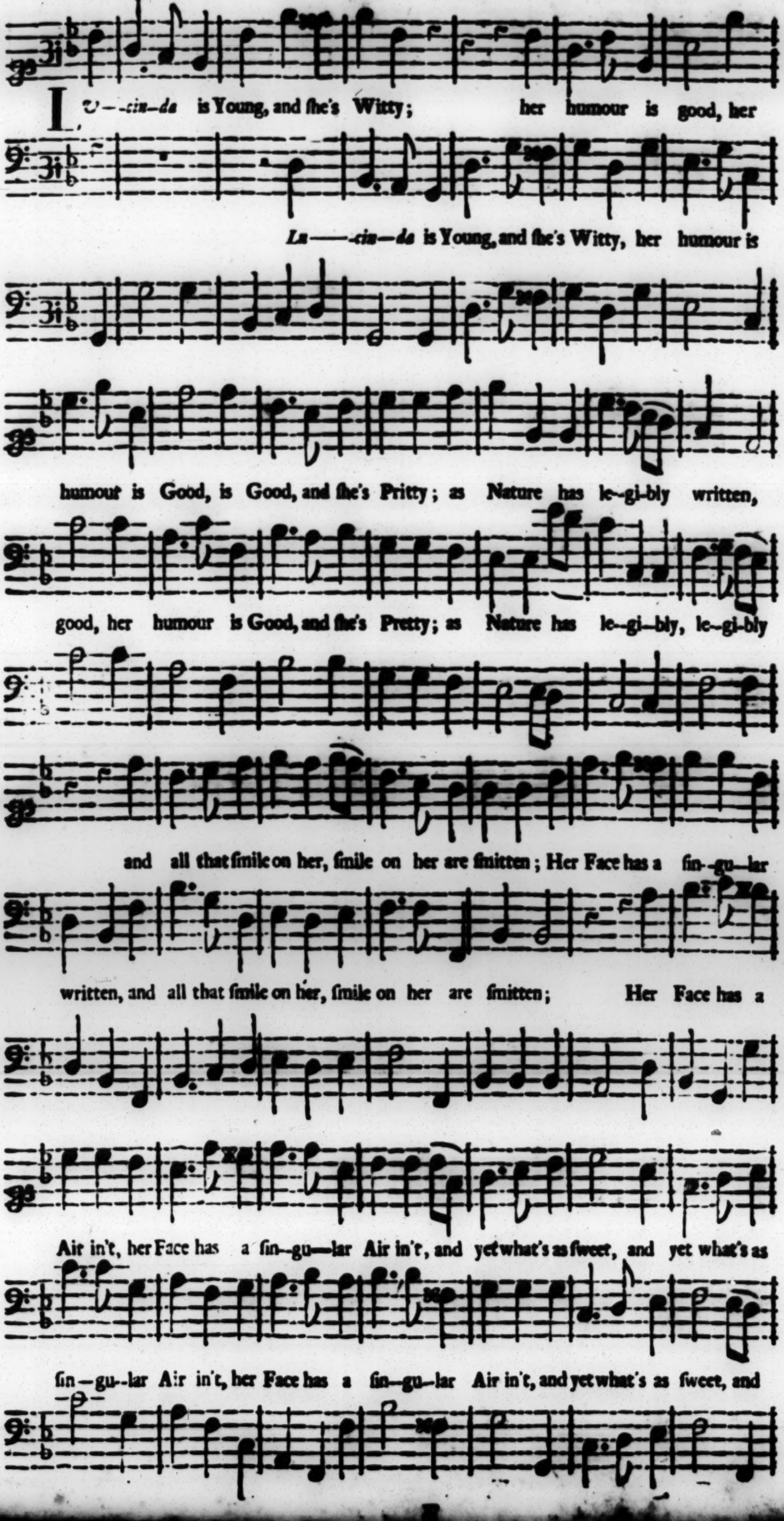
A New Song in the *Propheteſs*, or the Hiſtory of *Dioclesian*. Sung in the laſt Act. Set by Mr. *Henry Purcell*.

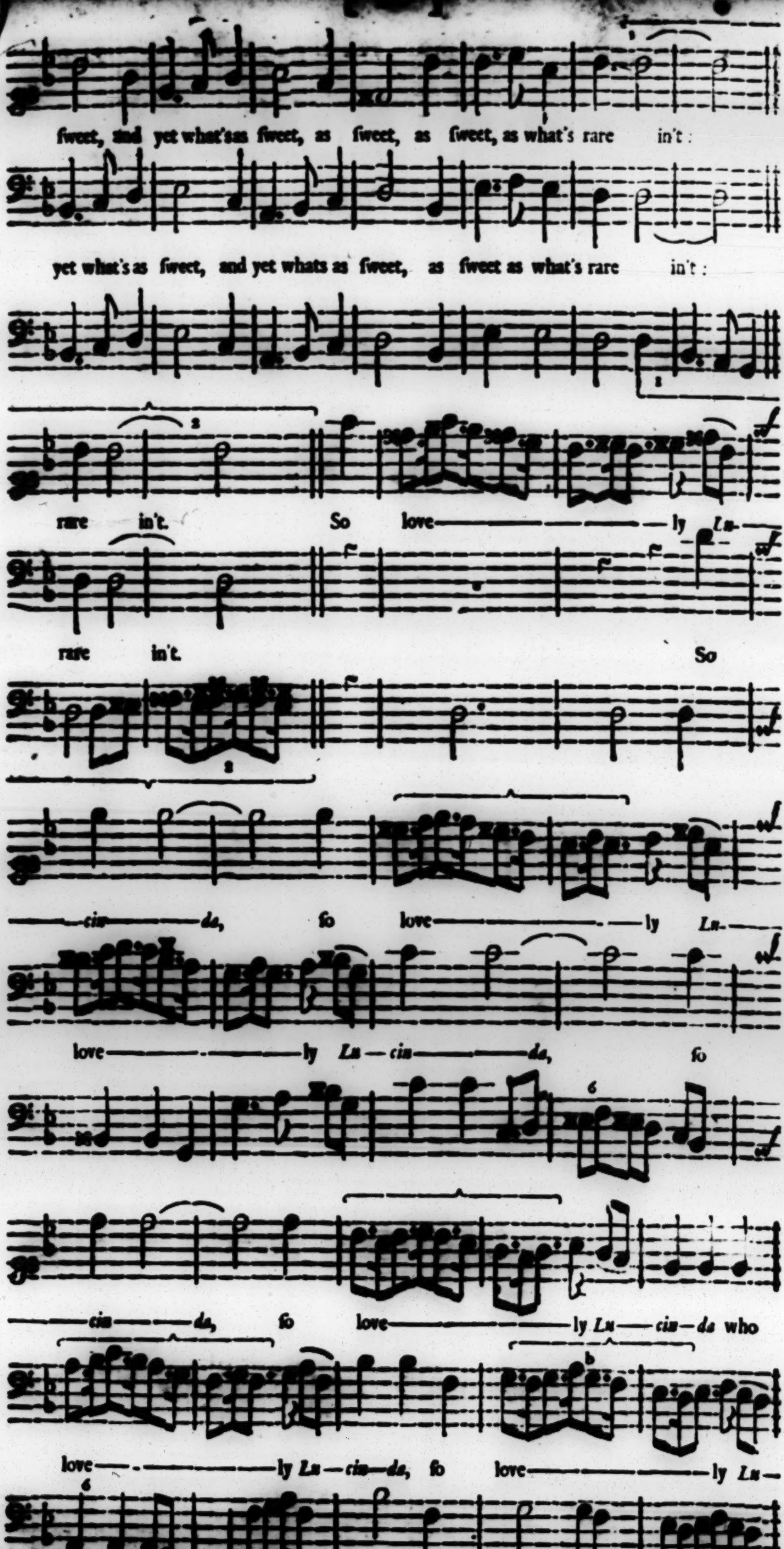

SINCE from my Dear, my dear, my dear ſince from my dear, my
dear, my dear, my dear, my dear *A—ſtre—a's* ſight I was ſo
rude——ly torn, my Soul has ne—ver

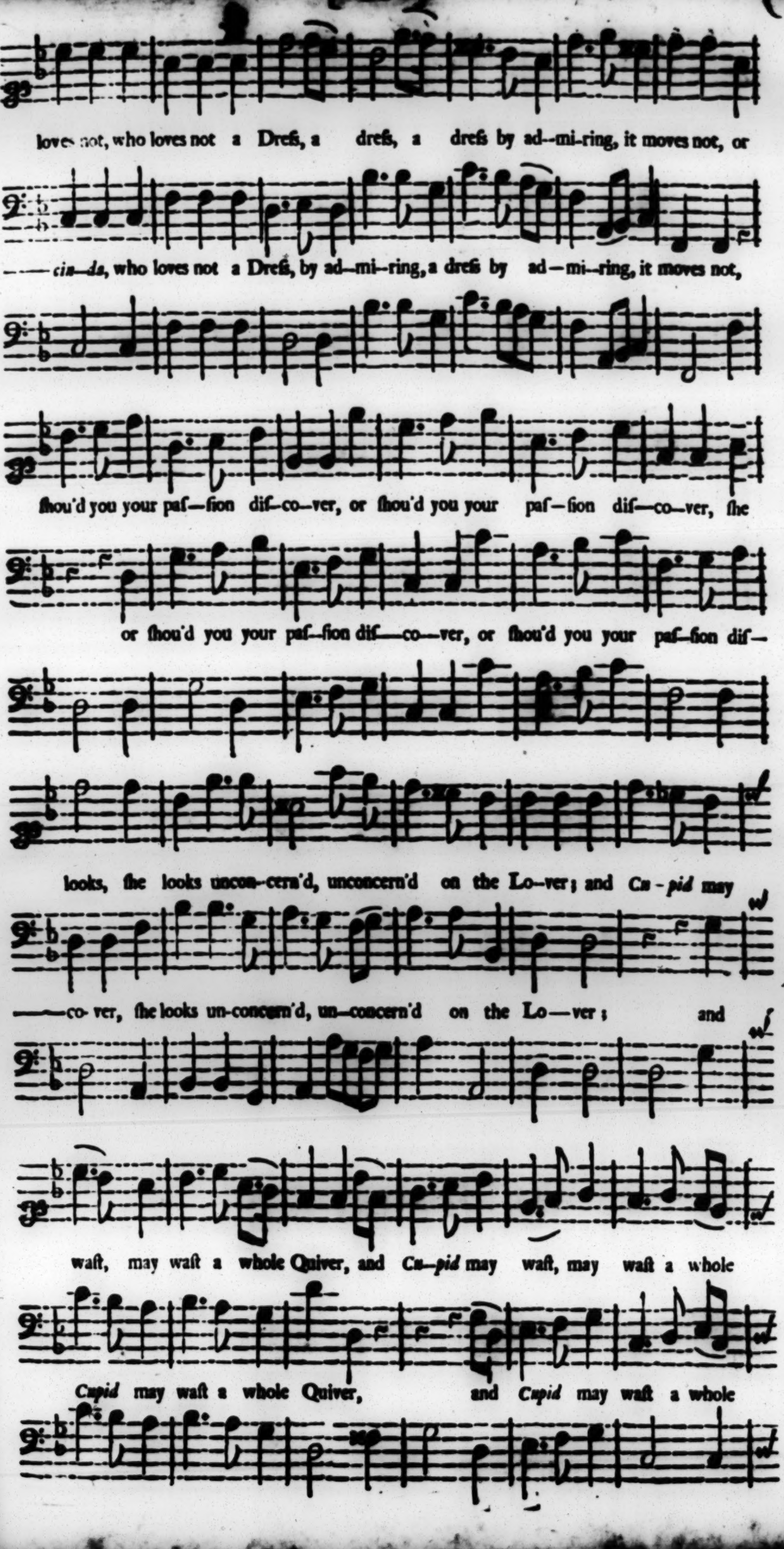
(98)

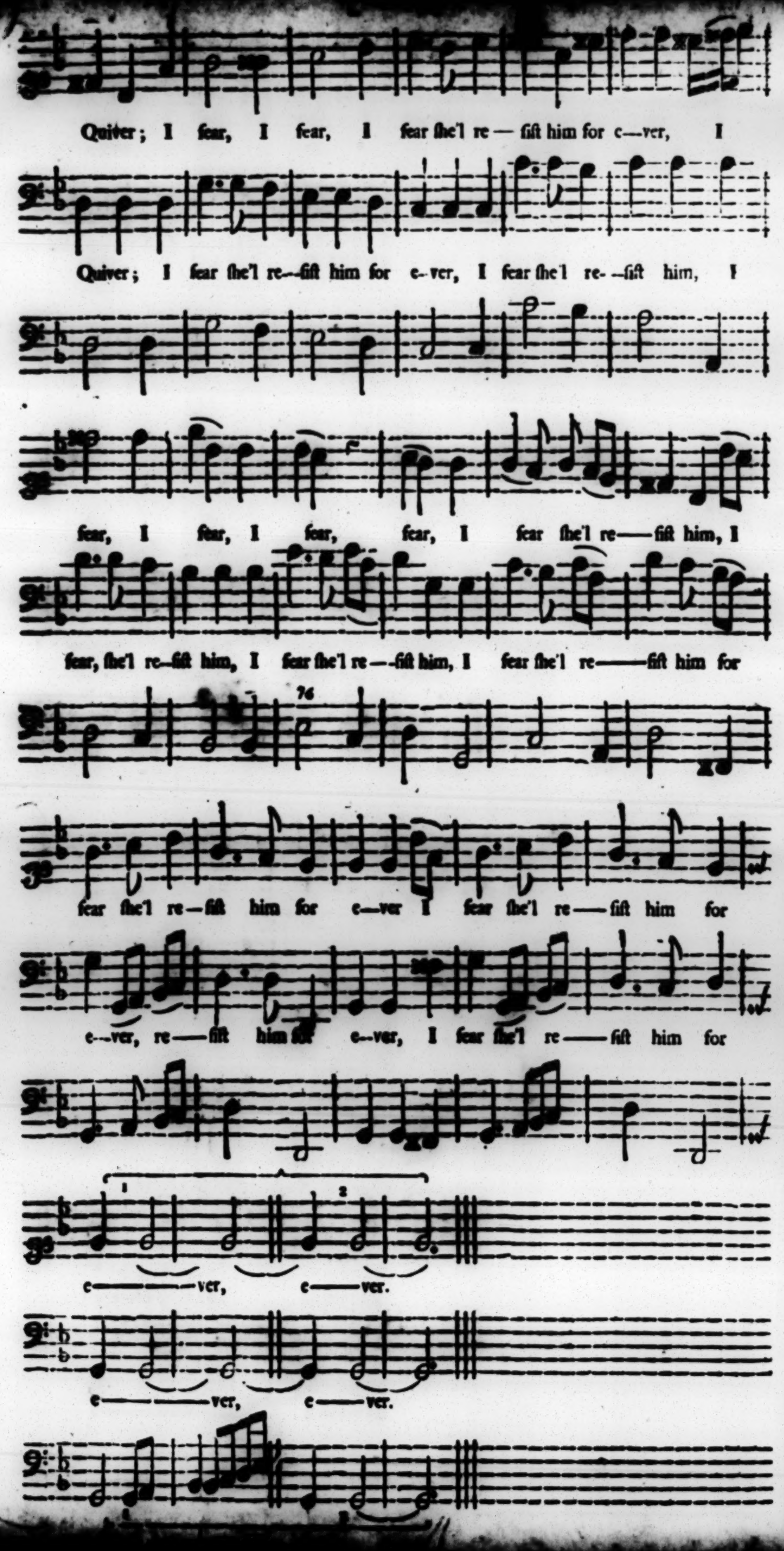

never, never, has never, never, never known de—light, un—leſs it were
to mourn, to mourn, un-—-leſs, un leſs it were to mourn, mourn. But
1 2
6 6 6
1 2
oh! a—las, a———las, with weep—ing Eyes, and bleeding, blee—ding
heart I lye; thinking on her, on her, whoſe abſence 'tis that makes me
wiſh to dye, dye, dye, dye, makes me, makes me wiſh to
dye, dye dye.

A Song for Two Voices, ſet by Mr. R. *Courtivelle*.

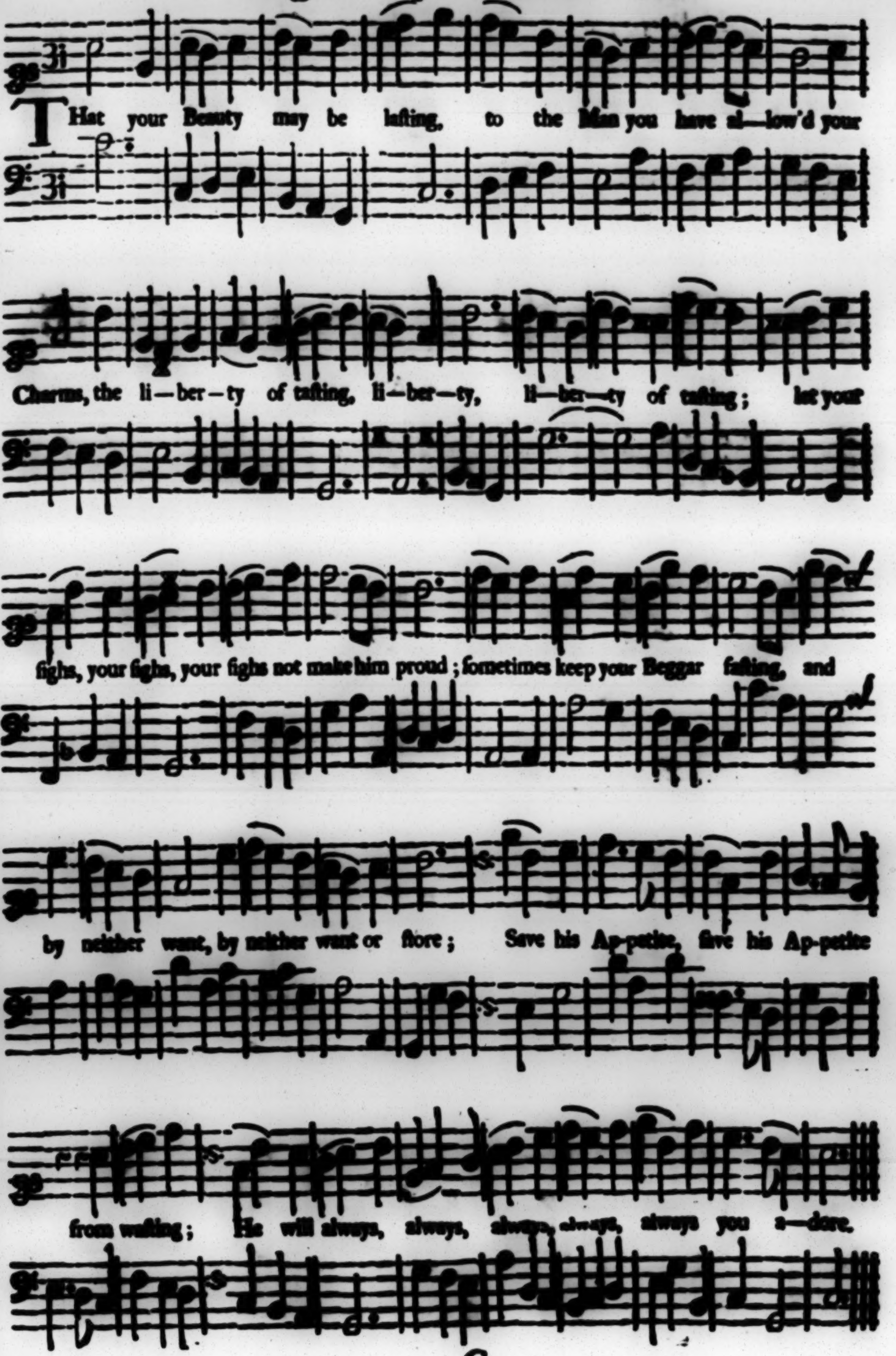

Lu--cin-da is Young, and ſhe's Witty; her humour is good, her
Lu——cin—da is Young, and ſhe's Witty, her humour is
humour is Good, is Good, and ſhe's Pritty; as Nature has le-gi-bly written,
good, her humour is Good, and ſhe's Pretty; as Nature has le--gi--bly, le--gi-bly
and all that ſmile on her, ſmile on her are ſmitten; Her Face has a ſin--gu--lar
written, and all that ſmile on her, ſmile on her are ſmitten; Her Face has a
Air in't, her Face has a ſin--gu—lar Air in't, and yet what's as ſweet, and yet what's as
ſin—gu--lar Air in't, her Face has a ſin--gu--lar Air in't, and yet what's as ſweet, and


ſweet, and yet what'sas ſweet, as ſweet, as ſweet, as what's rare in't:
yet what's as ſweet, and yet whats as ſweet, as ſweet as what's rare in't:
rare in't. So love——ly Lu-
rare in't. So
——cin——da, ſo love————ly Lu-
love————ly Lu—cin——da, ſo
6
——cin——da, ſo love————ly Lu—cin—da who
b
love————ly Lu—cin—da, ſo love————ly Lu-
6

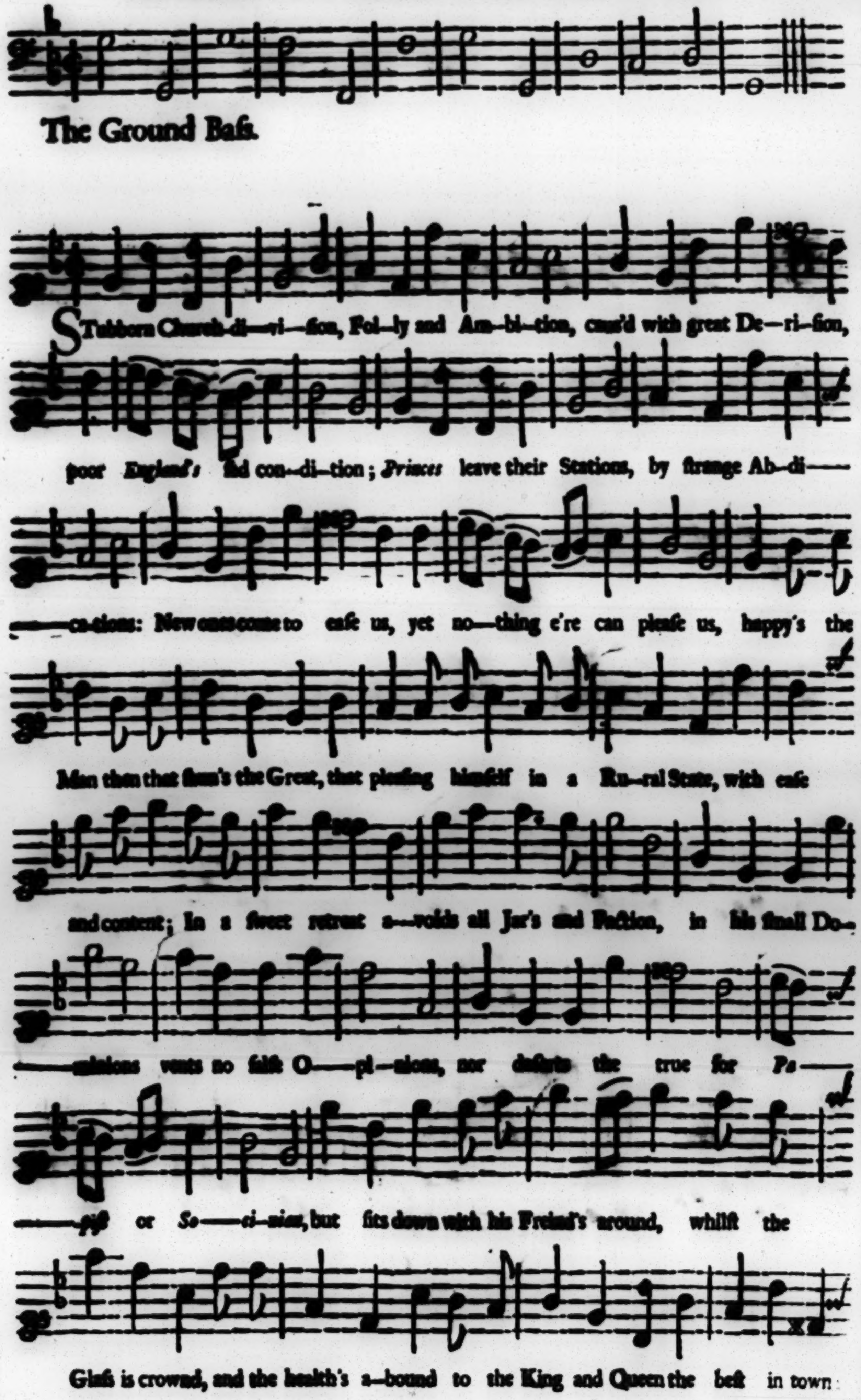

loves not, who loves not a Dreſs, a dreſs, a dreſs by ad--mi-ring, it moves not, or
——cin--da, who loves not a Dreſs, by ad--mi--ring, a dreſs by ad—mi--ring, it moves not,
ſhou'd you your paſ—ſion diſ-co--ver, or ſhou'd you your paſ-ſion diſ—co-ver, ſhe
or ſhou'd you your paſ--ſion diſ—co—ver, or ſhou'd you your paſ-ſion diſ—
looks, ſhe looks uncon--cern'd, unconcern'd on the Lo--ver; and Cu-pid may
——co-ver, ſhe looks un-concern'd, un--concern'd on the Lo—ver; and
waſt, may waſt a whole Quiver, and Cu--pid may waſt, may waſt a whole
Cupid may waſt a whole Quiver, and Cupid may waſt a whole

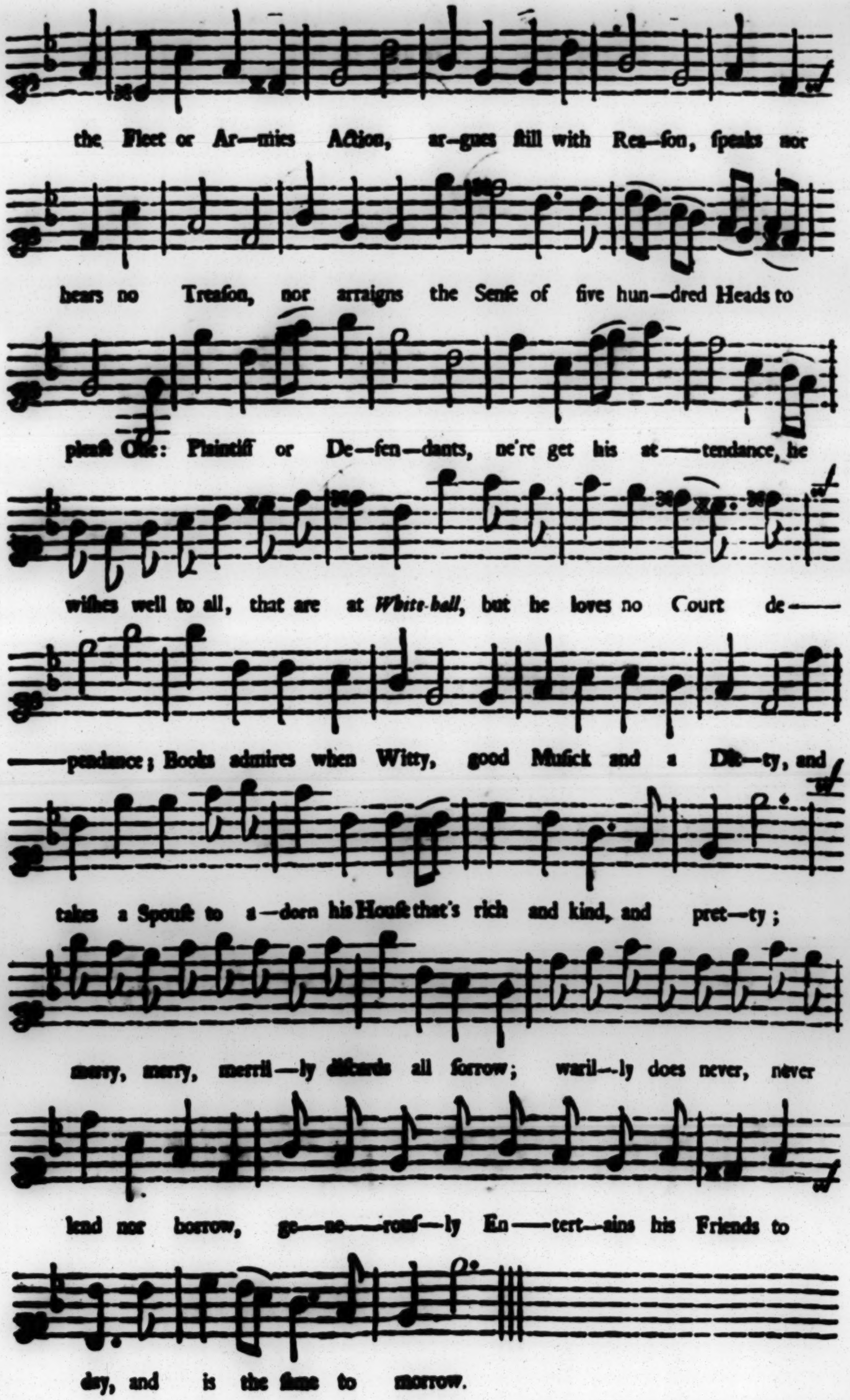

Quiver; I fear, I fear, I fear ſhe'l re — ſiſt him for e—ver, I
Quiver; I fear ſhe'l re—ſiſt him for e—ver, I fear ſhe'l re—ſiſt him, I
fear, I fear, I fear, fear, I fear ſhe'l re — ſiſt him, I
fear, ſhe'l re—ſiſt him, I fear ſhe'l re—ſiſt him, I fear ſhe'l re——ſiſt him for
76
fear ſhe'l re—ſiſt him for e—ver I fear ſhe'l re—ſiſt him for
e—ver, re—ſiſt him for e—ver, I fear ſhe'l re——ſiſt him for
1
2
e————ver, e——ver.
e————ver, e——ver.

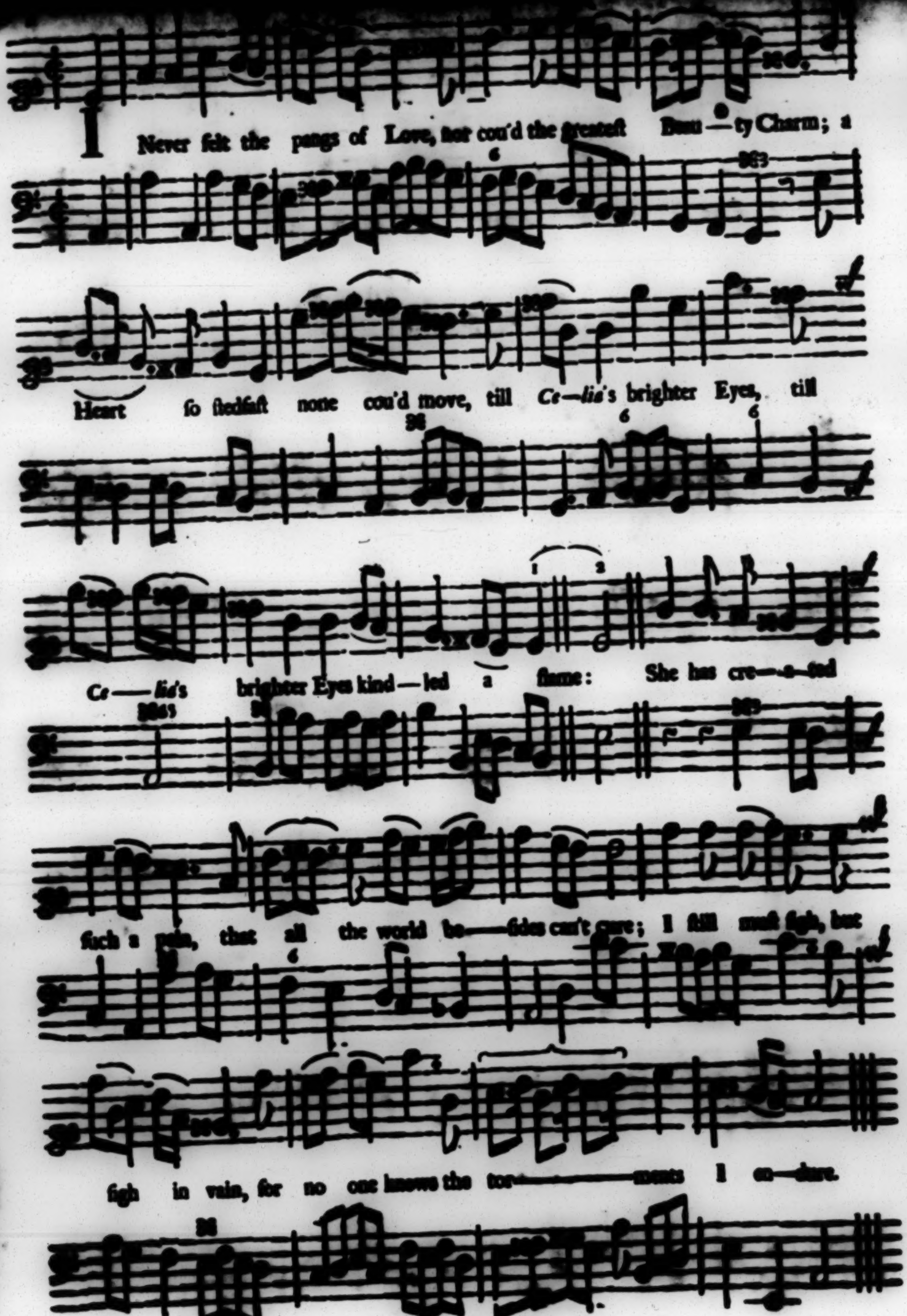
A Song ſet by Collonel *Pack.*


THat your Beauty may be laſting, to the Man you have al—low'd your
Charms, the li—ber—ty of taſting, li—ber—ty, li—ber—ty of taſting; let your
ſighs, your ſighs, your ſighs not make him proud; ſometimes keep your Beggar faſting, and
by neither want, by neither want or ſtore; Save his Ap-petite, ſave his Ap-petite
from waſting; He will always, always, always, always, always you a—dore.

A New Song in the *Richmond-Heireſs*, the Words by Mr. *Durfey*, to a Ground of Mr. *Solomon Eccles*.


The Ground Baſs.
STubborn Church-di—vi—ſion, Fol—ly and Am—bi—tion, caus'd with great De—ri—ſion,
poor *England's* ſad con—di—tion; *Princes* leave their Stations, by ſtrange Ab—di——
——ca-tions: New ones come to eaſe us, yet no—thing e're can pleaſe us, happy's the
Man then that ſhun's the Great, that pleaſing himſelf in a Ru—ral State, with eaſe
and content; In a ſweet retreat a—voids all Jar's and Faction, in his ſmall Do—
——minions vents no falſe O——pi—nions, nor deſerts the true for *Pa*——
——*piſt* or *So*——*ci—nian*, but ſits down with his Freind's around, whilſt the
Glaſs is crown'd, and the health's a—bound to the King and Queen the beſt in town:

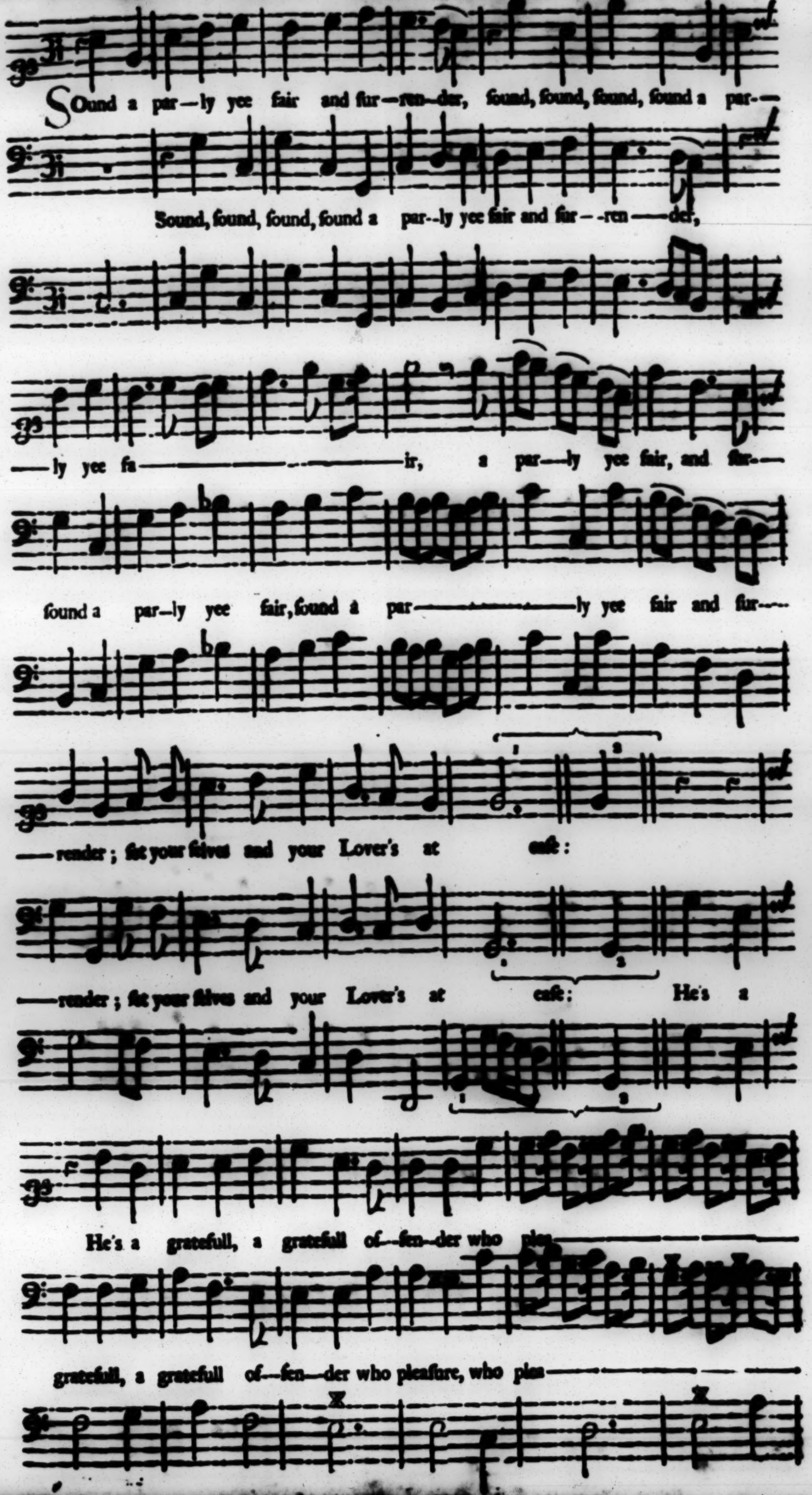

the Fleet or Ar—mies Action, ar—gues ſtill with Rea—ſon, ſpeaks nor
hears no Treaſon, nor arraigns the Senſe of five hun—dred Heads to
pleaſe One: Plaintiff or De—fen—dants, ne're get his at——tendance, he
wiſhes well to all, that are at *White-hall*, but he loves no Court de——
——pendance; Books admires when Witty, good Muſick and a Dit—ty, and
takes a Spouſe to a—dorn his Houſe that's rich and kind, and pret—ty;
merry, merry, merril—ly diſcards all ſorrow; waril—ly does never, never
lend nor borrow, ge—ne——rouſ—ly En——tert—ains his Friends to
day, and is the ſame to morrow.

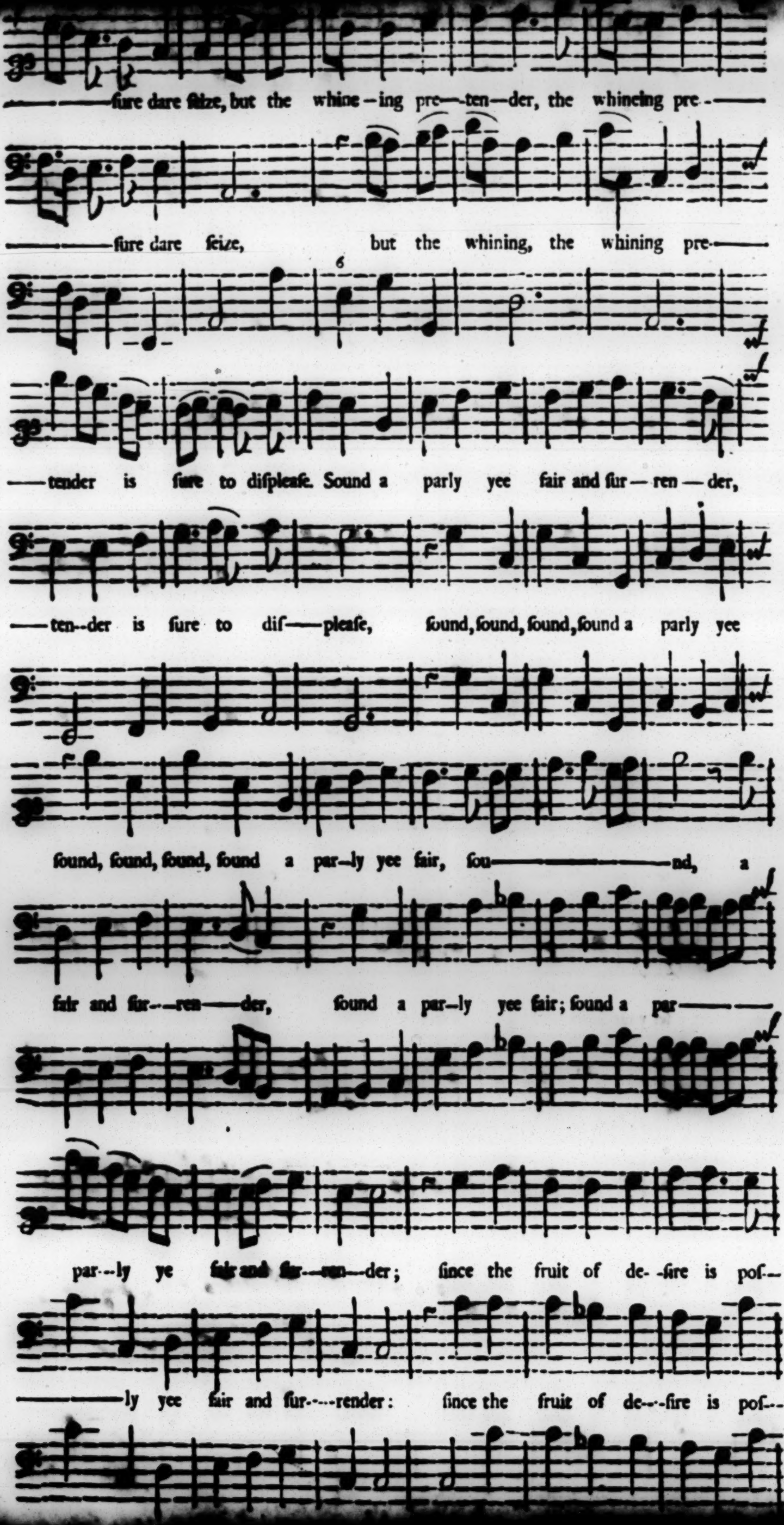

I Never felt the pangs of Love, nor cou'd the greateſt Beau—ty Charm; a
Heart ſo ſtedfaſt none cou'd move, till *Ce—lia*'s brighter Eyes, till
Ce—lia's brighter Eyes kind—led a flame: She has cre—a—ted
ſuch a pain, that all the world be—ſides can't cure; I ſtill muſt ſigh, but
ſigh in vain, for no one knows the tor——ments I en—dure.

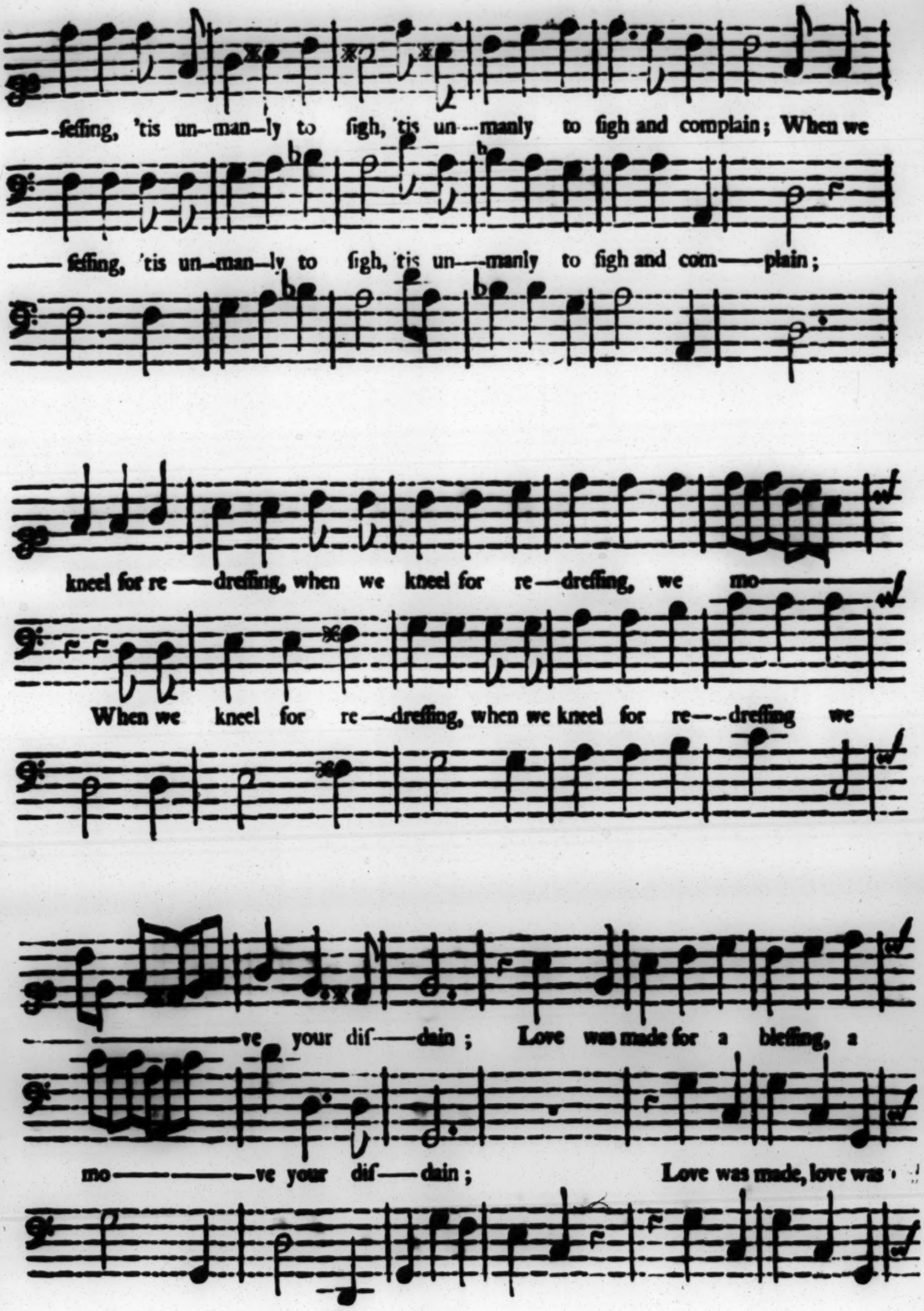
II.

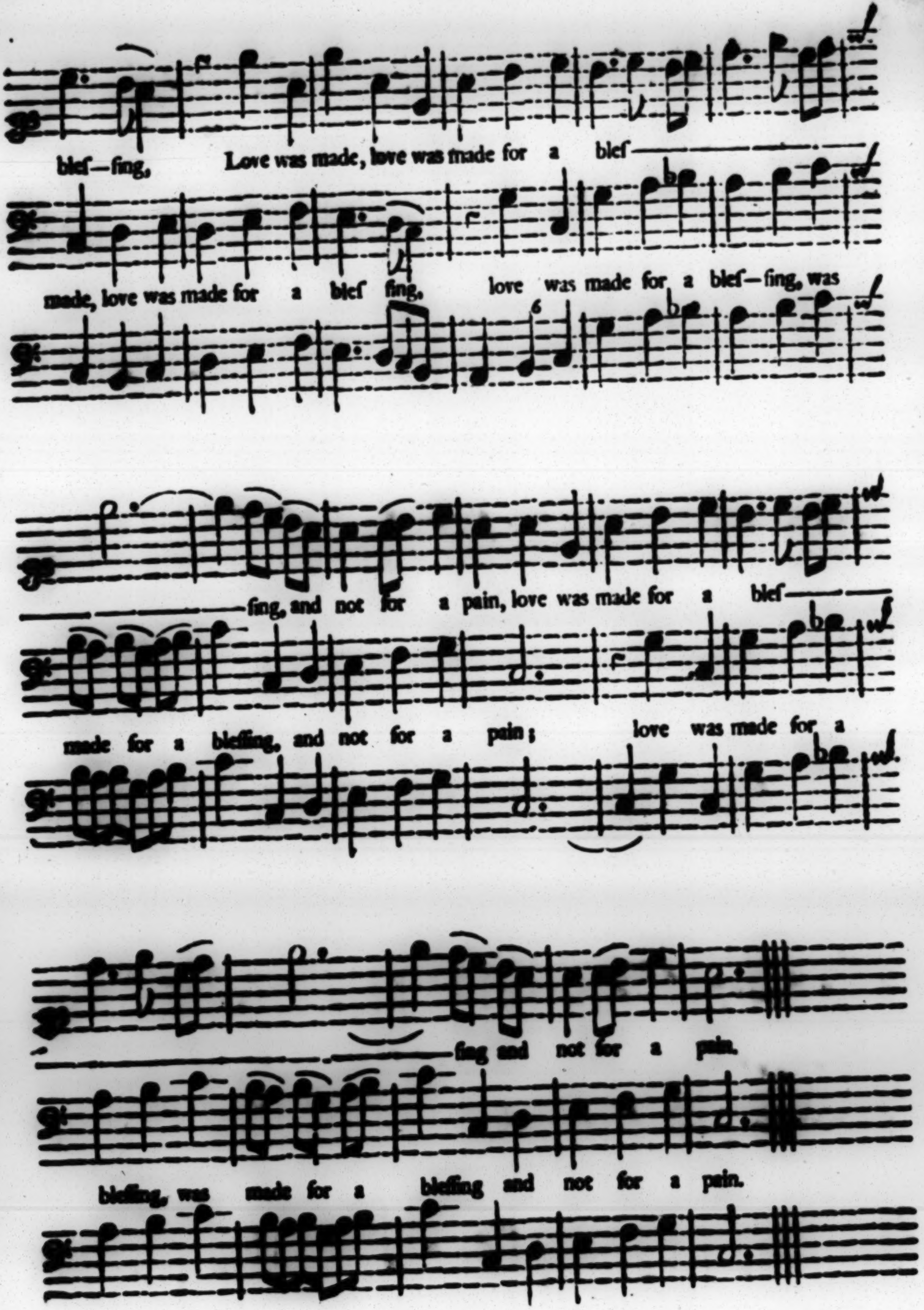
Where e're I go I view the Fair,
But ſtill my *Cælia* does excell;
All beauteous Objects pleaſing are,
But ſhe the faireſt, ſhe the faireſt in my heart,
My heart doth dwell:
Since I am wounded with a Dart,
Shot from thy Quiver, mighty Love;
O wound my lovely Charmer's heart,
Or all my earthly Joys by Death remove.

A Song in King Arthur, ſet by Mr. Henry Purcell.


SOund a par—ly yee fair and ſur—ren—der, ſound, ſound, ſound, ſound a par—
Sound, ſound, ſound, ſound a par--ly yee fair and ſur--ren——der,
—ly yee fa————————ir, a par—ly yee fair, and ſur—
ſound a par—ly yee fair, ſound a par————————ly yee fair and ſur——
—render; ſet your ſelves and your Lover's at eaſe:
1 2
—render; ſet your ſelves and your Lover's at eaſe; He's a
1 2
1 2
He's a gratefull, a gratefull of—fen—der who plea————————
gratefull, a gratefull of—fen—der who pleaſure, who plea————————

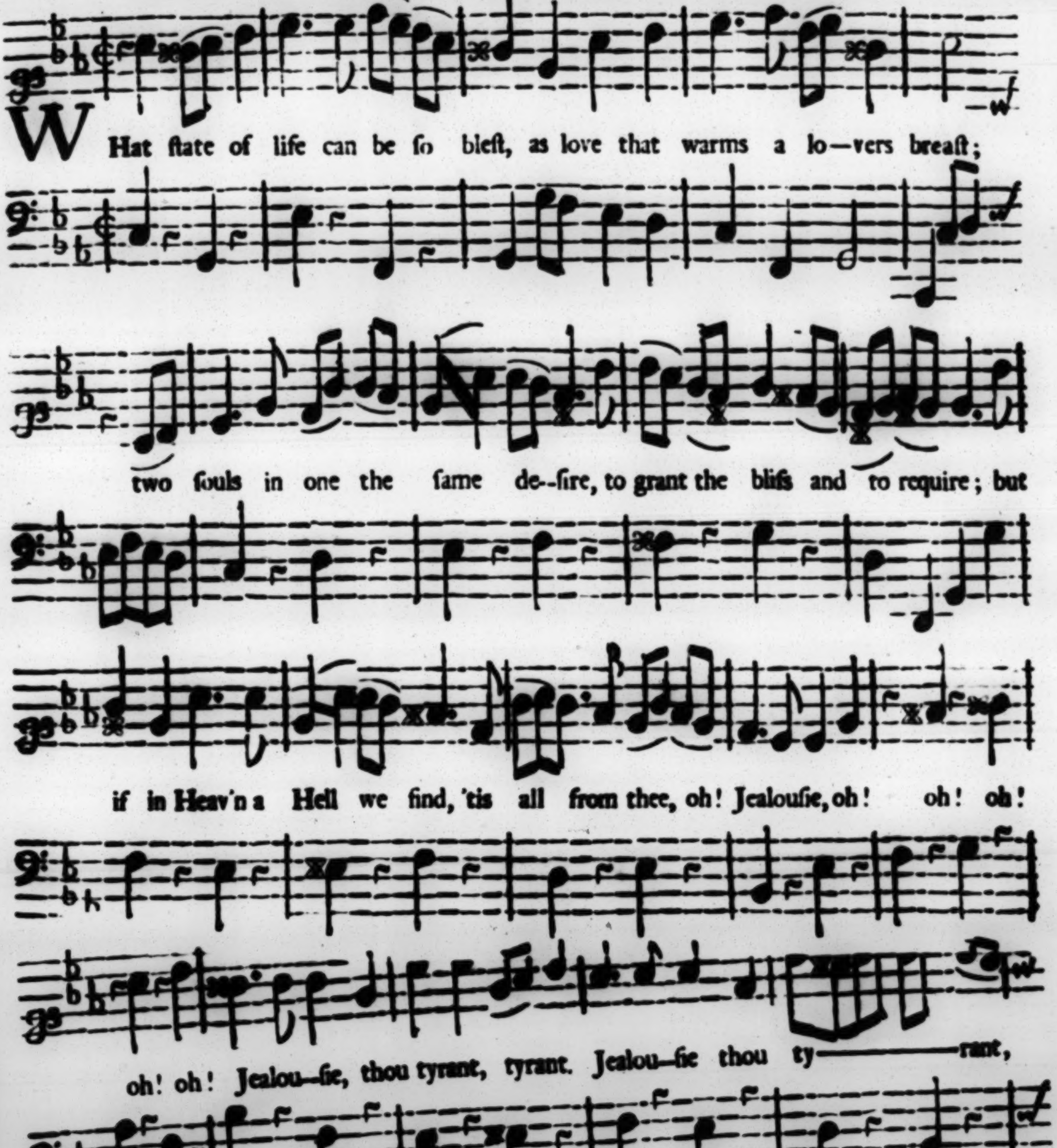

——ſure dare ſeize, but the whine-ing pre—ten—der, the whineing pre-——
——ſure dare ſeize, but the whining, the whining pre-——
6
——tender is ſure to diſpleaſe. Sound a parly yee fair and ſur—ren—der,
——ten--der is ſure to diſ——pleaſe, ſound, ſound, ſound, ſound a parly yee
ſound, ſound, ſound, ſound a par--ly yee fair, ſou——nd, a
fair and ſur---ren——der, ſound a par--ly yee fair; ſound a par——
par--ly ye fair and ſur---ren---der; ſince the fruit of de--ſire is poſ--
——ly yee fair and ſur----render: ſince the fruit of de---ſire is poſ--

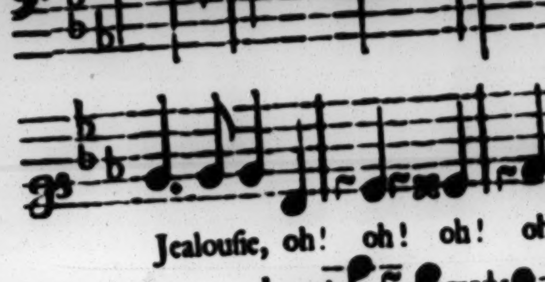

——feſſing, 'tis un—man—ly to ſigh, 'tis un—manly to ſigh and complain; When we
——feſſing, 'tis un—man—ly to ſigh, 'tis un—manly to ſigh and com——plain;
kneel for re——dreſſing, when we kneel for re—dreſſing, we mo——————
When we kneel for re—dreſſing, when we kneel for re—dreſſing we
——————ve your diſ——dain; Love was made for a bleſſing, a
mo————ve your diſ—dain; Love was made, love was


bleſ—ſing, Love was made, love was made for a bleſ——
made, love was made for a bleſ ſing, love was made for a bleſ—ſing, was
6
ſing, and not for a pain, love was made for a bleſ——
made for a bleſſing, and not for a pain; love was made for a
——ſing and not for a pain.
bleſſing, was made for a bleſſing and not for a pain.

A Song in the laſt new Play call'd *Love Triumphant*, &c.

Set by Mr. *John Eccles*, and Sung by Mrs. *Hudſon*.


W Hat ſtate of life can be ſo bleſt, as love that warms a lo—vers breaſt;
two ſouls in one the ſame de--ſire, to grant the bliſs and to require; but
if in Heav'n a Hell we find, 'tis all from thee, oh! Jealouſie, oh! oh! oh!
oh! oh! Jealou—ſie, thou tyrant, tyrant. Jealou—ſie thou ty——rant,
Jealouſie, oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! Jealouſie, oh! oh! oh! Jealouſie thou


ty—rant of the mind.

II.

All other Ills tho' ſharp they prove,
Serve to refine and perfect love;
In abſence or unkind diſdain,
Sweet hope relieve the lover's pain,
But oh! no cure but death we find,
To ſet us free from Jealouſie.

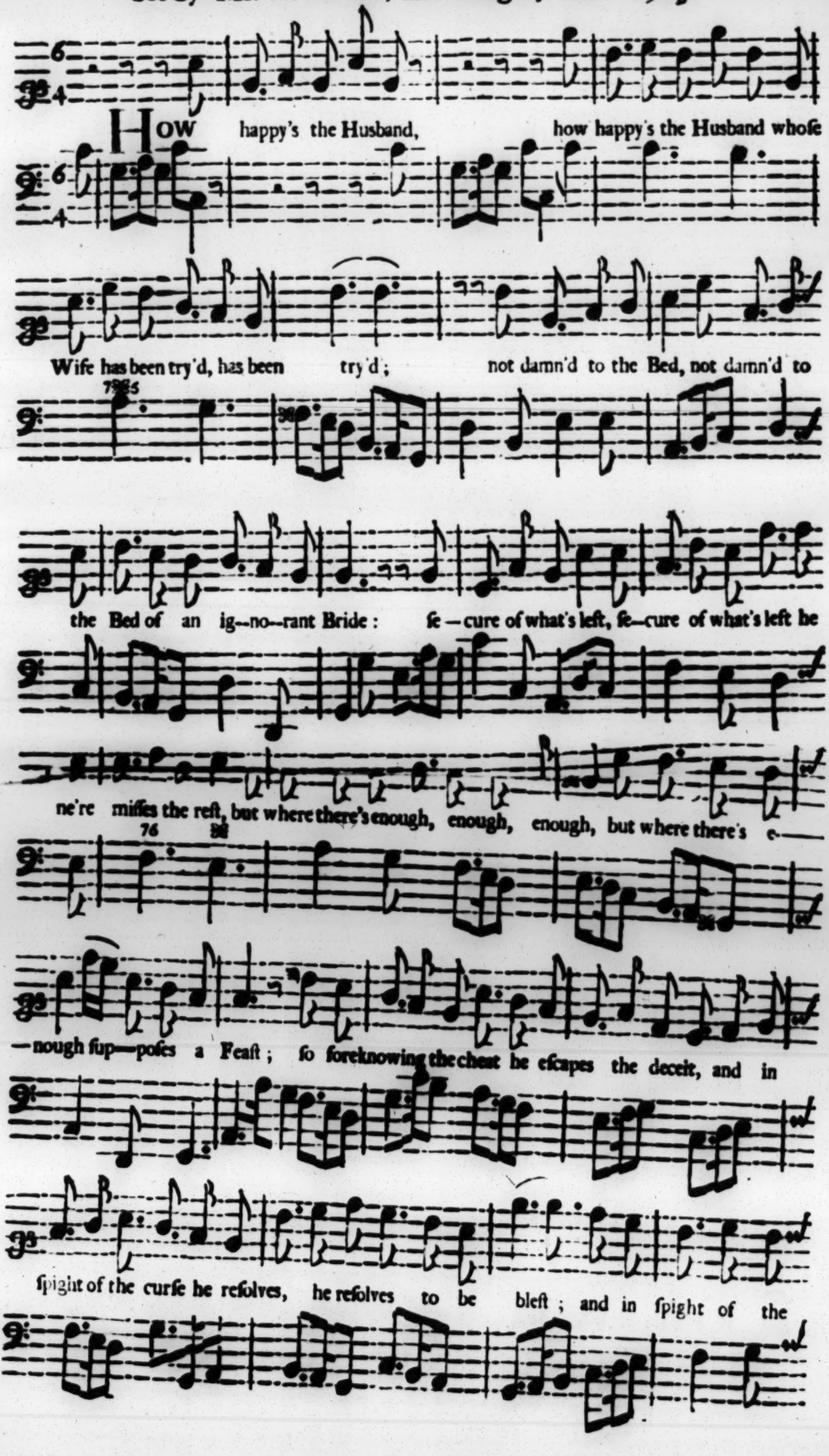
Oh! oh! &c.

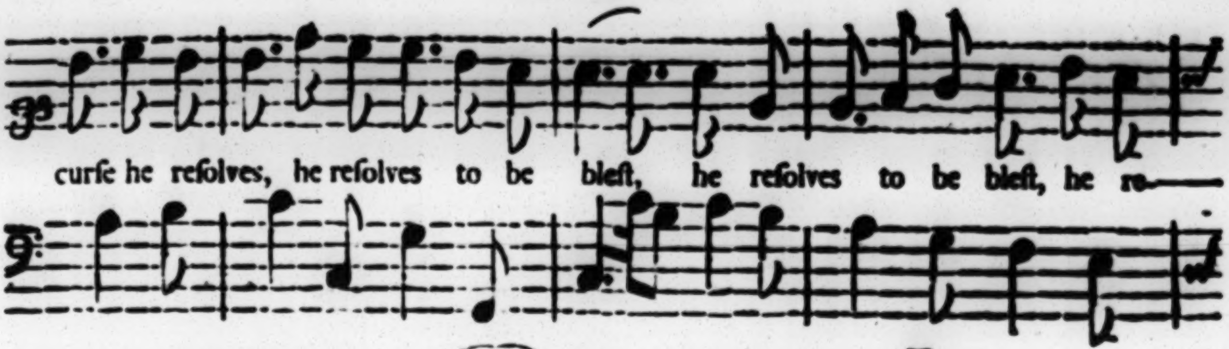
II.

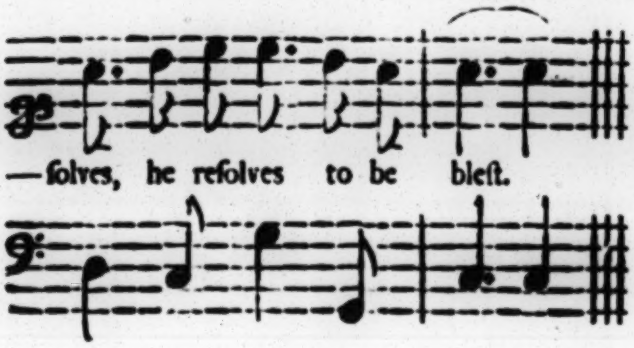
Falſe in thy glaſs all Objects are,
Some ſet too near, and ſome too farr,
Thou art the fire of endleſs night,
The fire that burns, and gives no Light;
All Torments of the damn'd we find,
[illegible] Jealouſie.

A Song in the laſt new Play call'd *Love Triumphant*, &c.

Set by Mr. *H. Purcell*, and Sung by Mrs. *Ayliff*.


How happy's the Husband, how happy's the Husband whoſe
Wife has been try'd, has been try'd; not damn'd to the Bed, not damn'd to
the Bed of an ig--no--rant Bride: ſe—cure of what's left, ſe—cure of what's left he
ne're miſſes the reſt, but where there's enough, enough, enough, but where there's e-
—nough ſup—poſes a Feaſt; ſo foreknowing the cheat he eſcapes the deceit, and in
ſpight of the curſe he reſolves, he reſolves to be bleſt; and in ſpight of the

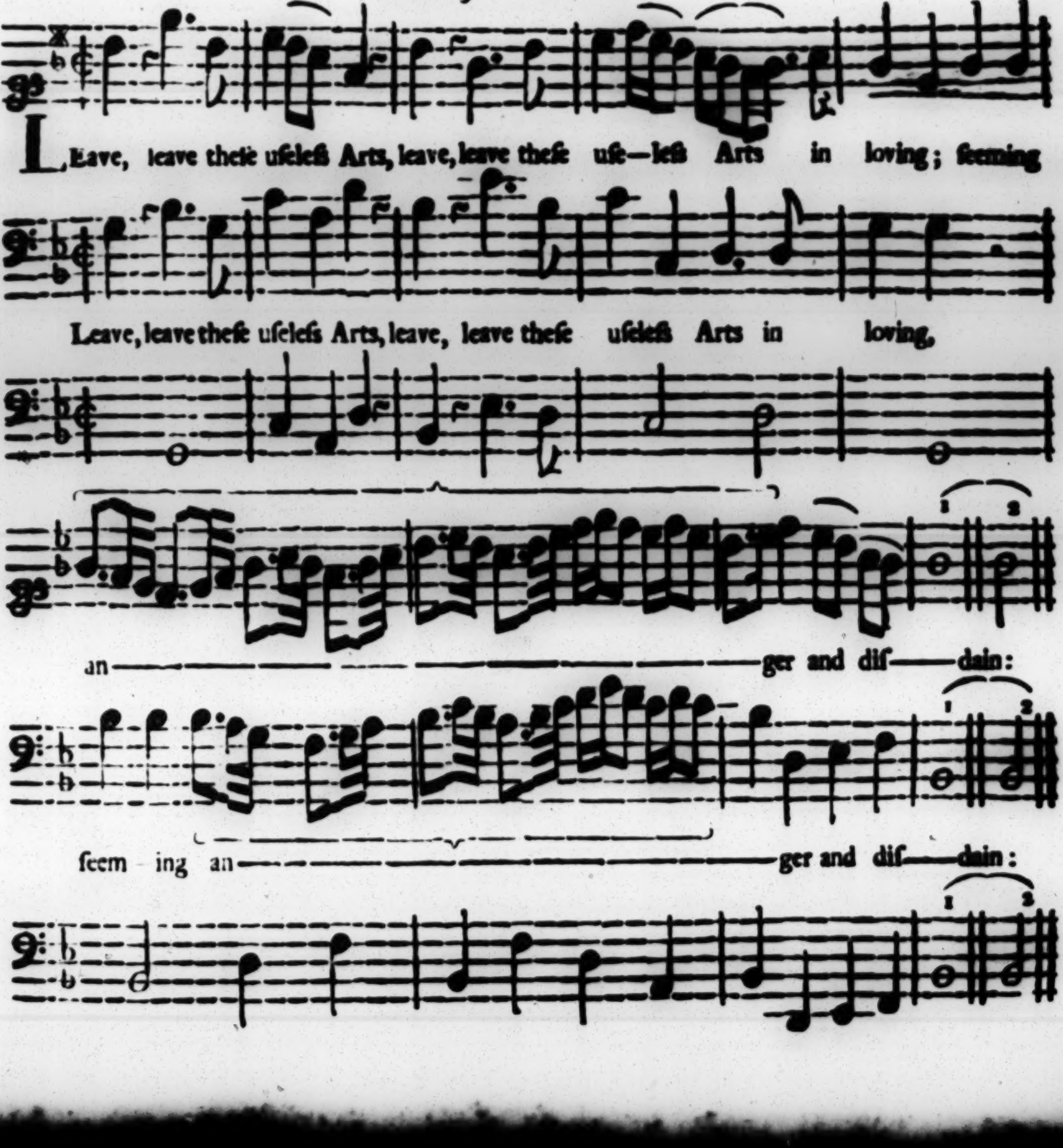

curſe he reſolves, he reſolves to be bleſt, he reſolves to be bleſt, he re-

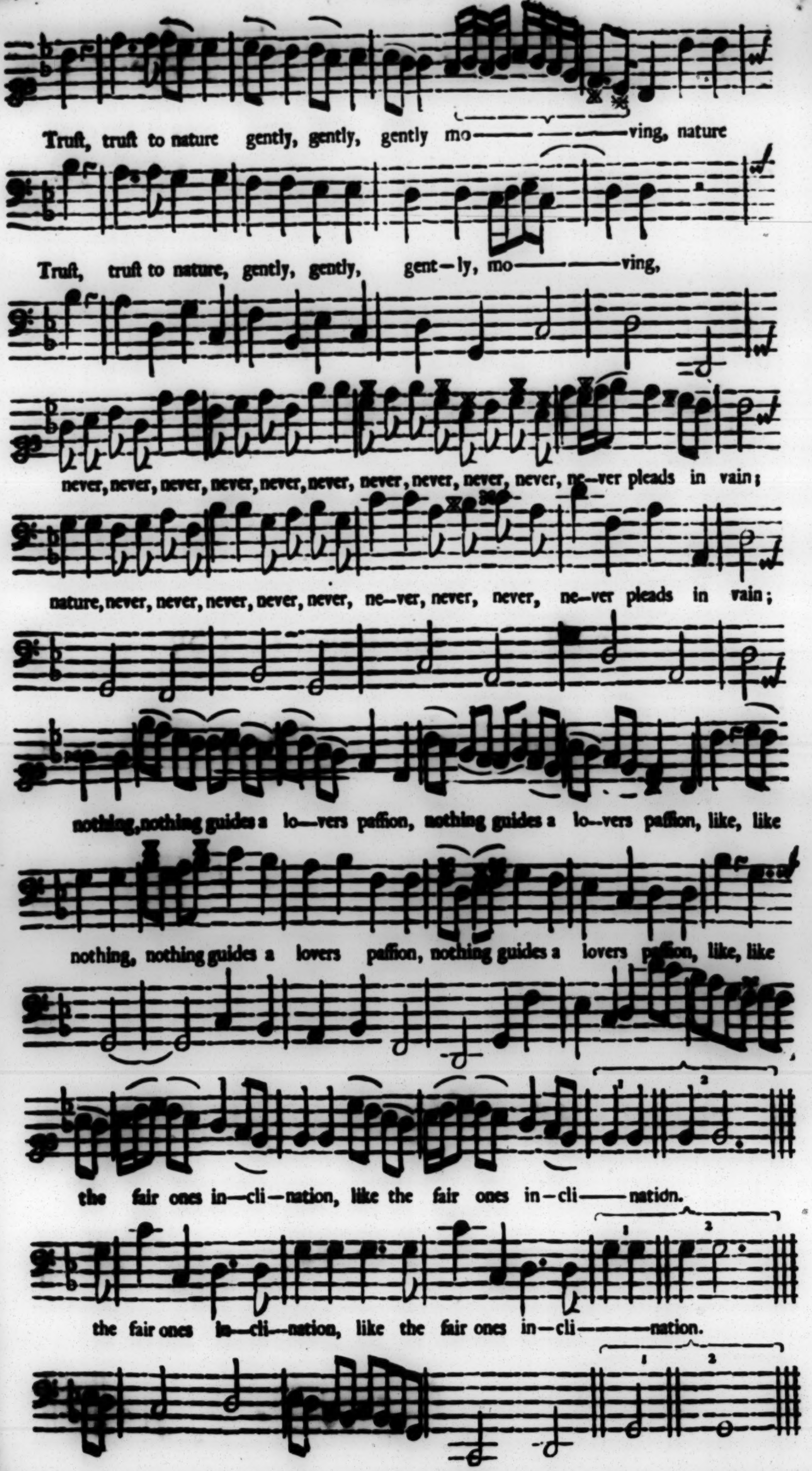

—ſolves, he reſolves to be bleſt.

II.

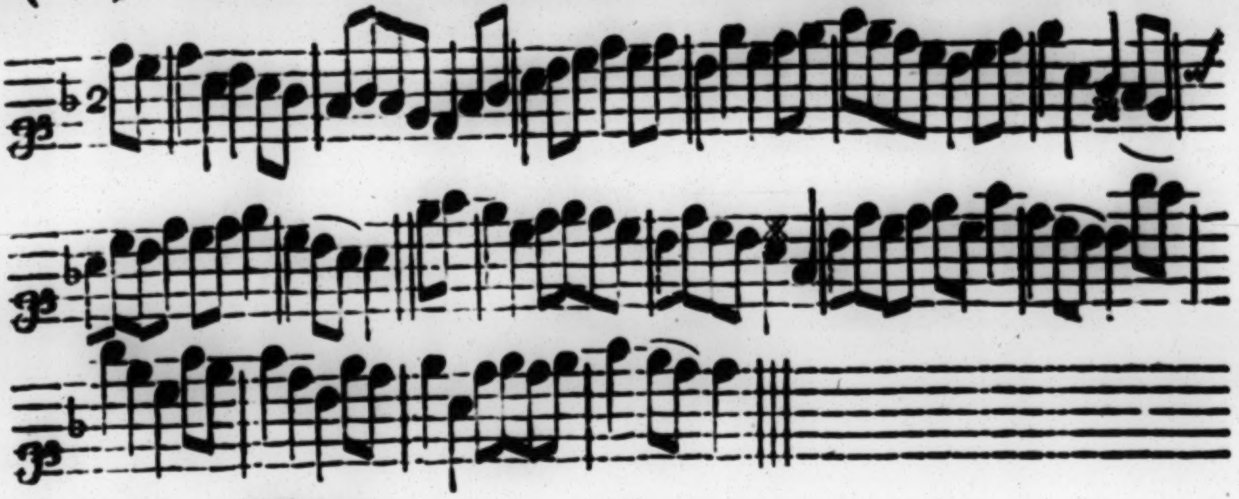
If Children are bleſſings,
His Comfort's the more,
Whoſe Spouſe has been known
To be fruitfull before;
And the Boy that ſhe brings,
Ready made to his Hand,
May ſtand in his ſtead
For an Heir to his Land:
If his own prove a Sot,
When 'tis lawfully got;
As when e're it is ſo,
If it don't I'le be hang'd.

A New Song in *Epſome-Wells* ſet by Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

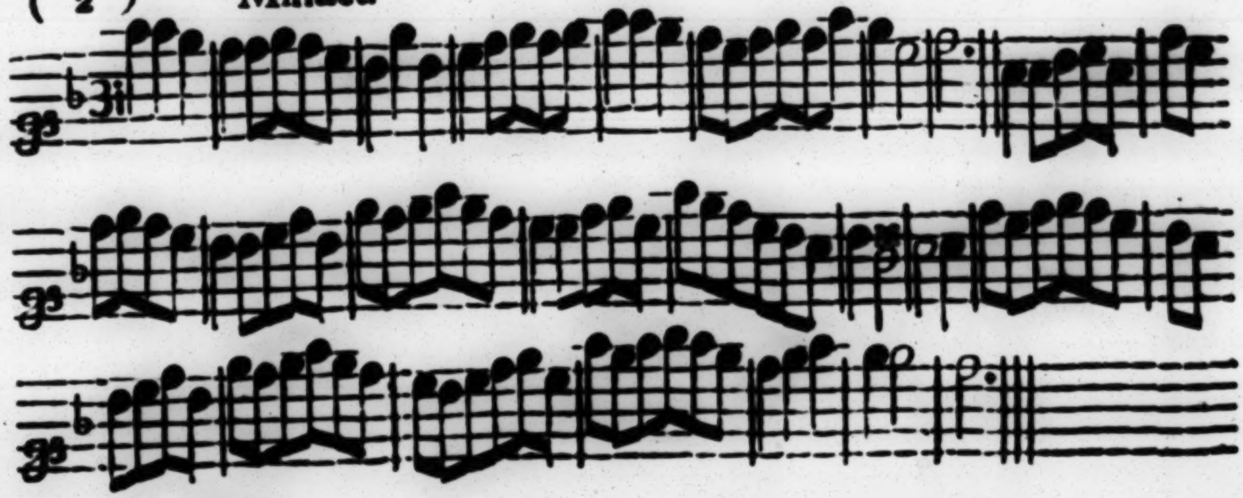

Leave, leave theſe uſeleſs Arts, leave, leave theſe uſe—leſs Arts in loving; ſeeming
Leave, leave theſe uſeleſs Arts, leave, leave theſe uſeleſs Arts in loving,
an——ger and diſ——dain:
ſeem - ing an——ger and diſ——dain:
1
2


Truſt, truſt to nature gently, gently, gently mo——————ving, nature
Truſt, truſt to nature, gently, gently, gent—ly, mo————ving,
never, never, never, never, never, never, never, never, never, never, ne—ver pleads in vain;
nature, never, never, never, never, never, ne—ver, never, never, ne—ver pleads in vain;
nothing, nothing guides a lo—vers paſſion, nothing guides a lo—vers paſſion, like, like
nothing, nothing guides a lovers paſſion, nothing guides a lovers paſſion, like, like
the fair ones in—cli—nation, like the fair ones in—cli——nation.
1
2
the fair ones in—cli—nation, like the fair ones in—cli———nation.
1
2
1
2

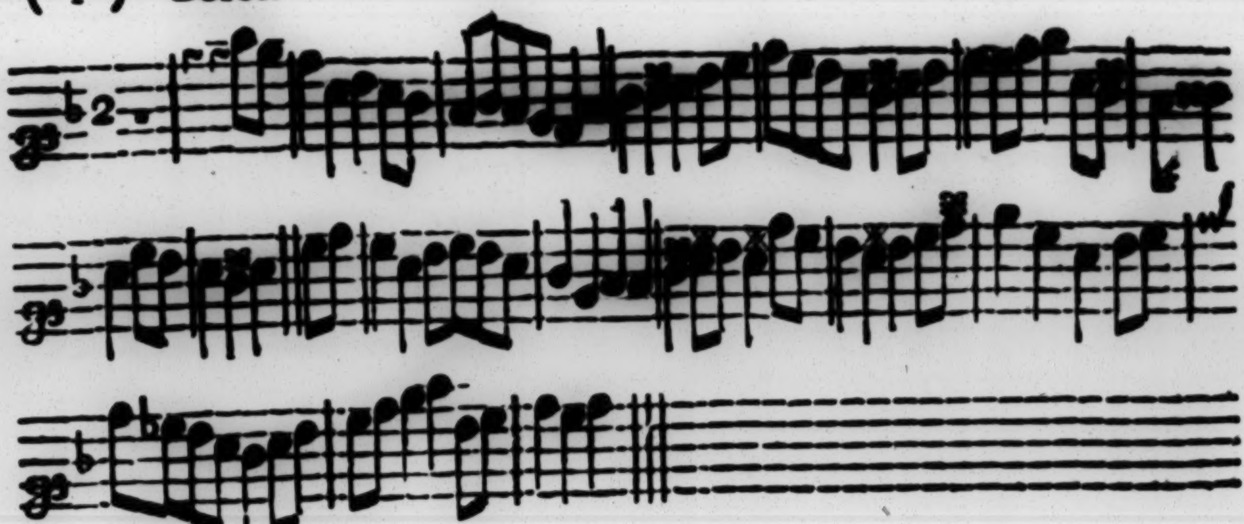
(1) Boree. Mr. *Banisters* First and Second Trebles.



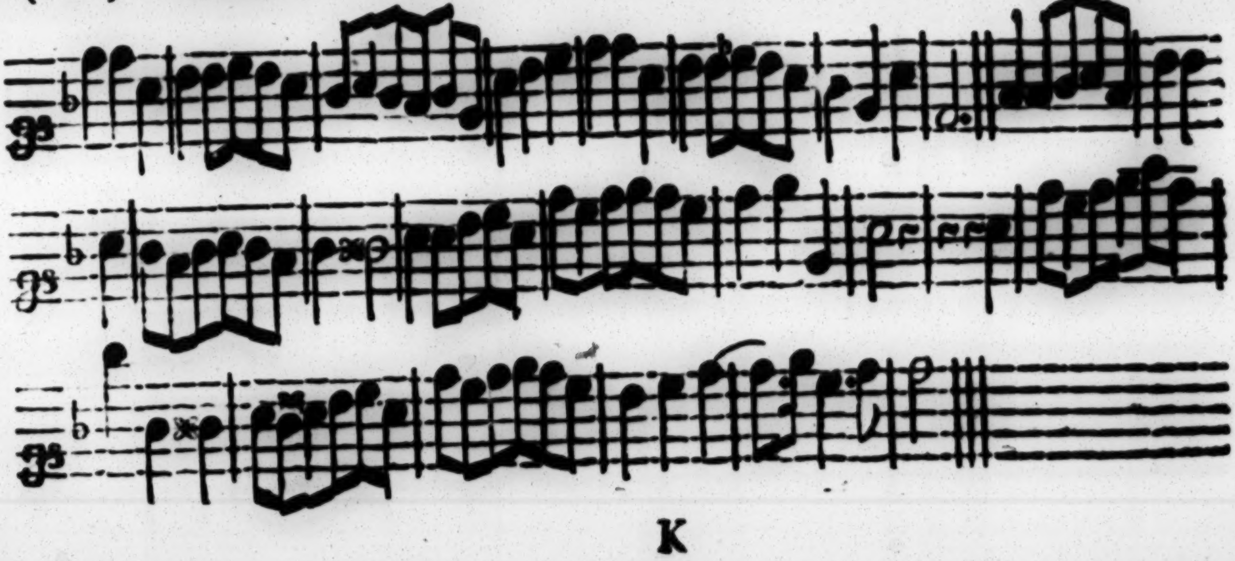
(2) Minuet.



(1) Boree.

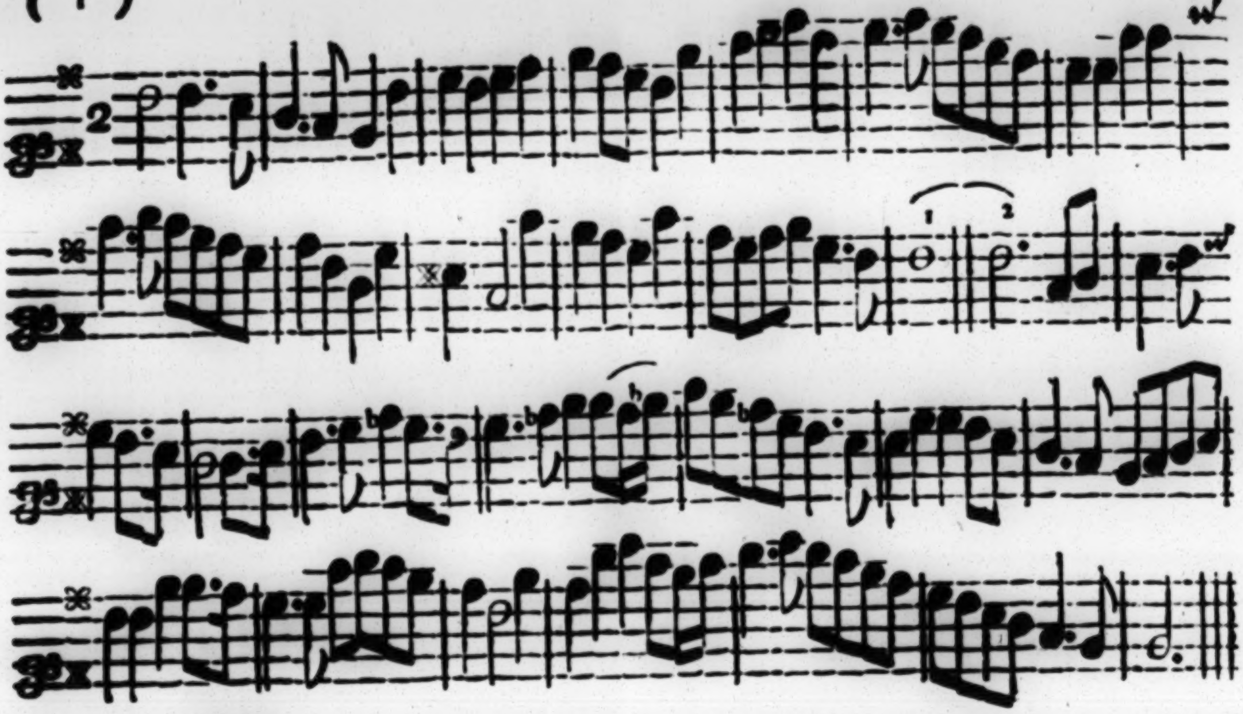


(2) Minuet.

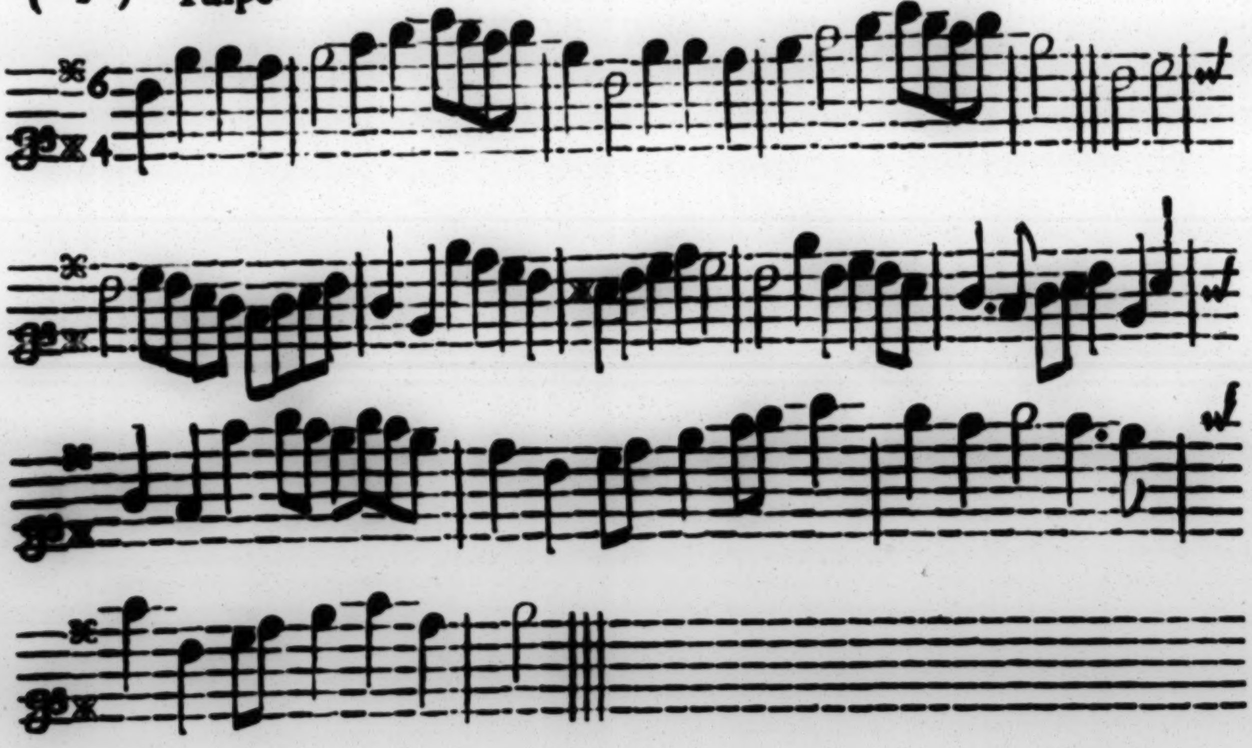


Mr. Peſable's Firſt Trebles.

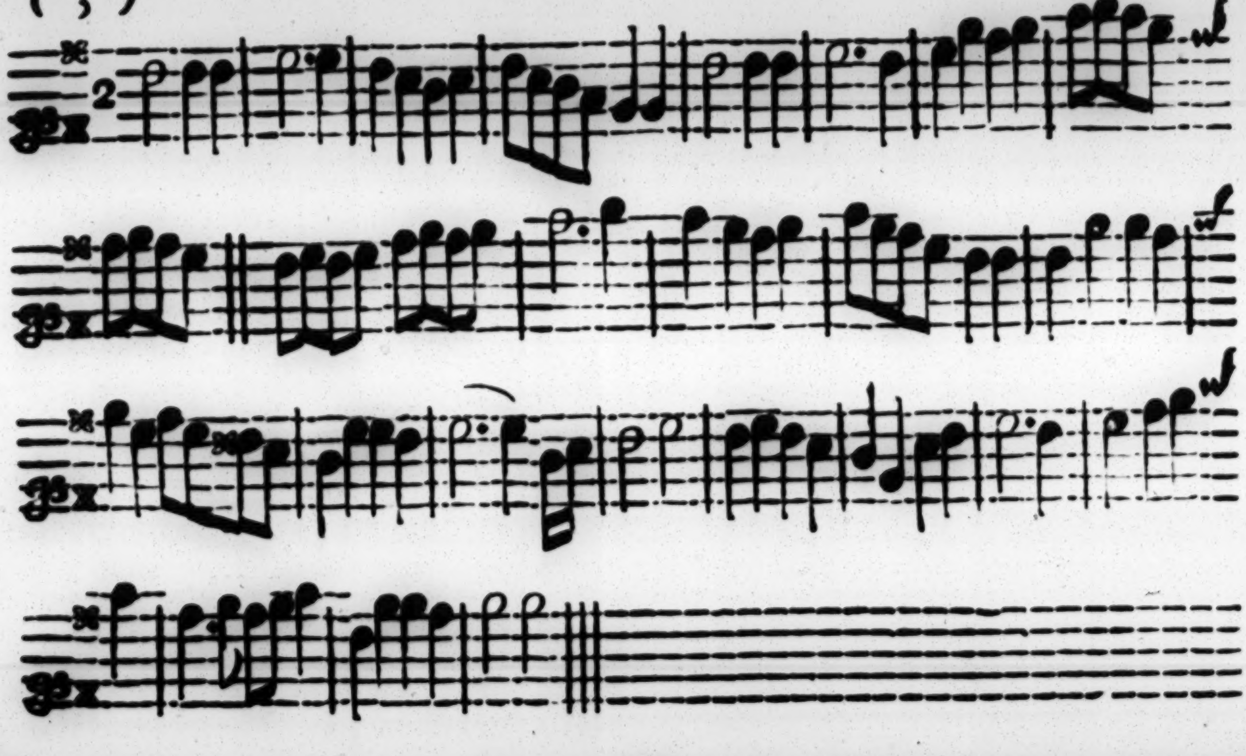
(1)



(2) Paſpe.

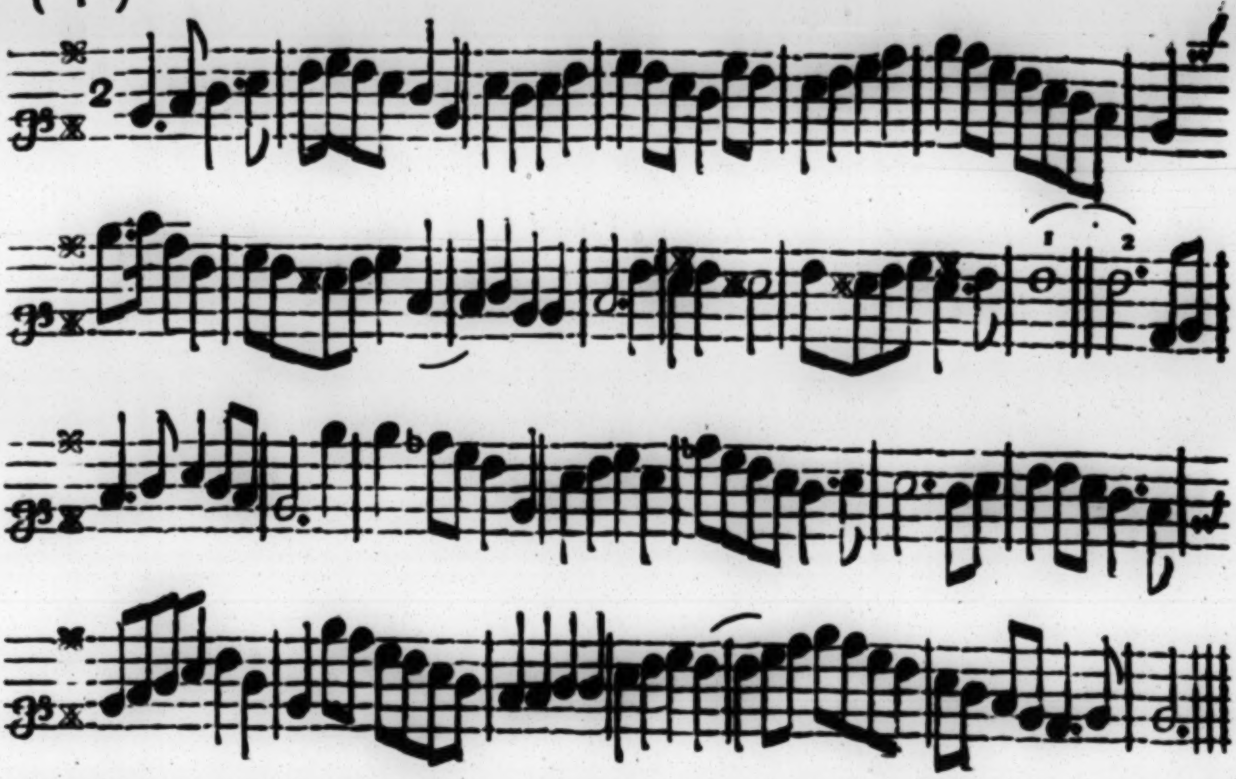


(3)

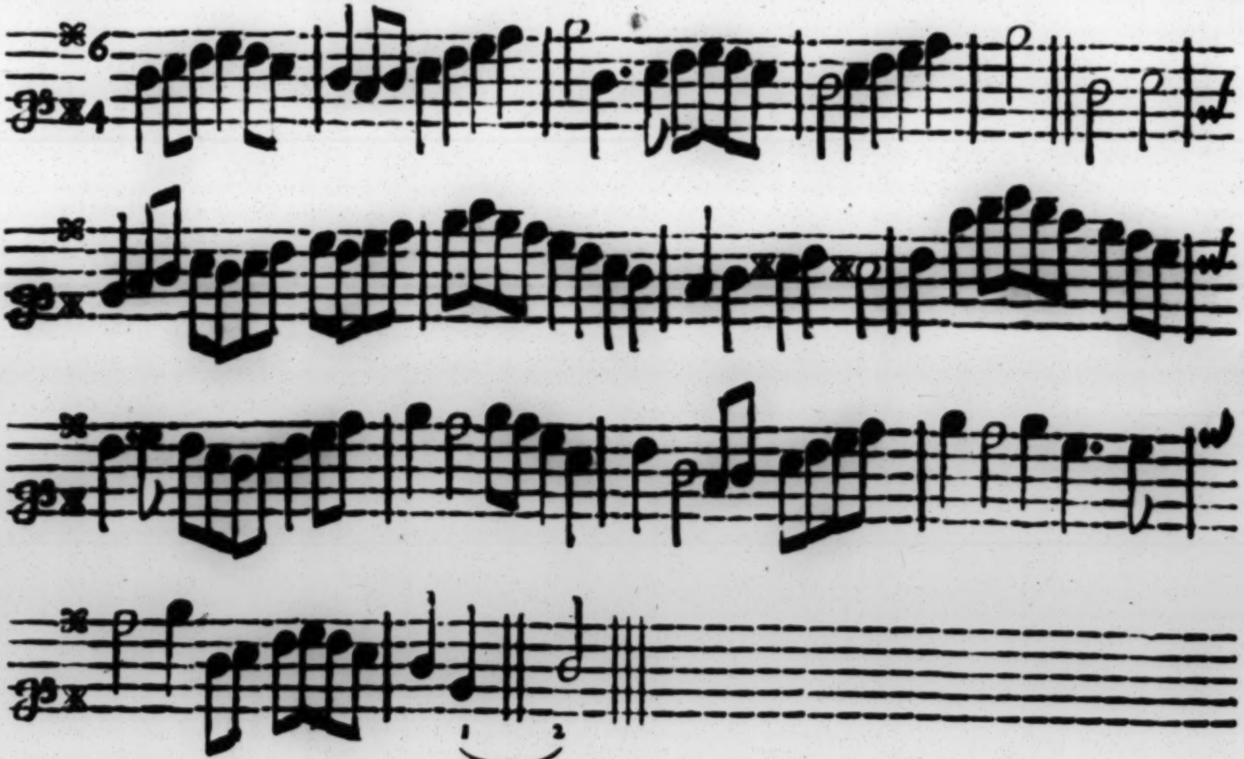


Mr. *Peſable*'s Second Trebles.

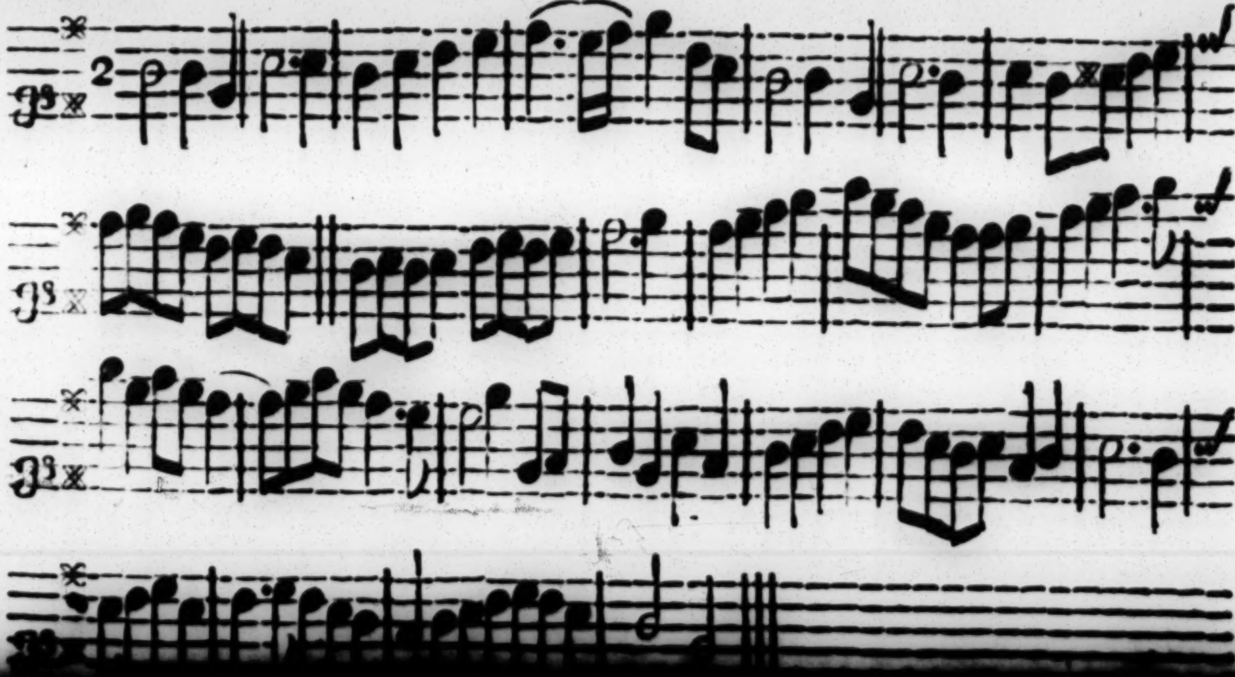
(1)



(2)

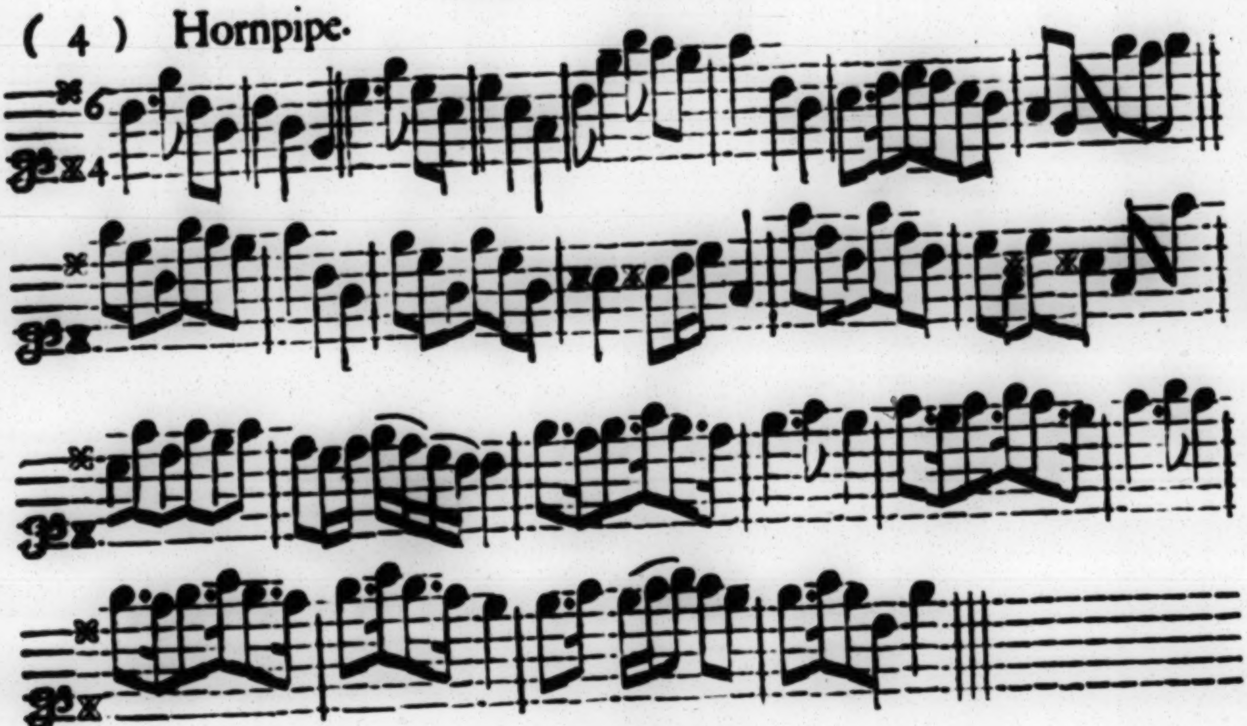


(3)



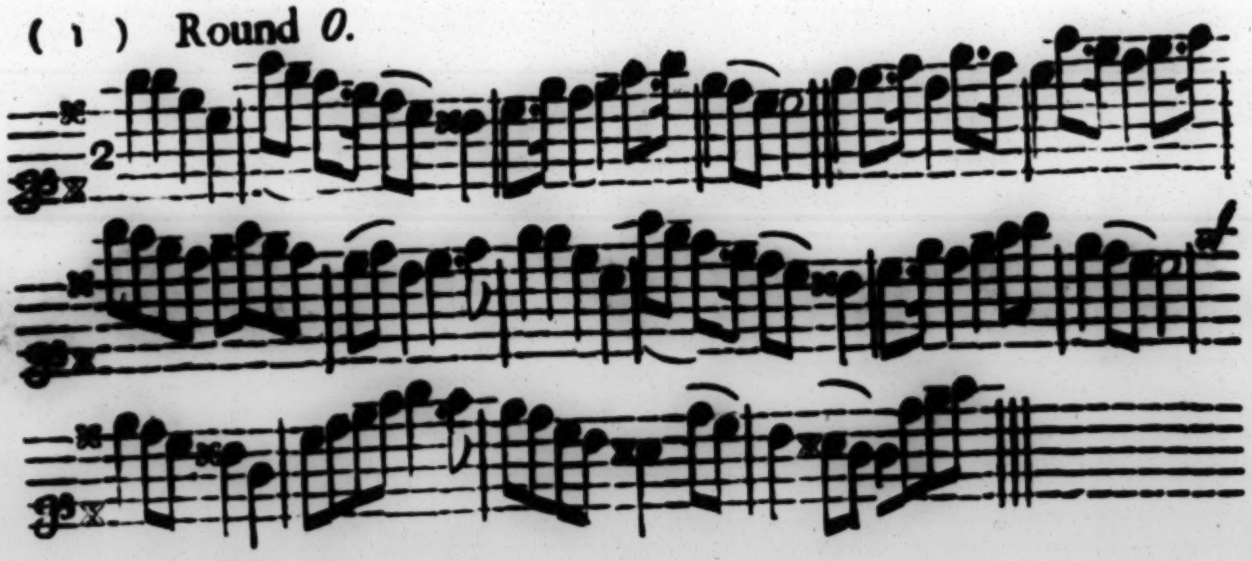
Firſt Trebles.

(4) Hornpipe.

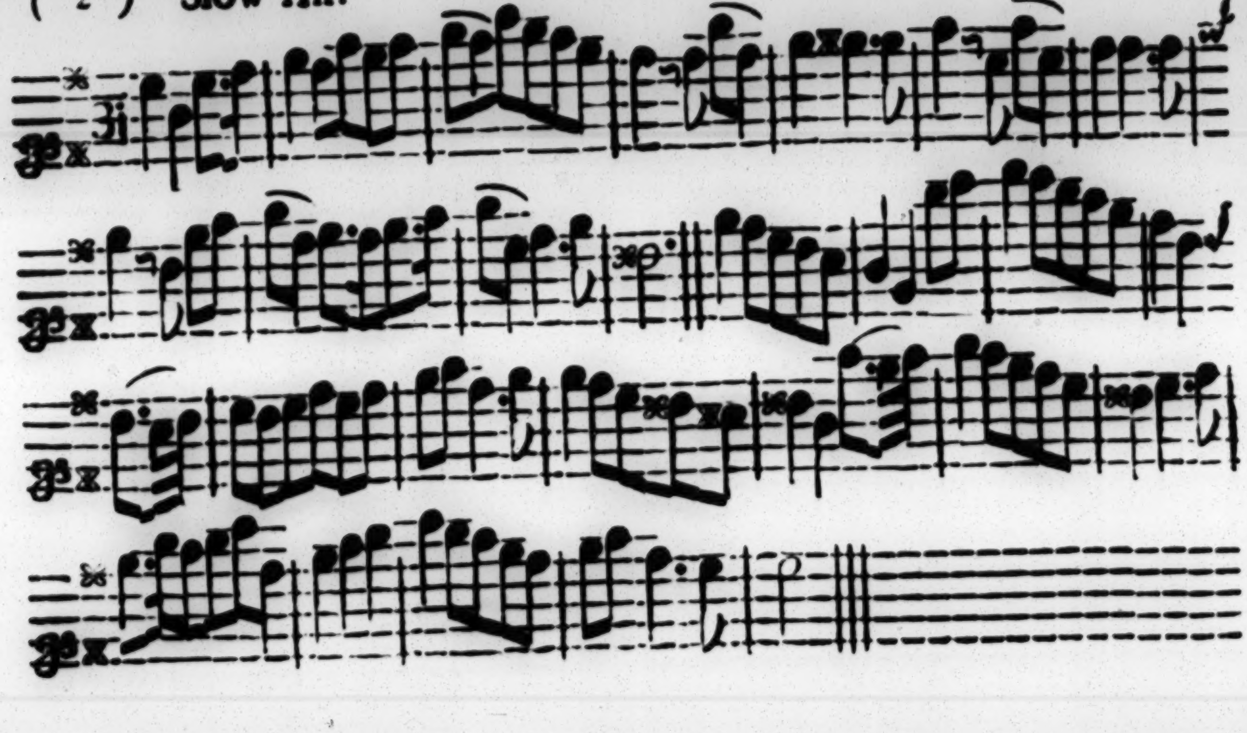


FINIS.

(1) Round *O.*

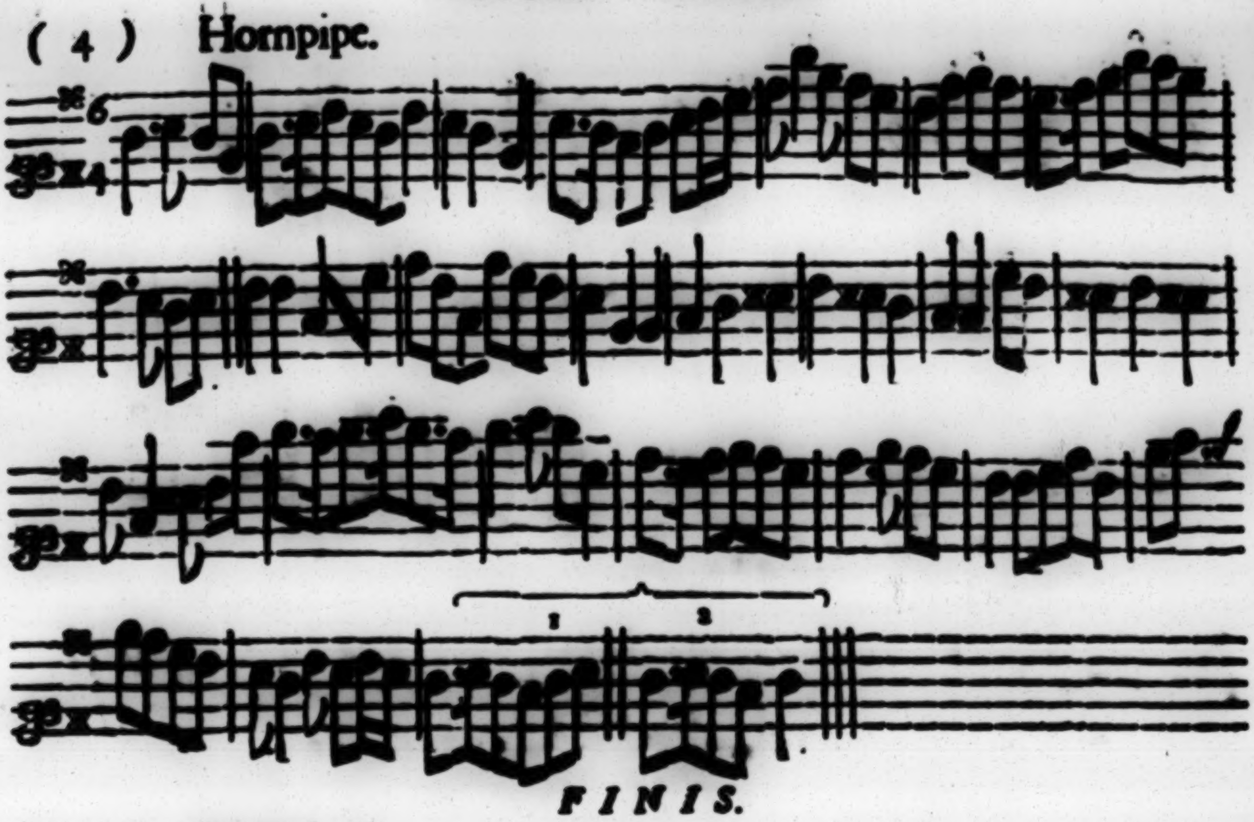


(2) Slow Air.



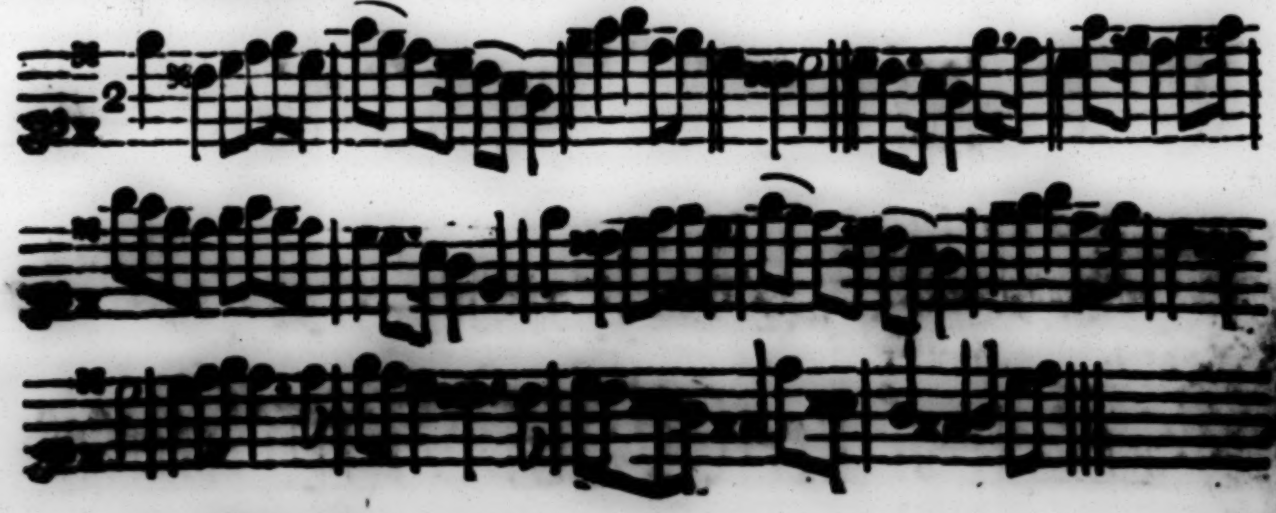
Second Trebles.

(4) Hornpipe.

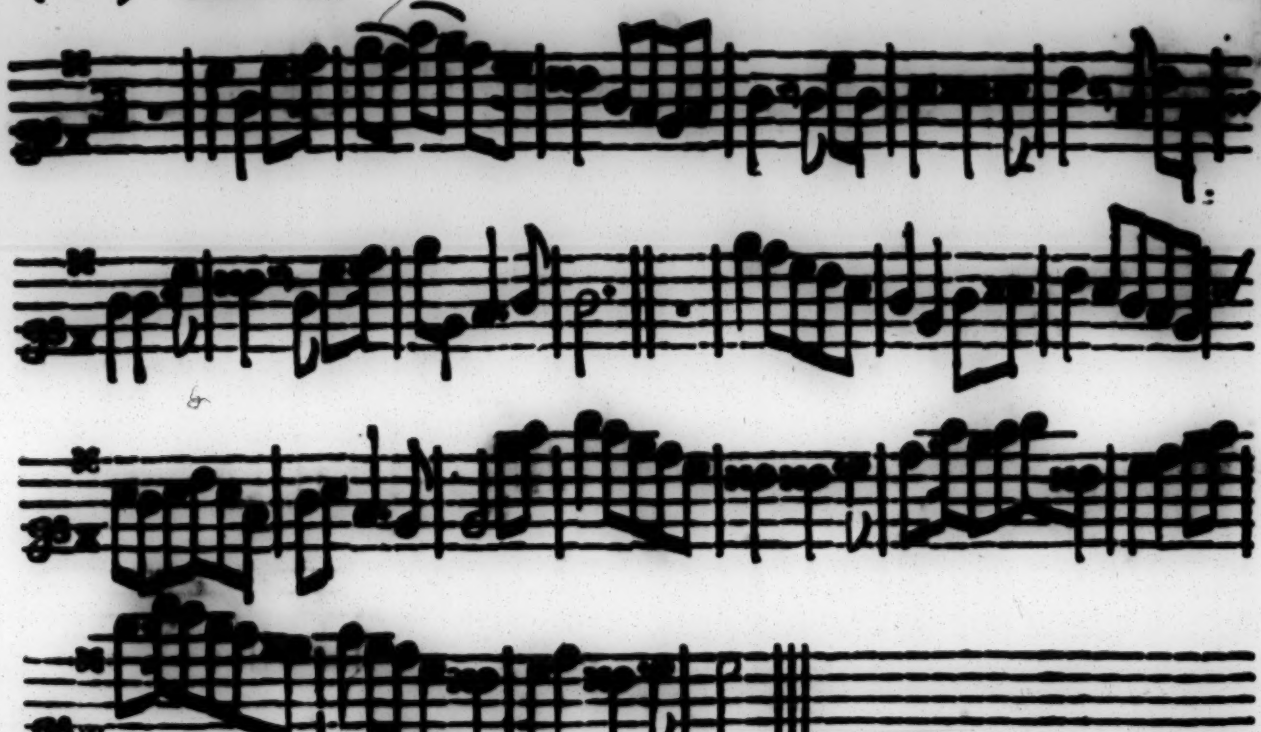


FINIS.

(1) Round *O.*

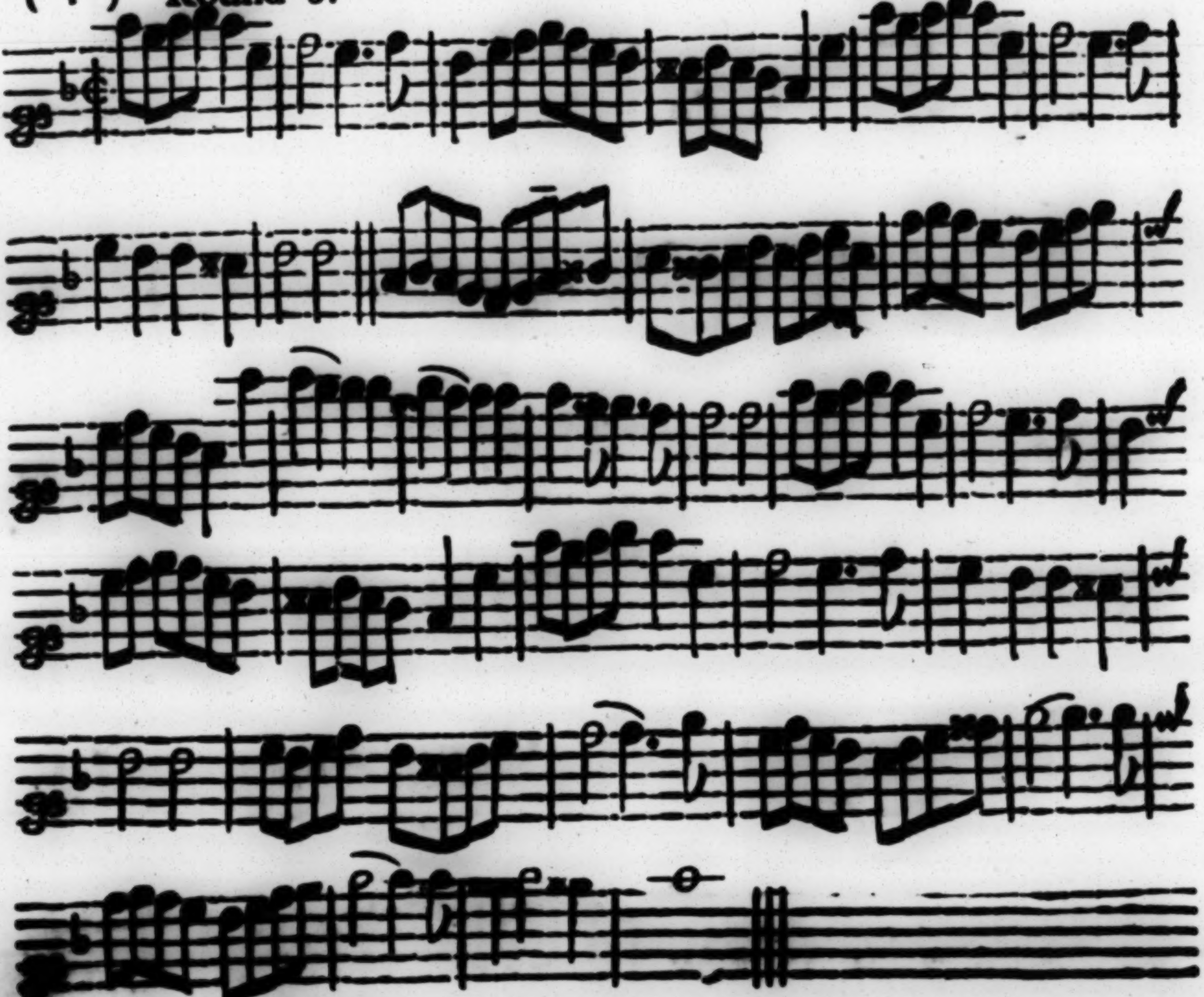


(2) Slow Air.

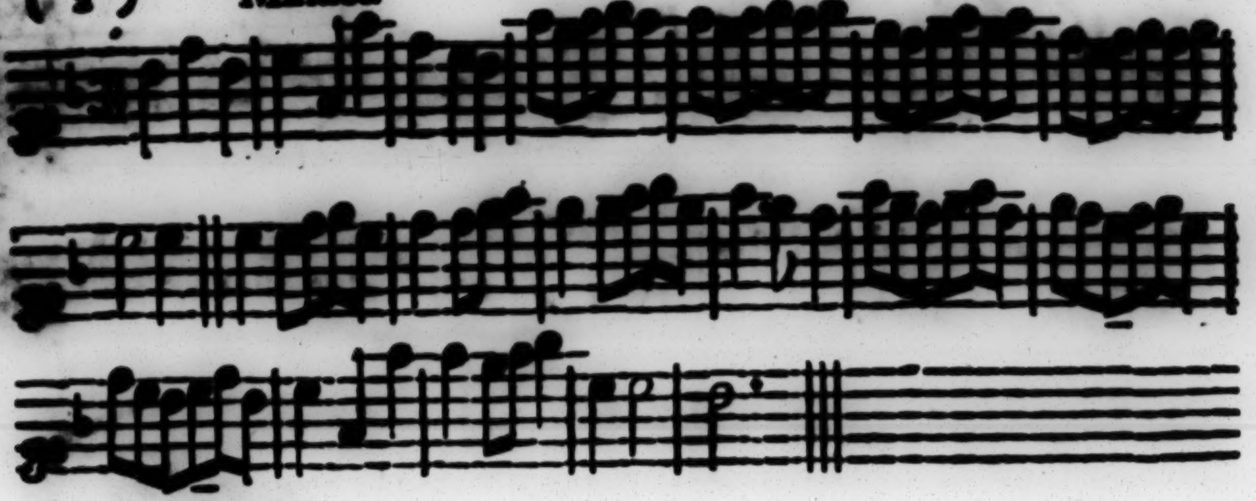


Mr. *Robert King*'s Firſt Trebles.

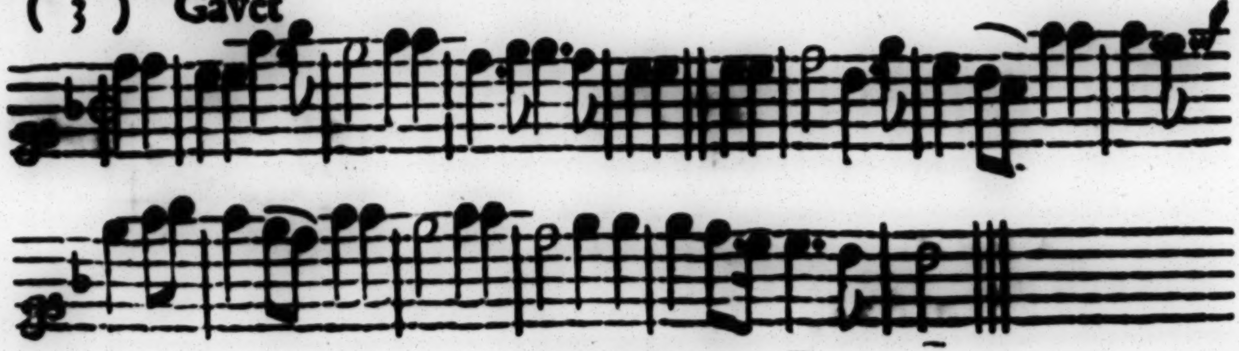
(1) Round *O.*



(2) Minuet.



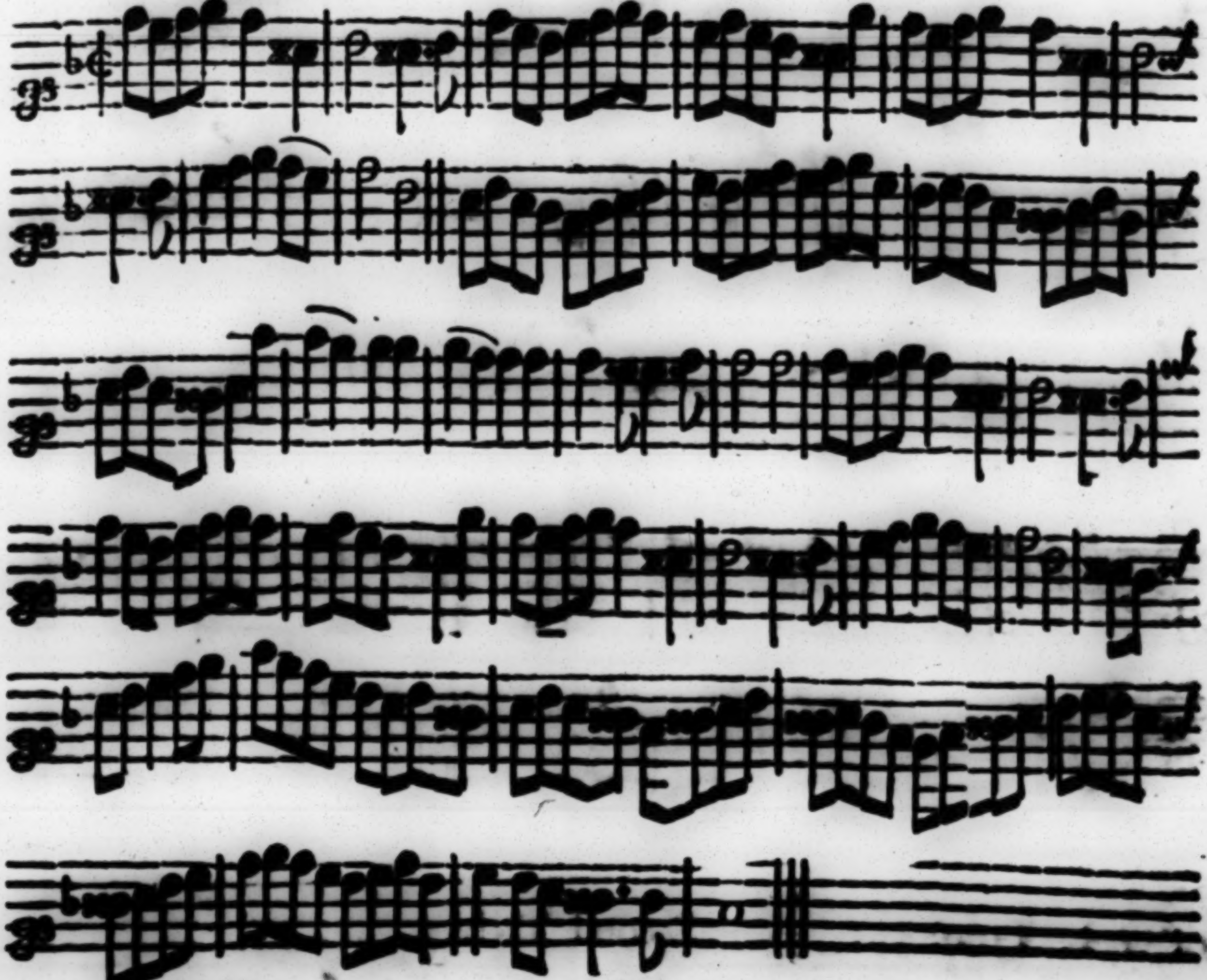
(3) Gavet



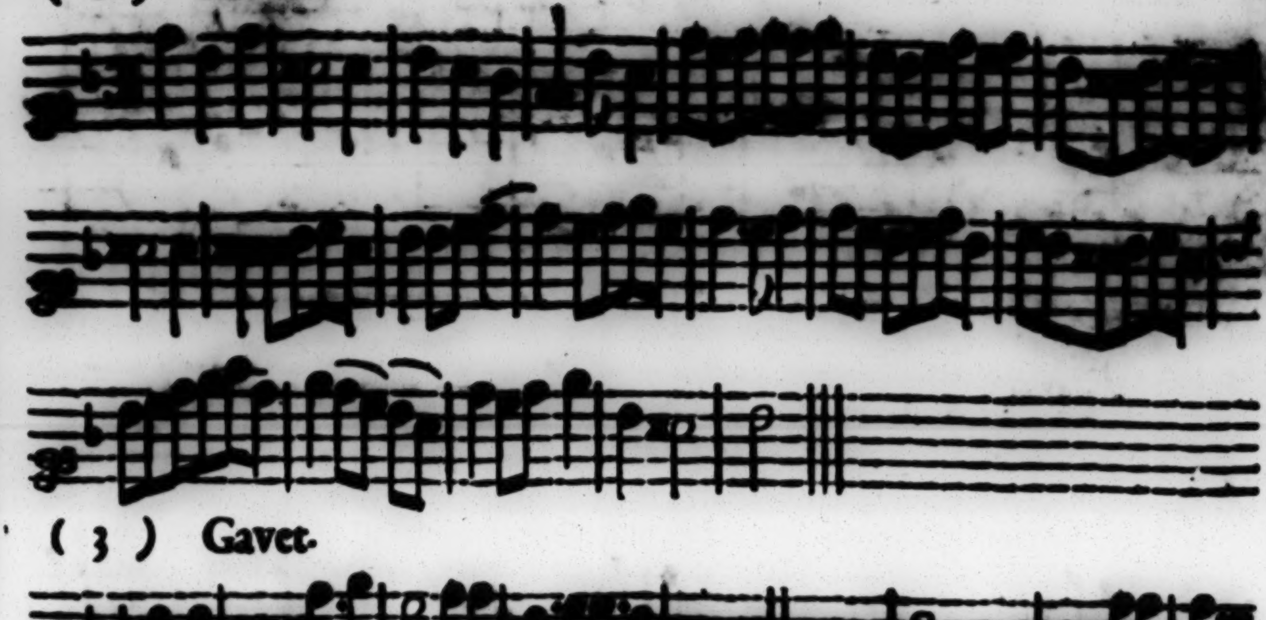
FINIS.

Mr. *Robert King's* Second Trebles.

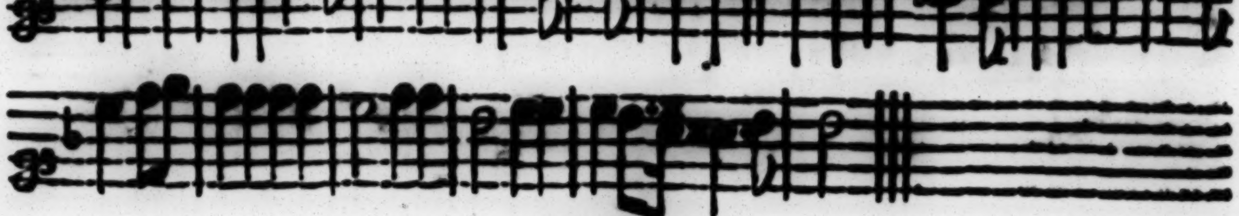
(1) Round O.



(2) Minuet.

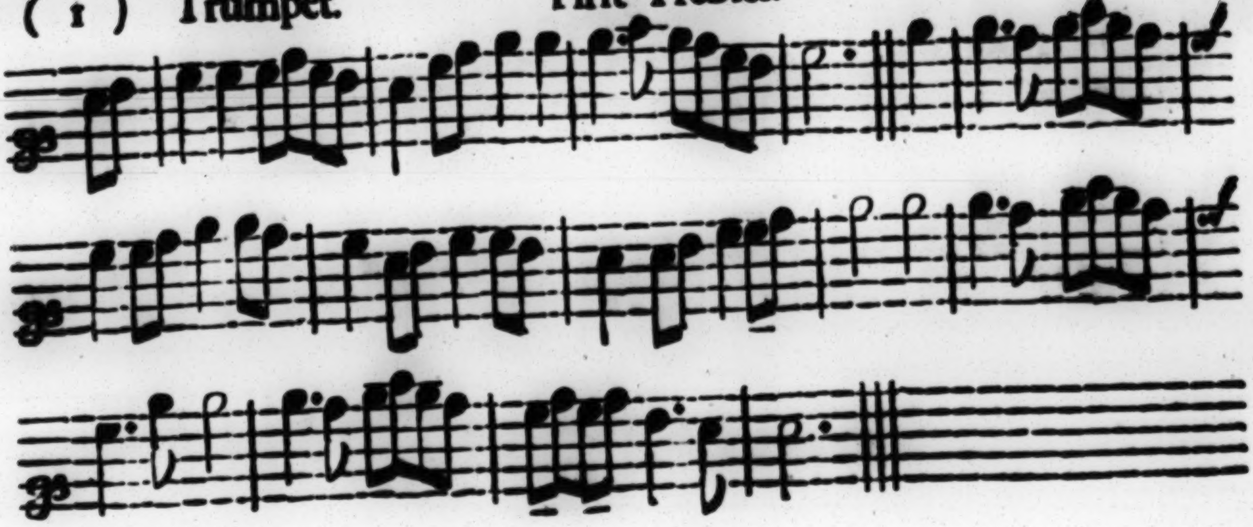


(3) Gavet.

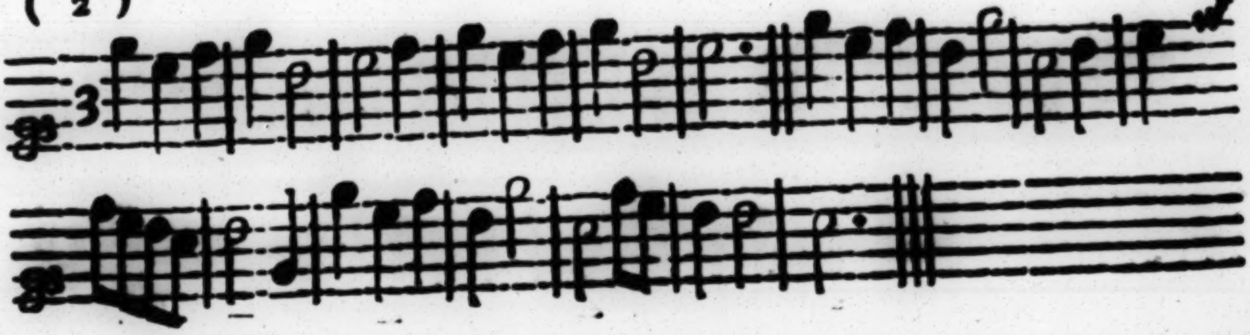


FINIS.

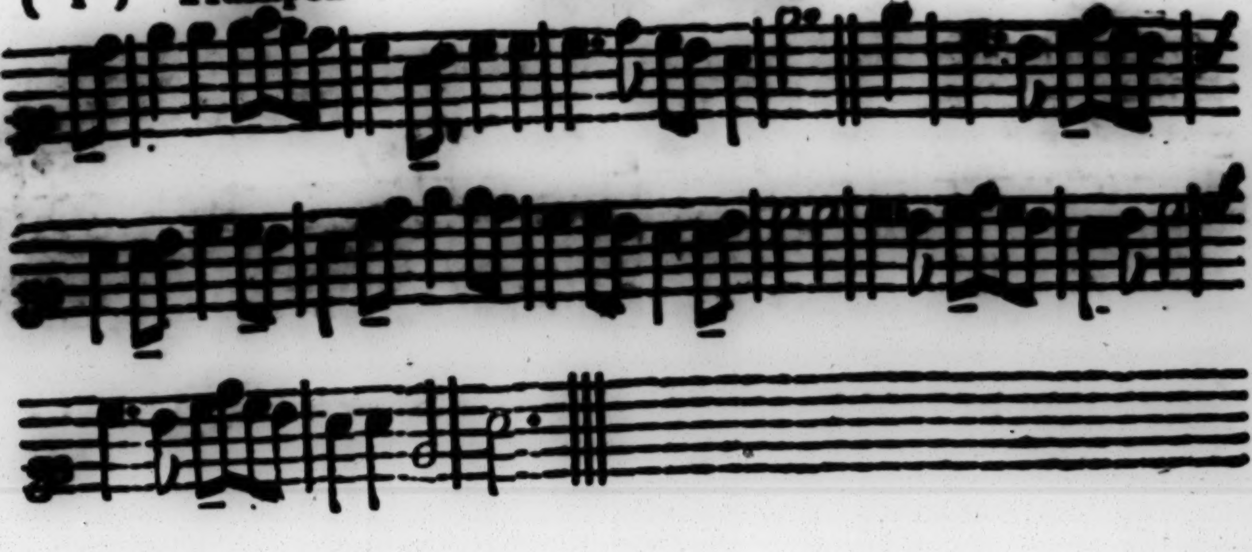
(1) **Trumpet.** **First Trebles.**



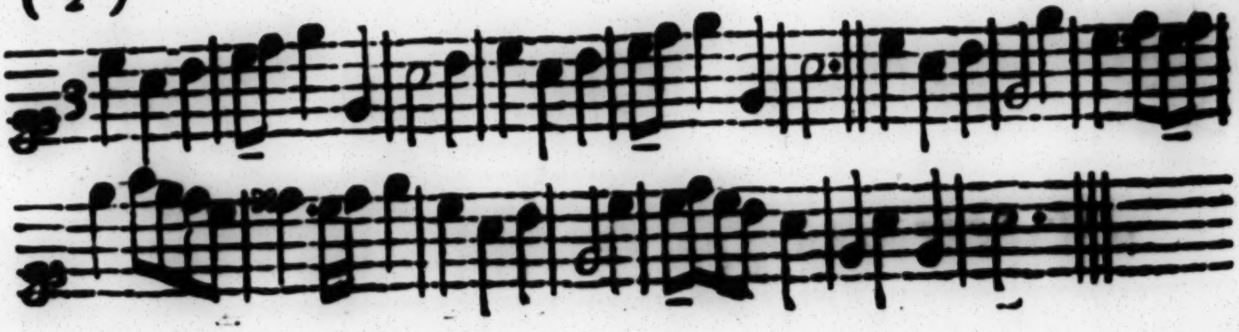
(2)



(1) **Trumpet.** **Second Trebles.**



(2)



THESAURUS MUSICUS:

BEING, A

COLLECTION of the Neweſt SONGS

PERFORMED

At Their *Majeſties Theatres*; and at the Conſorts in *Viller-ſtreet* in York-Buildings, and in *Charles-ſtreet Covent-Garden.*

WITH A

Thorow-Baſs to each SONG, for the *Harpſicord*, *Theorbo*, or *Baſs-Viol.*

To which is Annexed,

A *Collection of Airs*, Compoſed for two *Flutes*, by ſeveral Maſters.

THE THIRD BOOK.

Licensed according to Order.

LONDON,

Printed by *J. Heptinſtall* for *John Hudgebutt*. And are to be ſold by *John Carr*, at his
Shop near the *Middle-Temple-Gate* in *Fleetſtreet*, and *John Money*, at the *Miter* in
Miter Court in *Fleetſtreet*, where Maſters and Shopkeepers may have them. And at moſt
Muſick-Shops in Town. Price one Shilling ſixpence. 1695.

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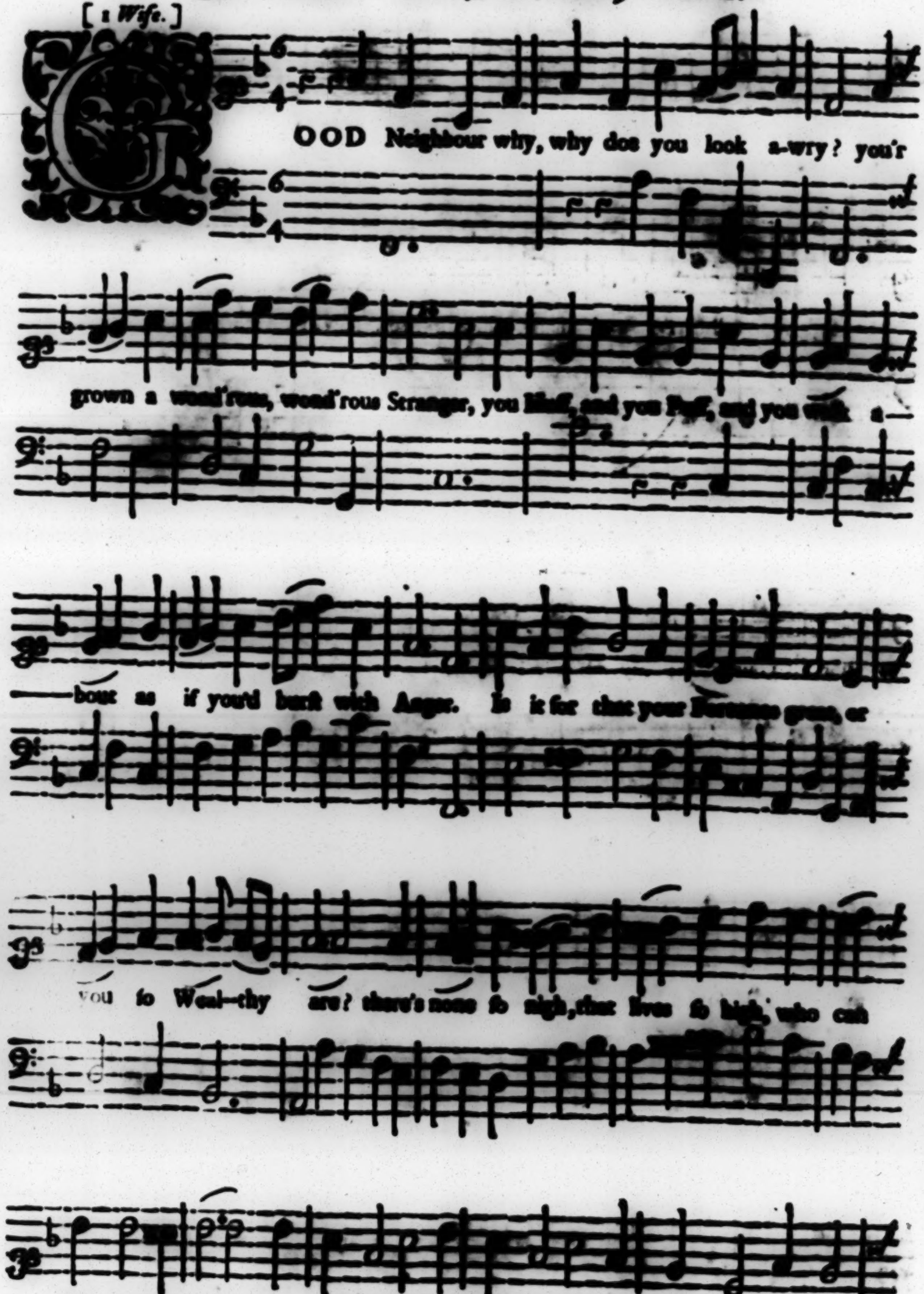
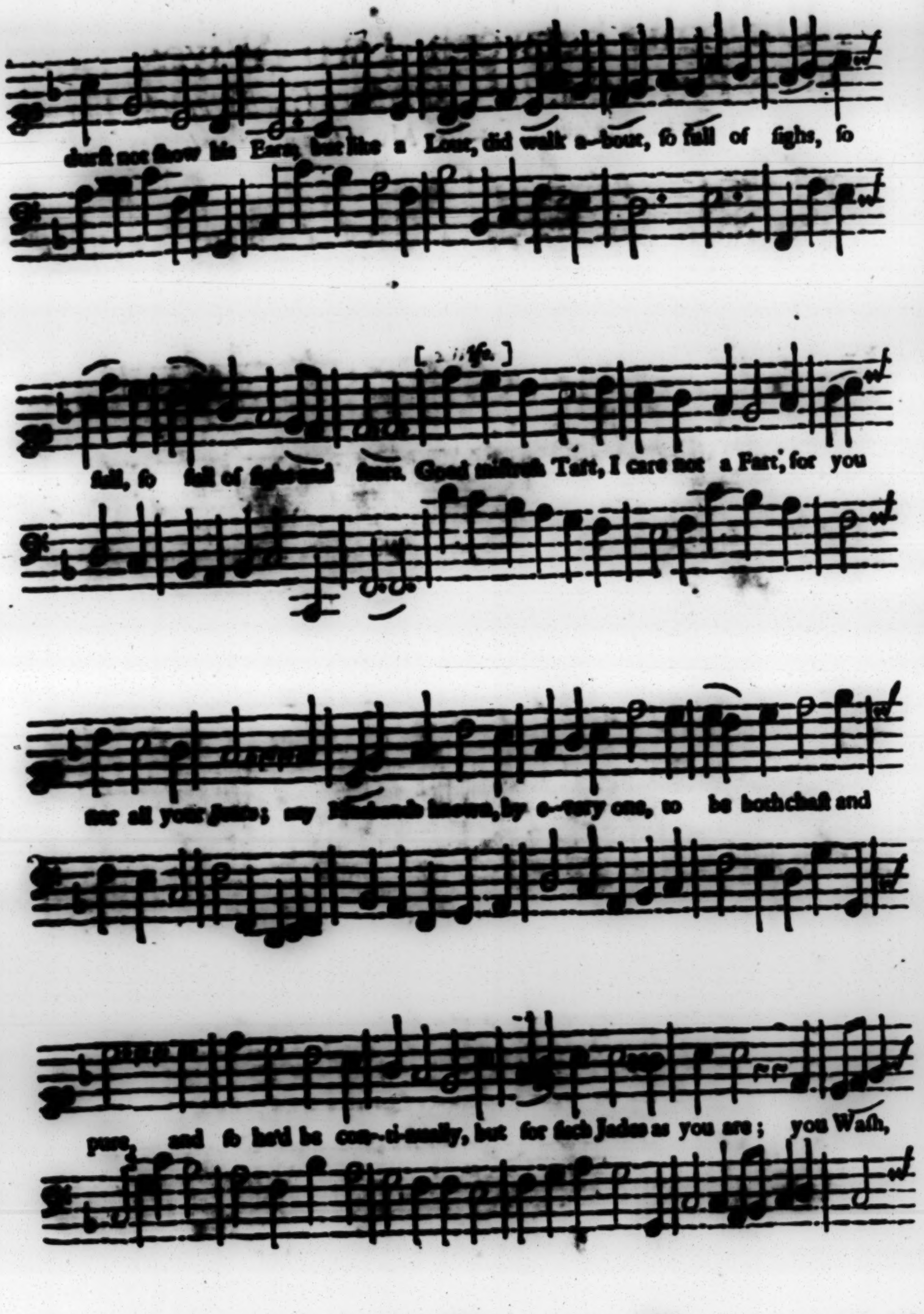
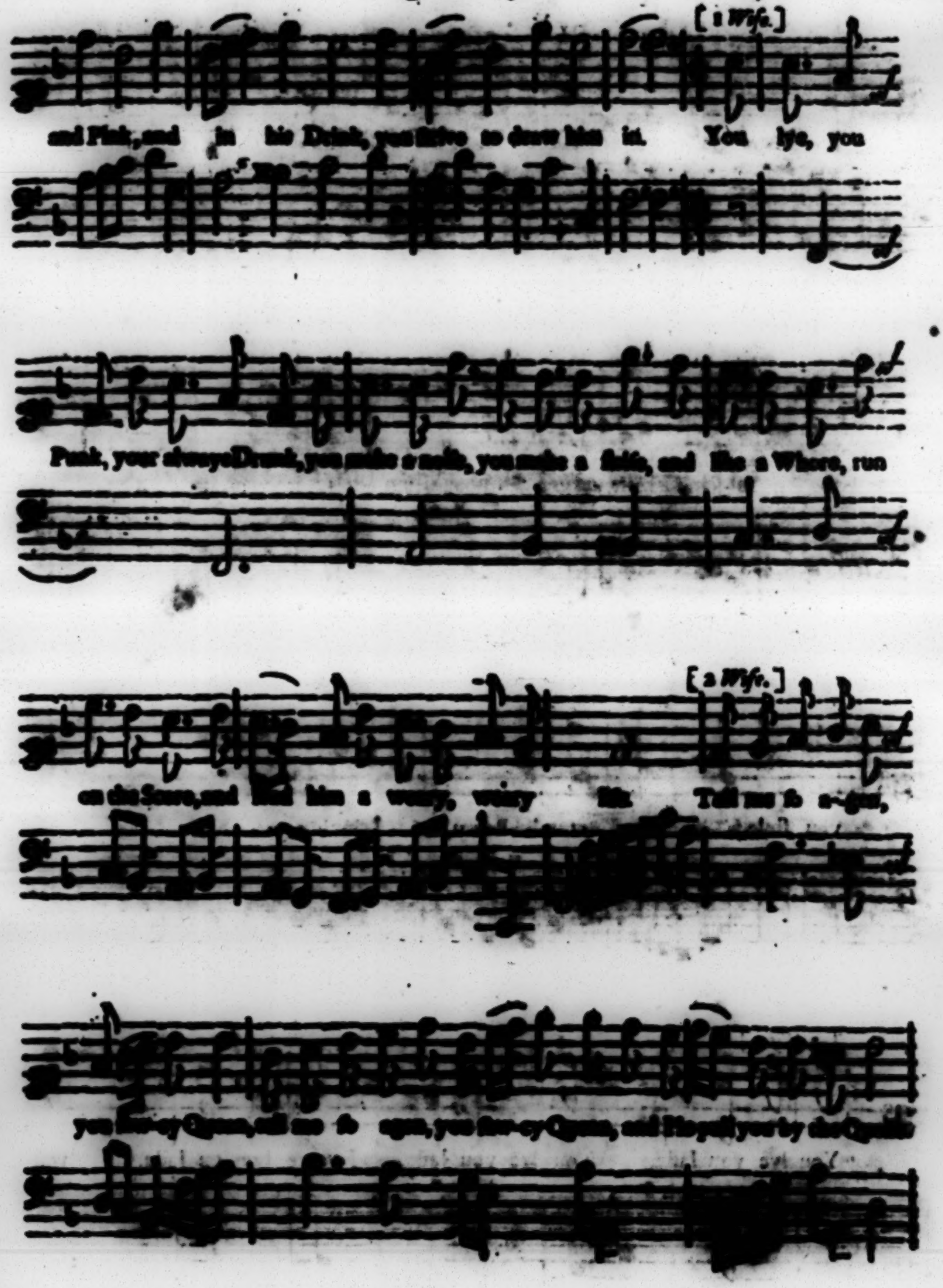
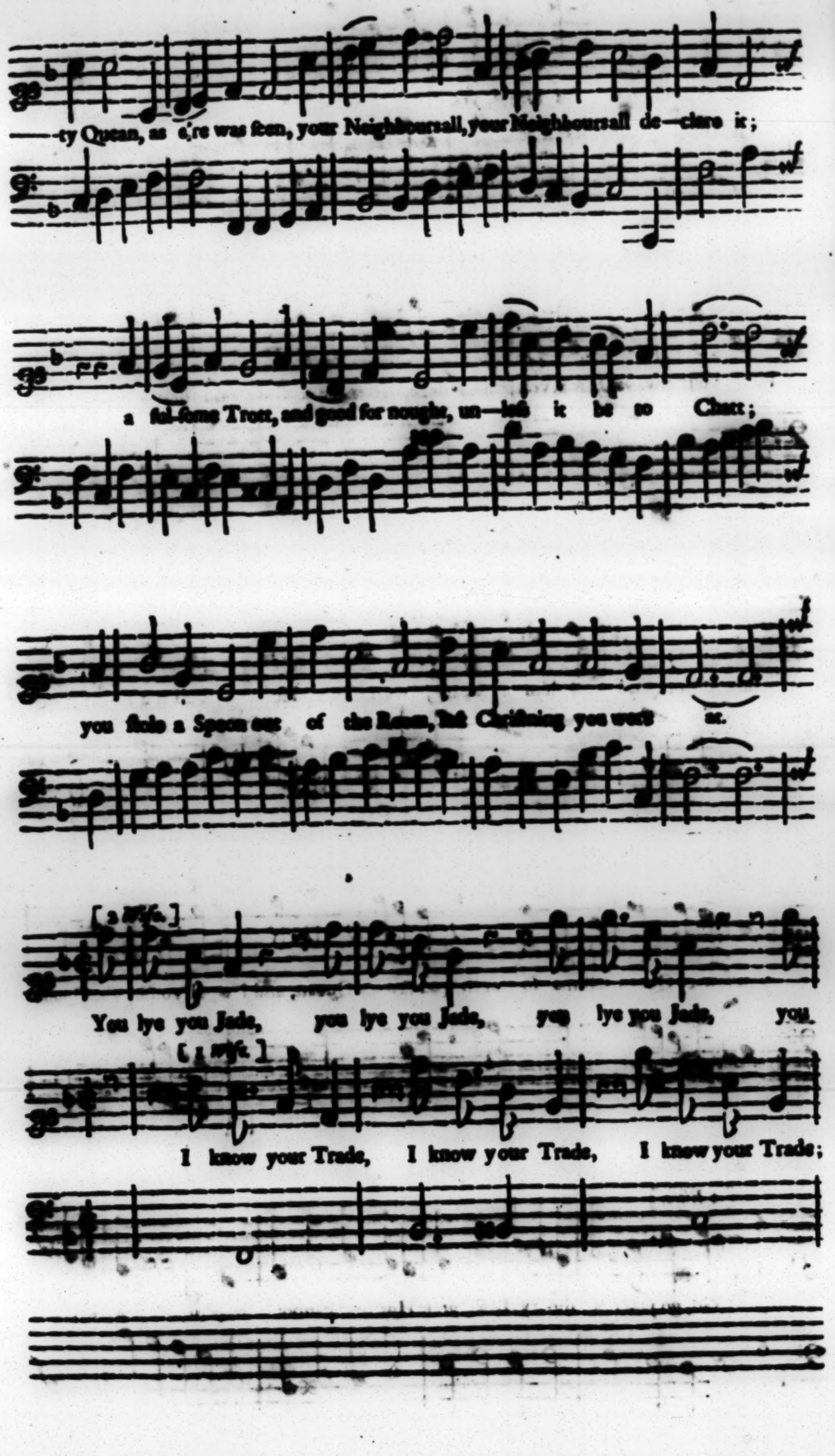
A Collection of *Flute*-Tunes in Two Parts by ſeveral Maſters.

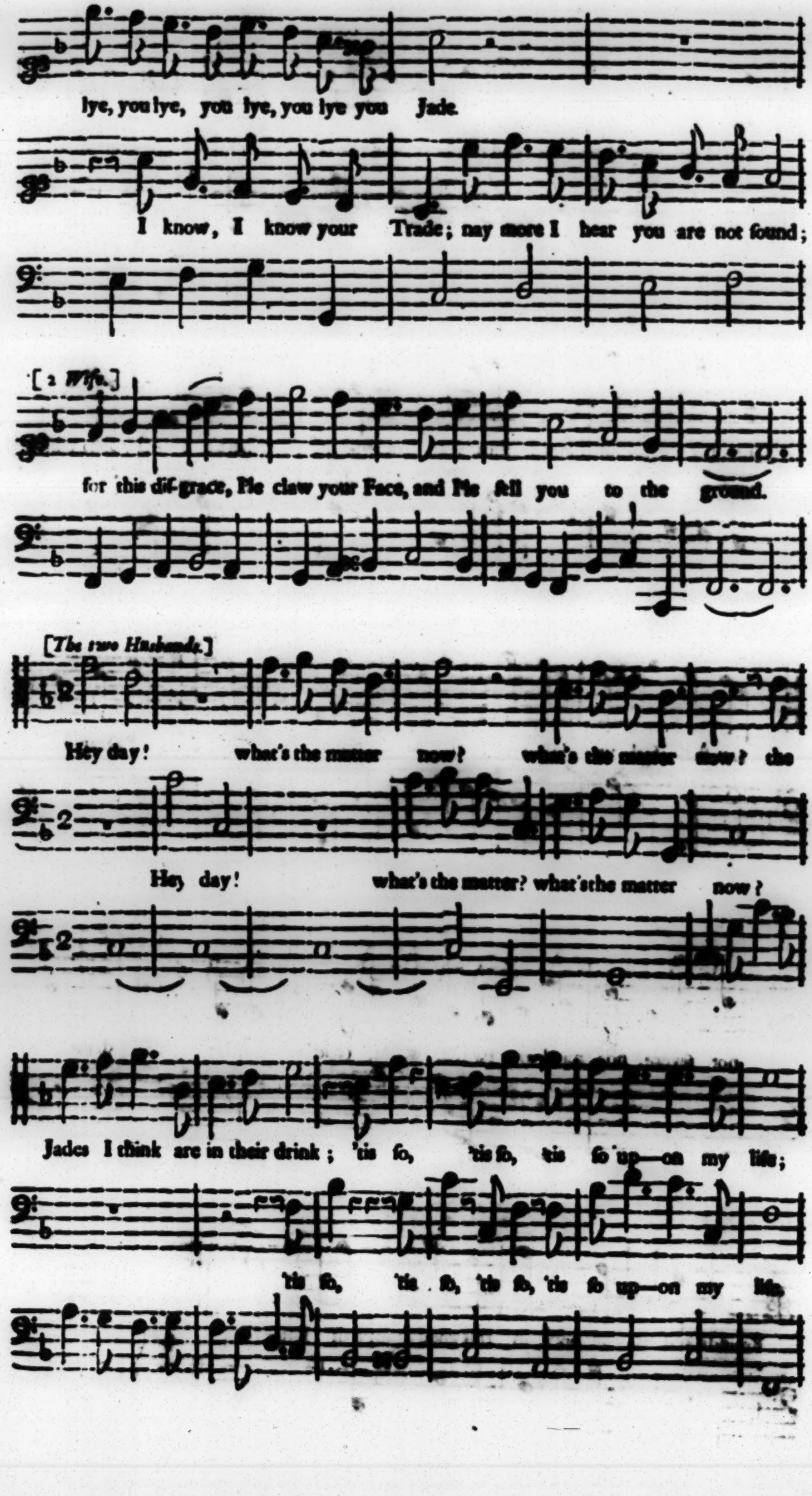
A Dialogue between Two Wives, Sung in the Play call'd, *The Canterbury Gueſts, or the Bargain Broken.* Set by Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

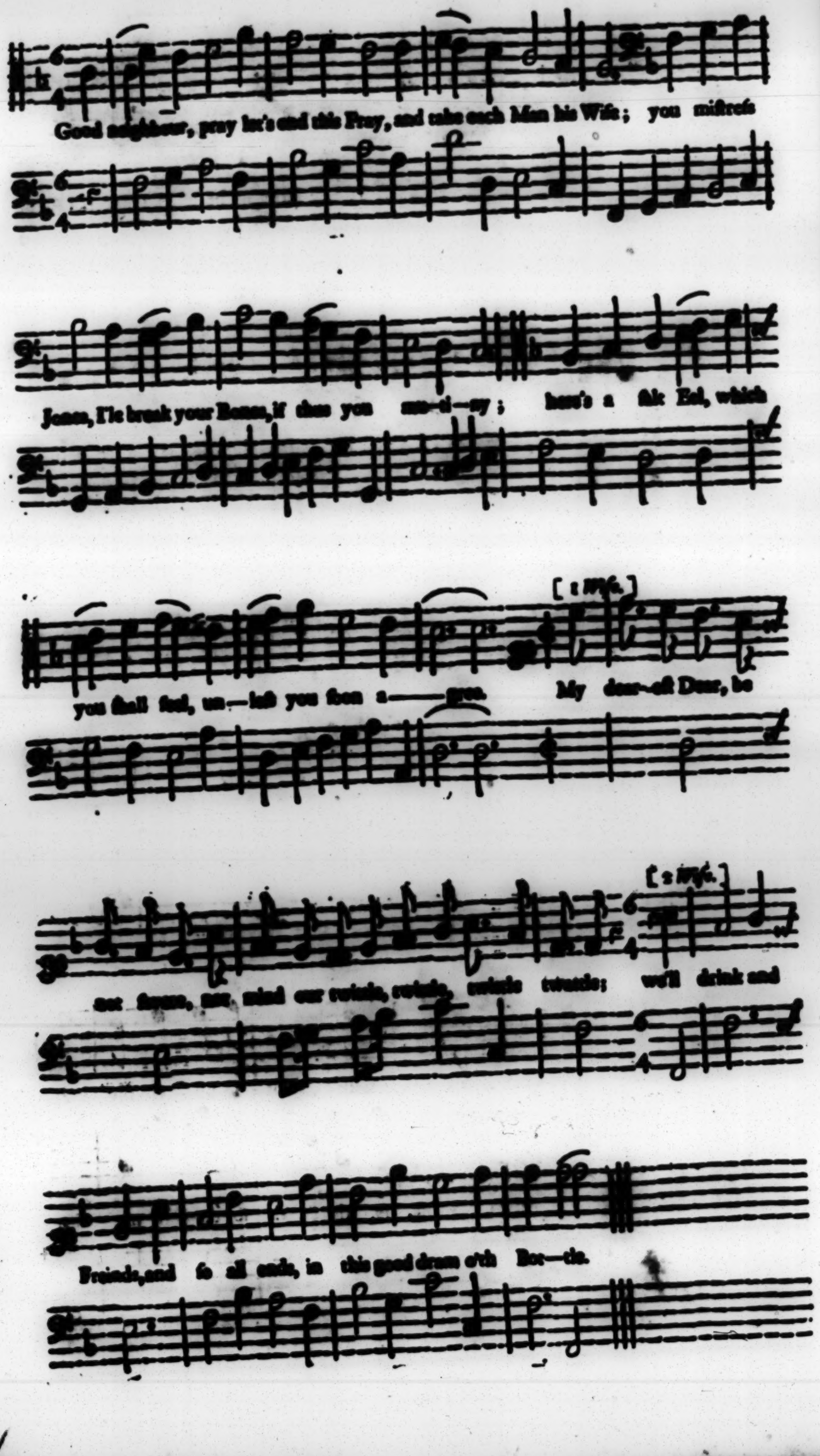

[1 Wife.]
GOOD Neighbour why, why doe you look a-wry? you'r
grown a wond'rous, wond'rous Stranger, you Huff, and you Puff, and you walk a-
-bout as if you'd burſt with Anger. Is it for that your Fortunes great, or
you ſo Weal-thy are? there's none ſo nigh, that lives ſo high, who can
with you com-pare: the o-ther day I heard one ſay, your Husband durſt not,
6
4


durſt not ſhow his Ears, but like a Lous, did walk a-bout, ſo full of ſighs, ſo
full, ſo full of ſighs and fears. Good miſtreſs Taft, I care not a Fart, for you
nor all your Jeſts; my Huſband's known, by e-very one, to be both chaſt and
pure, and ſo he'd be con-ti-nually, but for ſuch Jades as you are; you Waſh,
you Lick, you Trim, you Trick, you Taſt, you Leer, you Grin, you Nod, you Wink


[1 Wife.]
and Flask, and in his Drink, you strive to drown him in't. You lye, you
Punk, your always Drunk, you make a noise, you make a stink, and like a Whore, run
[2 Wife.]
on the Score, and lead him a weary, weary life. Tell me so a-gain,
you sau-cy Quean, tell me so again, you sau-cy Quean, and I'le pull you by the Quoife
[1 Wife.]
6
4
Go, go you'r a dir-ty Bess, your Husband cannot bear it, a saf-

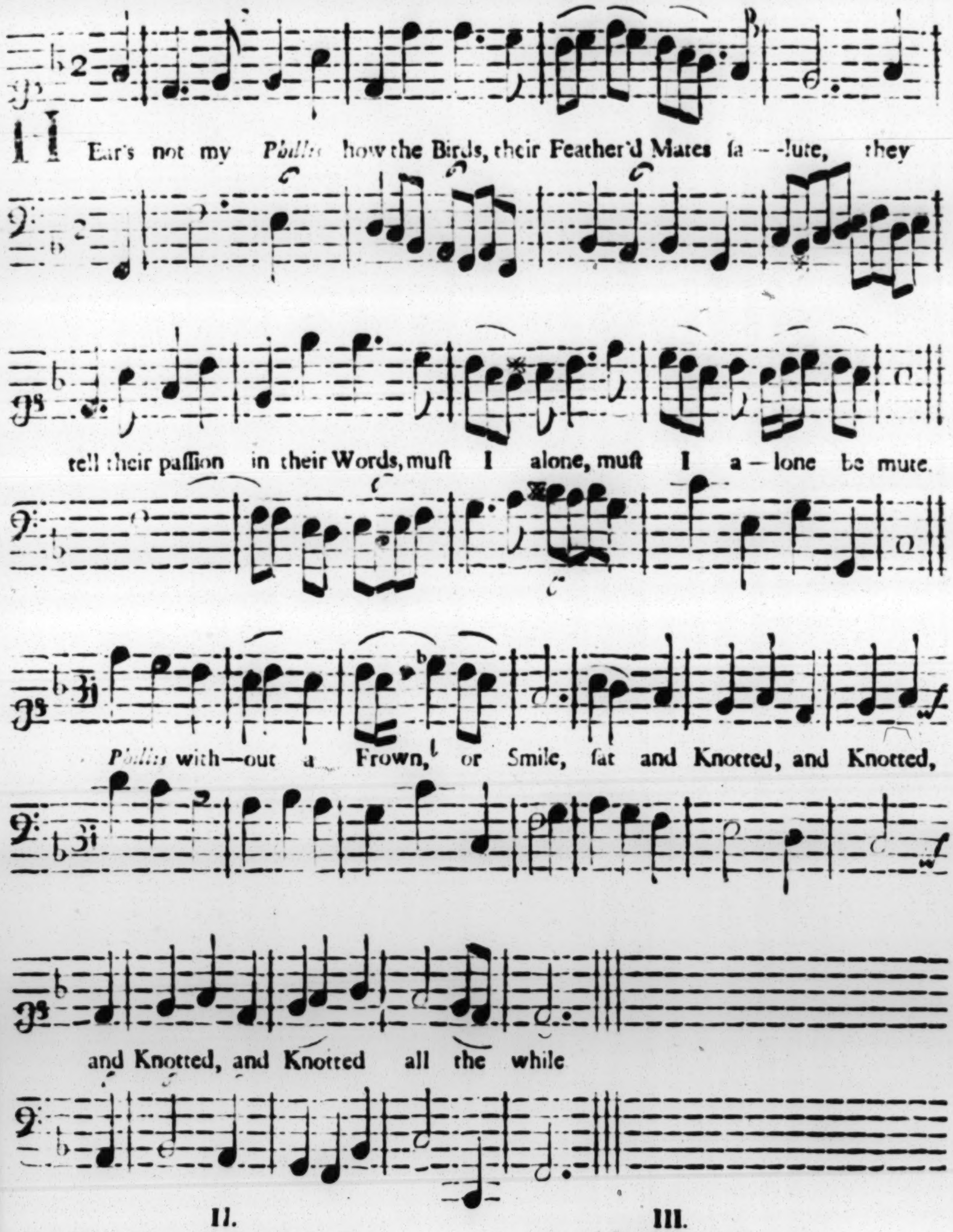

——ty Quean, as e're was ſeen, your Neighbours all, your Neighbours all de—clare it;
a ful-ſome Trott, and good for nought, un—leſs it be to Chatt;
you ſtole a Spoon out of the Room, laſt Chriſtning you were at.
[2 Wife.]
You lye you Jade, you lye you Jade, you lye you Jade, you
[1 Wife.]
I know your Trade, I know your Trade, I know your Trade;


lye, you lye, you lye, you lye you Jade.
I know, I know your Trade; nay more I hear you are not found;
[2 Wife.]
for this dif-grace, I'le claw your Face, and I'le fell you to the ground.
[The two Husbands.]
Hey day! what's the matter now? what's the matter now? the
Hey day! what's the matter? what's the matter now?
Jades I think are in their drink; 'tis so, 'tis so, 'tis so up—on my life;
'tis so, 'tis so, 'tis so, 'tis so up—on my life.


Good neighbour, pray let's end this Fray, and take each Man his Wife; you miſtreſs
Jones, I'le break your Bones, if thus you mu-ti—ny; here's a ſalt Eel, which
you ſhall feel, un—leſs you ſoon a——gree.
[1 Wife.]
My dear-eſt Dear, be
not ſevere, not mind our twittle, twittle, twittle twattle;
[2 Wife.]
we'll drink and
Freinds, and ſo all ends, in this good dram o'th Bot—tle.

The Knotting Song, the Words by Sir *Charles Sidley.*

Set to Muſick by Mr. *Henry Purcell.*


H Ear's not my *Phillis* how the Birds, their Feather'd Mates ſa--lute, they
tell their paſſion in their Words, muſt I alone, muſt I a—lone be mute.
Phillis with—out a Frown, or Smile, ſat and Knotted, and Knotted,
and Knotted, and Knotted all the while

II.

The God of Love in thy bright Eyes,
  Does like a Tyrant reign;
But in thy Heart a Child he lyes,
  Without his Dart or Flame.
Phillis &c.

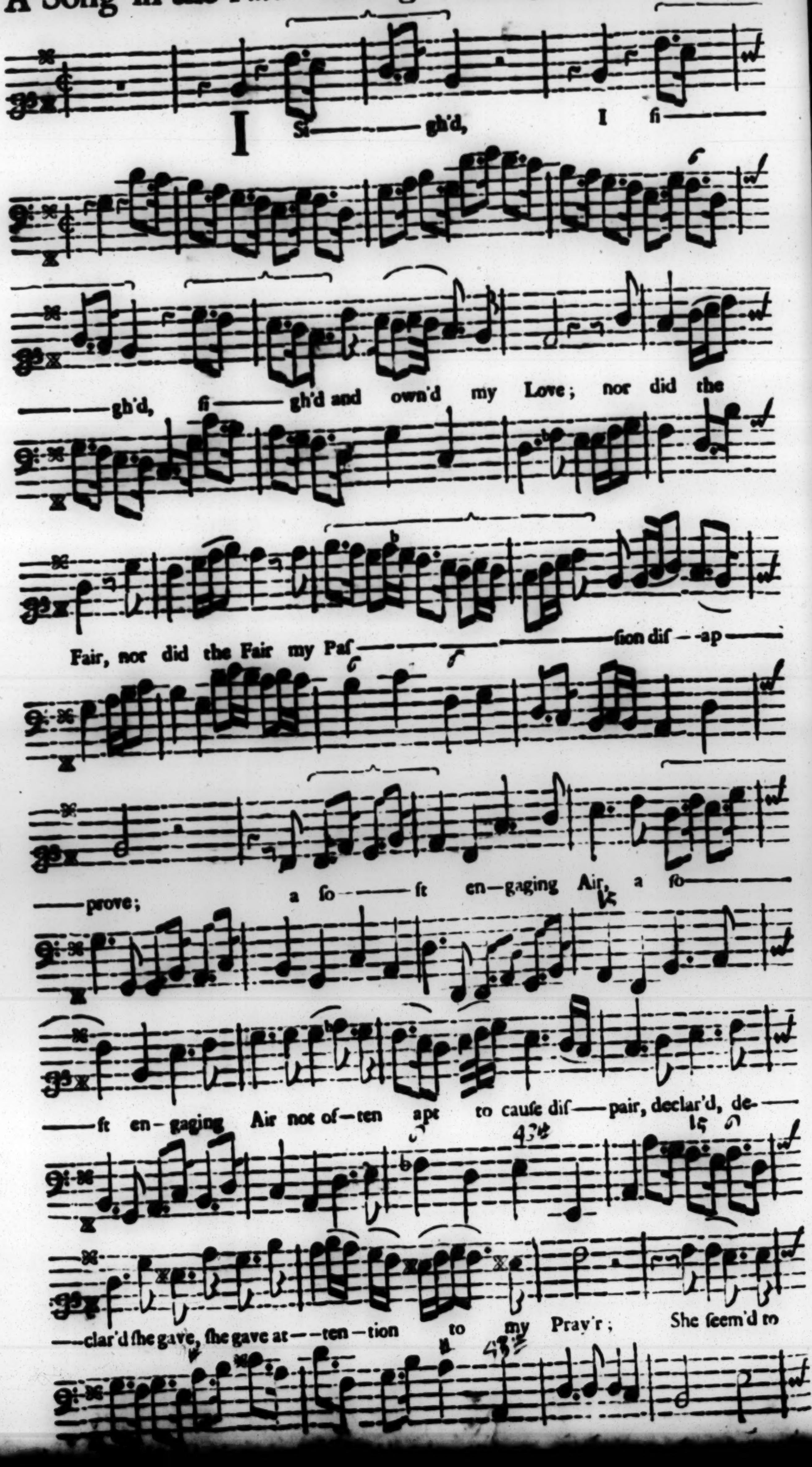
III.

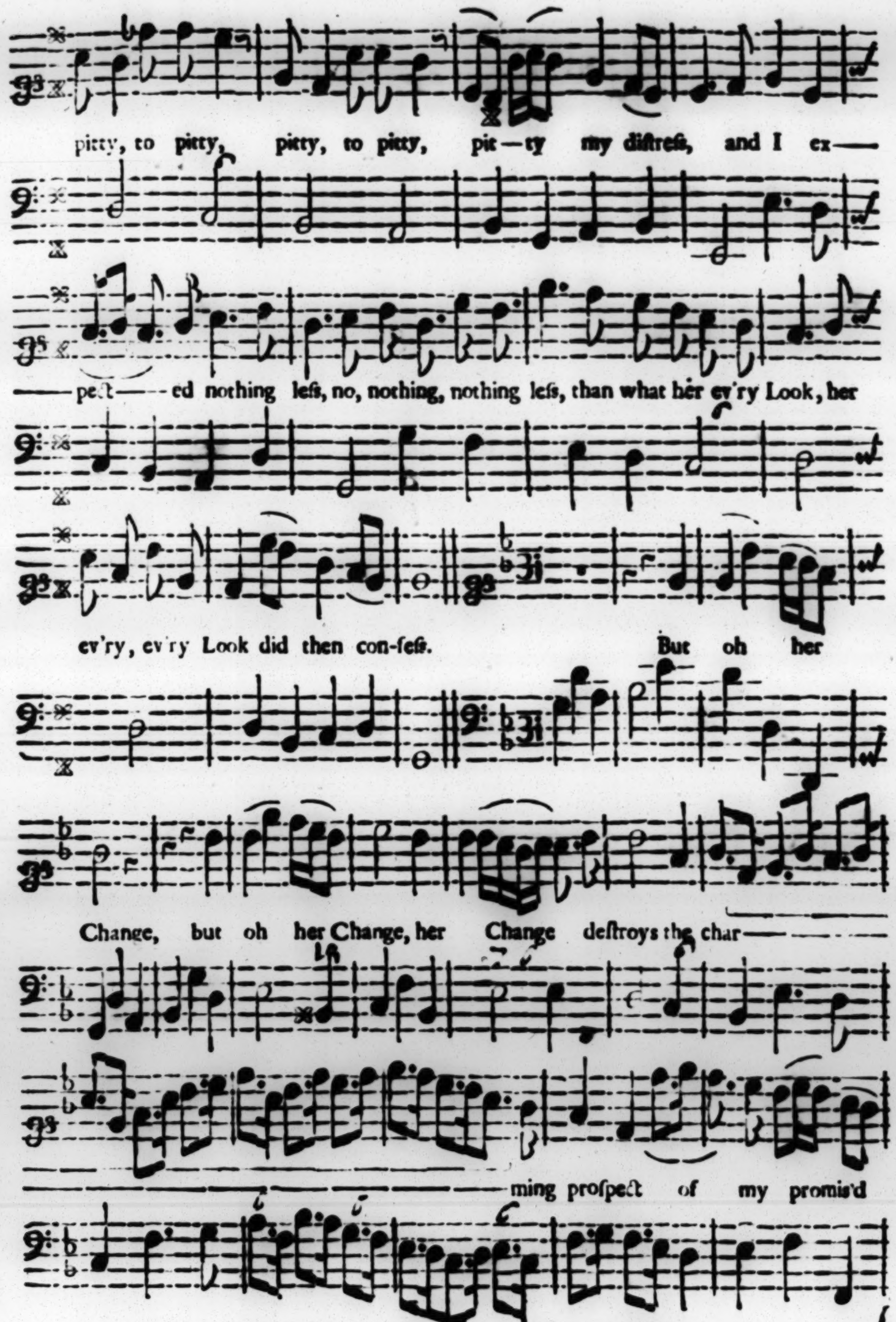
So many Months in ſilence paſt,
  And yet in rageing Love;
Might well deſerve one word at laſt,
  My paſſion ſhou'd approve.
Phillis &c.

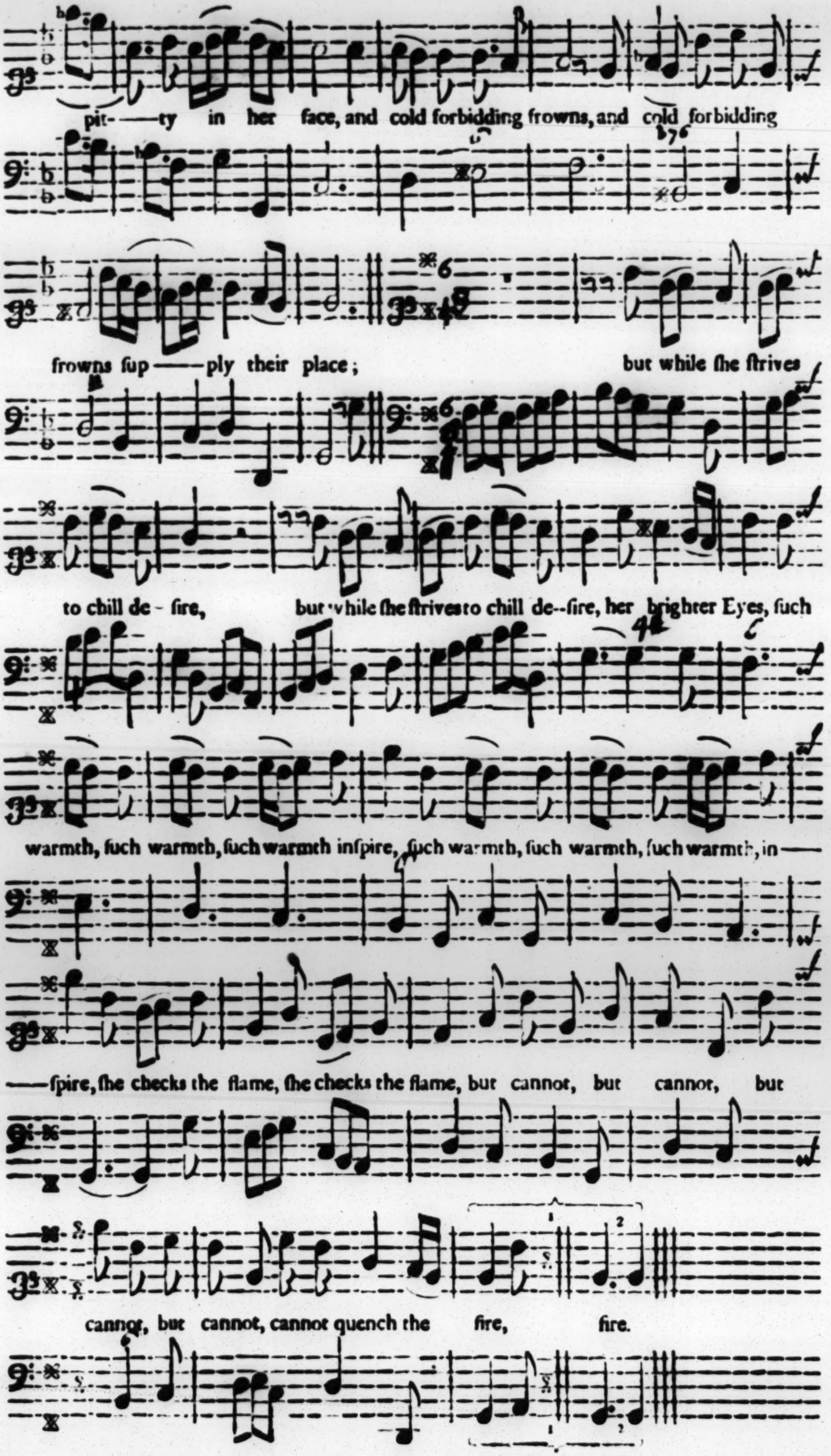
IV.

Muſt then your faithfull Swain expire,
  And not one look obtain;
Which he to ſooth his fond deſire.
  Might pleaſingly explain.
Phillis &c.

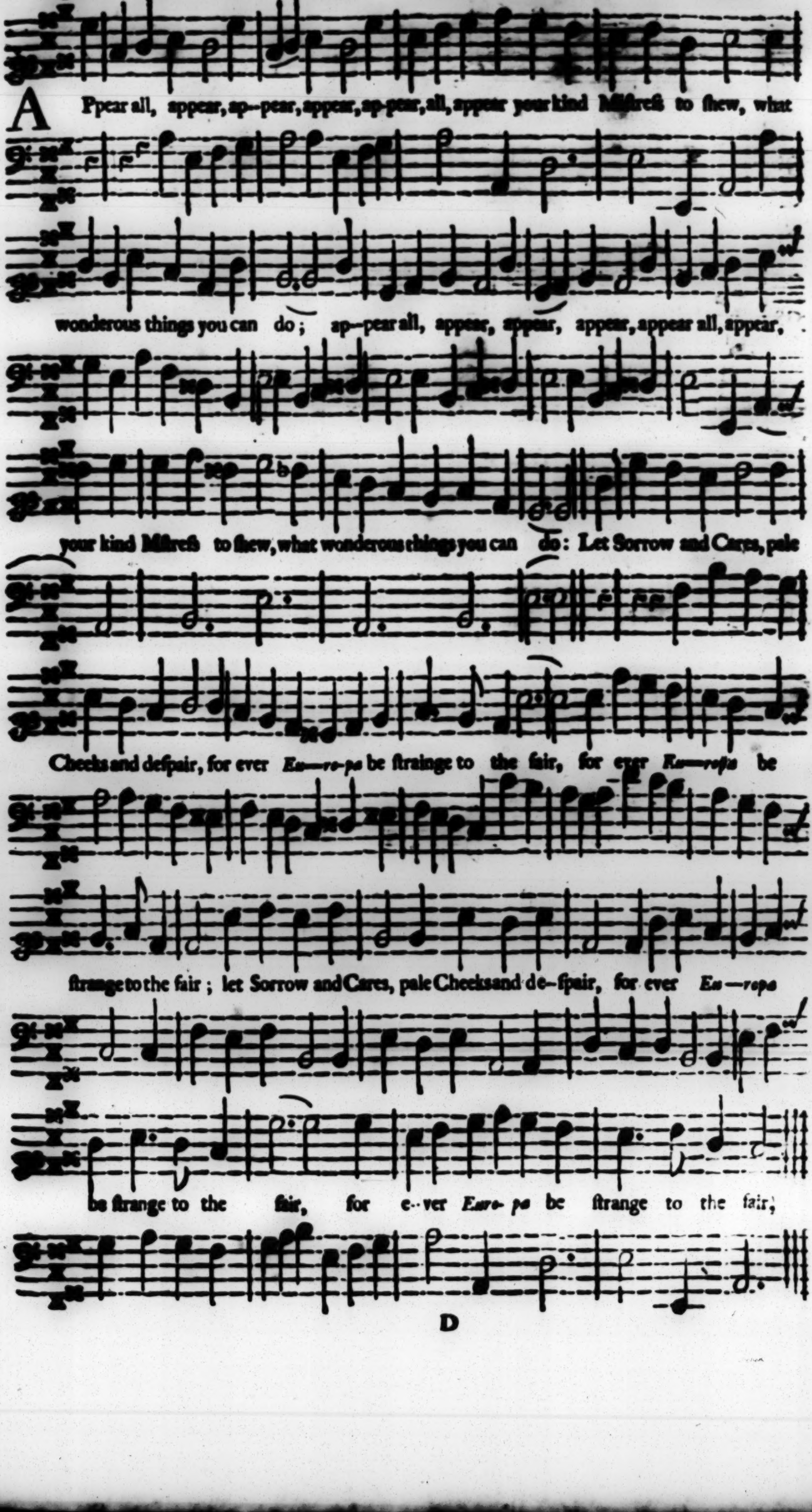
A Song in the *Fatal Marrage.* Set by Mr. *H. Purcell.*


I Si——gh'd, I ſi——
——gh'd, ſi——gh'd and own'd my Love; nor did the
Fair, nor did the Fair my Paſ——————ſion diſ--ap——
——prove; a ſo——ſt en—gaging Air, a ſo——
——ſt en—gaging Air not of—ten apt to cauſe diſ—pair, declar'd, de——
——clar'd ſhe gave, ſhe gave at—ten—tion to my Pray'r; She ſeem'd to

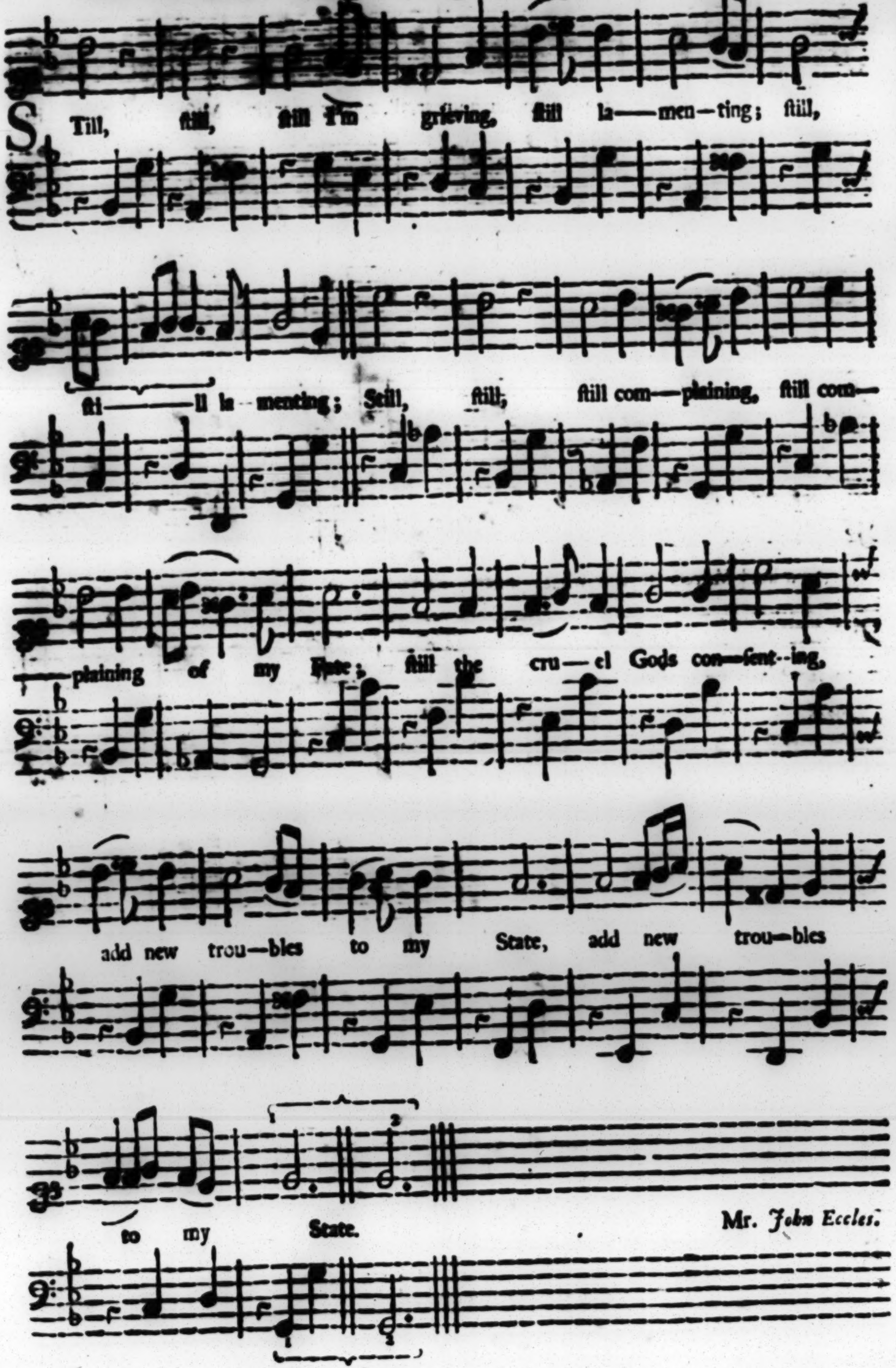

pitty, to pitty, pitty, to pitty, pit—ty my diſtreſs, and I ex——
——pect——ed nothing leſs, no, nothing, nothing leſs, than what her ev'ry Look, her
ev'ry, ev'ry Look did then con-feſs.
But oh her
Change, but oh her Change, her Change deſtroys the char——
——ming proſpect of my promis'd
Joys ſhe's rob'd, ſhe's rob'd of ev'ry Grace, that ar——gu'd pit—ty,


pit——ty in her face, and cold forbidding frowns, and cold forbidding
frowns ſup——ply their place;
but while ſhe ſtrives
to chill de-ſire,
but while ſhe ſtrives to chill de--ſire, her brighter Eyes, ſuch
warmth, ſuch warmth, ſuch warmth inſpire, ſuch warmth, ſuch warmth, ſuch warmth, in——
——ſpire, ſhe checks the flame, ſhe checks the flame, but cannot, but cannot, but
cannot, but cannot, cannot quench the fire, fire.

Songs in the New *Maſque* call'd, the Rape of *Europa* by *Jupiter*; Set by Mr. *J. Eccles*. The firſt Song S. by Mrs. *Hudſon*.

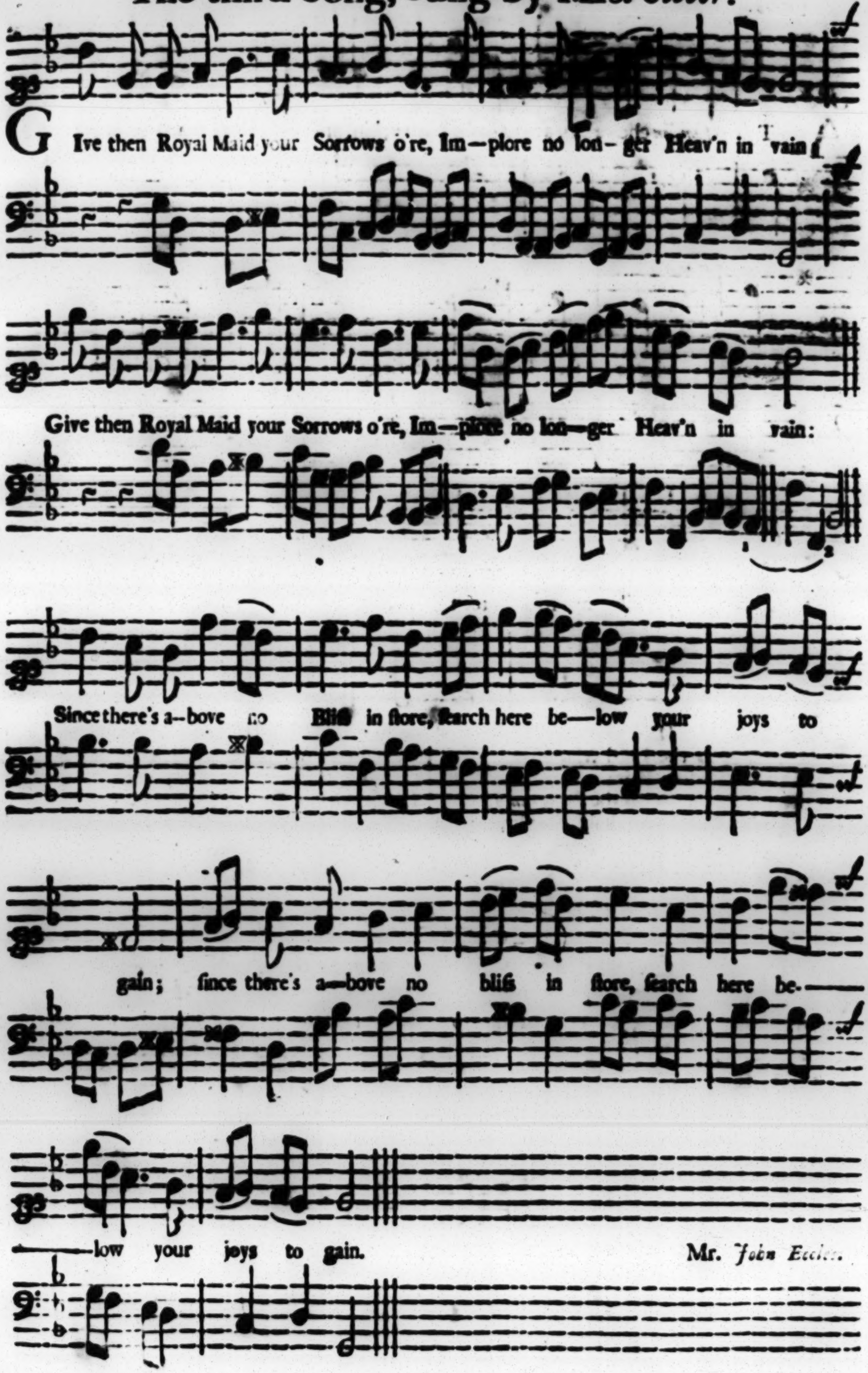

A Ppear all, appear, ap--pear, appear, ap-pear, all, appear your kind Miſtreſs to ſhew, what
wonderous things you can do; ap--pear all, appear, appear, appear, appear all, appear,
your kind Miſtreſs to ſhew, what wonderous things you can do: Let Sorrow and Cares, pale
Cheeks and deſpair, for ever *Eu--ro-pa* be ſtrainge to the fair, for ever *Eu--ropa* be
ſtrange to the fair; let Sorrow and Cares, pale Cheeks and de--ſpair, for ever *Eu--ropa*
be ſtrange to the fair, for e--ver *Euro-pa* be ſtrange to the fair;

The ſecond Song, Sung by Mrs. *Bracegirdle*.


STill, ſtill, ſtill I'm grieving, ſtill la—men—ting; ſtill,
ſti——ll la-menting; Still, ſtill, ſtill com—plaining, ſtill com—
—plaining of my Fate; ſtill the cru—el Gods con-ſent-ing,
add new trou—bles to my State, add new trou—bles
to my State.
1
2

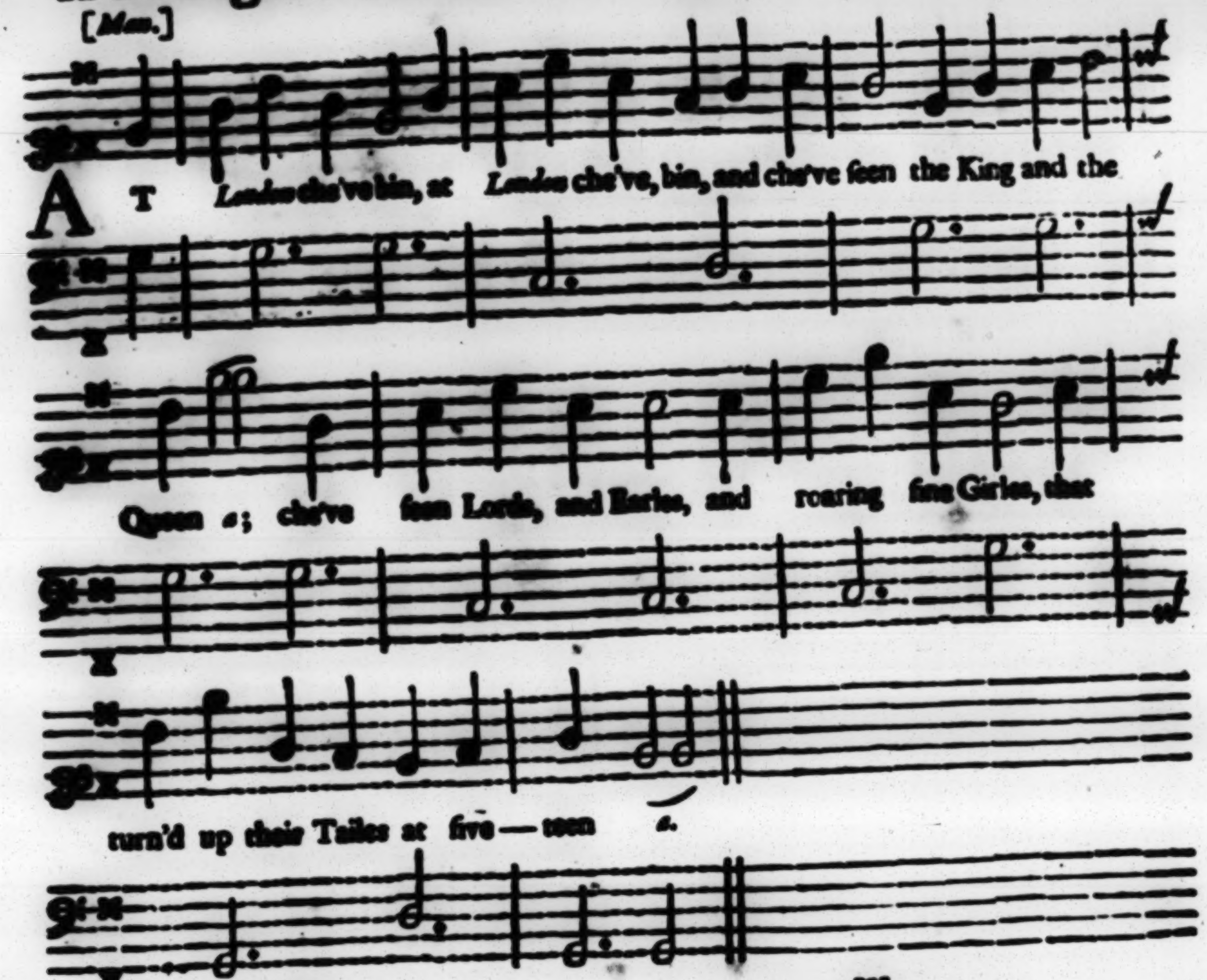
Mr. *John Eccles*.

The third Song, Sung by Mrs. *Cibber*.


GIve then Royal Maid your Sorrows o're, Im--plore no lon-ger Heav'n in vain
Give then Royal Maid your Sorrows o're, Im--plore no lon--ger Heav'n in vain:
Since there's a--bove no Bliss in store, search here be--low your joys to
gain; since there's a--bove no bliss in store, search here be-
--low your joys to gain.

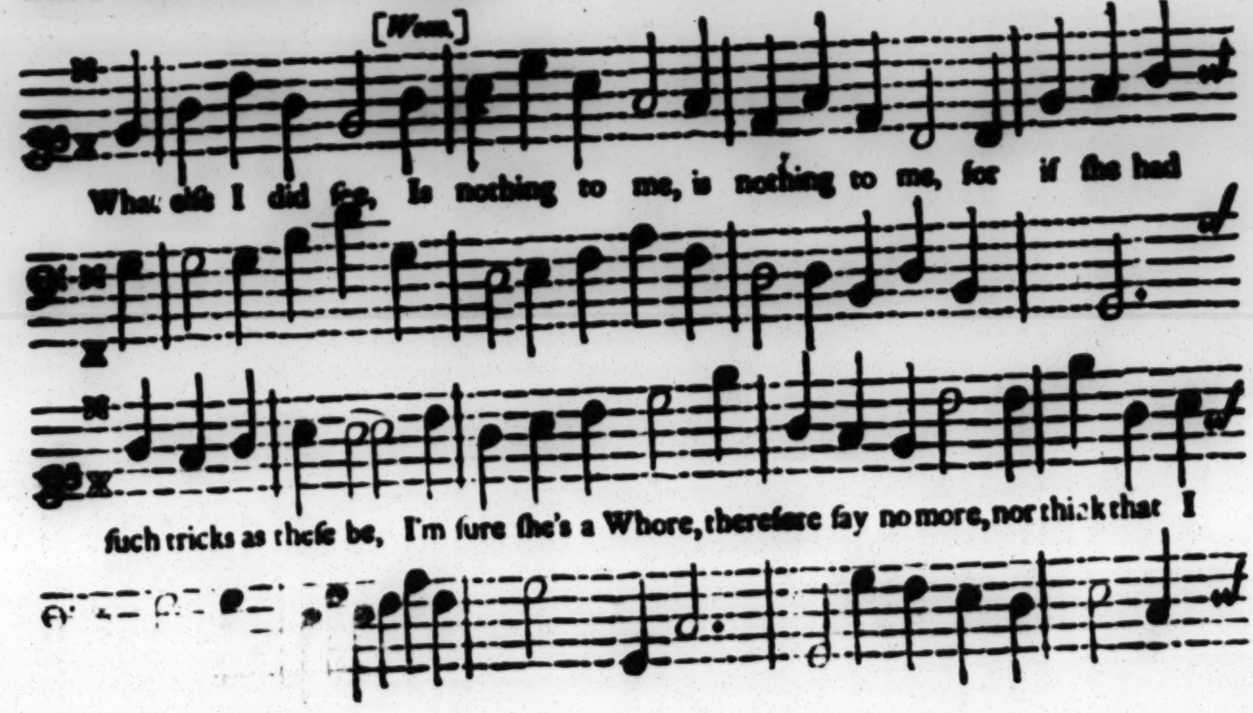
Mr. *John Eccles.*

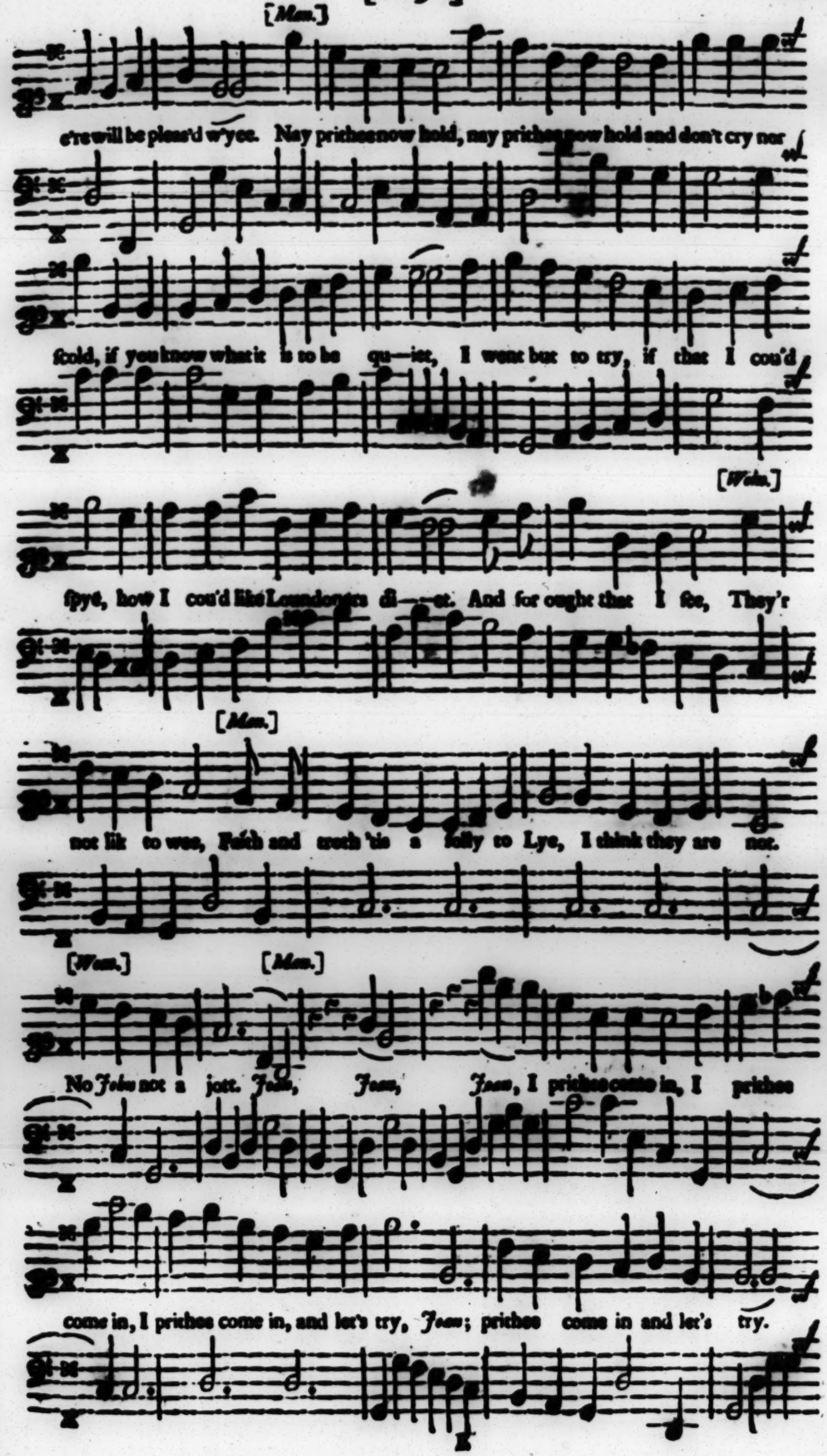
A Dialogue, between Mr. *Dogget* and Mrs. *Hudſon.*

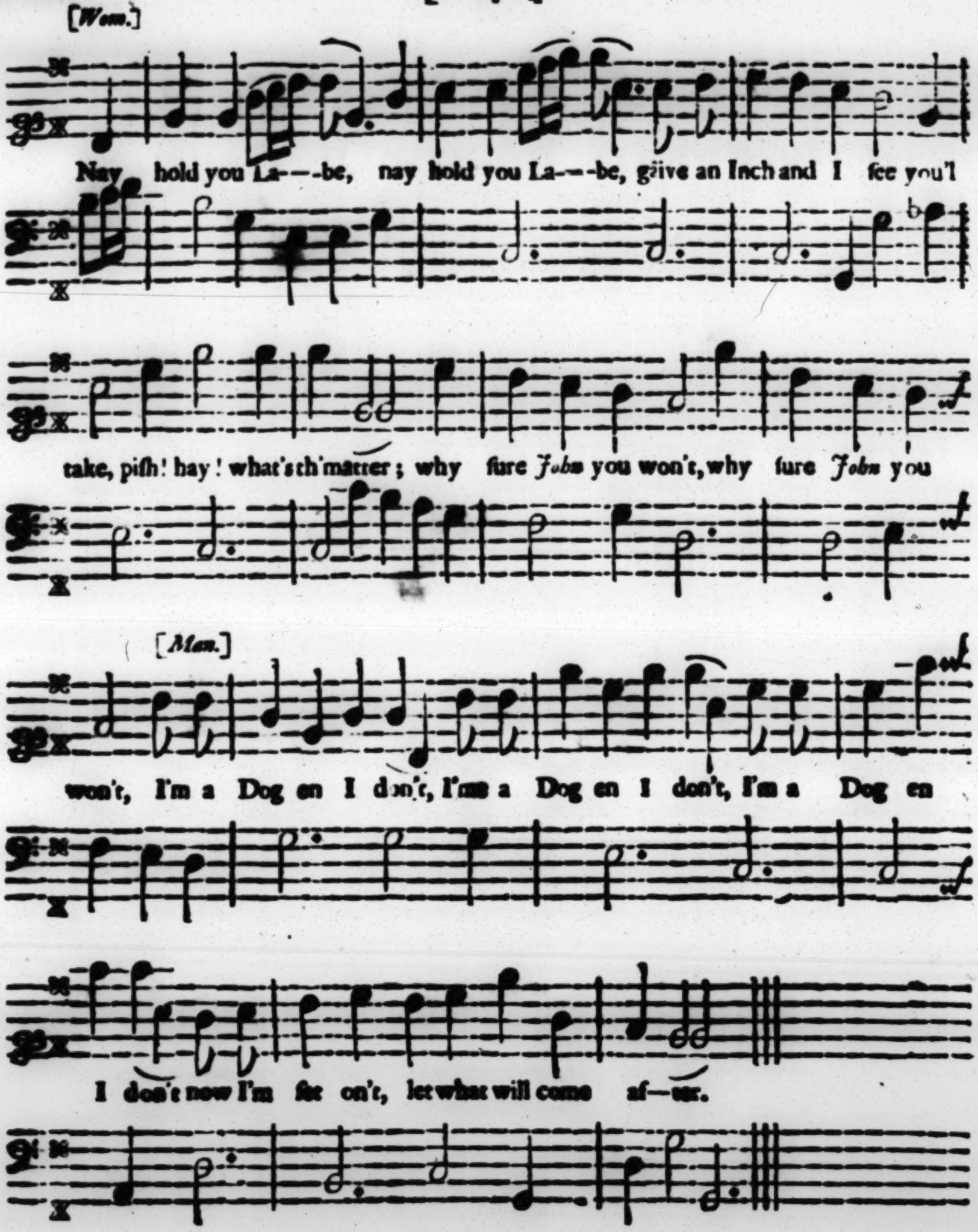

[Man.]
AT *London* che've bin, at *London* che've, bin, and che've ſeen the King and the
Queen a; che've ſeen Lords, and Earles, and roaring fine Girles, that
turn'd up their Tailes at five — teen a.

II.
Che've ſeen the Lord Mayor,
And Bartoldom-Fair;
And there che met with the *Draggon* a,
That St. *George* that bold Knight,
Fought and killed out-right.
Whilſt a Man cou'd toſs of a Flaggon.

III.
From thence as I went,
To ſeeth' Monument;
I met with a Girl in Cheapſide a,
That for half a Crown,
Pluck'd up her Silk Gown,
And ſhew'd me how far ſhe cou'd Stride a.

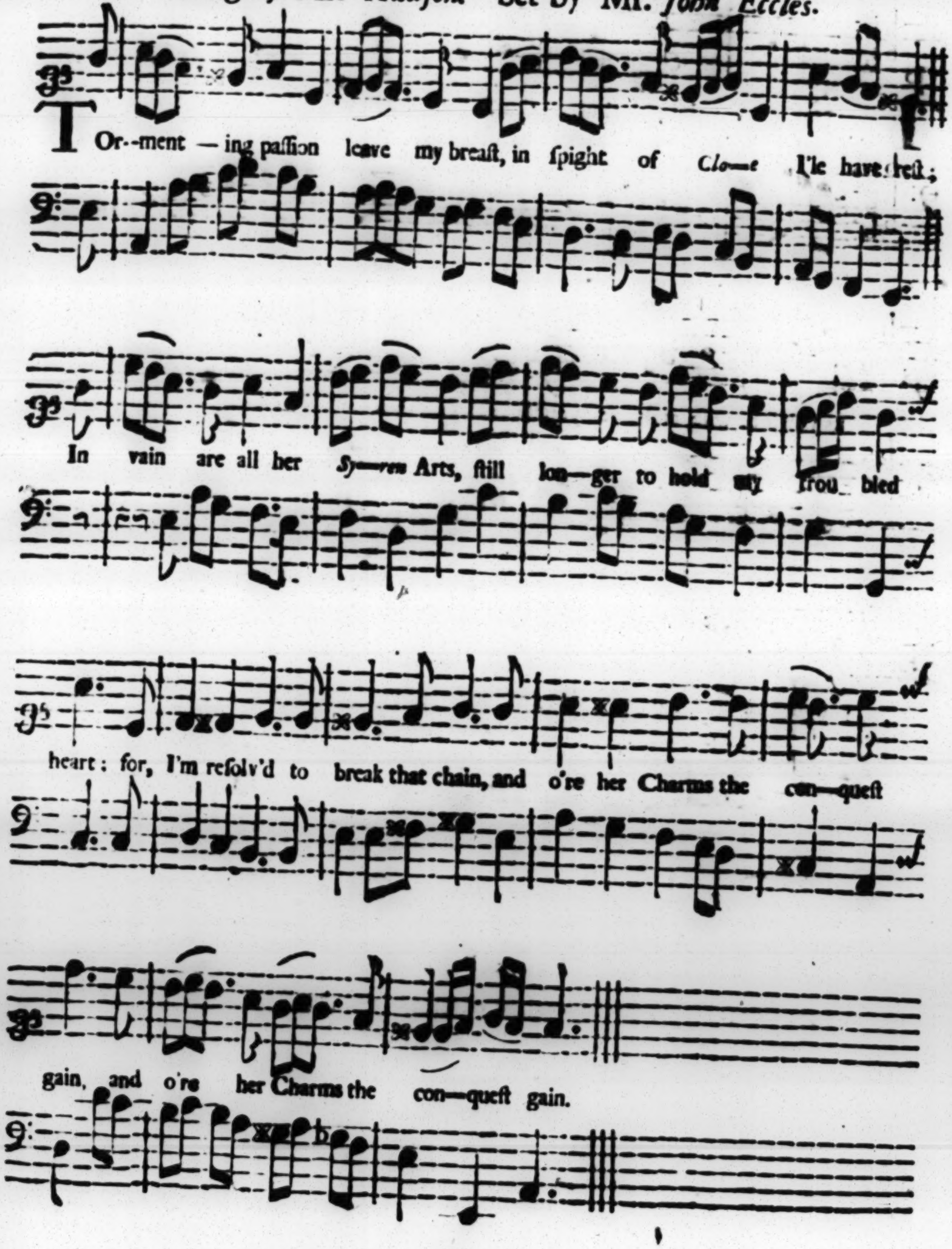

[Wom.]
What elſe I did ſee, Is nothing to me, is nothing to me, for if ſhe had
ſuch tricks as theſe be, I'm ſure ſhe's a Whore, therefore ſay no more, nor think that I


[Man.]
e're will be pleas'd w'yee. Nay prithee now hold, nay prithee now hold and don't cry nor
scold, if you know what it is to be qu—iet, I went but to try, if that I cou'd
[Wom.]
spye, how I cou'd like Loundoners di—et. And for ought that I see, They'r
[Man.]
not lik to wee, Faith and troth 'tis a folly to Lye, I think they are not.
[Wom.]
[Man.]
No John not a jott. Joan, Joan, Joan, I prithee come in, I prithee
come in, I prithee come in, and let's try, Joan; prithee come in and let's try.


[Wom.]
Nay hold you La---be, nay hold you La---be, gäive an Inch and I ſee you'l
take, piſh! hay! what's th'matter; why ſure John you won't, why ſure John you
[Man.]
won't, I'm a Dog en I don't, I'm a Dog en I don't, I'm a Dog en
I don't now I'm ſet on't, let what will come af—ter.

A Song in the 4*th*. Act of the *Lancaſhire-Witches*,

Sung by Mrs. *Hudſon*. Set by Mr. *John Eccles*.

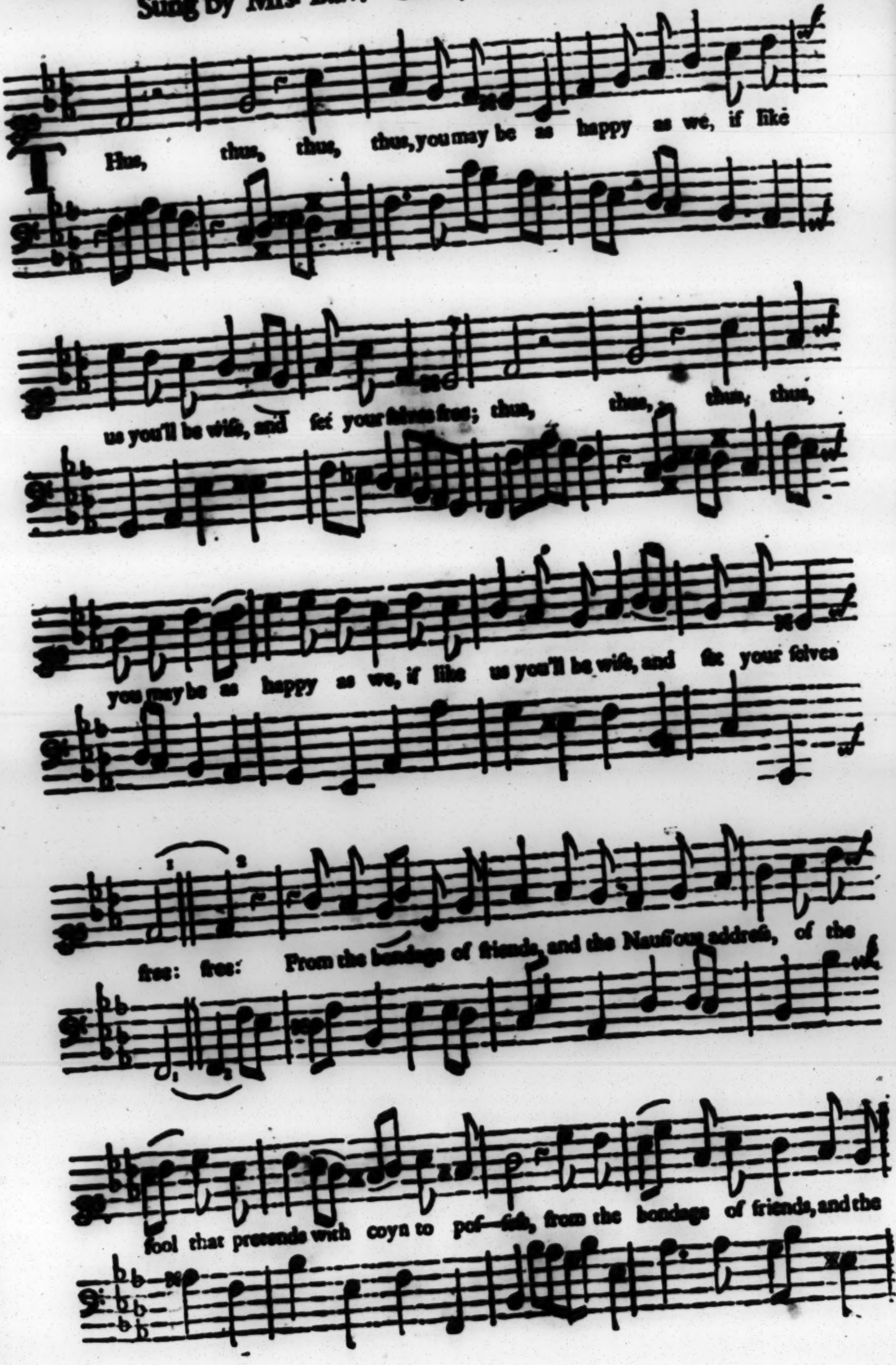

TOr-ment-ing paſſion leave my breaſt, in ſpight of *Cloe* I'le have reſt;
In vain are all her *Syren* Arts, ſtill lon-ger to hold my trou-bled
heart: for, I'm reſolv'd to break that chain, and o're her Charms the con-queſt
gain, and o're her Charms the con-queſt gain.

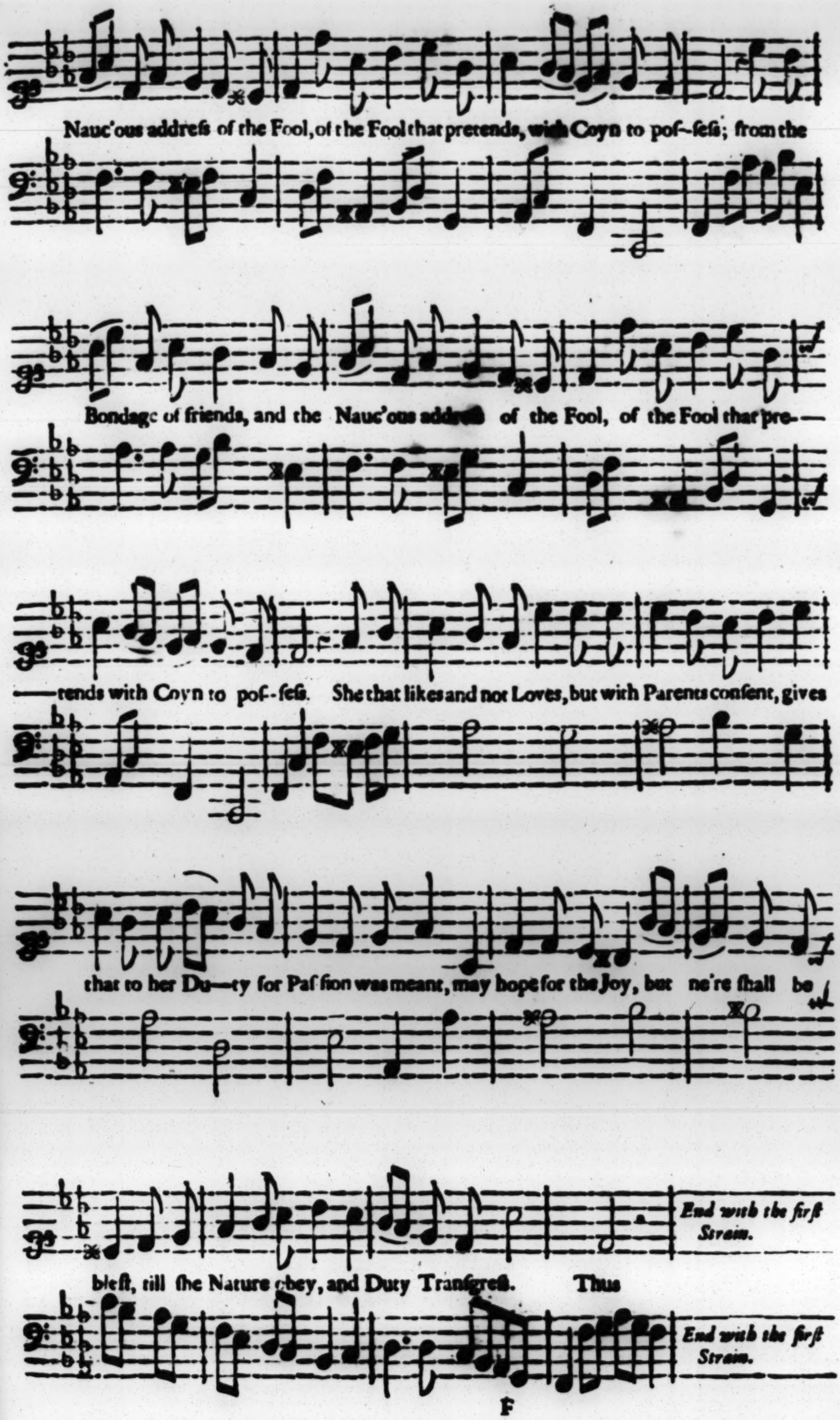
II.

Inſulting Beauty I have born,
Too long your female pride and ſcorn;
Too long have been your publick jeſt,
Your common Theme at ev'ry *Feaſt*
Let others the vain fair purſue,
Whilſt I for ever bid adieu.

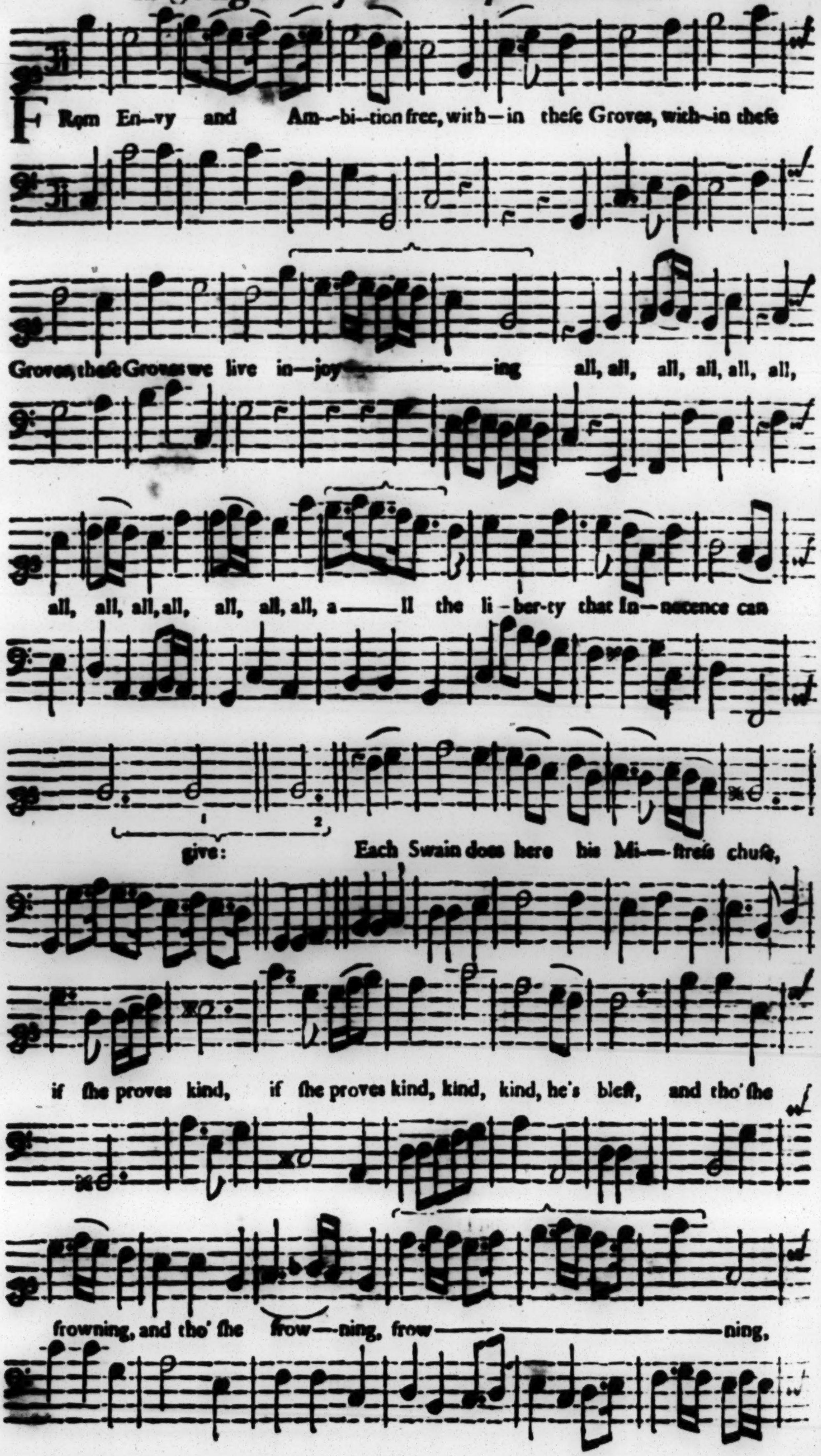
A Song in the 5th. Act of the *Lancaſhire-Witches*,

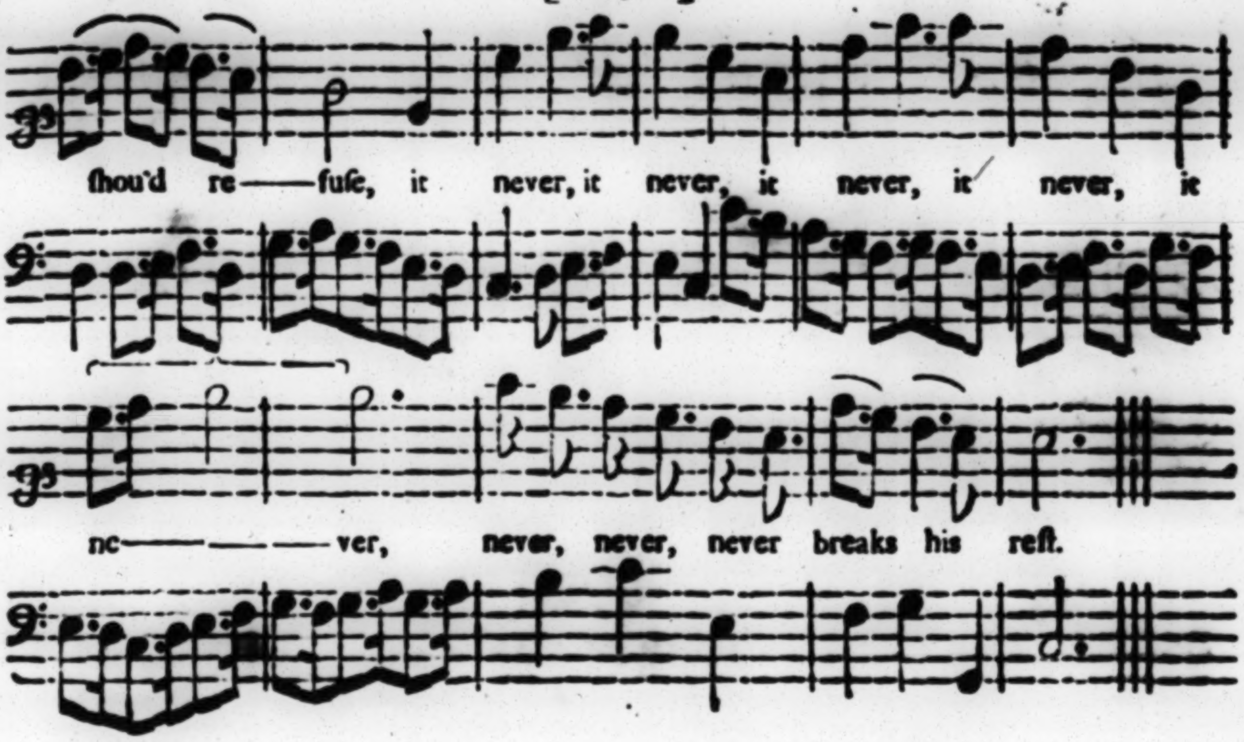
Sung by Mrs. *Burr*. Set by Mr. *John Eccles*.


Thus, thus, thus, thus, you may be as happy as we, if like
us you'll be wiſe, and ſet your ſelves free; thus, thus, thus, thus,
you may be as happy as we, if like us you'll be wiſe, and ſet your ſelves
free: free: From the bondage of friends, and the Nauſeous addreſs, of the
fool that pretends with coyn to poſ-ſeſs, from the bondage of friends, and the


Nauc'ous addreſs of the Fool, of the Fool that pretends, with Coyn to poſ-ſeſs; from the
Bondage of friends, and the Nauc'ous addreſs of the Fool, of the Fool that pre—
—tends with Coyn to poſ-ſeſs. She that likes and not Loves, but with Parents conſent, gives
that to her Du—ty for Paſ ſion was meant, may hope for the Joy, but ne're ſhall be
bleſt, till ſhe Nature obey, and Duty Tranſgreſs. Thus
End with the firſt Strain.
End with the firſt Strain.

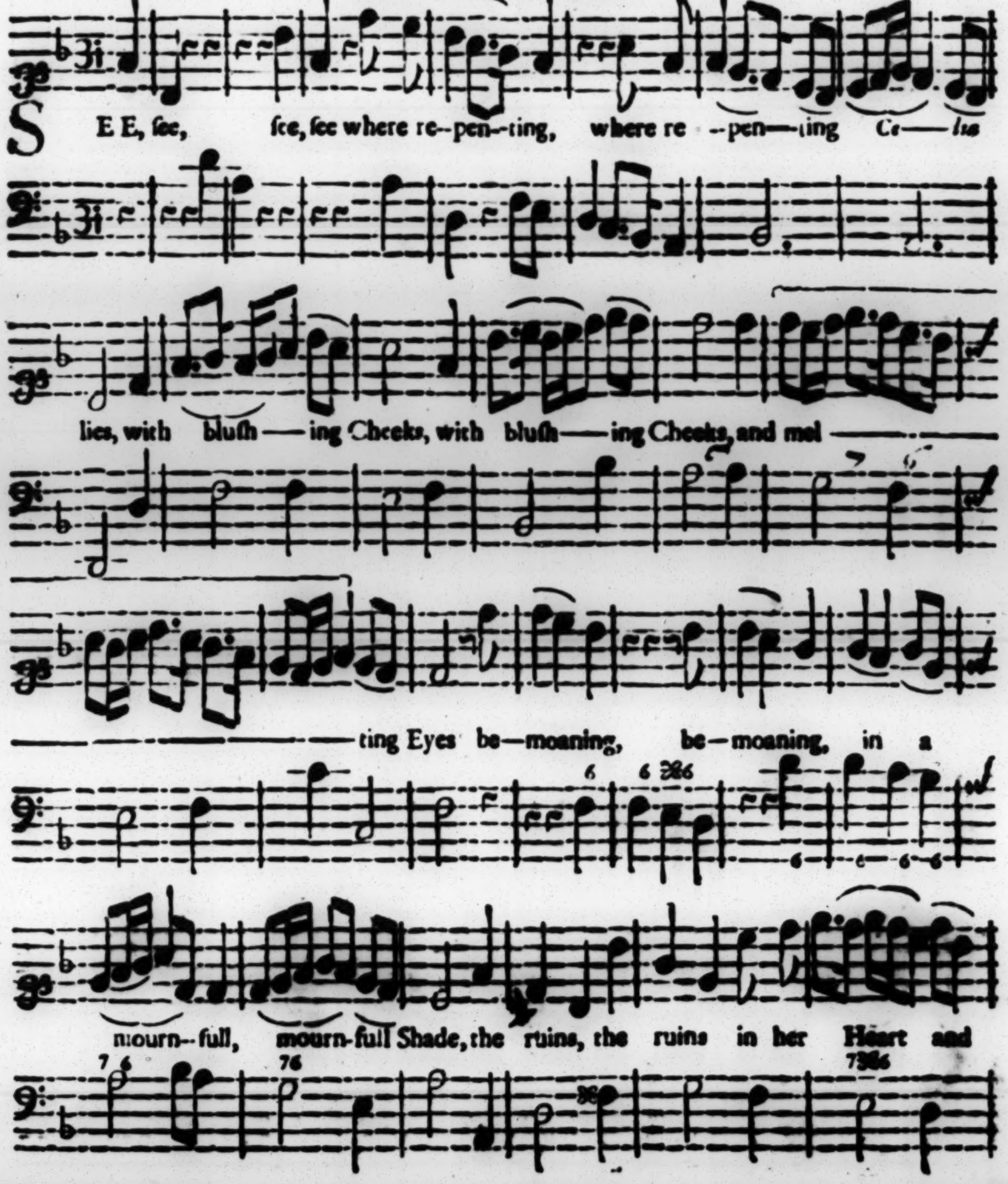
A Song ſet by Mr. *Ralph Courtivill.*

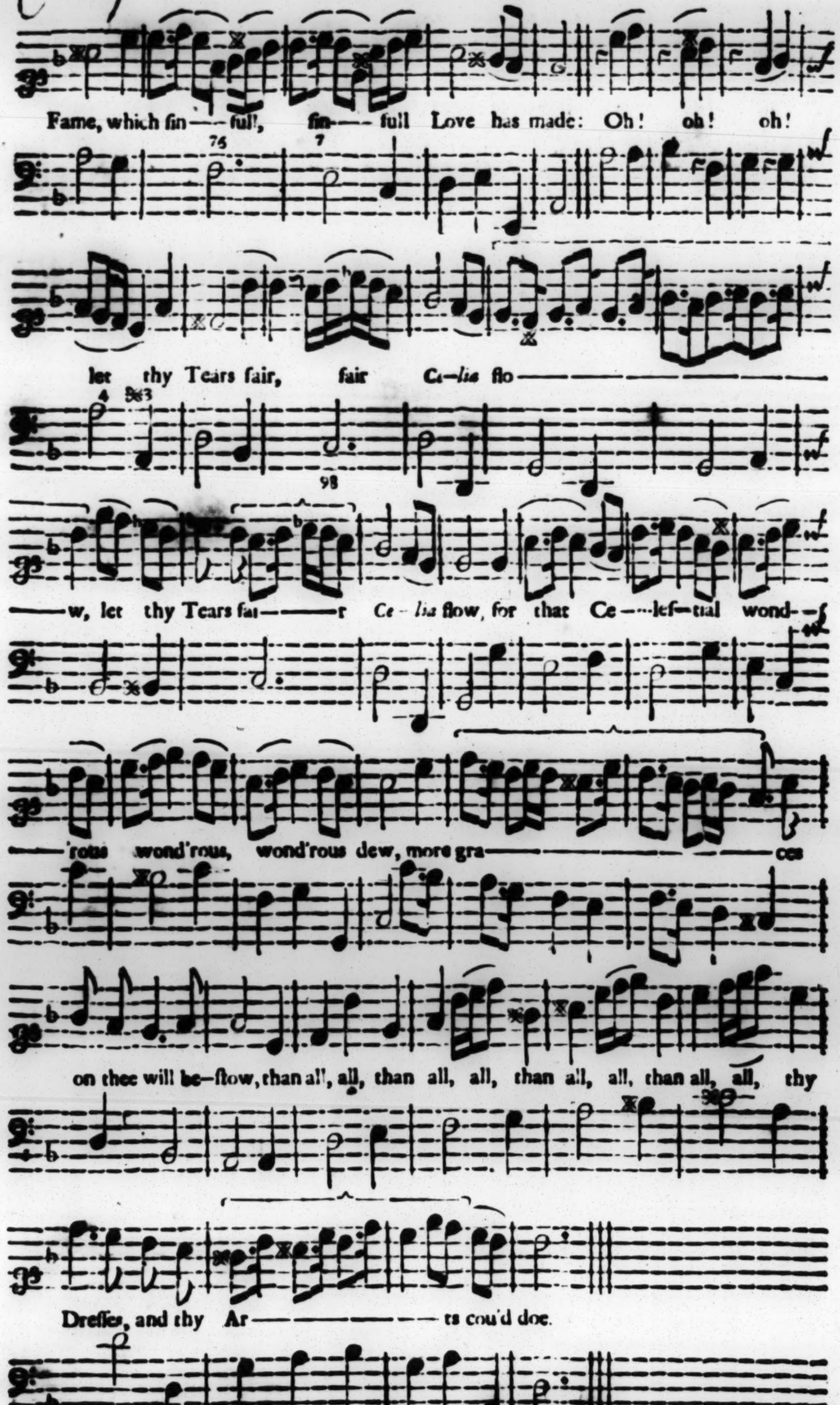

FRom En--vy and Am--bi--tion free, with--in theſe Groves, with--in theſe
Groves, theſe Groves we live in--joy———ing all, all, all, all, all, all,
all, all, all, all, all, all, all, a——ll the li--ber-ty that In--nocence can
give:
1
2
Each Swain does here his Mi——ſtreſs chuſe,
if ſhe proves kind, if ſhe proves kind, kind, kind, he's bleſt, and tho' ſhe
frowning, and tho' ſhe frow—ning, frow————ning,


ſhou'd re——fuſe, it never, it never, it never, it never, it
ne————ver, never, never, never breaks his reſt.

A Song in the *Married Beau*, ſet by Mr. H. *Purcell.*

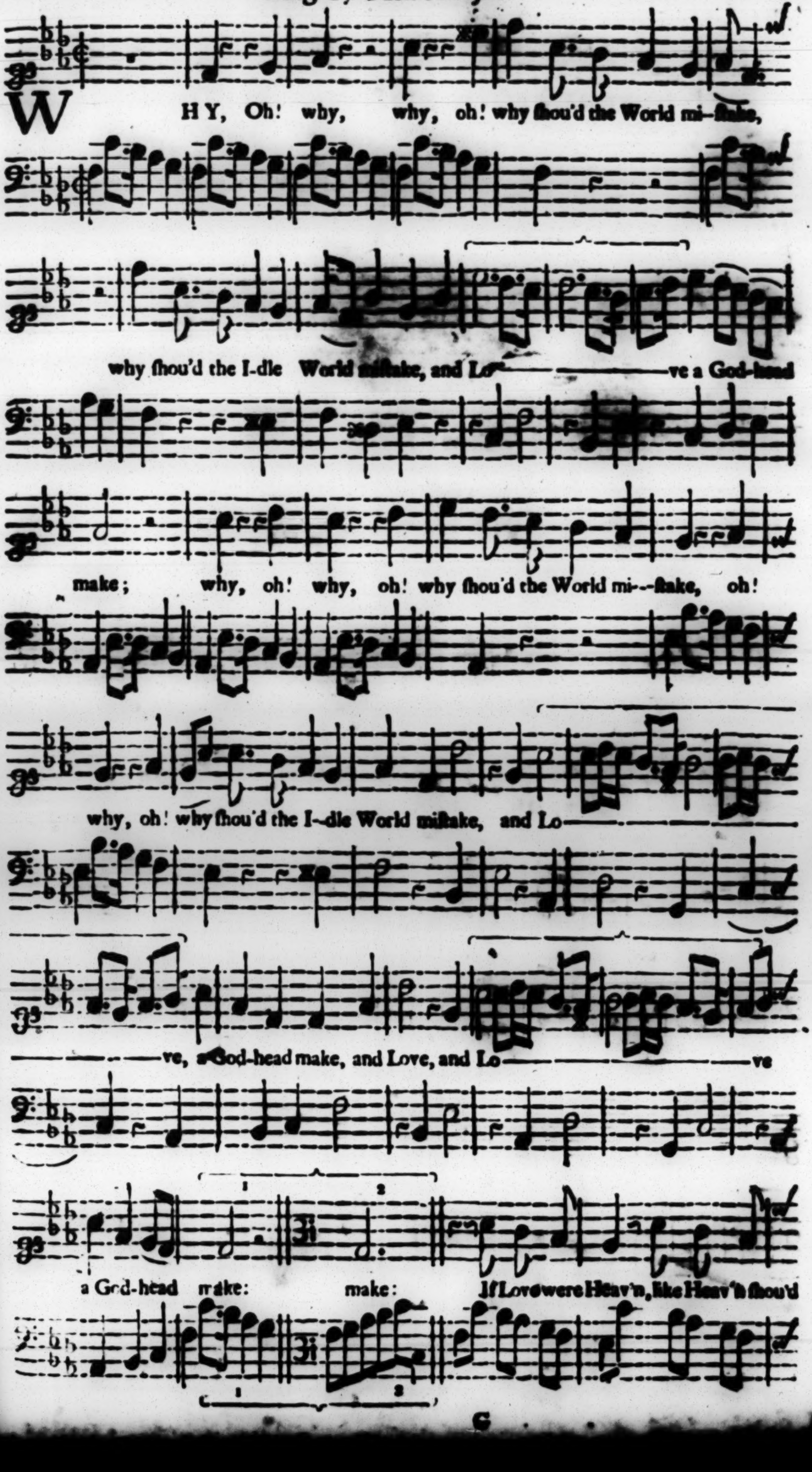
Sung by Mrs. *Ayliff.*

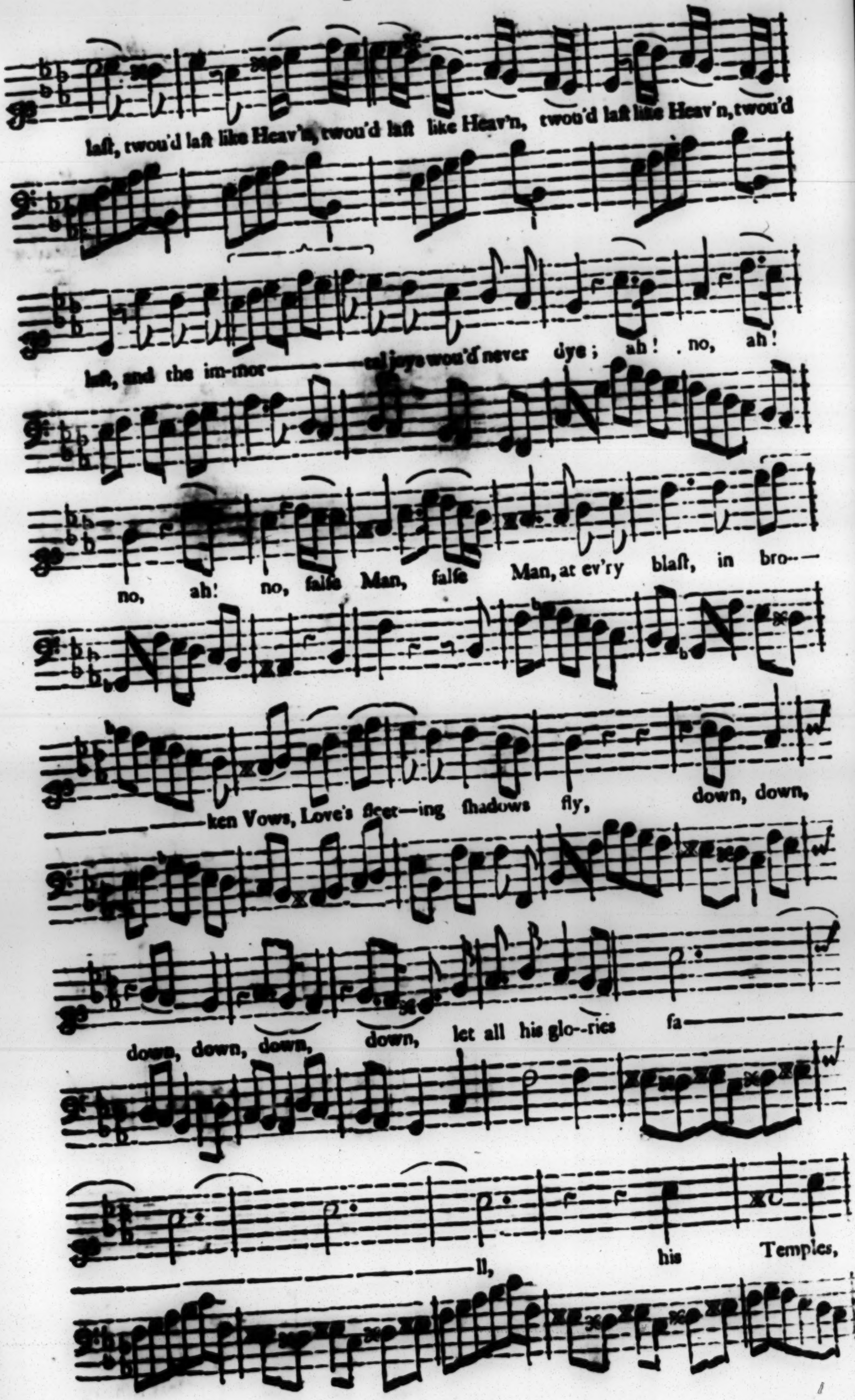

SEE, ſee, ſee, ſee where re--pen--ting, where re--pen—ting Ce—lia
lies, with bluſh—ing Cheeks, with bluſh—ing Cheeks, and mel——
——ting Eyes be—moaning, be—moaning, in a
mourn—full, mourn—full Shade, the ruins, the ruins in her Heart and
6
6 7♯6
6 6 6 6
7 6
76
7♯6

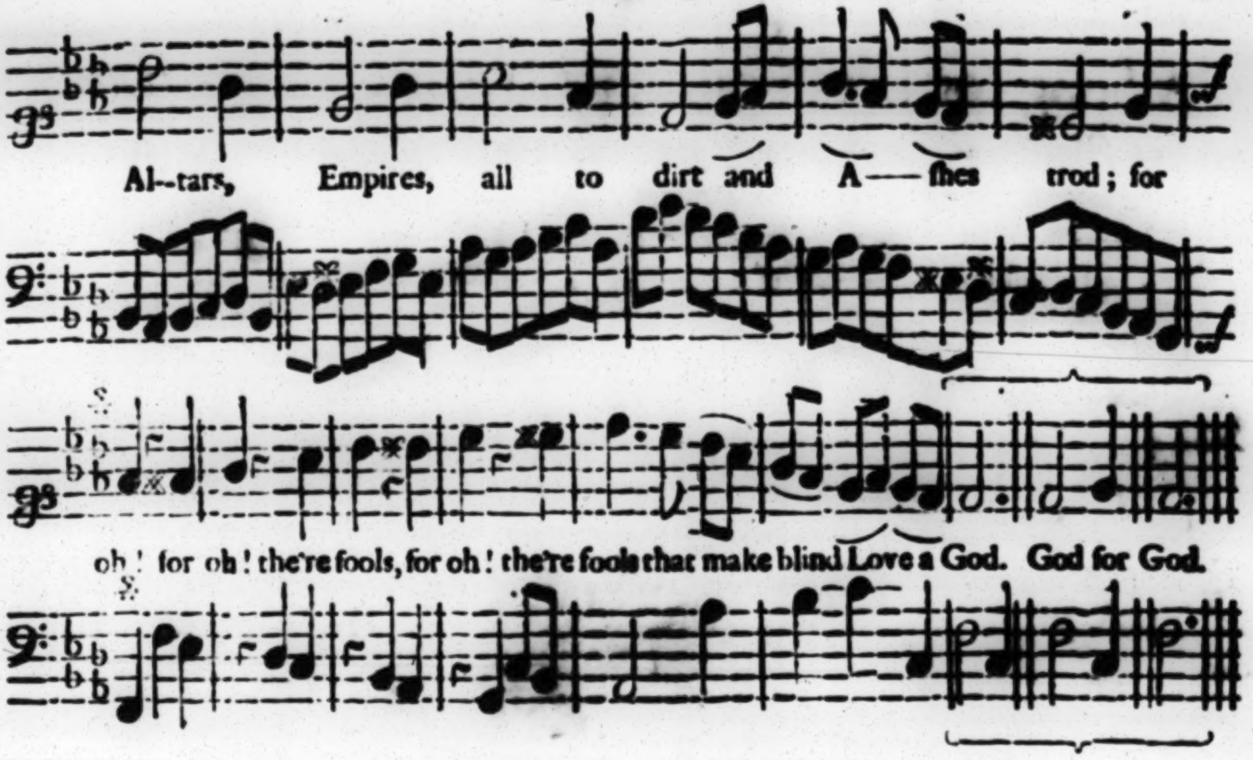

Fame, which ſin——full, ſin——full Love has made: Oh! oh! oh!
76
7
let thy Tears fair, fair Cæ-lia flo——
4
♯6 3
98
——w, let thy Tears fai——r Ce-lia flow, for that Ce——leſ-tial wond——
——'rous wond'rous, wond'rous dew, more gra——ces
on thee will be—ſtow, than all, all, than all, all, than all, all, than all, all, thy
Dreſſes, and thy Ar——ts cou'd doe.

A Song in the *Ambitious Slave*, ſet by Mr. *John Eccles*.

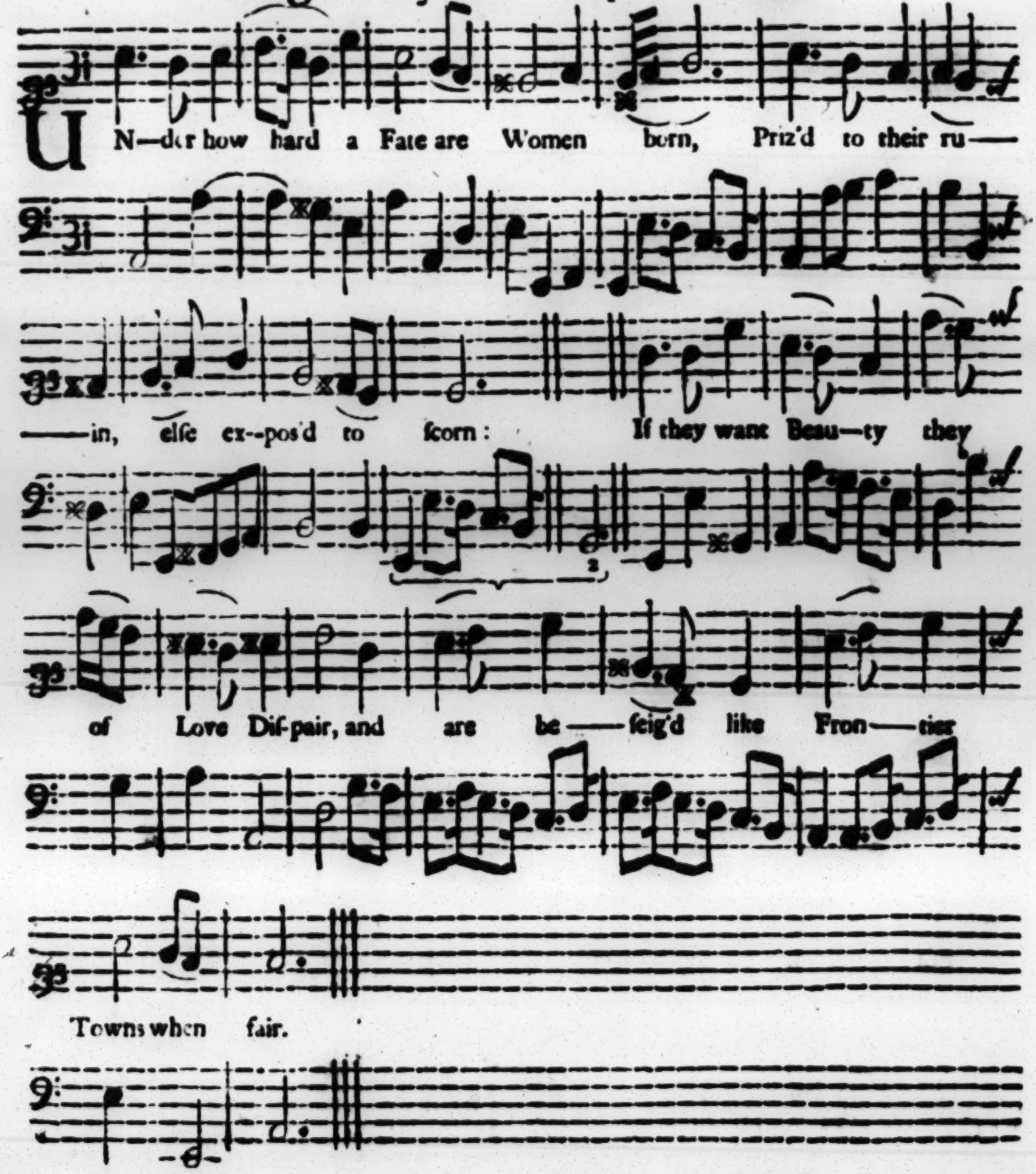
Sung by Mrs. *Hudſon*.


WHY, Oh! why, why, oh! why ſhou'd the World mi-ſtake,
why ſhou'd the I-dle World miſtake, and Lo——ve a God-head
make; why, oh! why, oh! why ſhou'd the World mi--ſtake, oh!
why, oh! why ſhou'd the I--dle World miſtake, and Lo——
——ve, a God-head make, and Love, and Lo——ve
1
2
a God-head make: make: If Love were Heav'n, like Heav'n ſhou'd
1
2

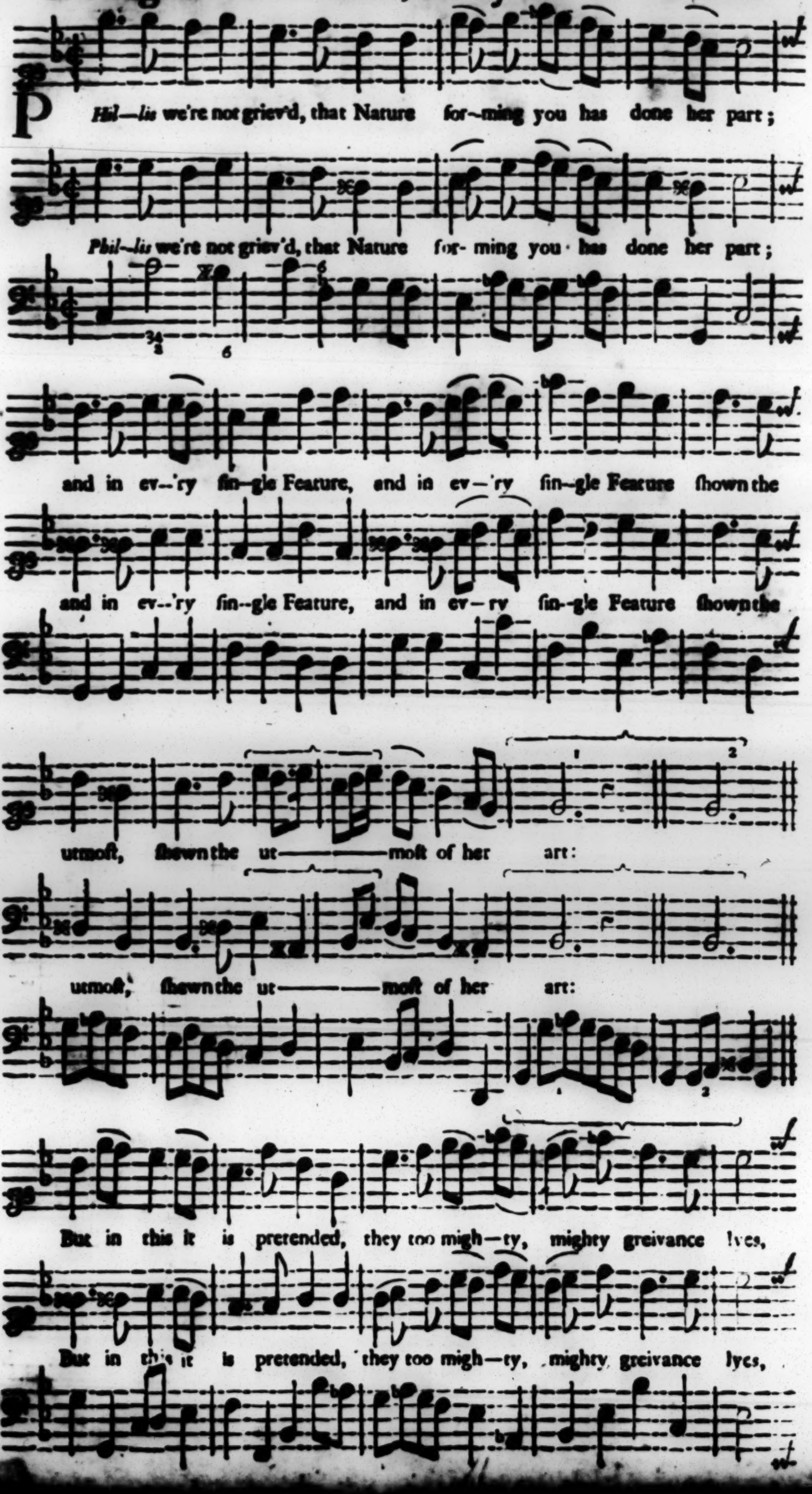

laſt, twou'd laſt like Heav'n, twou'd laſt like Heav'n, twou'd laſt like Heav'n, twou'd
laſt, and the im-mor——tal joys wou'd never dye; ah! no, ah!
no, ah! no, falſe Man, falſe Man, at ev'ry blaſt, in bro——
——ken Vows, Love's fleet—ing ſhadows fly, down, down,
down, down, down, down, let all his glo--ries fa——
——ll, his Temples,


Al--tars, Empires, all to dirt and A——ſhes trod; for
oh! for oh! the're fools, for oh! the're fools that make blind Love a God. God for God.

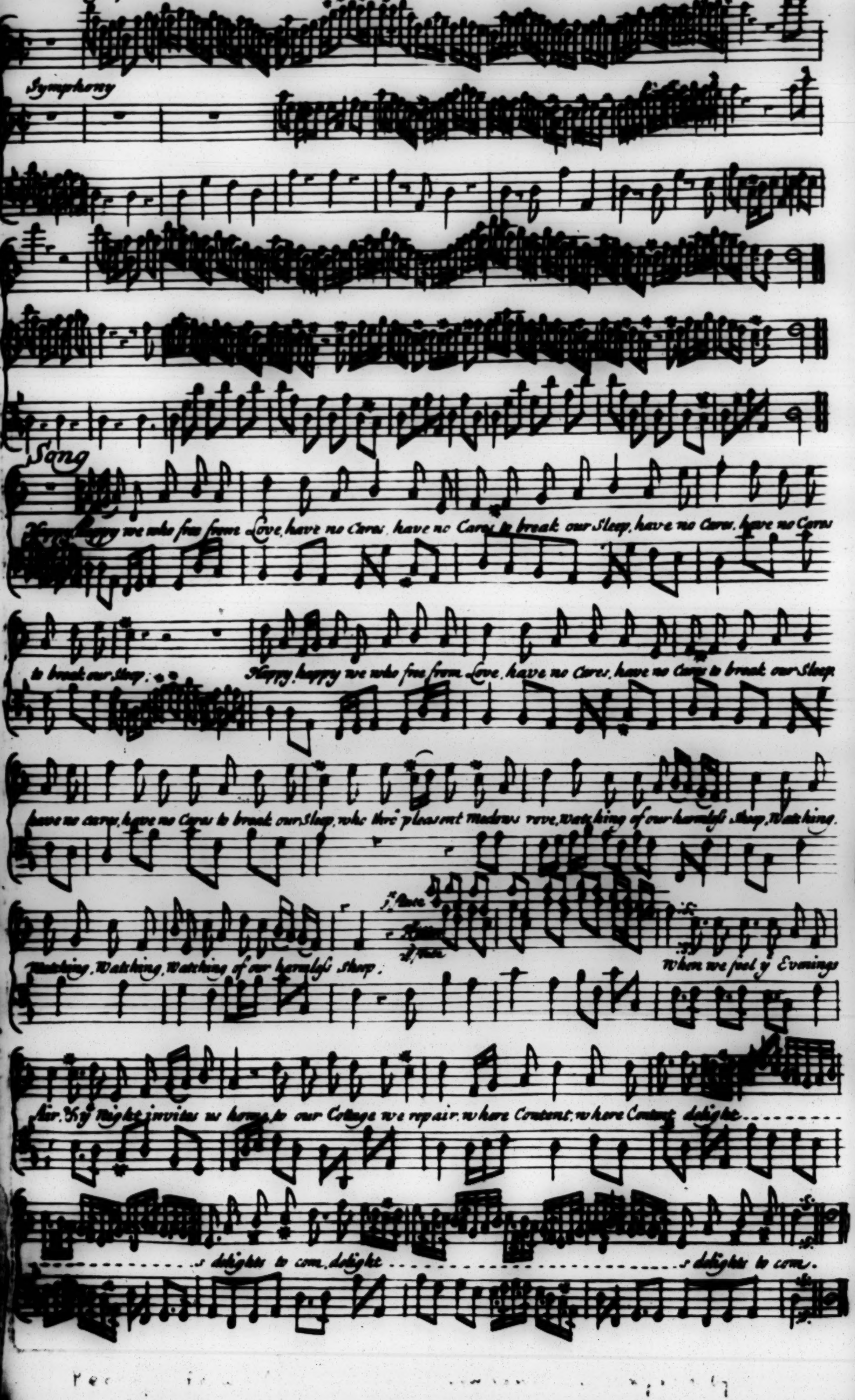
A Song ſet by Mr. *Ralph Courtivill.*


U N—der how hard a Fate are Women born, Priz'd to their ru——
——in, elſe ex--pos'd to ſcorn: If they want Beau—ty they
of Love Diſ-pair, and are be——ſeig'd like Fron——tier
Towns when fair.

A Song for two Voices, ſet by Mr. *R. Courtiville*.

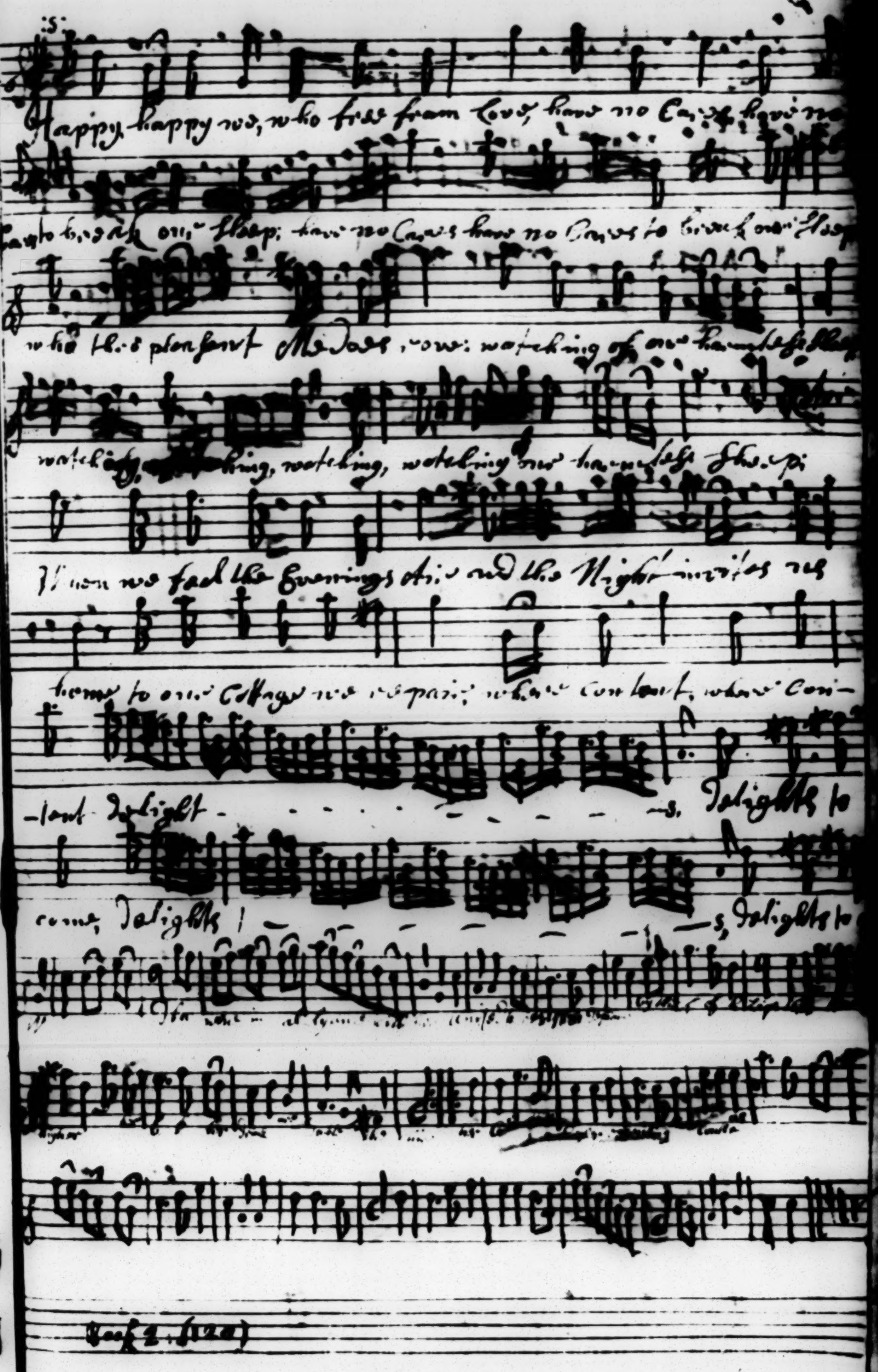

P*Hil—lis* we're not griev'd, that Nature for-ming you has done her part;
Phil—lis we're not griev'd, that Nature for- ming you has done her part;
34
3
6
6
and in ev--'ry ſin--gle Feature, and in ev—'ry ſin--gle Feature ſhown the
and in ev--'ry ſin--gle Feature, and in ev—ry ſin--gle Feature ſhown the
utmoſt, ſhewn the ut————moſt of her art:
1
2
utmoſt, ſhewn the ut————moſt of her art:
1
2
But in this it is pretended, they too migh—ty, mighty greivance lyes,
But in this it is pretended, they too migh—ty, mighty greivance lyes,

A Song for 2 Flutes Sung by Mrs. Linsey in ye Imposture defeated

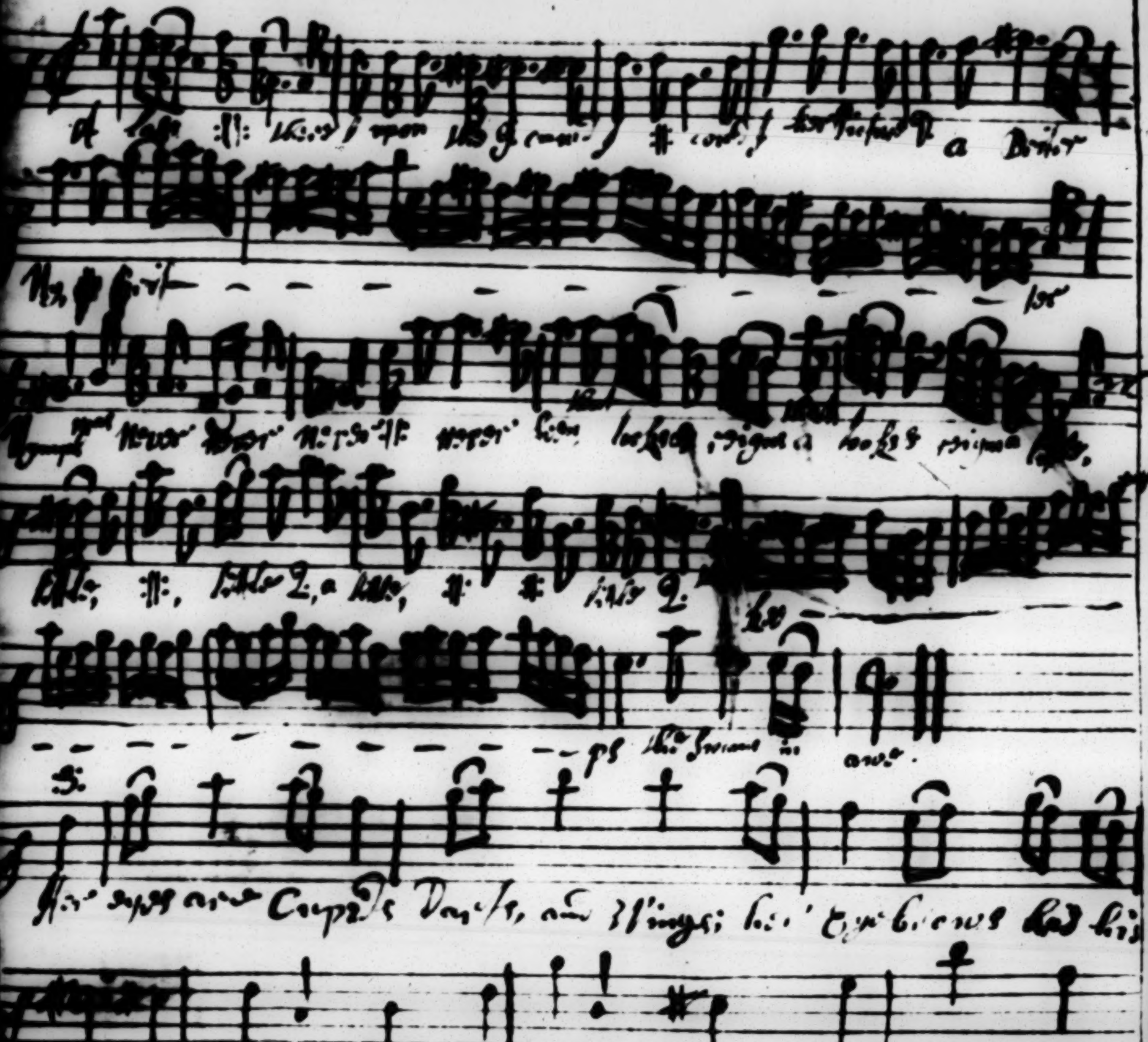

Symphony
Song
Happy, happy we who free from Love, have no Cares, have no Cares to break our Sleep, have no Cares, have no Cares to break our Sleep;
Happy, happy we who free from Love, have no Cares, have no Cares to break our Sleep, have no cares, have no Cares to break our Sleep, who thro' pleasant Medows rove, Watching of our harmless Sheep, Watching, Watching, Watching, Watching of our harmless Sheep.
1st Flute
2d Flute
When we feel ye Evenings Air, & ye Night invites us home, to our Cottage we repair, where Content, where Content delights .... s delights to com, delight .... s delights to com.

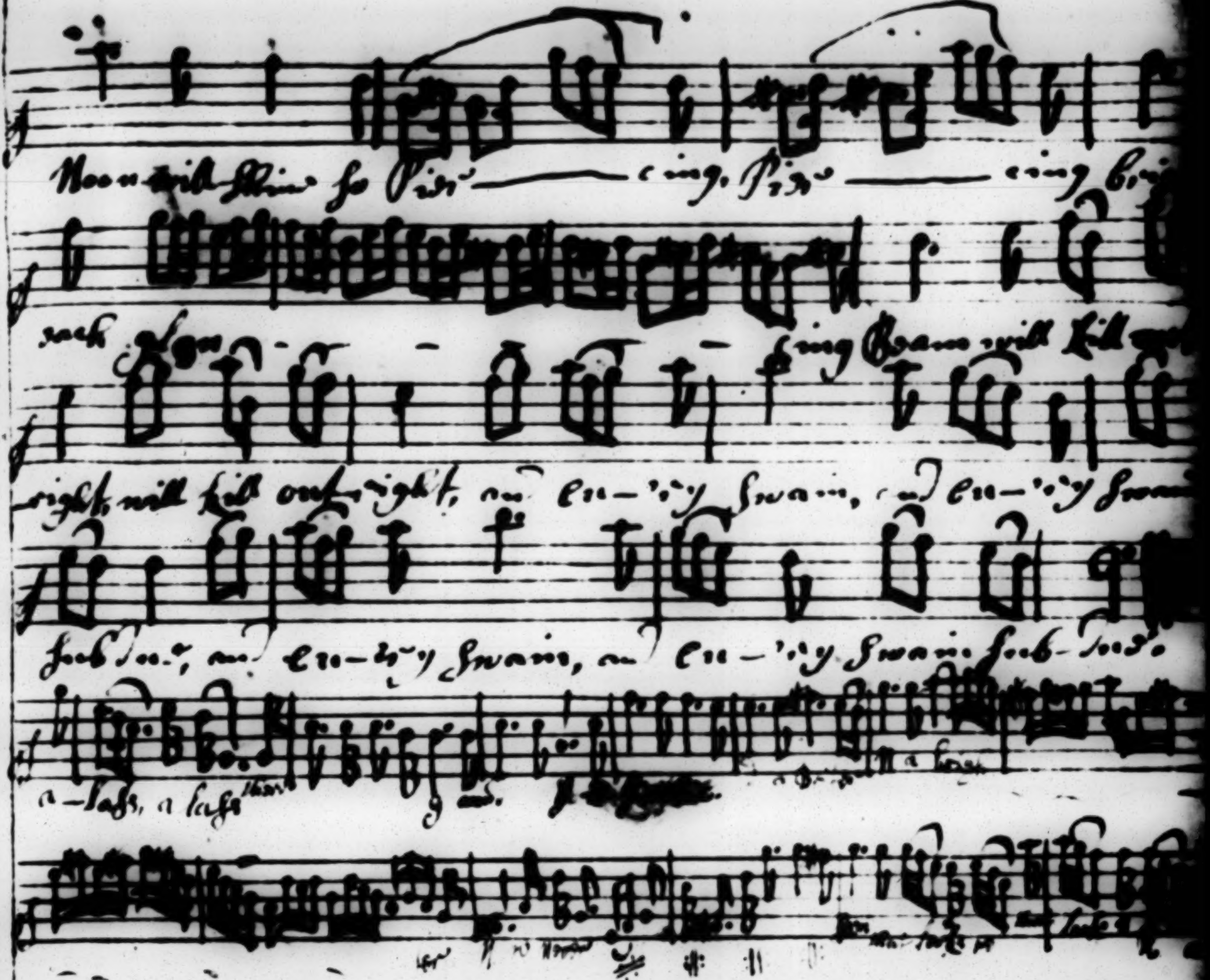
[illegible]
Mr Morgan London [illegible]

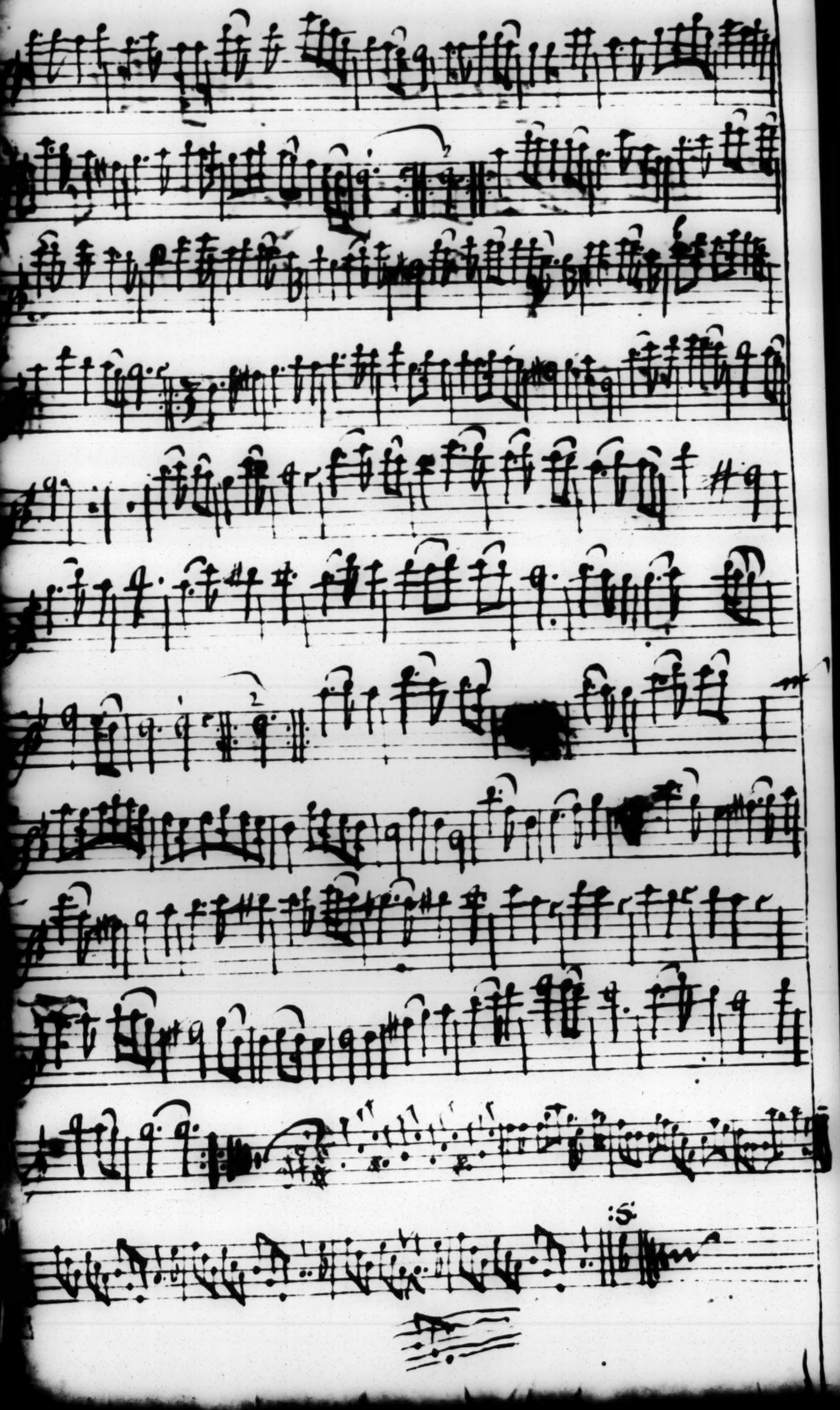
not stead

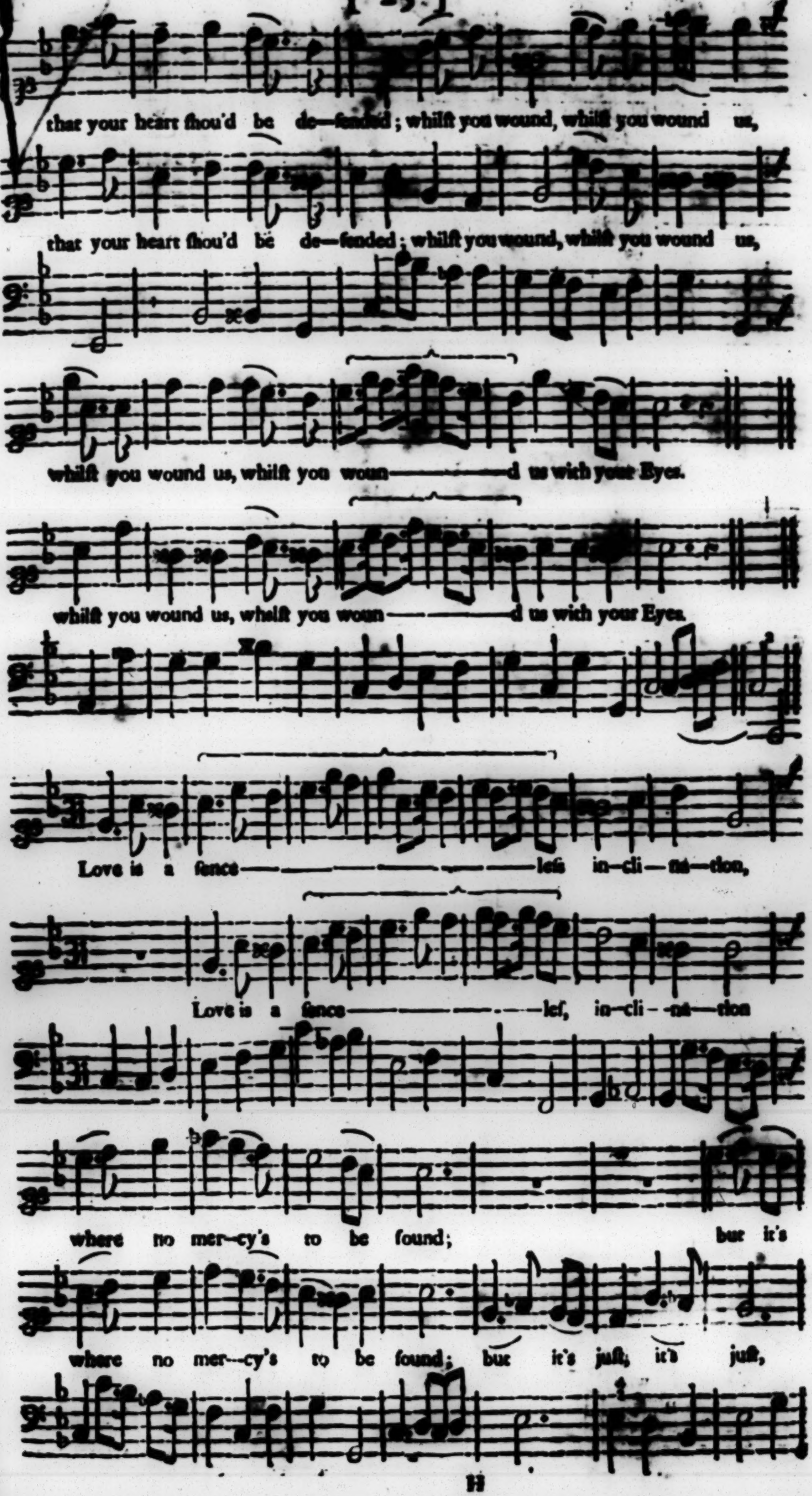

5:
Happy happy we, who free from Love, have no Cares, have no
Cares to break our Sleep; have no Cares have no Cares to break our Sleep
who this pleasant Medow rove: watching of our harmless Sheep
watching, watching, watching, watching our harmless Sheep:
When we feel the Evenings air and the Night invites us
home to our Cottage we repair; where content, where Con-
-tent delight - - - - - -s, delights to
come, delights! - - - - -s, delights to

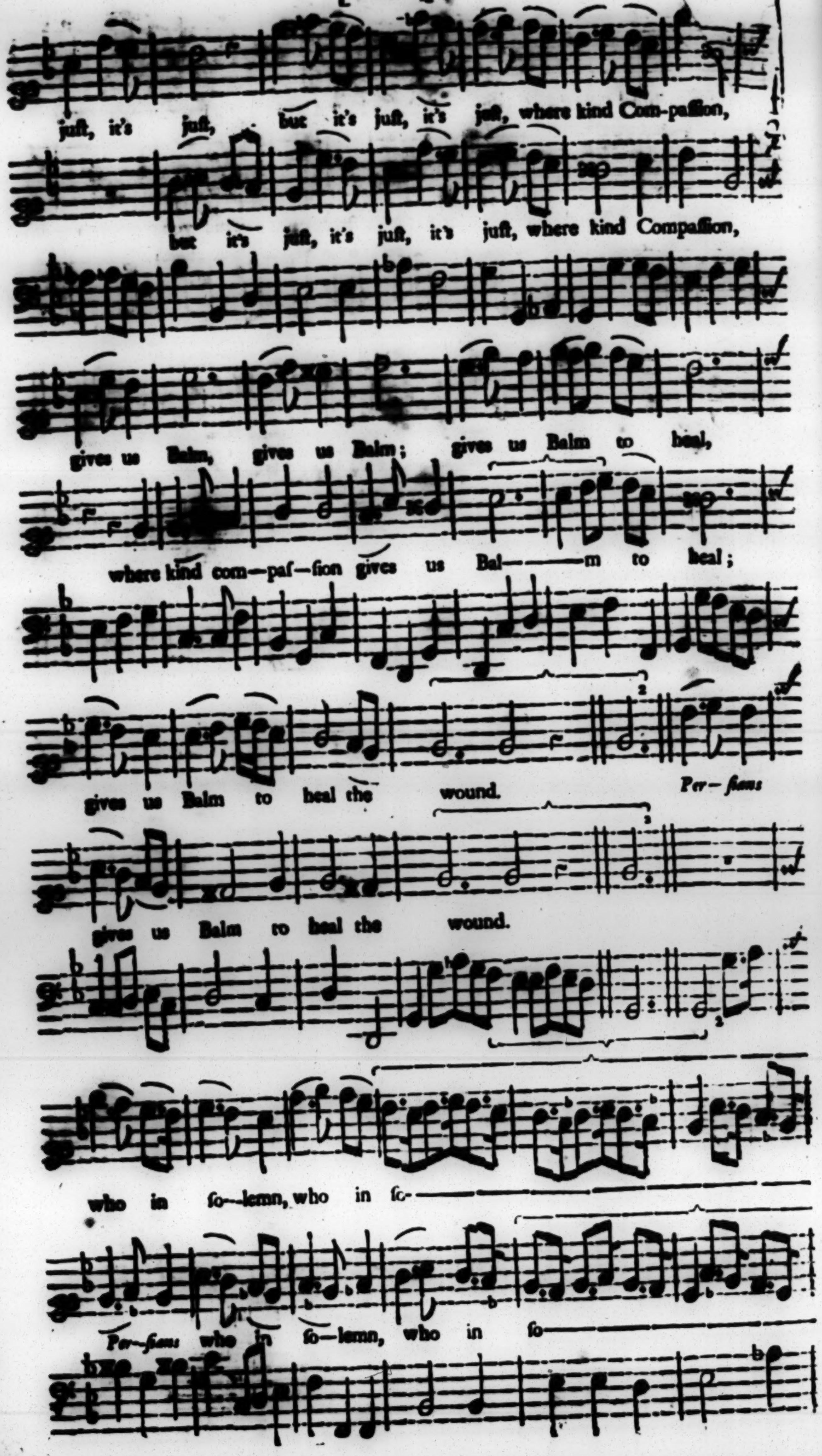
Book 2. 1720)

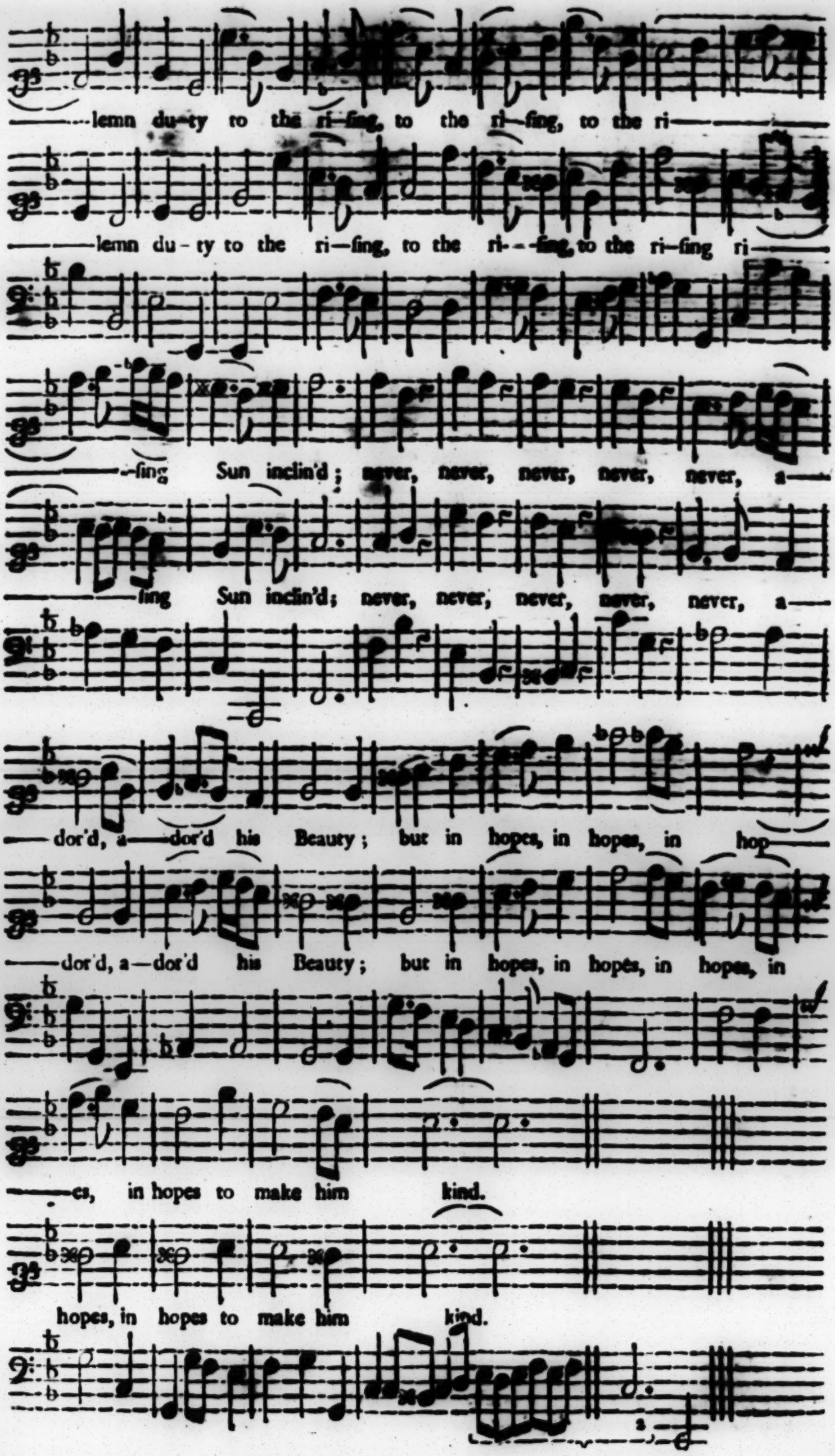

upon the a Brier
Her Spirit — for
that never were never looks reigning a looks reigning
— ps the Swains in awe.
Her eyes are Cupid's Darts, and Wings; her Eyebrows bend his
Bow; her Silken Hair the Silver Strings, that
swift, swift, swi— ft destruction brings to
all, all, all, to all, all, all, to all, all all, to
all, to all —, to all the vale below.
Pastorella's charming, charming sight can warm and
wound, warm and wound, can warm and wound us so, her


Noon will shine so Pier — cing, Pier — cing bri
each glan — — cing beam will kill out-
right, will kill outright, and ev'ry swain, and ev'ry swain
fall down, and ev'ry swain, and ev'ry swain fall down.
a lass, a lass
all, all

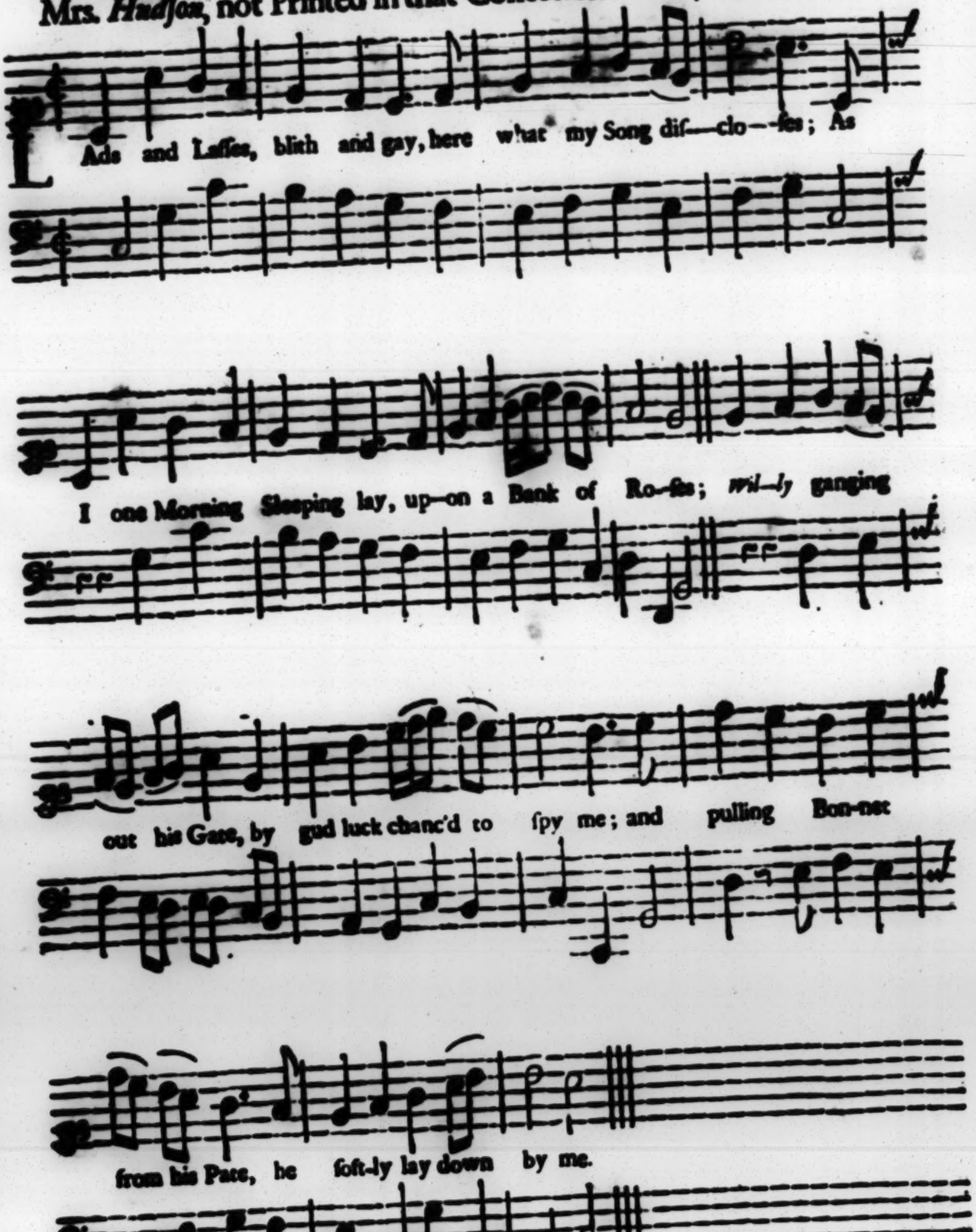



that your heart ſhou'd be de—fended; whilſt you wound, whilſt you wound us,
that your heart ſhou'd be de—fended; whilſt you wound, whilſt you wound us,
whilſt you wound us, whilſt you woun——————d us with your Eyes.
whilſt you wound us, whilſt you woun——————d us with your Eyes.
Love is a fence————————————leſs in—cli—na—tion,
Love is a fence————————leſs in—cli—na—tion
where no mer—cy's to be found; but it's
where no mer—cy's to be found; but it's juſt, it's juſt,


juſt, it's juſt, but it's juſt, it's juſt, where kind Com-paſſion,
but it's juſt, it's juſt, it's juſt, where kind Compaſſion,
gives us Balm, gives us Balm; gives us Balm to heal,
where kind com—paſ—ſion gives us Bal———m to heal;
gives us Balm to heal the wound.
Per—ſians
gives us Balm to heal the wound.
who in ſo—lemn, who in ſo-
Per—ſians who in ſo—lemn, who in ſo


——lemn du-ty to the ri-fing, to the ri-fing, to the ri——
——lemn du-ty to the ri—fing, to the ri-—fing, to the ri—fing ri——
——-fing Sun inclin'd; never, never, never, never, never, a——
——fing Sun inclin'd; never, never, never, never, never, a——
—dor'd, a—dor'd his Beauty; but in hopes, in hopes, in hop——
——dor'd, a—dor'd his Beauty; but in hopes, in hopes, in hopes, in
——es, in hopes to make him kind.
hopes, in hopes to make him kind.
2

A Song in the 2*d*. Part of *Don Quixote*. Sung by Mrs. *Hudſon*, not Printed in that Collection. Set by Mr. *Purcell*.


L
Ads and Laſſes, blith and gay, here what my Song diſ—clo—ſes; As
I one Morning Sleeping lay, up—on a Bank of Ro—ſes; *Wil—ly* ganging
out his Gate, by gud luck chanc'd to ſpy me; and pulling Bon-net
from his Pate, he ſoft-ly lay down by me.

II.

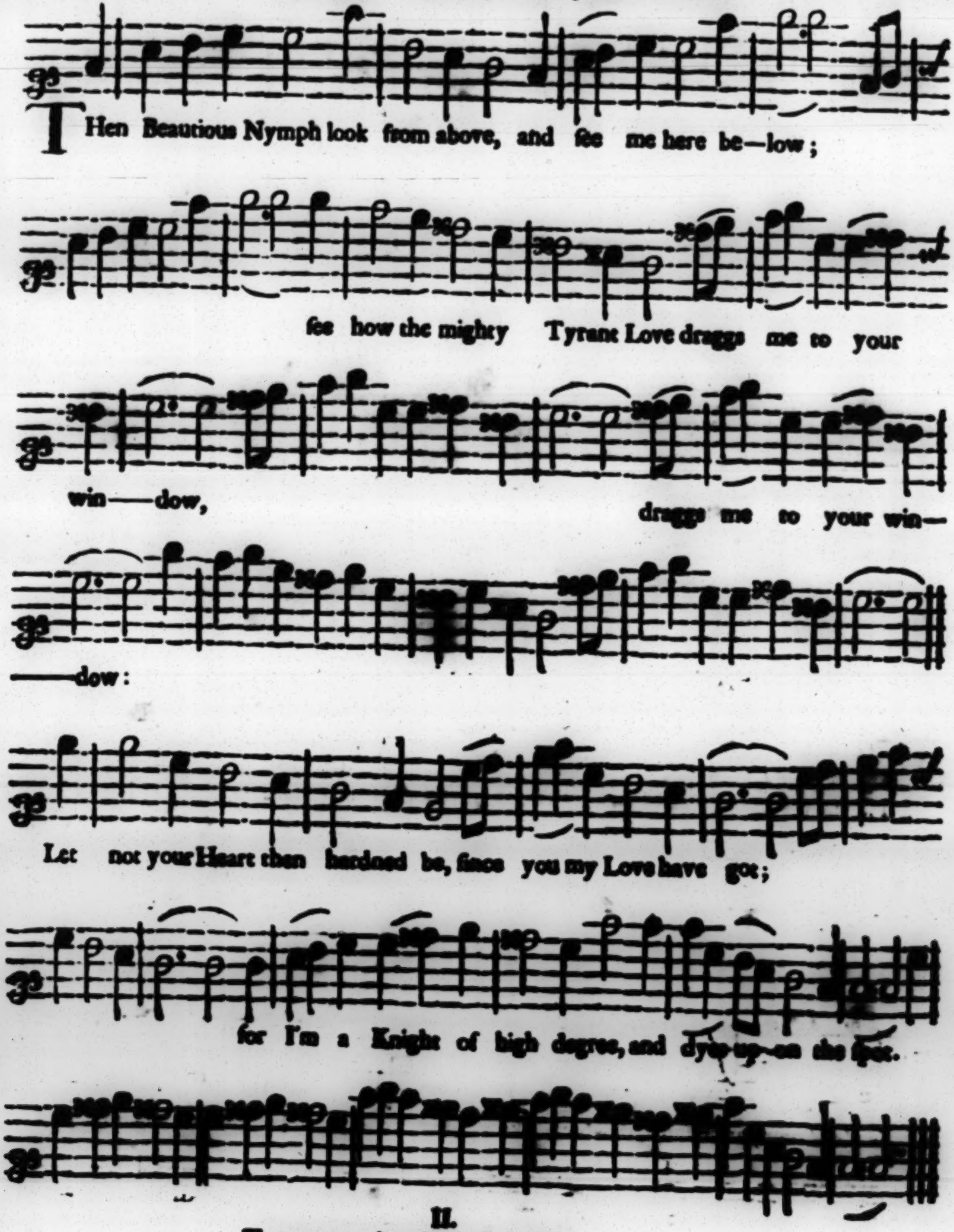
Willy tho' I muckle priz'd,
Yet now I wa'd no know him,
But made a frown, my face diſguiſe,
And from me ſtrove to throw him;
Fondly he ſtill nearer preſt,
Upon my Boſom lying,
My beating Heart too thump'd ſo faſt,
I thought the Loon was dying.

III.

But reſolving to deny,
An angry paſſion faining,
I often roughly puſh'd him by,
With Words full of diſdaining;
Willy balk'd no faver wins,
But went off ſo diſconcerted,
But I-gud faith for all my Sins
Ne'er half ſo much Repented.

(159)

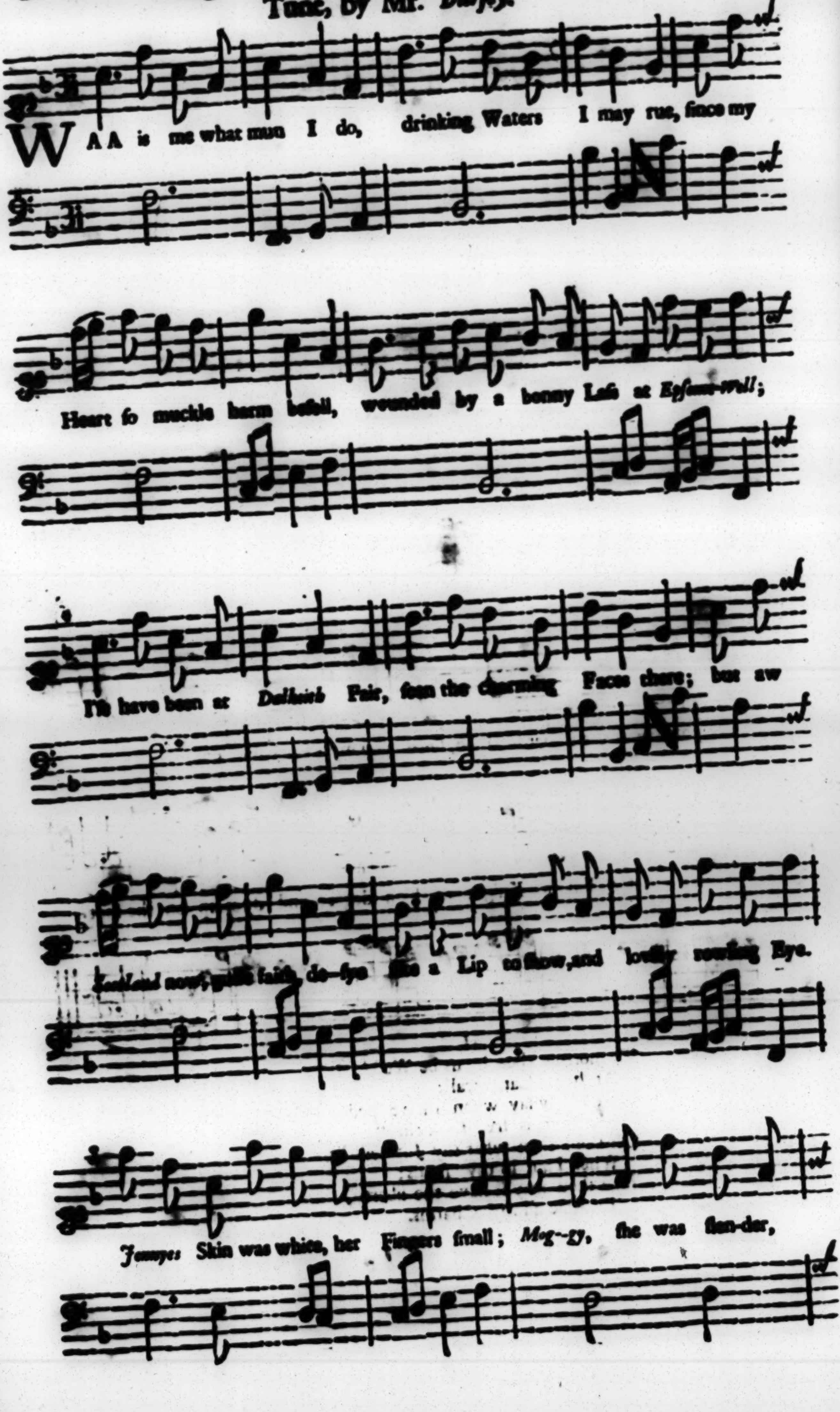
Mr. *Dogget's* Serenade in the 5*th*. Act of the *Lancaſhire-Witches.* Set by Mr. *John Eccles.*

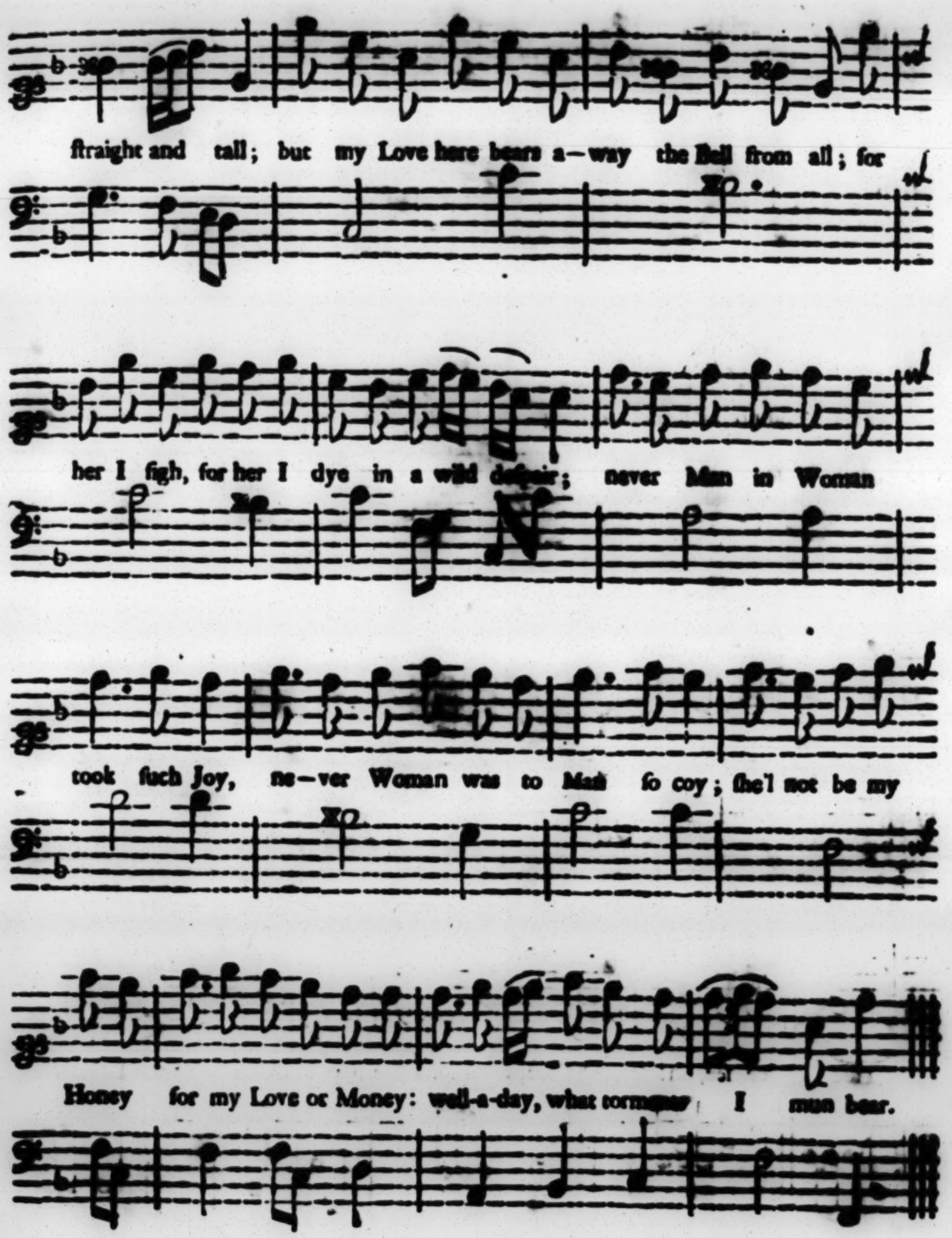

THen Beautious Nymph look from above, and ſee me here be—low;
ſee how the mighty Tyrant Love draggs me to your
win—dow,
draggs me to your win-
—dow:
Let not your Heart then hardned be, ſince you my Love have got;
for I'm a Knight of high degree, and dyes up-on the ſpot.

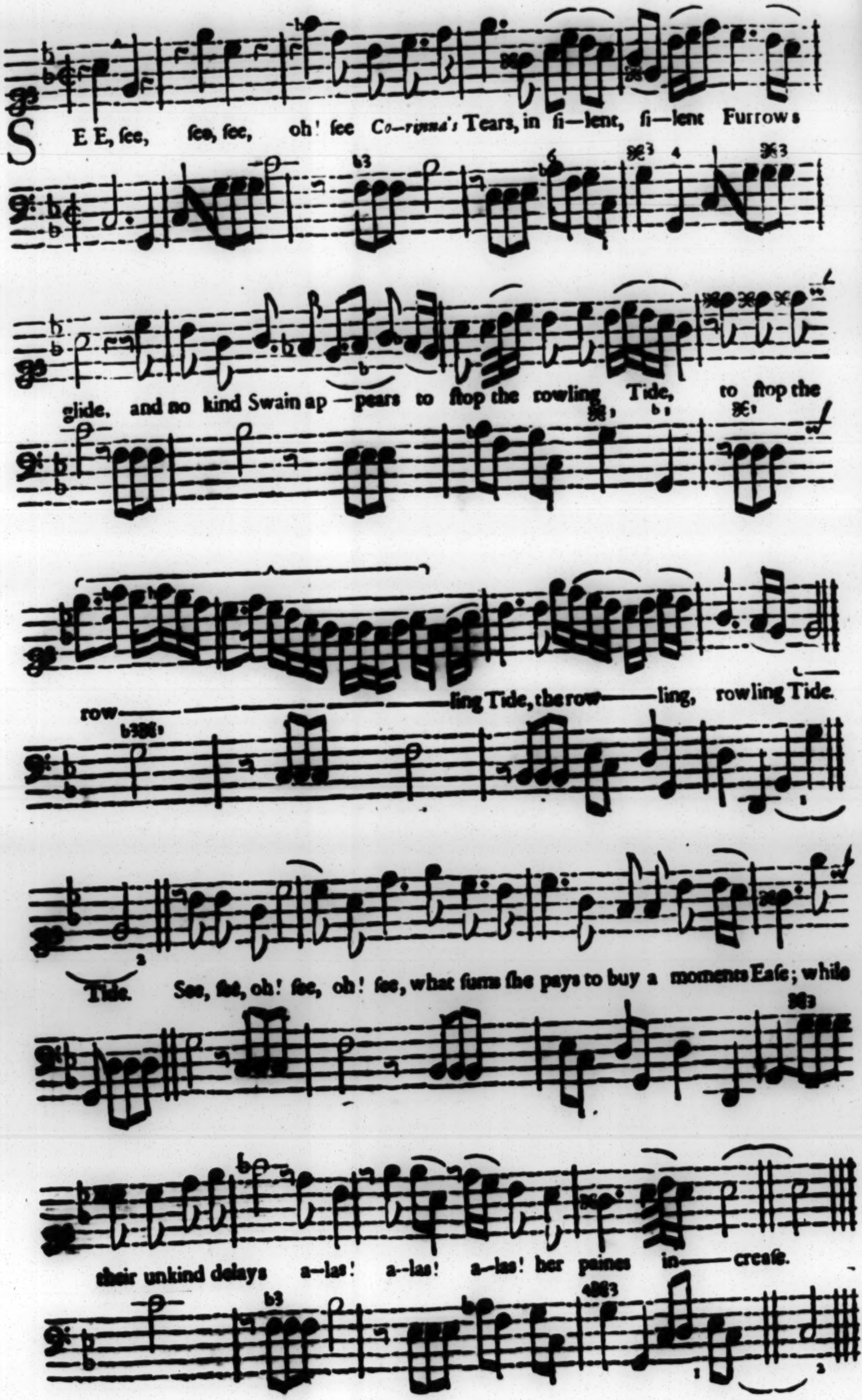
II.
To morrow then let us be Wedd,
At hours Canonicall;
That I may ſay when I have ſpedd,
My heart is free from thrall:
Oh think then what thy Joy will be,
When I am in thy Arms;
That thou may'ſt have the liberty,
To Rifle all my Charms.

I 2

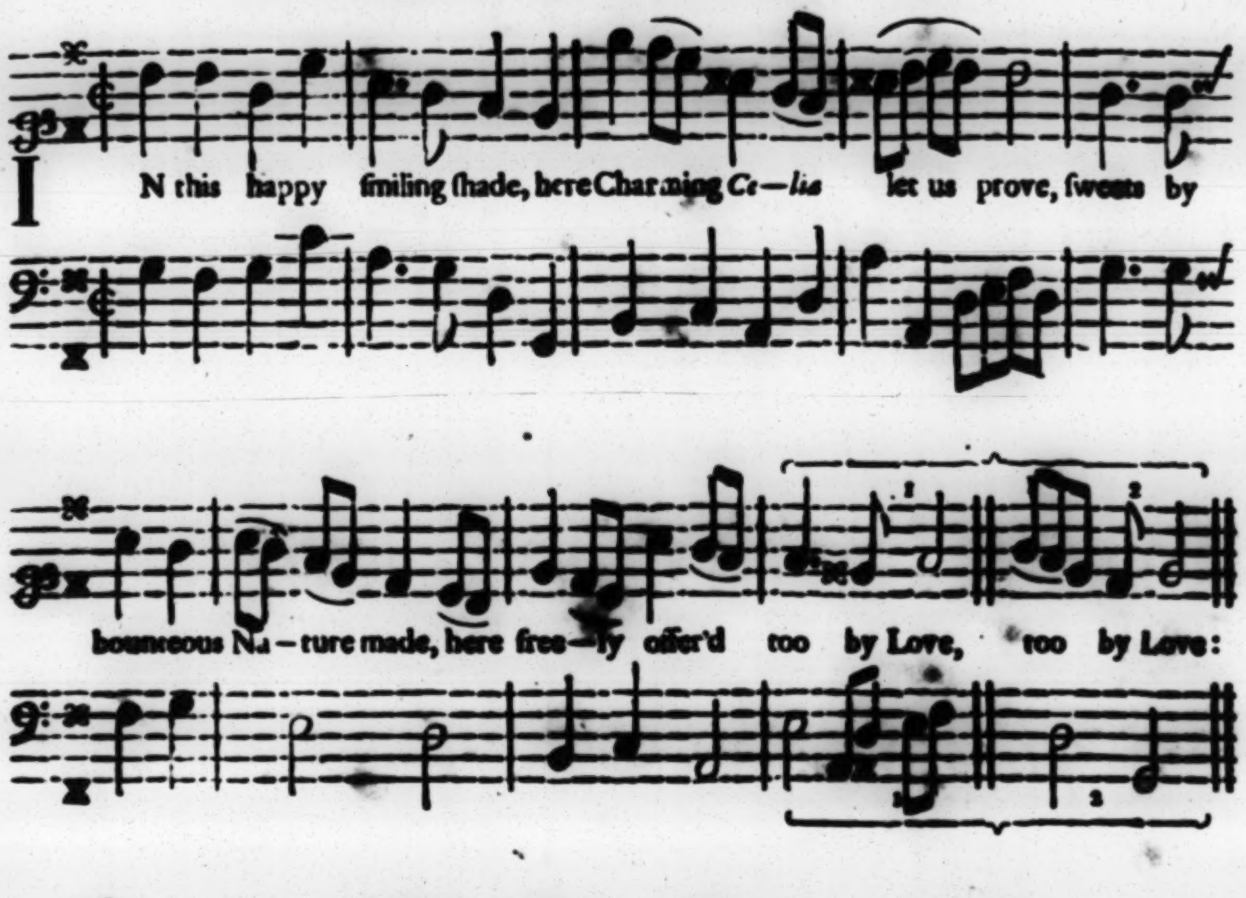
A *Scotch* Song, the Words made and fitted to the Tune, by Mr. *Durfey*.


WAA is me what mun I do, drinking Waters I may rue, ſince my
Heart ſo muckle harm befell, wounded by a bonny Laſs at *Epſom-Well*;
I'ſe have been at *Dalkeith* Fair, ſeen the charming Faces there; but aw
Scotland now, gude faith, de-fye ſike a Lip to ſhow, and lovely rowling Eye.
Jennyes Skin was white, her Fingers ſmall; *Meg-gy*, ſhe was ſlen-der,


ſtraight and tall; but my Love here bears a—way the Bell from all; for
her I ſigh, for her I dye in a wild deſpair; never Man in Woman
took ſuch Joy, ne—ver Woman was to Man ſo coy; ſhe'l not be my
Honey for my Love or Money: well-a-day, what torments I mun bear.


SEE, ſee, ſee, ſee, oh! ſee Co—rinna's Tears, in ſi—lent, ſi—lent Furrows
glide, and no kind Swain ap—pears to ſtop the rowling Tide, to ſtop the
row——ling Tide, the row——ling, rowling Tide.
Tide. See, ſee, oh! ſee, oh! ſee, what ſums ſhe pays to buy a moments Eaſe; while
their unkind delays a—las! a—las! a—las! her paines in——creaſe.

A Song ſet by Mr. *James Hart*.

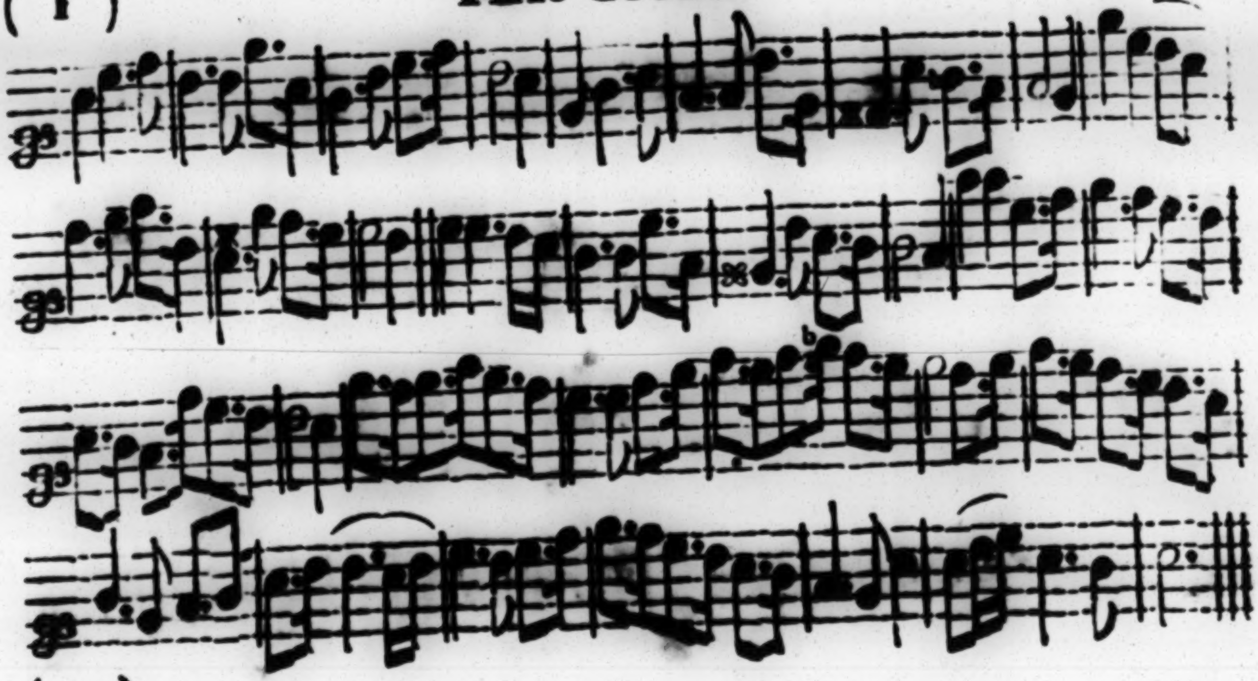

I N this happy ſmiling ſhade, here Charming *Cæ—lia* let us prove, ſweets by
bounteous Na—ture made, here free—ly offer'd too by Love, too by Love:
1
2
Haſte ingaging love—ly Creature, with thy numerous train of Charms,
Life than Love has nothing ſweeter; haſte thee to thy Lovers Arms.

II.

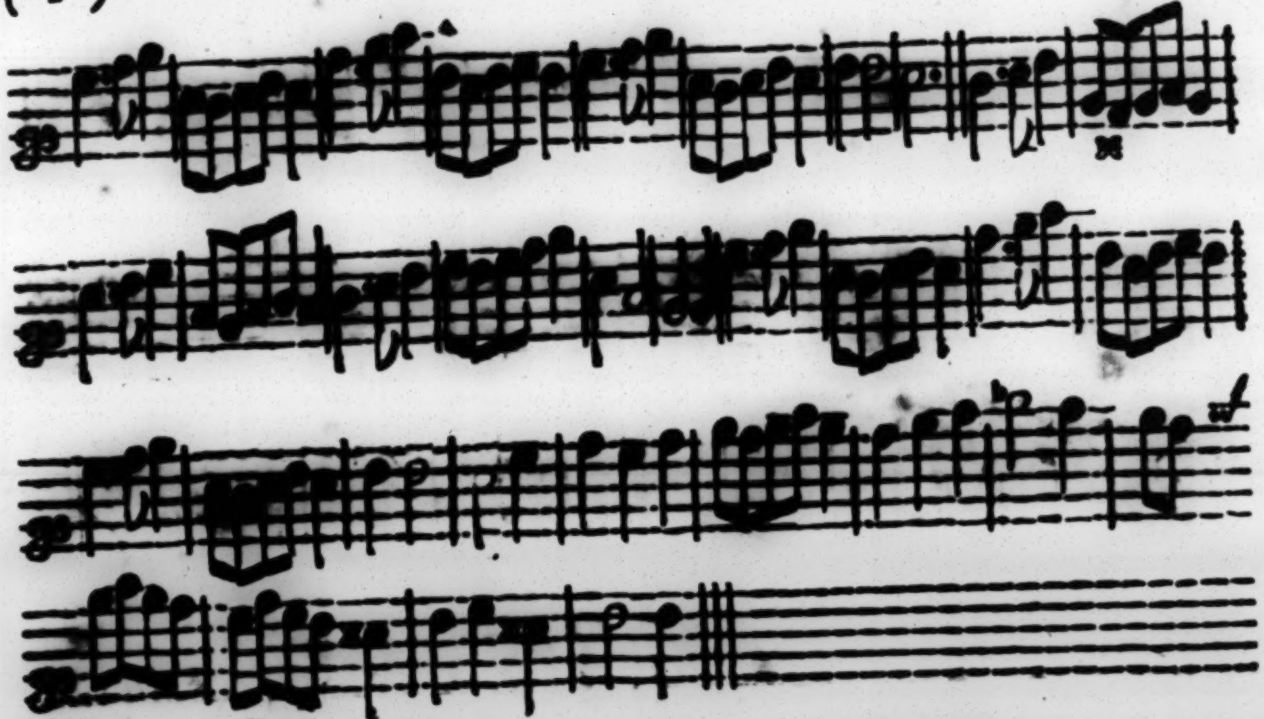
Nothing can diſturb thoſe bliſſes,
Where two faithfull Hearts unite;
Love and pleaſure warm their Kiſſes,
Ever giving new delight:
Life affords no equal bleſſing,
To a rightly temper'd brain;
Alway wiſhing or Careſſing,
Still in every point the ſame.

First Treble.

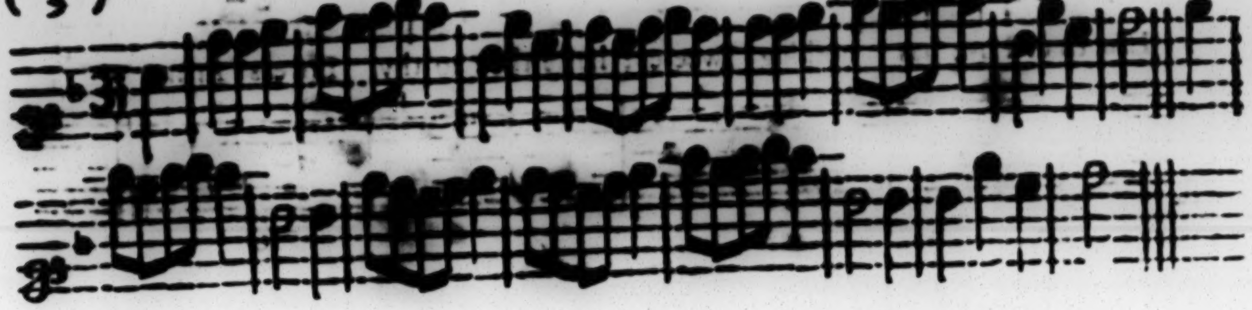
(1)



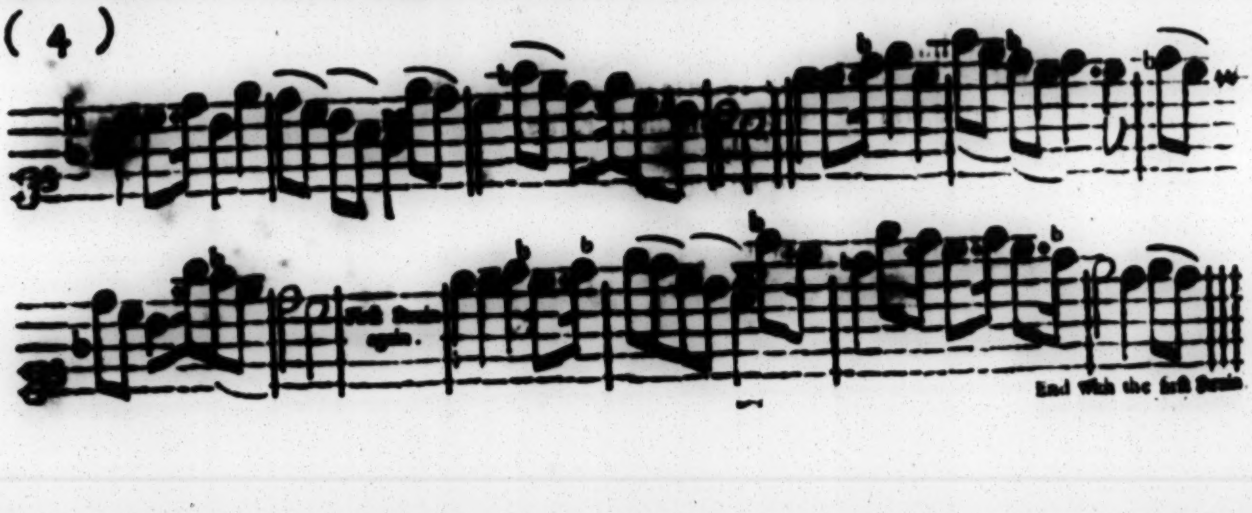
(2)



(3)



(4)

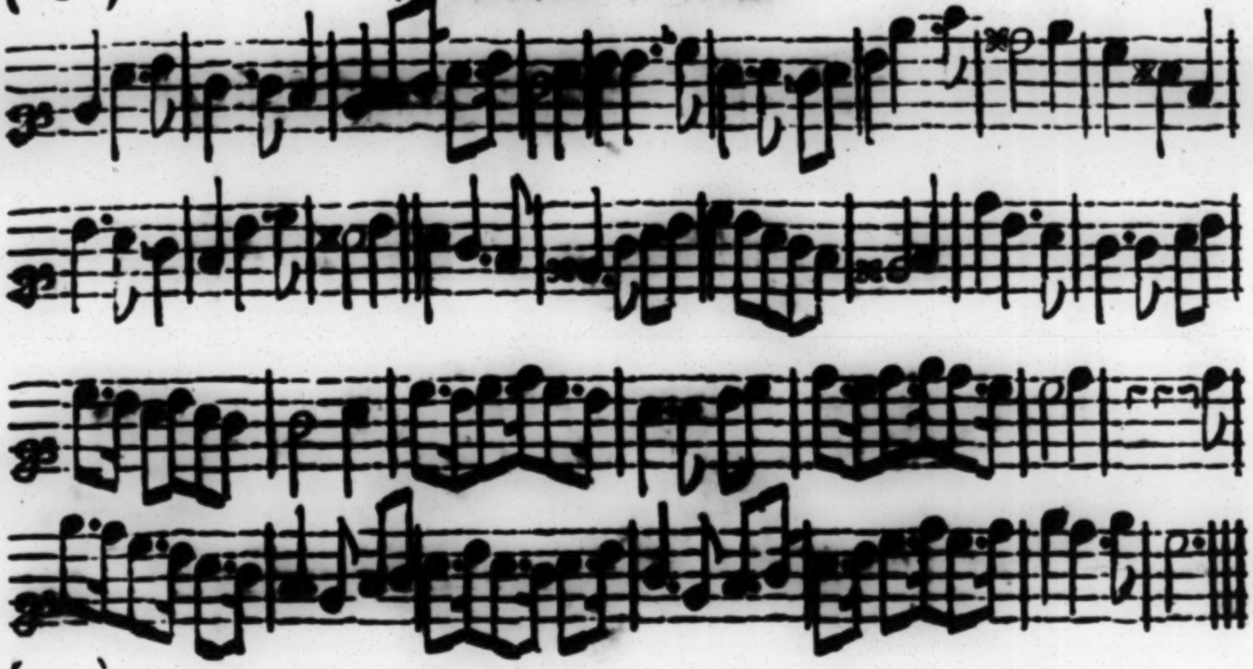

[illegible] Strain again.

End with the first Strain

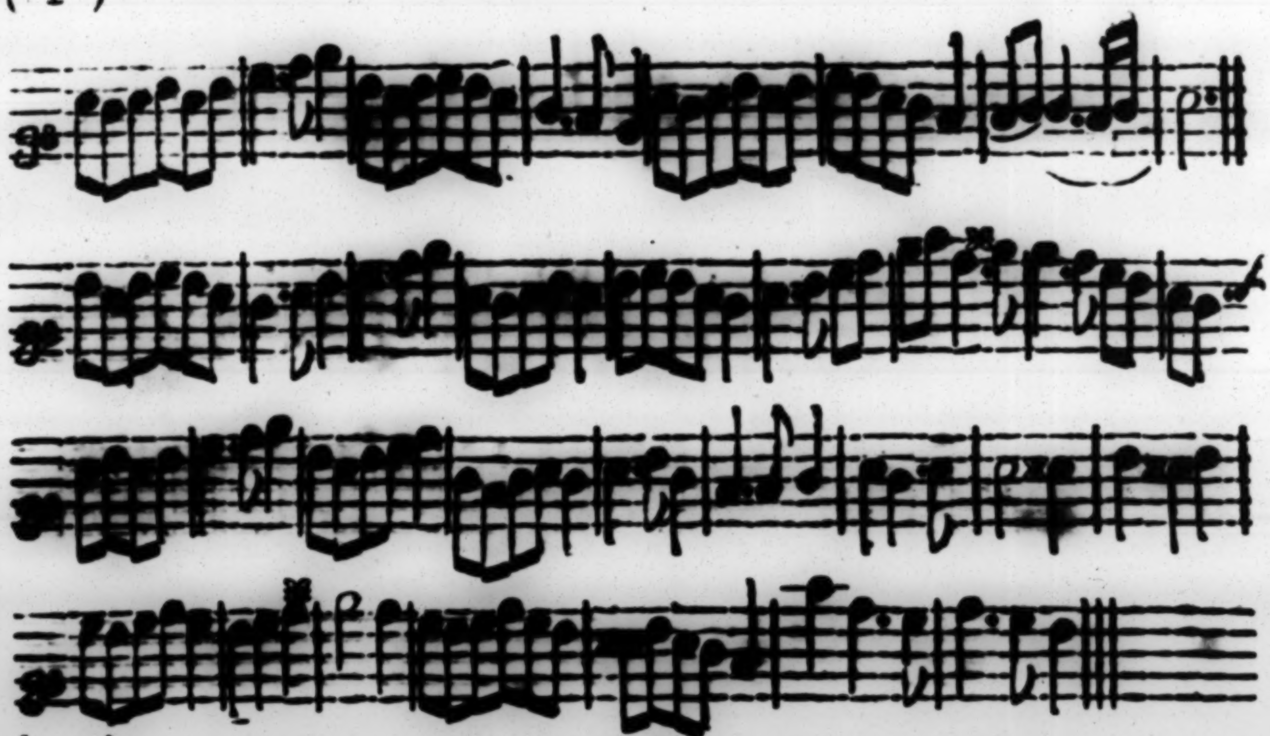
(163)

Second Treble.

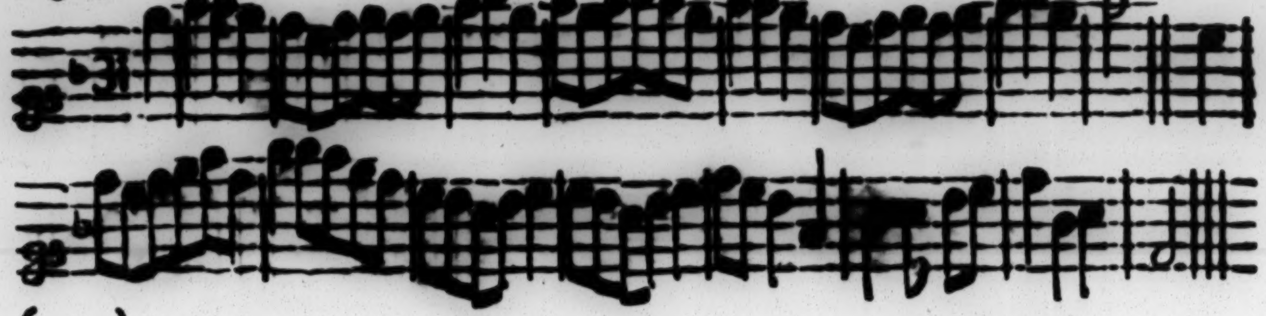
(1)



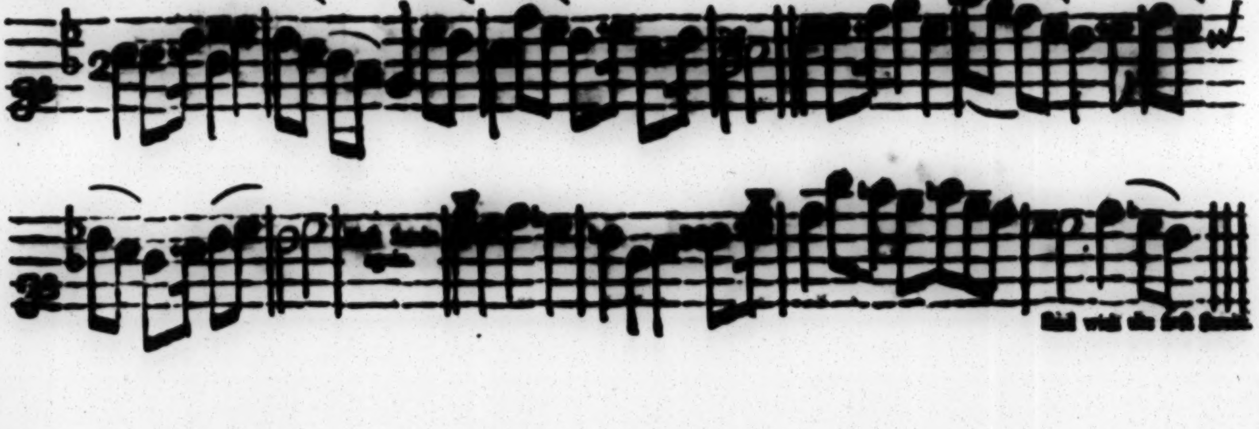
(2)



(3)



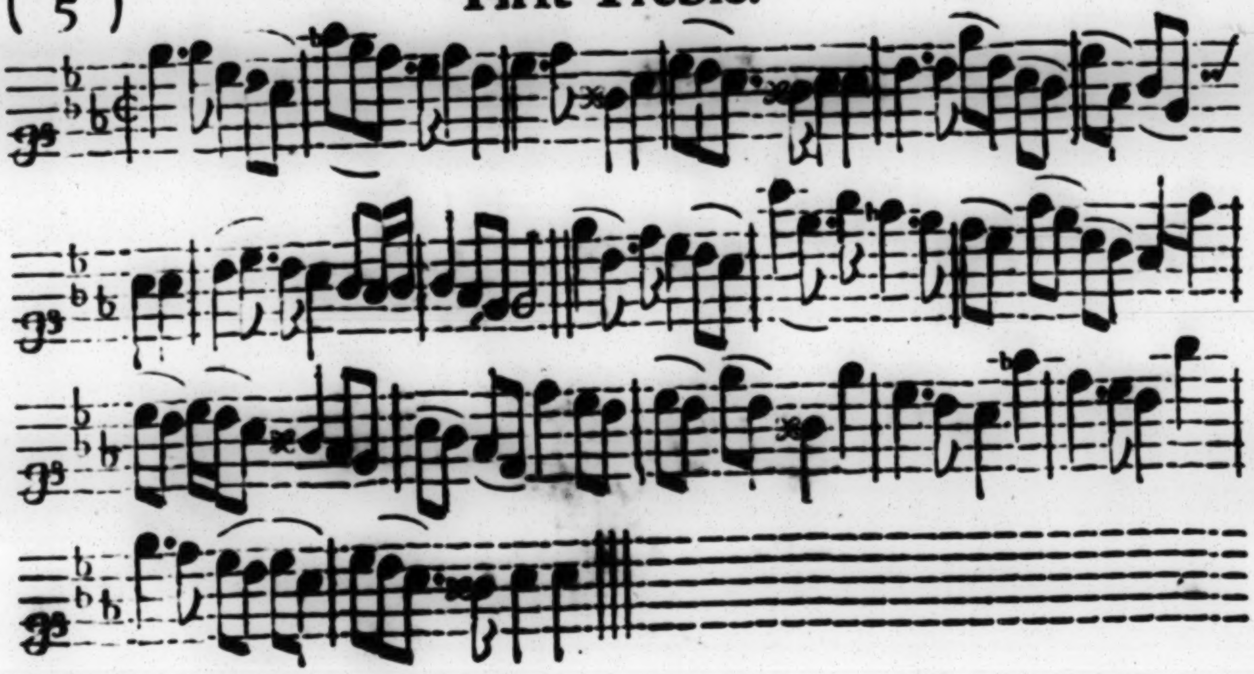
(4)


End with the first Strain.

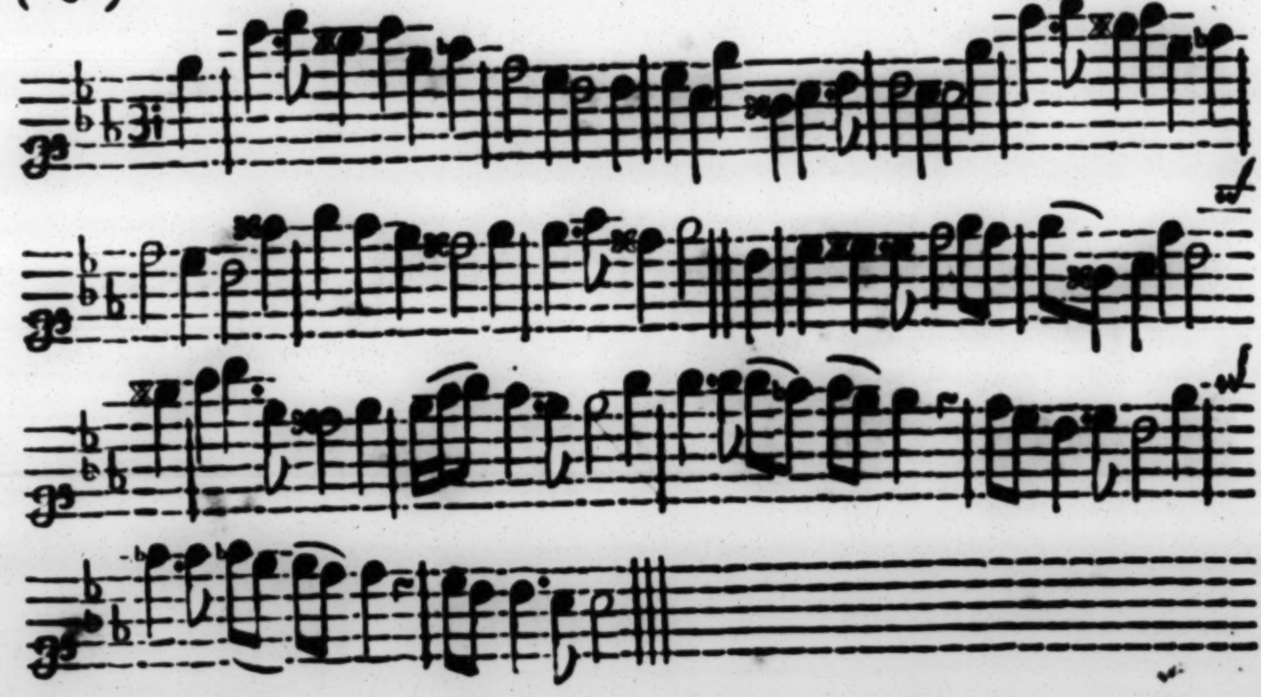
(1081)

Firſt Treble.

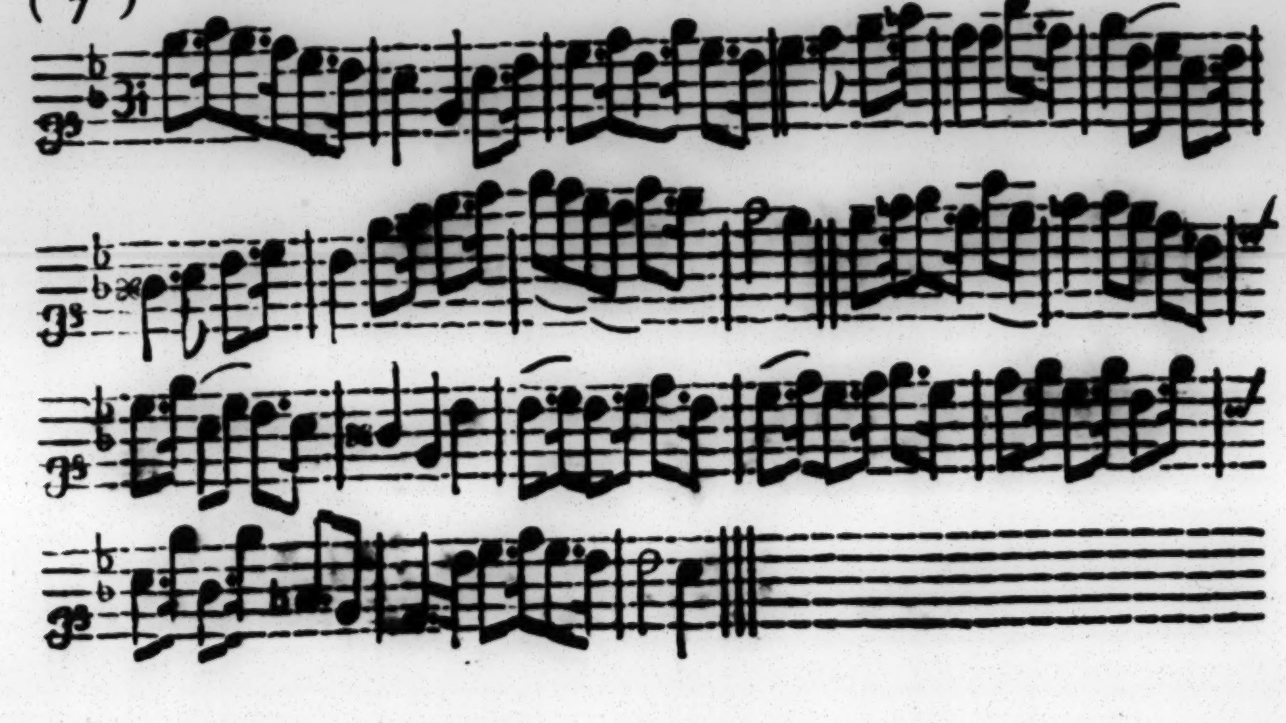
(5)



(6)

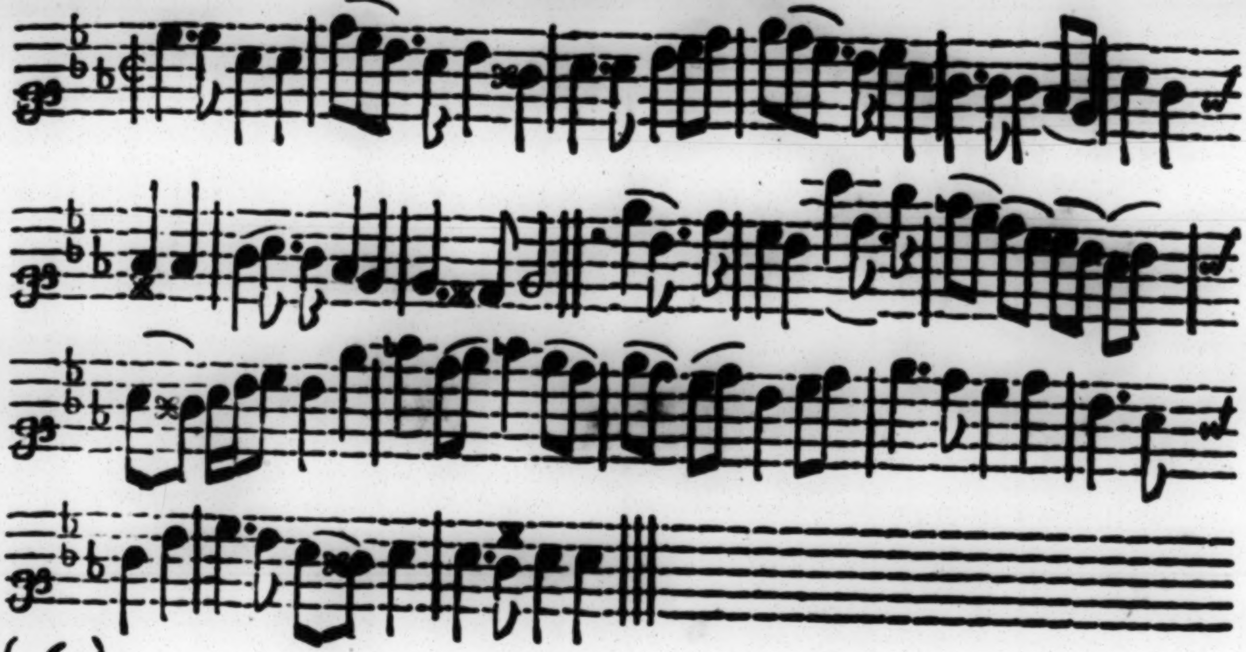


(7)

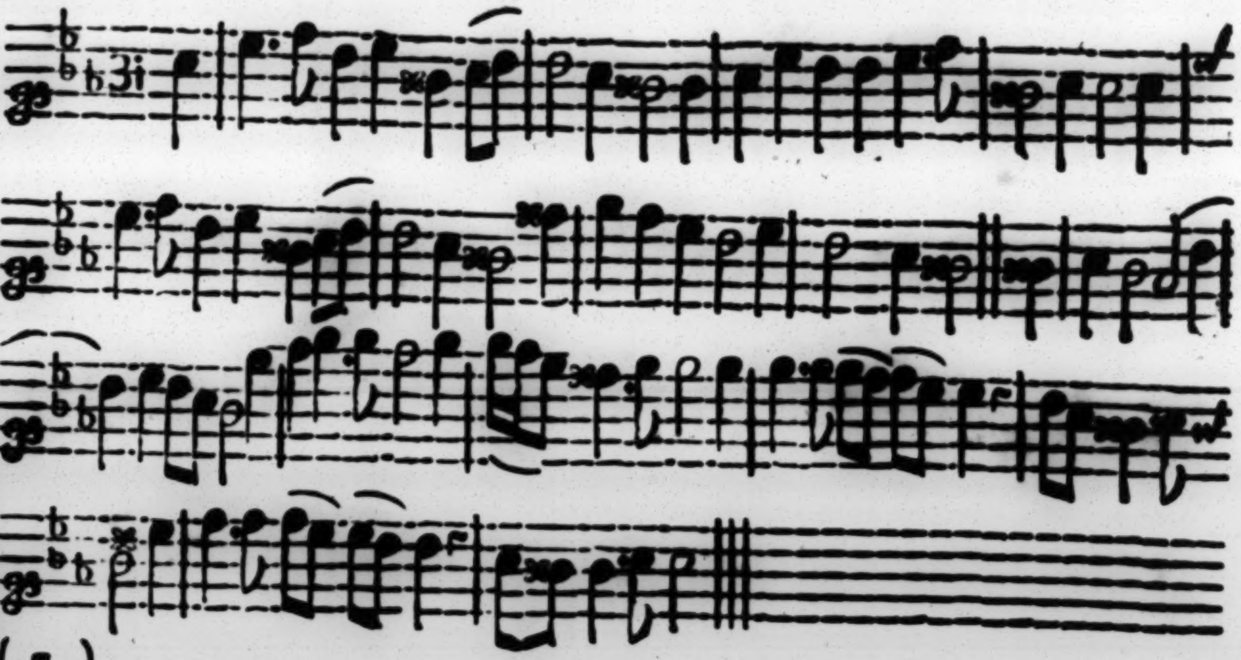


(5)

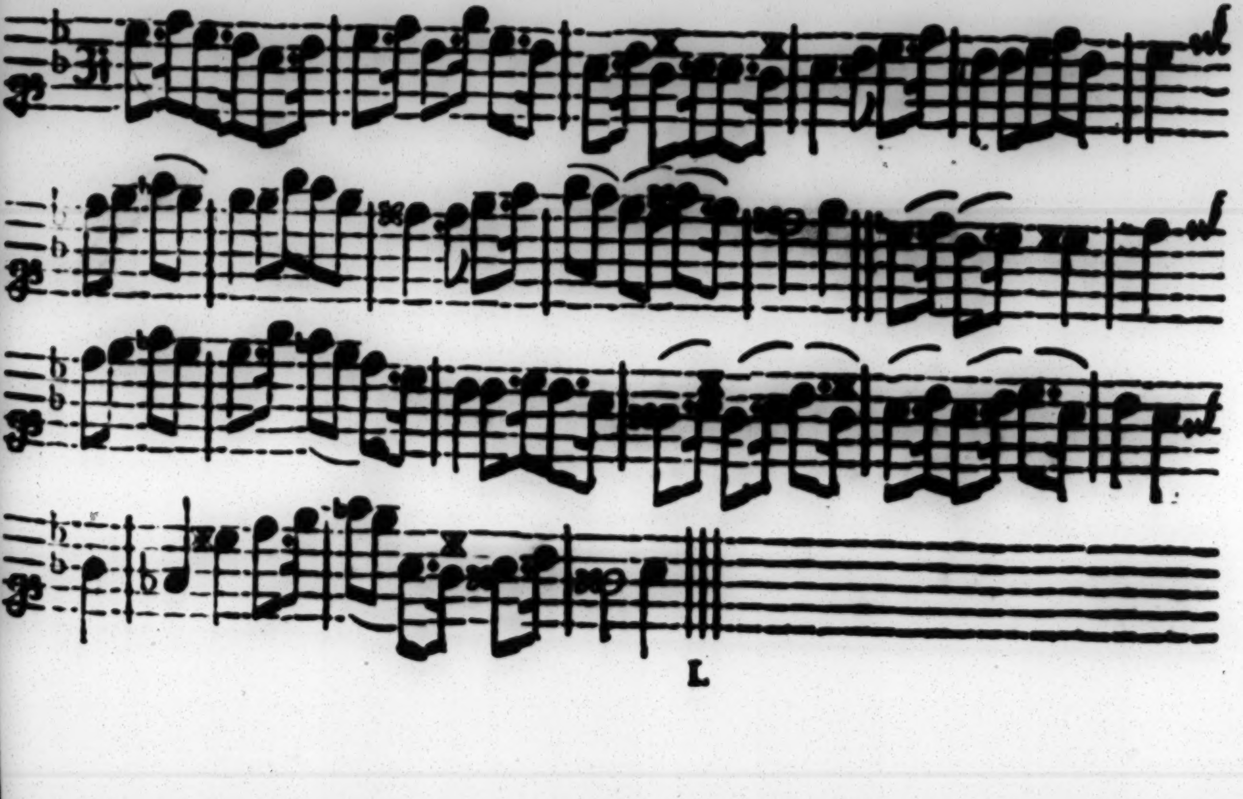
Second Treble.



(6)

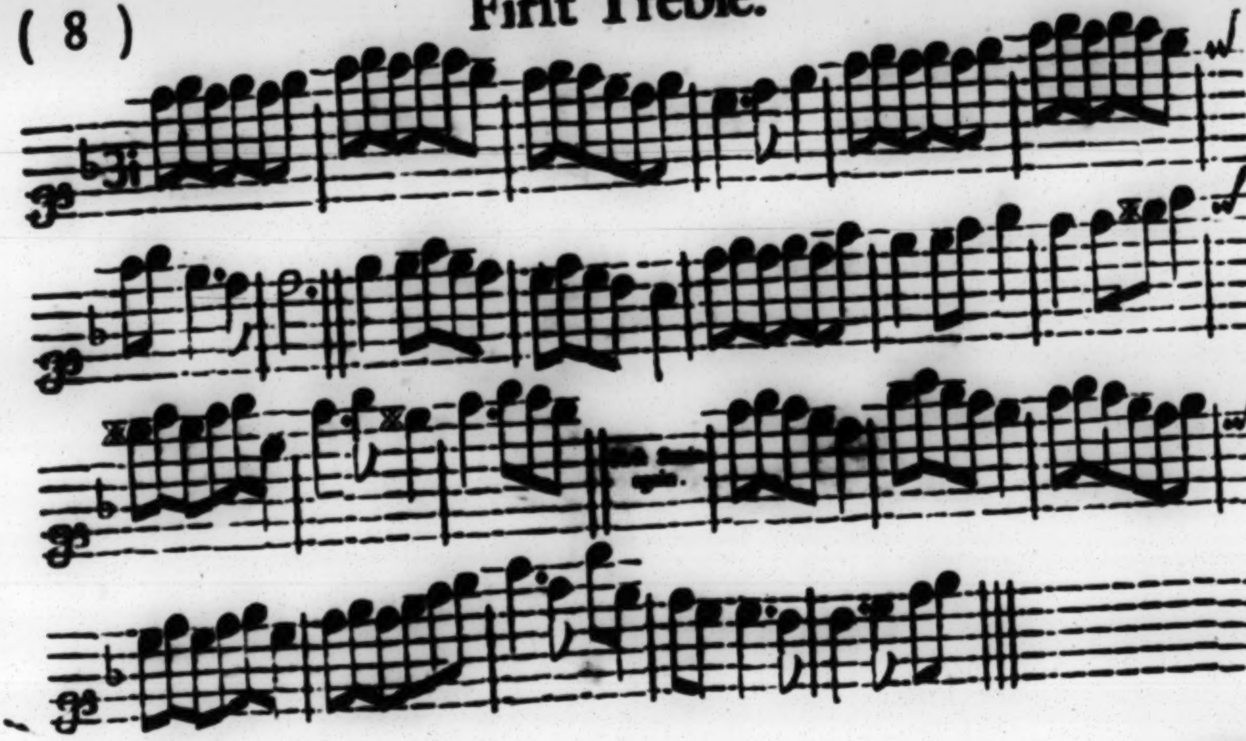


(7)

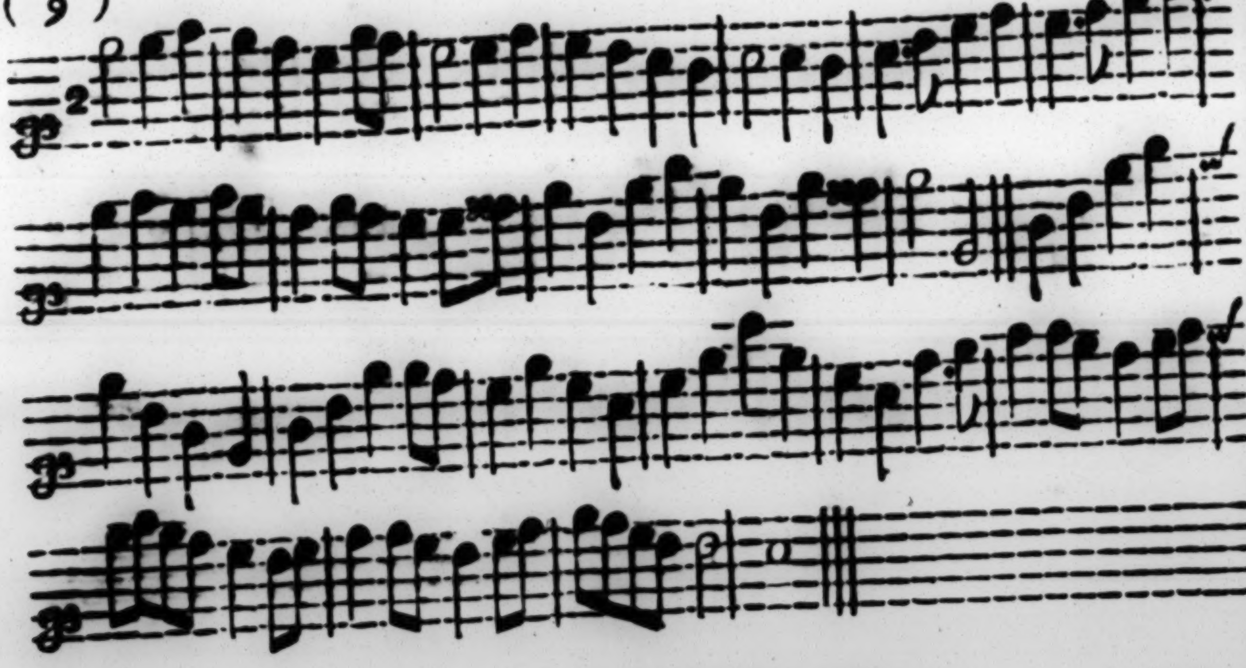


First Treble.

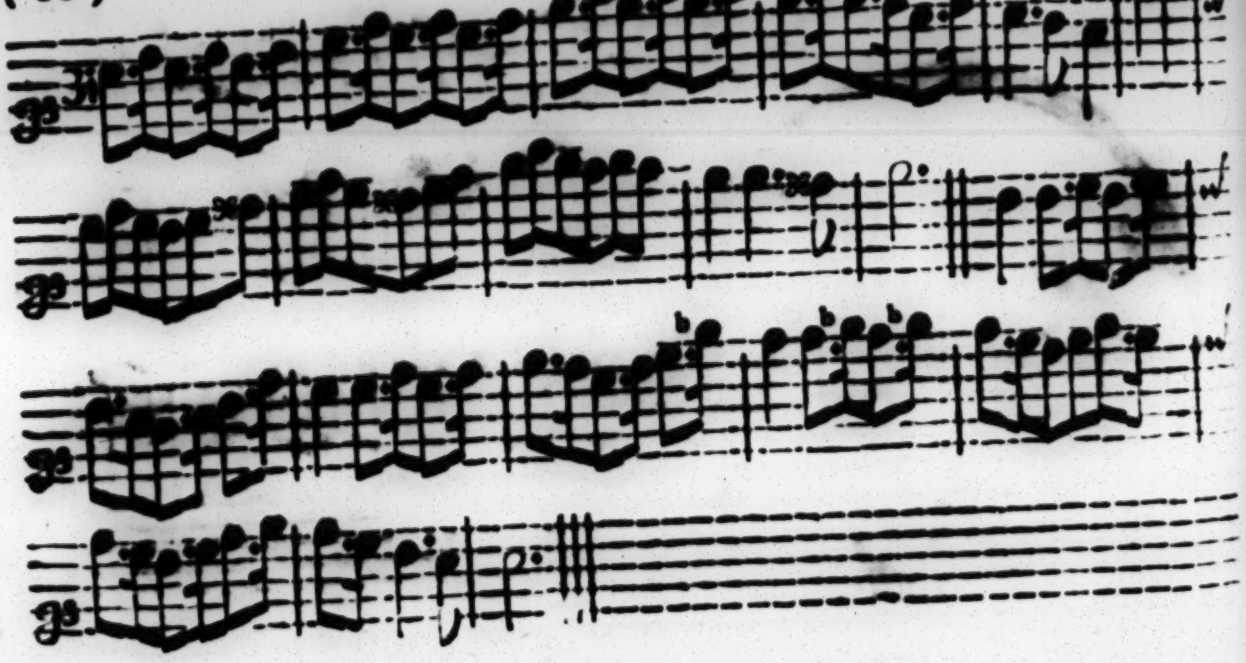
(8)



(9)



(10)



Second Treble.

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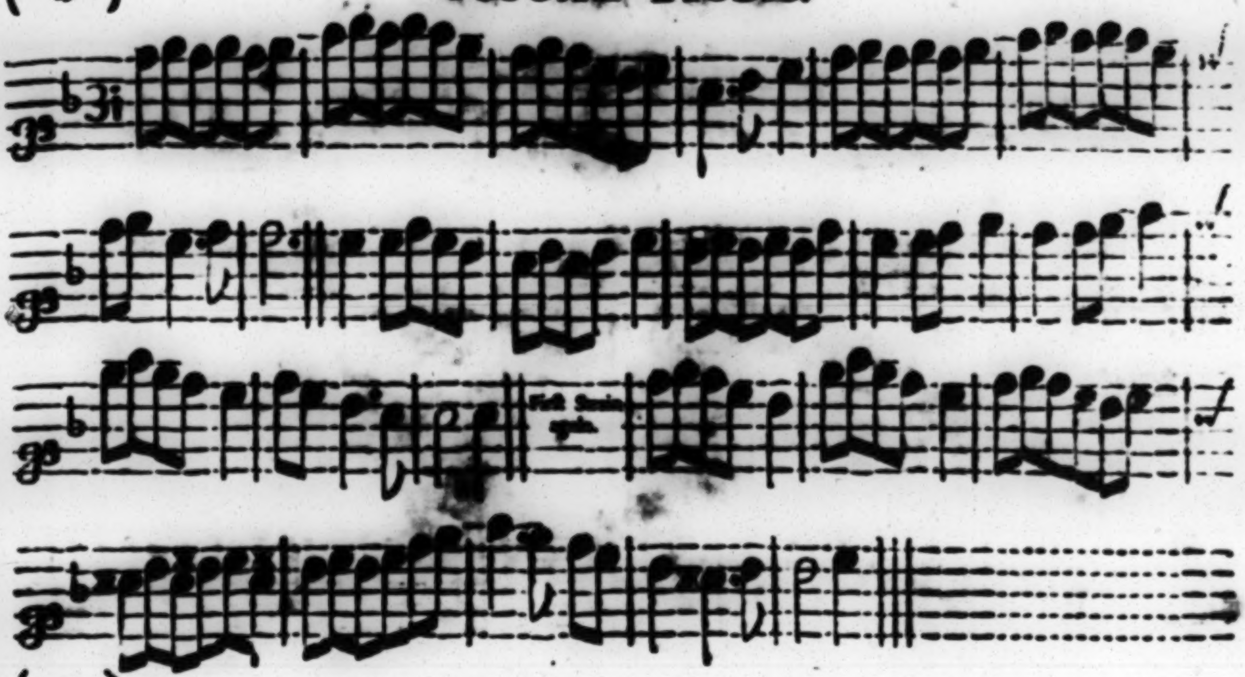

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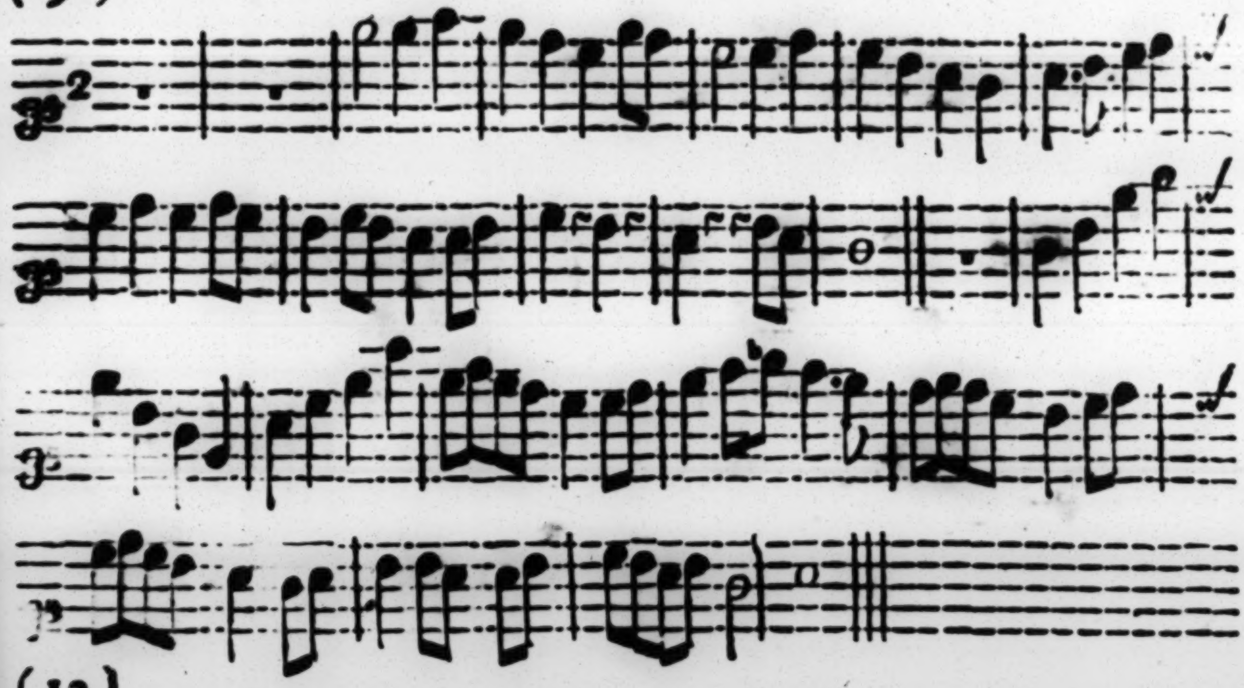

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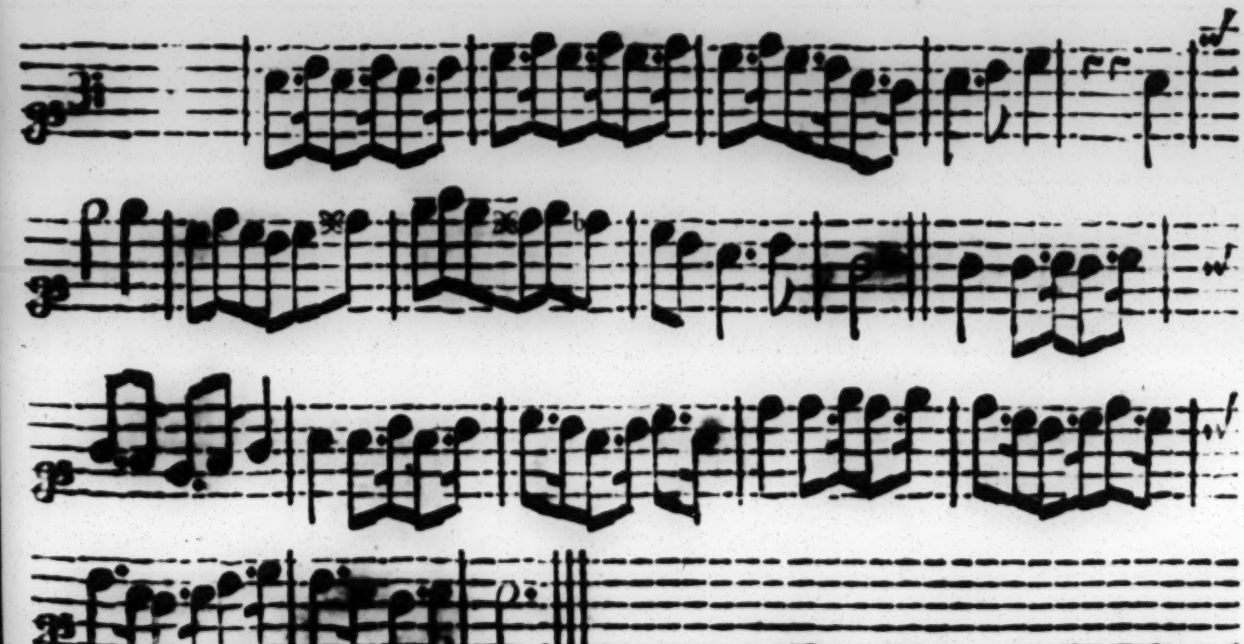
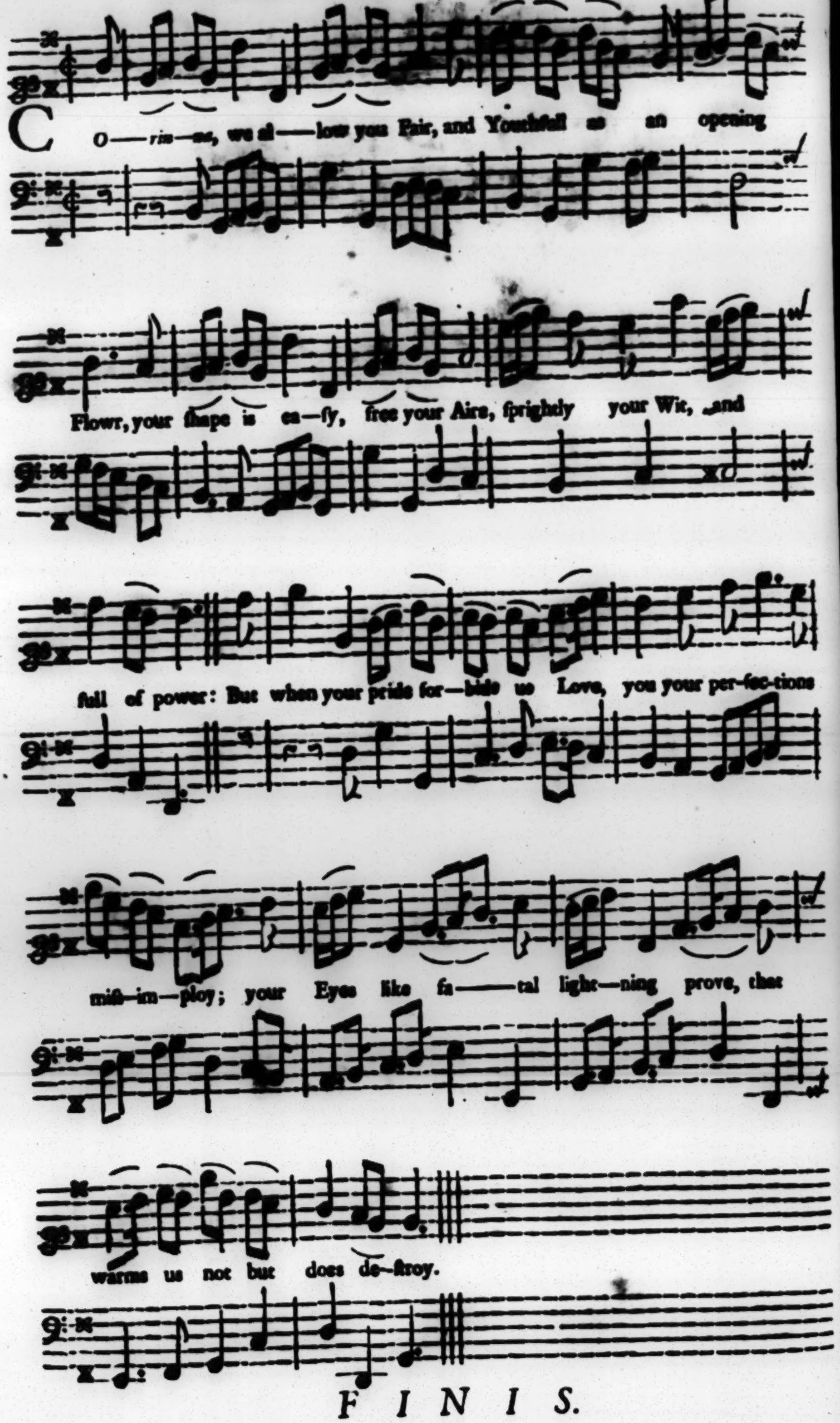


A Song ſet by Mr. *James Hart*.


C
O—rin—na, we al—low you Fair, and Youthfull as an opening
Flowr, your ſhape is ea—ſy, free your Aire, ſprightly your Wit, and
full of power: But when your pride for—bids us Love, you your per-fec-tions
miſ-im—ploy; your Eyes like fa—tal light—ning prove, that
warms us not but does de—ſtroy.

F I N I S.

THESAURUS MUSICUS:

BEING, A

COLLECTION of the Neweſt SONGS

PERFORMED

At His *Majeſties Theatres*; and at the Conſorts in
Viller-ſtreet in York-buildings, and in *Charles-ſtreet*
Covent-Garden. Moſt of the Songs being within the
Compaſs of the *Flute*.

WITH A

Thorow-Baſs to each SONG, for the *Harpſicord*, *Theorbo*, or *Baſs-Viol*.

Compoſed by moſt of the Ingenious Maſters of the Town.

THE FOURTH BOOK.

LONDON,

Printed by *J. Heptinſtall* for *John Hudgebutt*. And are to be ſold by *John Carr*, at his
Shop near the *Middle-Temple-Gate* in *Fleetſtreet*, and *Daniel Dring* at the *Harrow* and
Crown at the corner of *Cliffords-Inn-Lane* in *Fleetſtreet*, where Maſters and Shopkeepers may have
them. And at moſt Muſick-Shops in Town. Price one Shilling Sixpence, 1695.

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Ask me not to Sing, dear creature, 8
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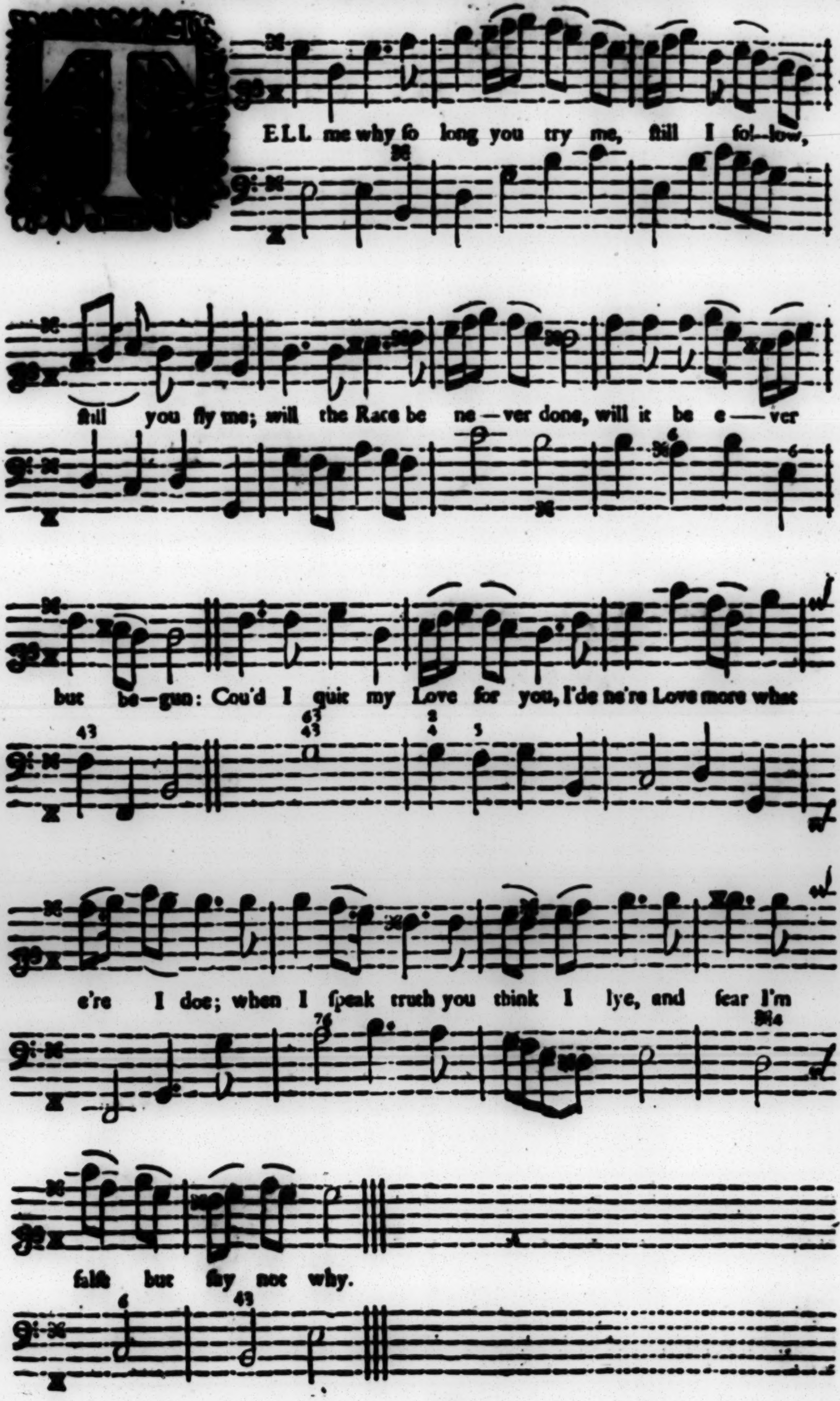
Whilſt on Melaniſſa *gazing,* 18

BOOKS Printed for, and Sold by John Hudgebutt.

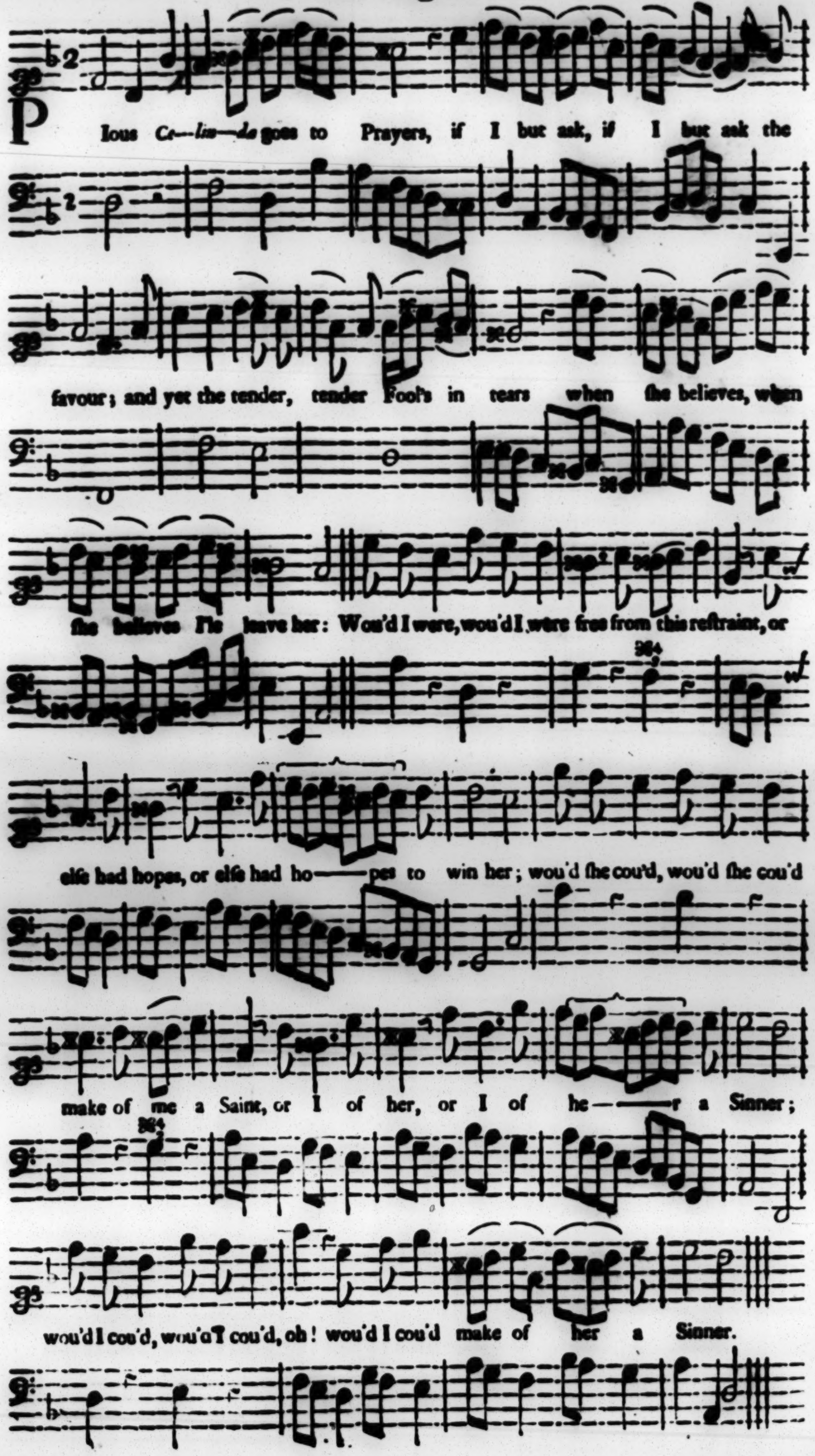
Theſaurus Muſicus the 1*ſt*. 2*d*. 3*d*. and 4*th*. Books.

A Collection of New *AIRS*, Composed for Two *Flutes* with *Sonatas*, by ſeveral of the moſt Ingenious Maſters of this Age. Price One Shilling Sixpence.

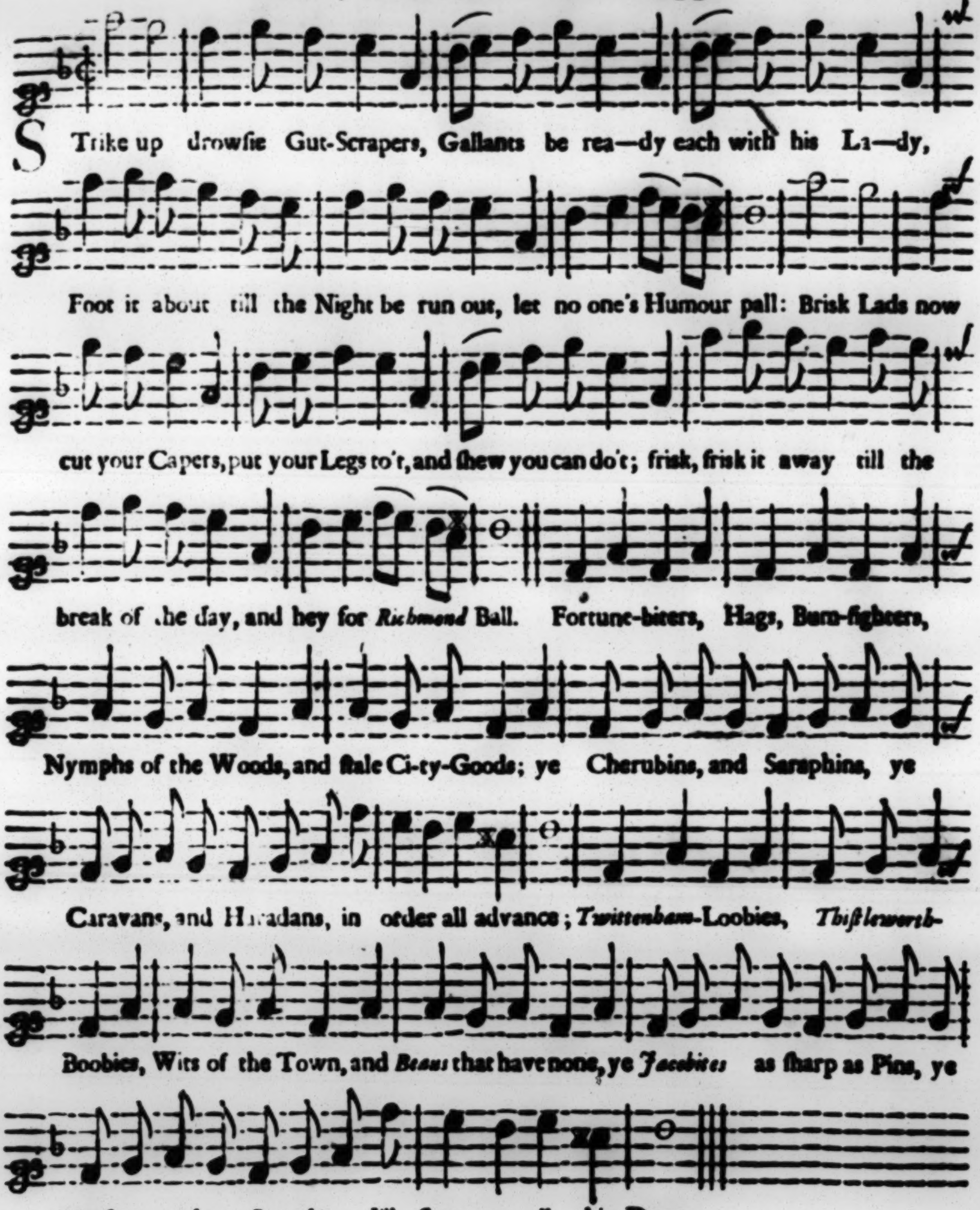
A new Song Sung at the Conſort at *York-Buildings*. Set by Mr. *Robert King*.


T
ELL me why ſo long you try me, ſtill I fol-low,
ſtill you fly me; will the Race be ne-ver done, will it be e-ver
but be-gun: Cou'd I quit my Love for you, I'de ne're Love more what
e're I doe; when I ſpeak truth you think I lye, and fear I'm
falſe but ſay not why.

A Song ſet by Mr. *Henry Purcell.* The Words by Mr. *Congreve.*


Pious Ce—lin—da goes to Prayers, if I but ask, if I but ask the
favour; and yet the tender, tender Fool's in tears when ſhe believes, when
ſhe believes I'le leave her: Wou'd I were, wou'd I were free from this reſtraint, or
elſe had hopes, or elſe had ho——pes to win her; wou'd ſhe cou'd, wou'd ſhe cou'd
make of me a Saint, or I of her, or I of he——r a Sinner;
wou'd I cou'd, wou'd I cou'd, oh! wou'd I cou'd make of her a Sinner.

A Song made by Mr. *D'urfey* upon a new Country Dance, called, Mr. *Lane's* Magget.


STrike up drowſie Gut-Scrapers, Gallants be rea—dy each with his La—dy,
Foot it about till the Night be run out, let no one's Humour pall: Briſk Lads now
cut your Capers, put your Legs to't, and ſhew you can do't; friſk, friſk it away till the
break of the day, and hey for *Richmond* Ball. Fortune-biters, Hags, Bum-fighters,
Nymphs of the Woods, and ſtale Ci-ty-Goods; ye Cherubins, and Saraphins, ye
Caravans, and Haradans, in order all advance; *Twittenham*-Loobies, *Thiſtleworth*-
Boobies, Wits of the Town, and *Beaus* that have none, ye *Jacobites* as ſharp as Pins, ye
Monſieurs, and ye *Sooterkins*, I'll ſhow you all this Dance.

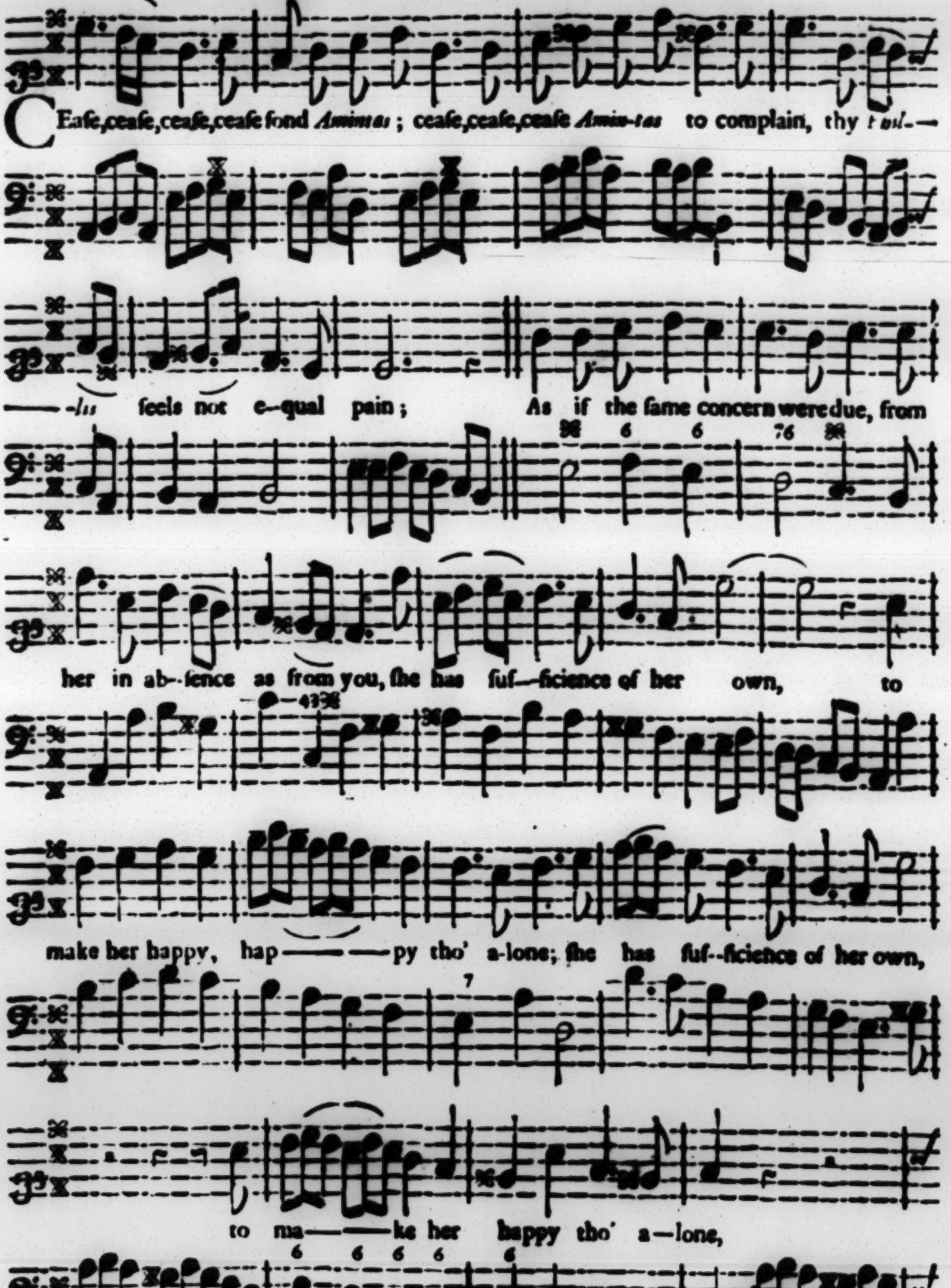
I.

Caſt off, *Tom*, behind *Johnny*,
Do the ſame *Nanny*,
Eyes are upon you;
Trip it between
Little *Dicky* and *Jane*,
And ſet in the ſecond Row:
Then, then caſt back you muſt too,
And up the firſt Row,
Nimbly thruſt through;
Then, turn her about,
To the left, or you're out,
And meet with your Love below.

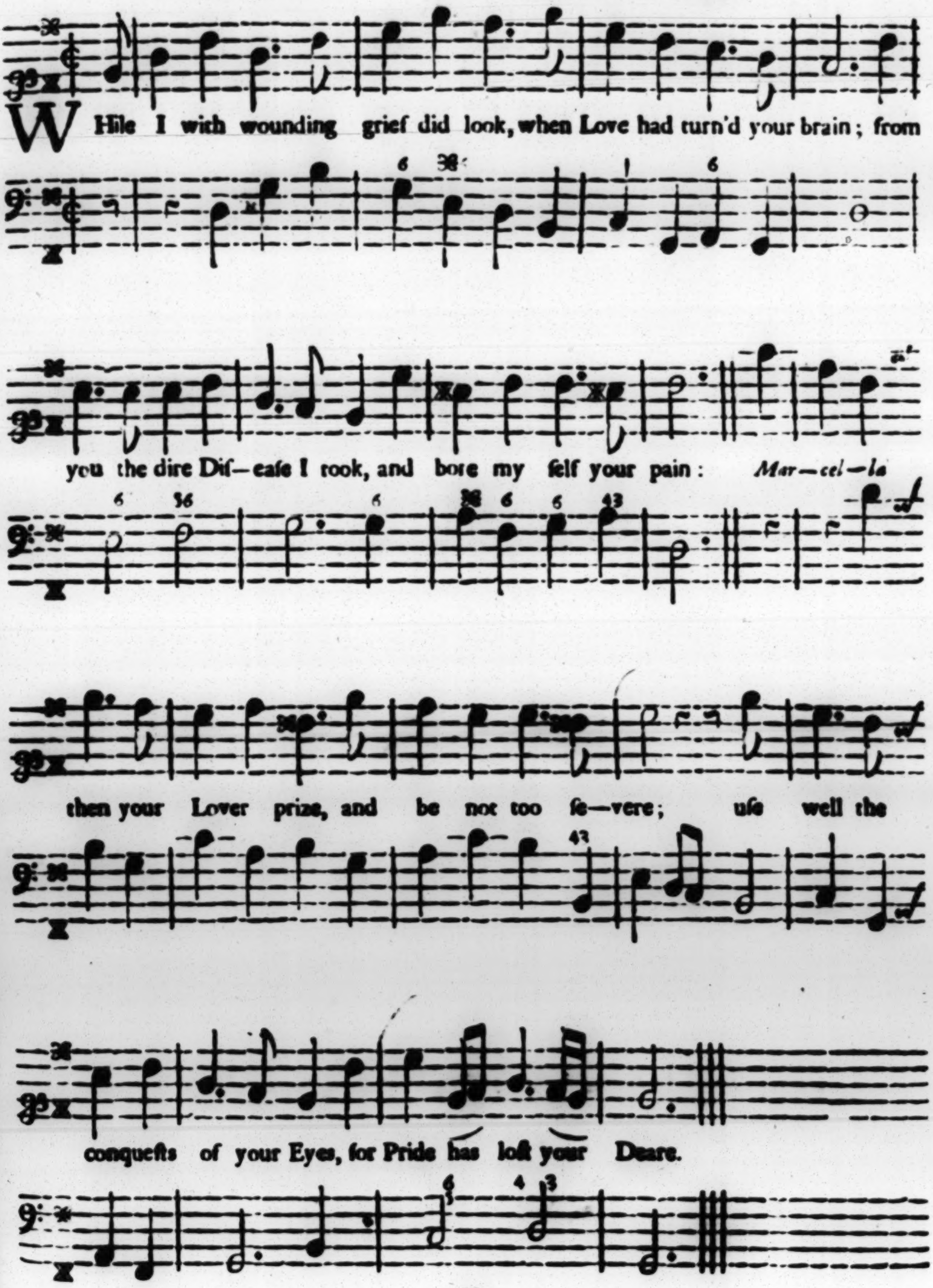
II.

Paſs, then croſs,
Then *Jack's* pretty Laſs,
Then turn her about, about and about;
And, *Jacky* if you can do ſo too
With *Betty*, while the Time is true,
We'll all your Ear commend:
Still there's more
To lead all four;
Two by *Nancy* ſtand,
And give her your Hand,
Then caſt her quickly down below,
And meet her in the ſecond Row:
The DANCE is at an End.

A Song ſet by Mr. *Robert King.*


CEaſe, ceaſe, ceaſe, ceaſe fond *Amintas*; ceaſe, ceaſe, ceaſe *Amin-tas* to complain, thy *Phil*—
—*lis* feels not e-qual pain; As if the ſame concern were due, from
her in ab-ſence as from you, ſhe has ſuf—ficience of her own, to
make her happy, hap——py tho' a-lone; ſhe has ſuf-ficience of her own,
to ma——ke her happy tho' a-lone,
to ma-——ke her happy tho' a-lone.

A Song upon Mrs. Brace-girdle's Acting *Marcella*, in *Don-Quixote*. Set by Mr. *Godfrey Finger*.

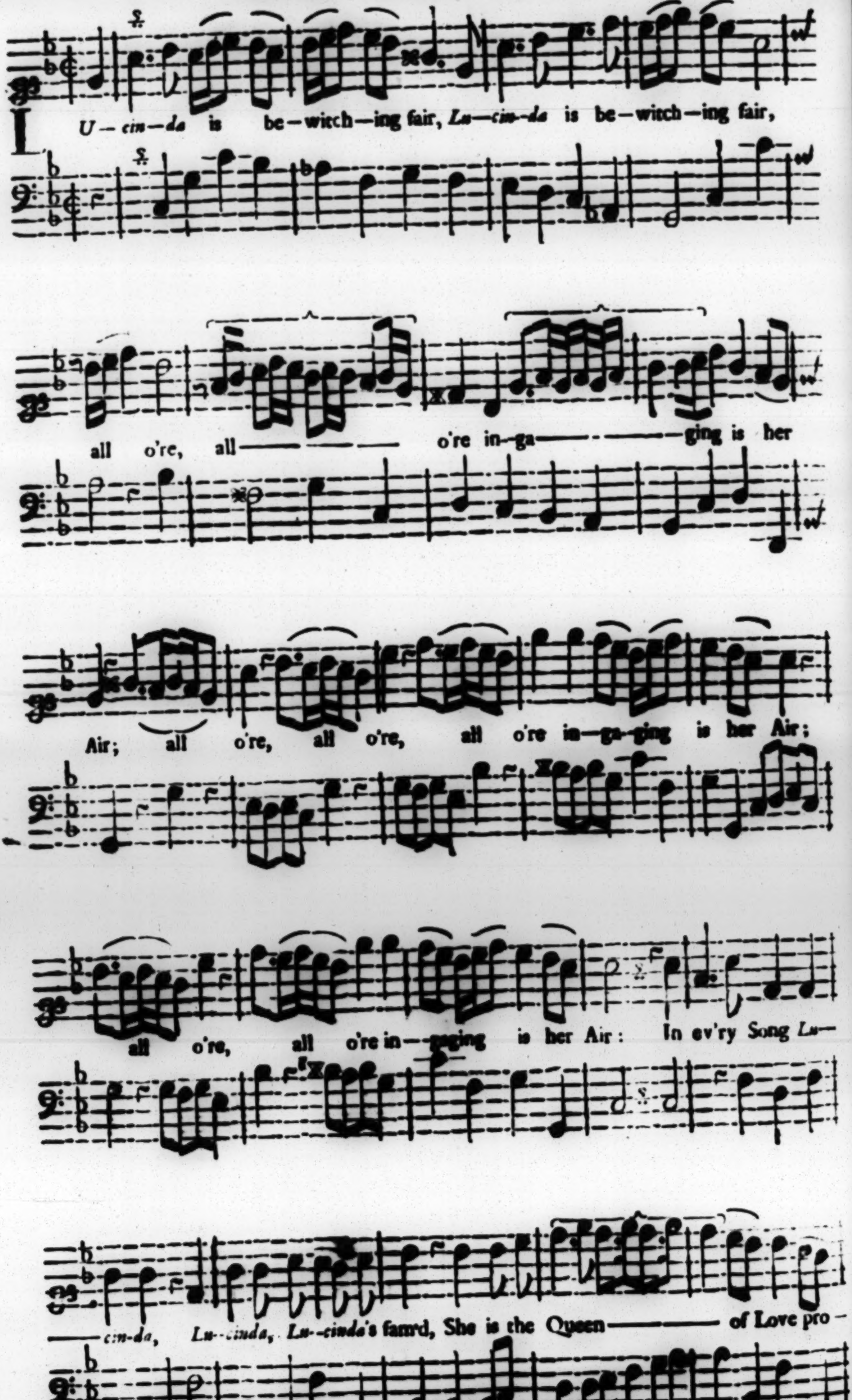

WHile I with wounding grief did look, when Love had turn'd your brain; from
6 ♯ 6
you the dire Diſ—eaſe I took, and bore my ſelf your pain: *Mar—cel—la*
6 56 6 ♯ 6 6 43
then your Lover prize, and be not too ſe—vere; uſe well the
43
conqueſts of your Eyes, for Pride has loſt your Deare.
6 4 3

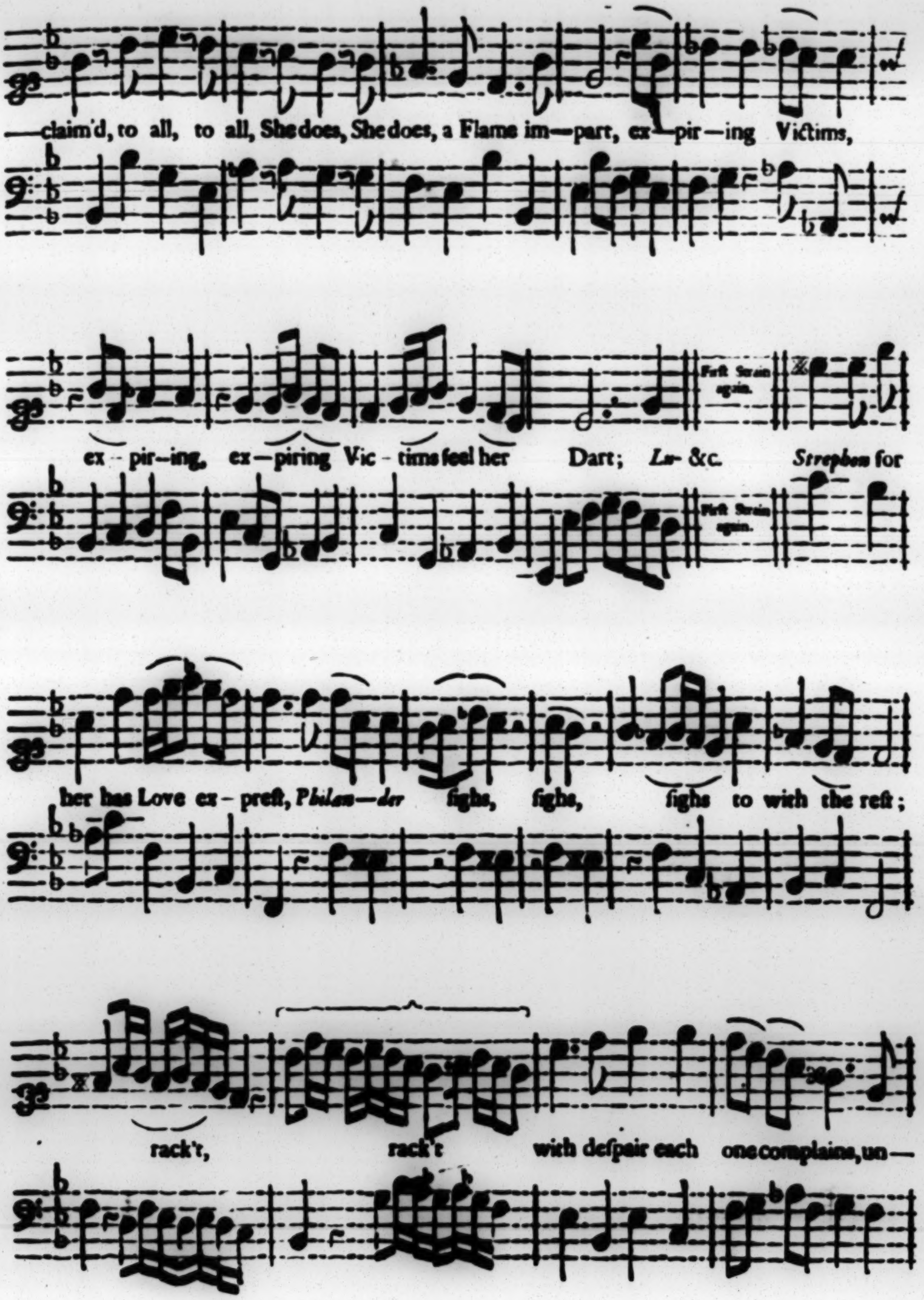
II.

Ambroſio treats your flames with ſcorn,
And rakes your tender mind;
Withdraw your Frowns, and Smiles return,
And pay him in his kind.

Yet Smil[illegible]ain where Smiles are due,
And my true Love eſteem:
For I much more doe rage for you
Than you can burn for him.

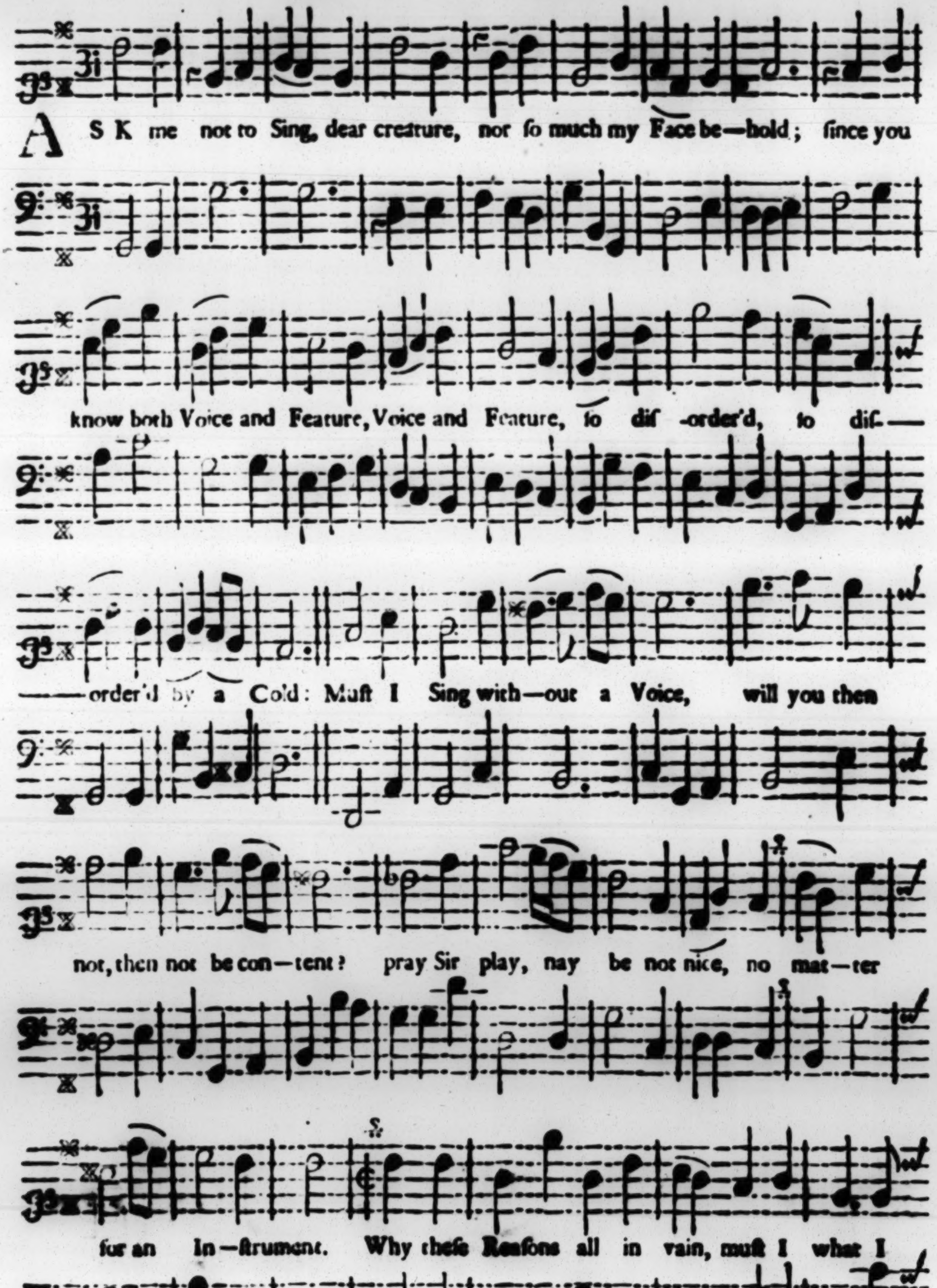
A new Song ſet by Mr. *Henry Purcell*, in the Play ca'lld *Abdelazar*. Sung by the Boy.

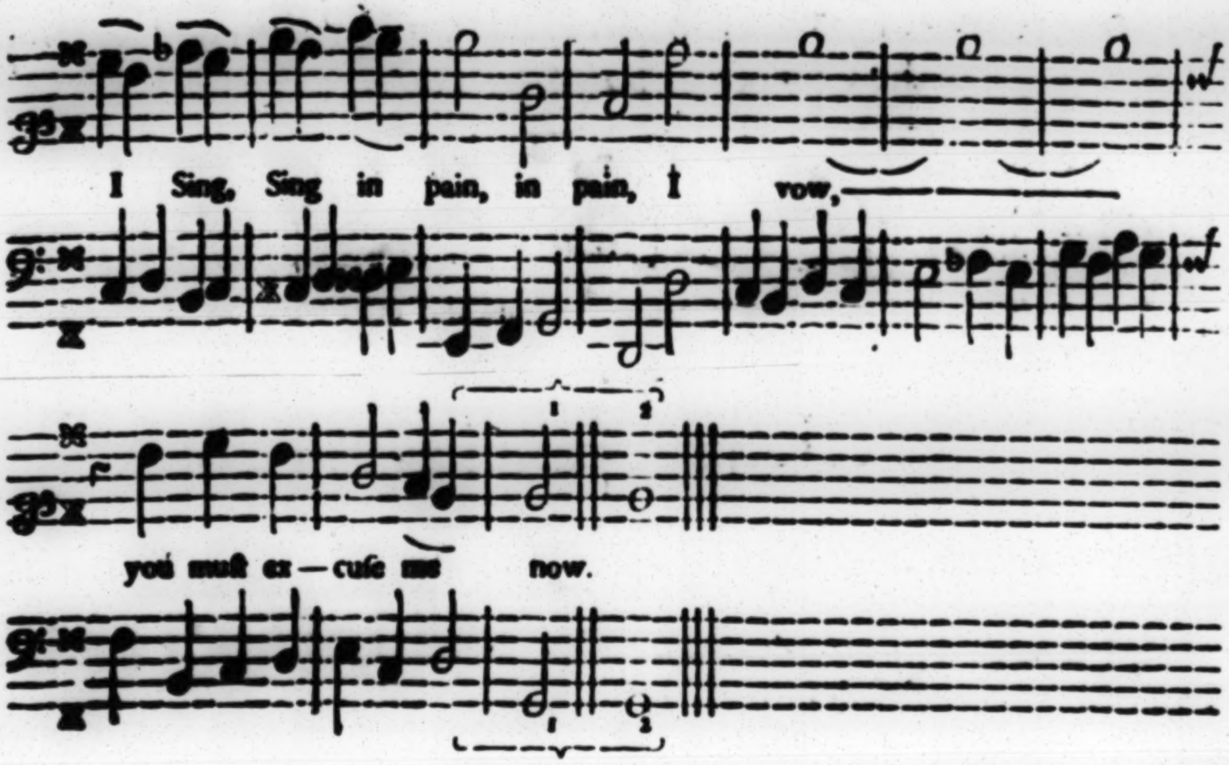

L
U—cin—da is be—witch—ing fair, Lu—cin-da is be—witch—ing fair,
all o're, all—— o're in-ga—— ging is her
Air; all o're, all o're, all o're in—ga-ging is her Air;
all o're, all o're in—gaging is her Air: In ev'ry Song Lu—
——cin-da, Lu-cinda, Lu-cinda's famd, She is the Queen—— of Love pro—

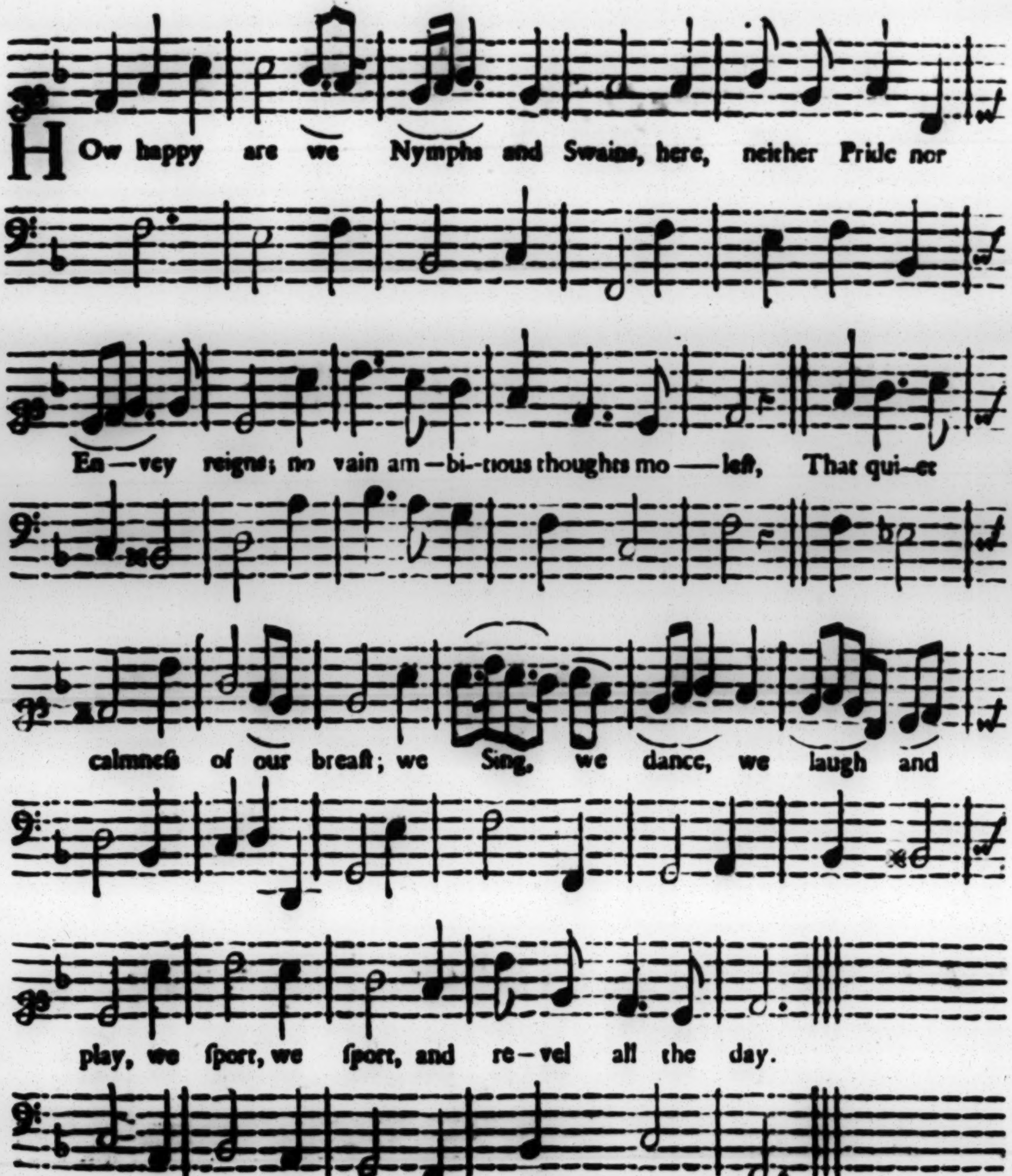

—claim'd, to all, to all, She does, She does, a Flame im—part, ex—pir—ing Victims,
ex-pir—ing, ex—piring Vic-tims feel her Dart; *Lu-* &c.
First Strain again.
Strephon for
First Strain again.
her has Love ex-preſt, *Philan—der* ſighs, ſighs, ſighs to with the reſt;
rack't, rack't with deſpair each one complains, un—
——— mov'd, un—touch't, She all, She all She all, diſ—dains. *Lu*——

End with the firſt Strain from this mark. :S:

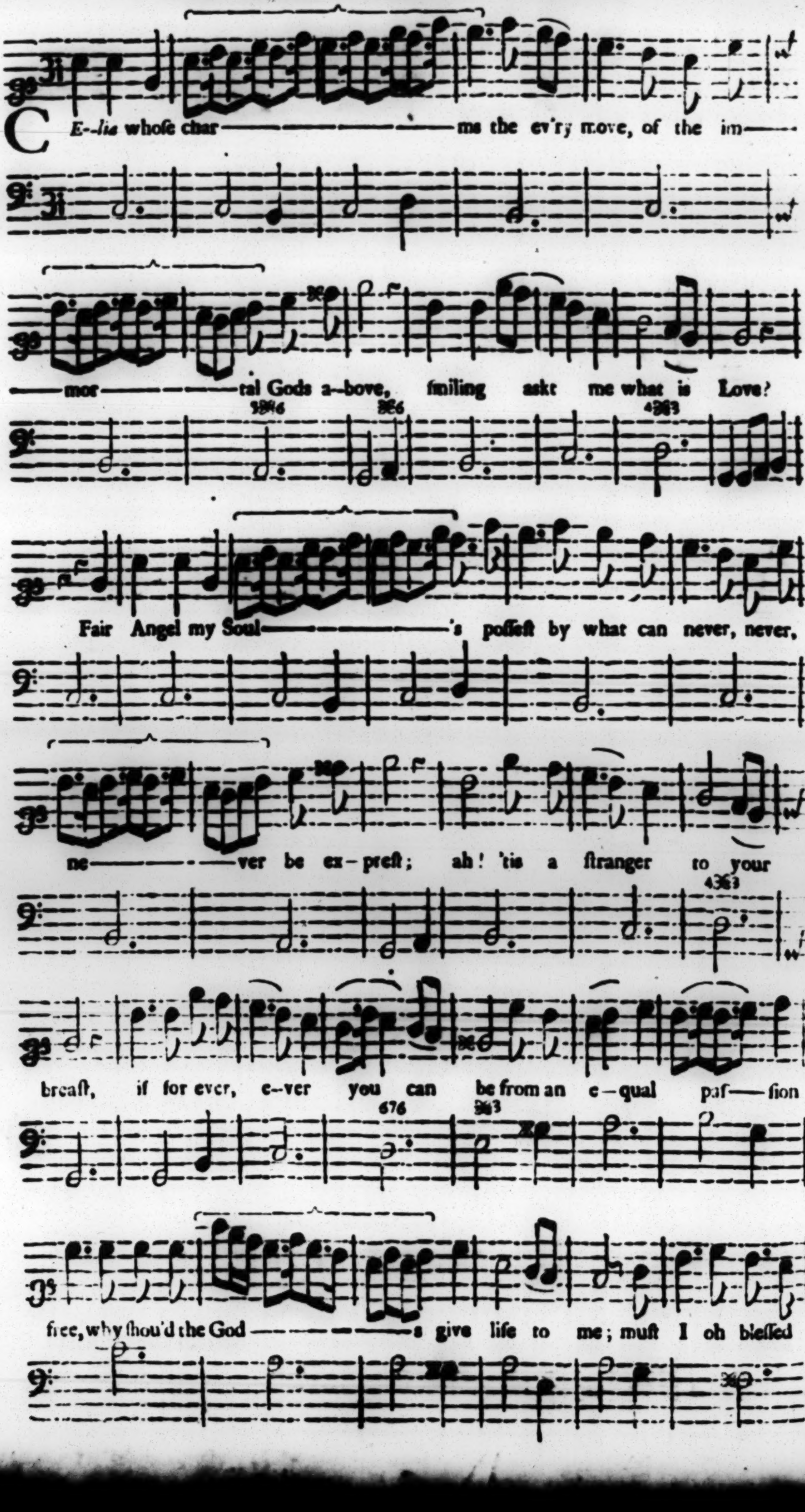
A Song ſet by Captain *Pack.*

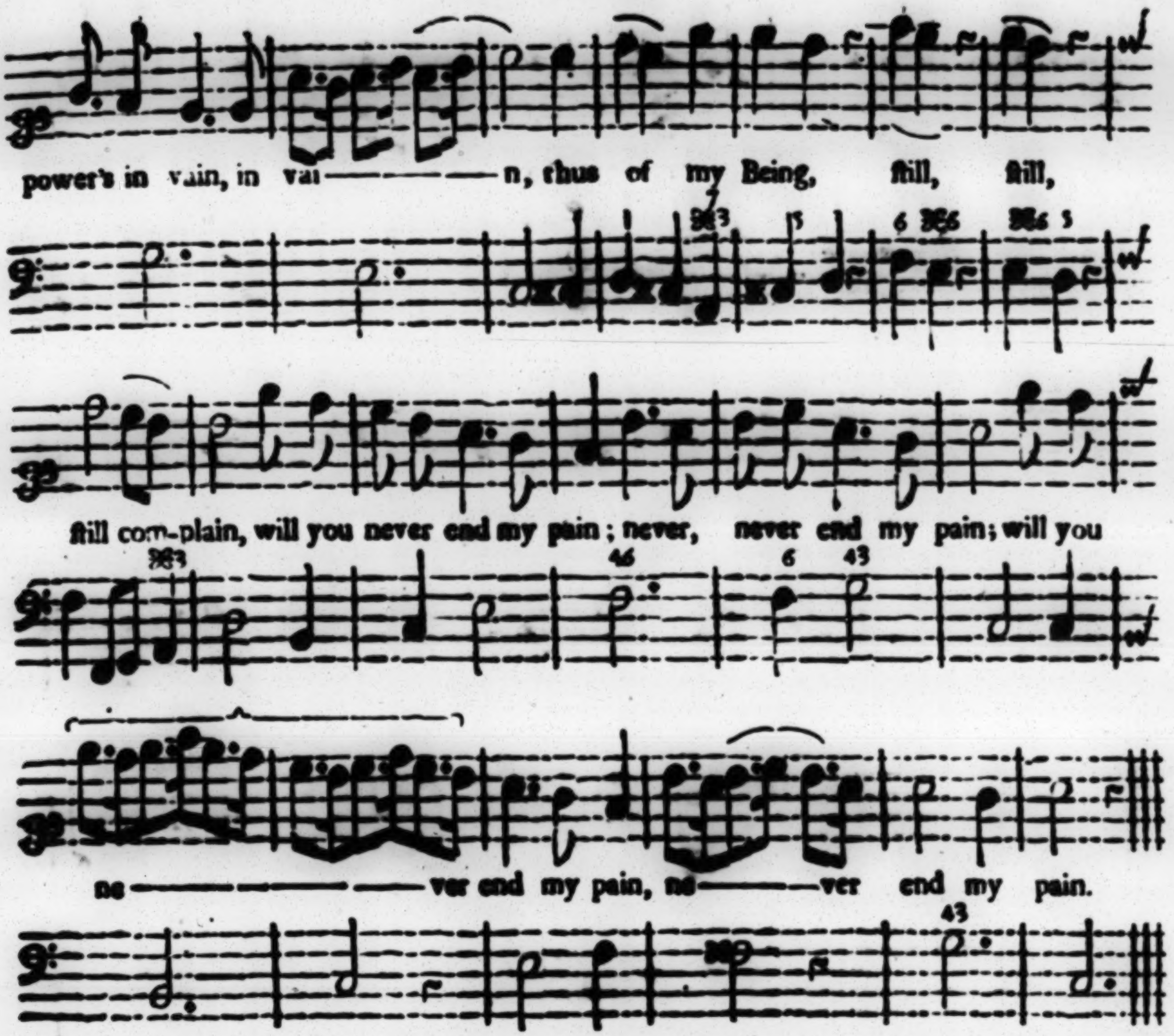

ASK me not to Sing, dear creature, nor ſo much my Face be—hold; ſince you
know both Voice and Feature, Voice and Feature, ſo diſ-order'd, ſo diſ—
——order'd by a Cold: Muſt I Sing with—out a Voice, will you then
not, then not be con—tent? pray Sir play, nay be not nice, no mat—ter
for an In—ſtrument. Why theſe Reaſons all in vain, muſt I what I
cannot doe? fair *Cinthia*, fair, fair *Cinthia*, oh I Sing, Sing in pain,


I Sing, Sing in pain, in pain, I vow,
you muſt ex—cuſe me now.
1
2

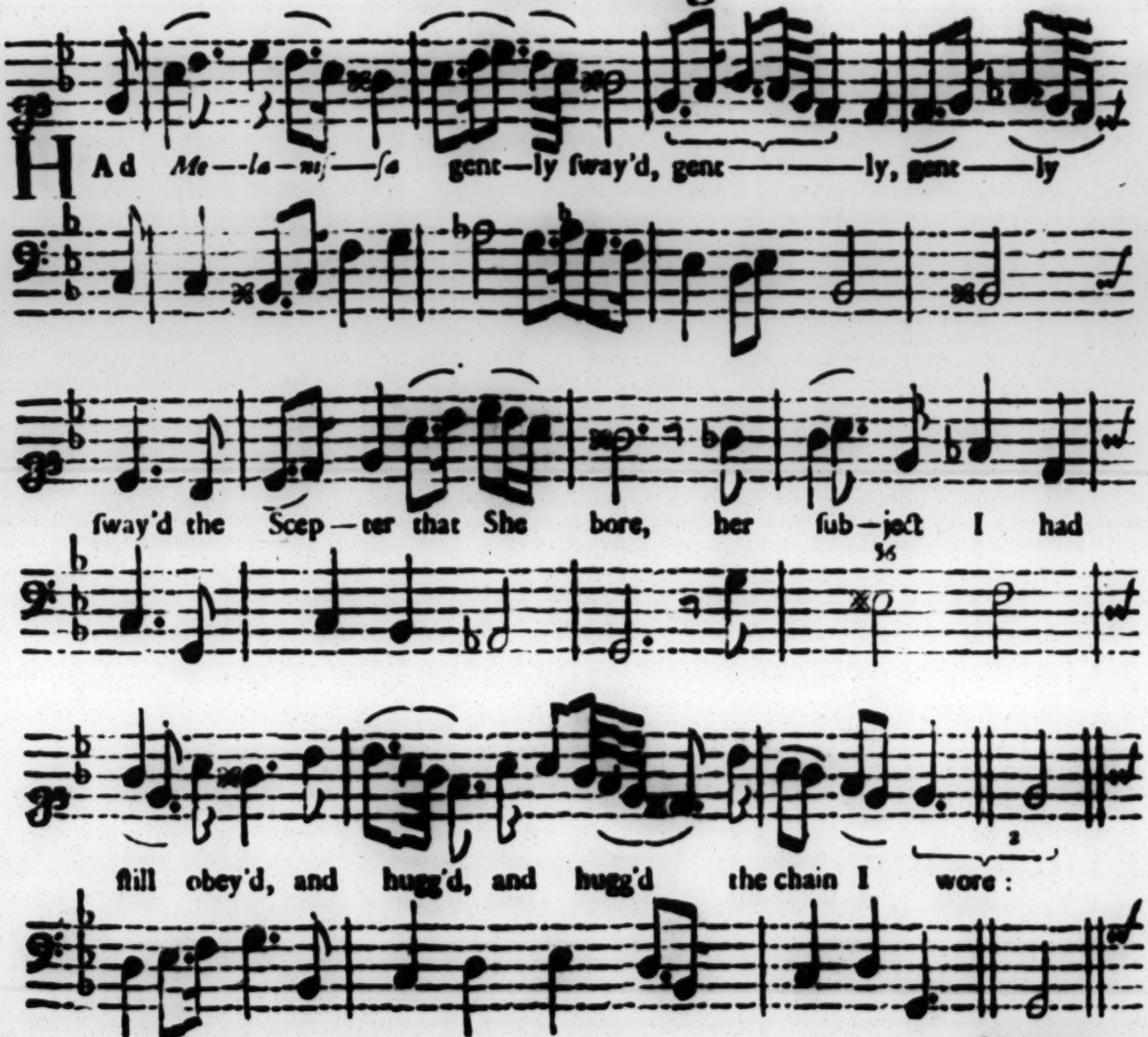

How happy are we Nymphs and Swains here, neither Pride nor
En—vey reigns; no vain am—bi-tious thoughts mo—leſt, That qui—et
calmneſs of our breaſt; we Sing, we dance, we laugh and
play, we ſport, we ſport, and re—vel all the day.

A new Song ſet by Mr. *Godfrey Finger*, Sung by the Boy at the Conſort in *Dukeſtreet Coventgarden.*

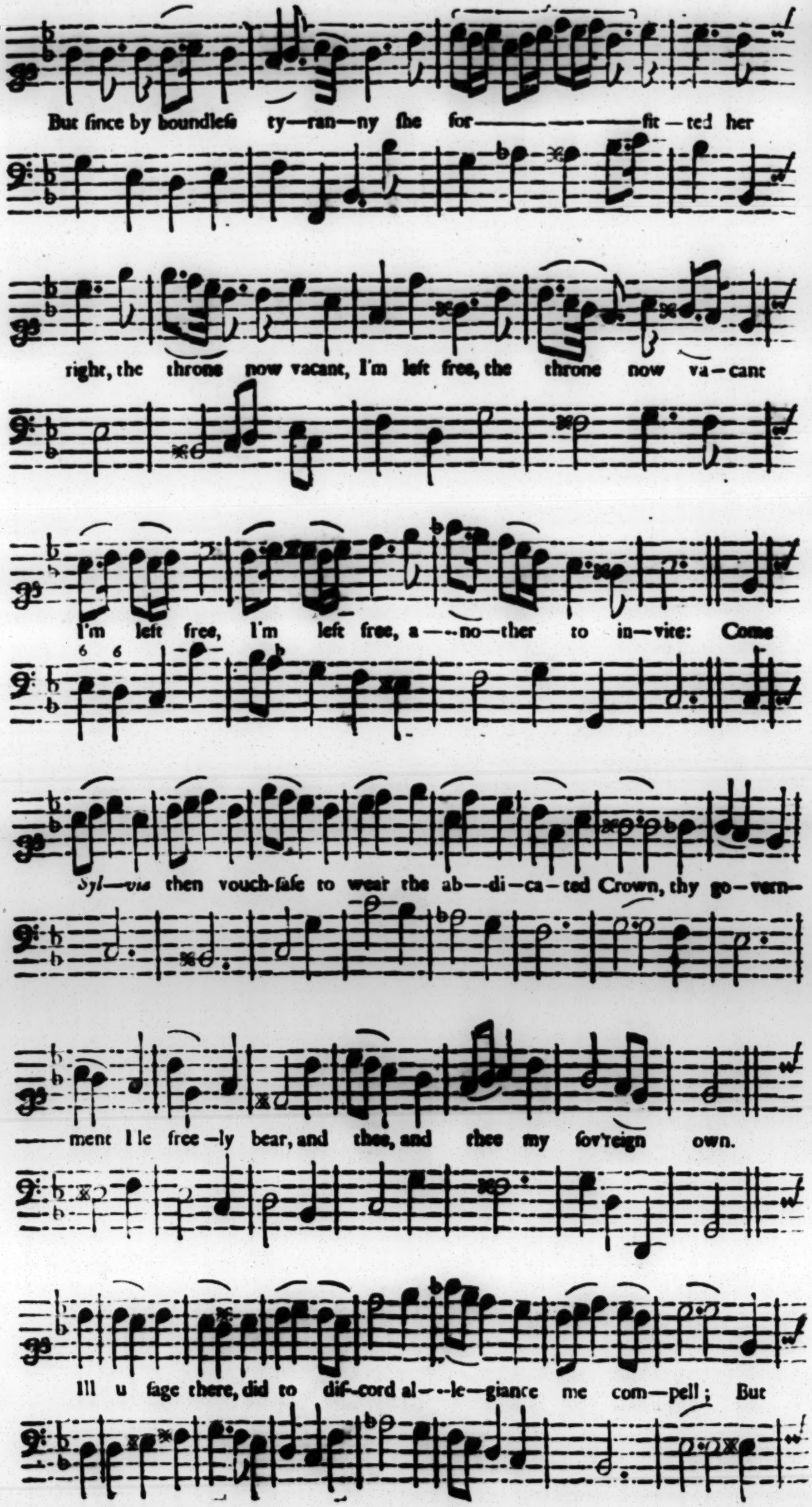

C *E--lia* whoſe char————————— ms the ev'ry move, of the im——
——mor————tal Gods a--bove, ſmiling askt me what is Love?
Fair Angel my Soul——————'s poſſeſt by what can never, never,
ne————ver be ex–preſt; ah! 'tis a ſtranger to your
breaſt, if for ever, e--ver you can be from an e–qual paſ——ſion
free, why ſhou'd the God——————s give life to me; muſt I oh bleſſed

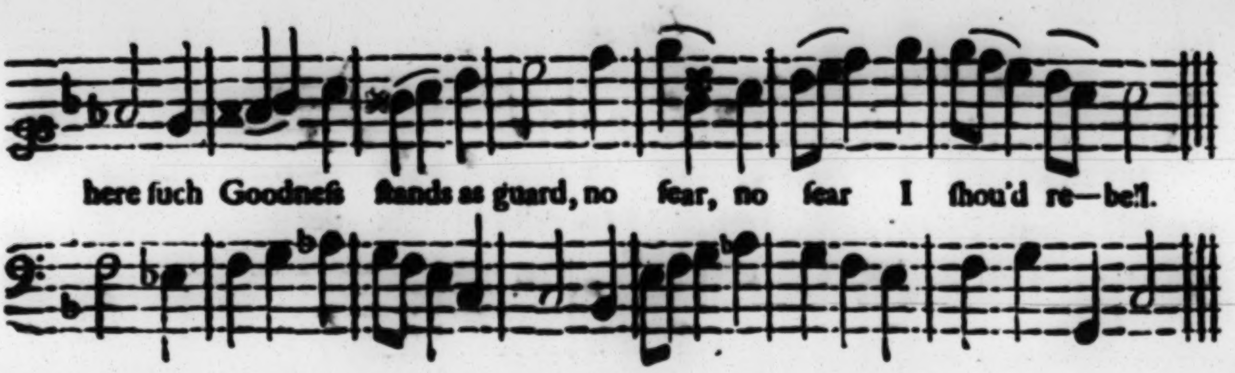

power's in vain, in vai——n, thus of my Being, ſtill, ſtill,
ſtill com-plain, will you never end my pain; never, never end my pain; will you
ne————ver end my pain, ne———ver end my pain.

A New Song.

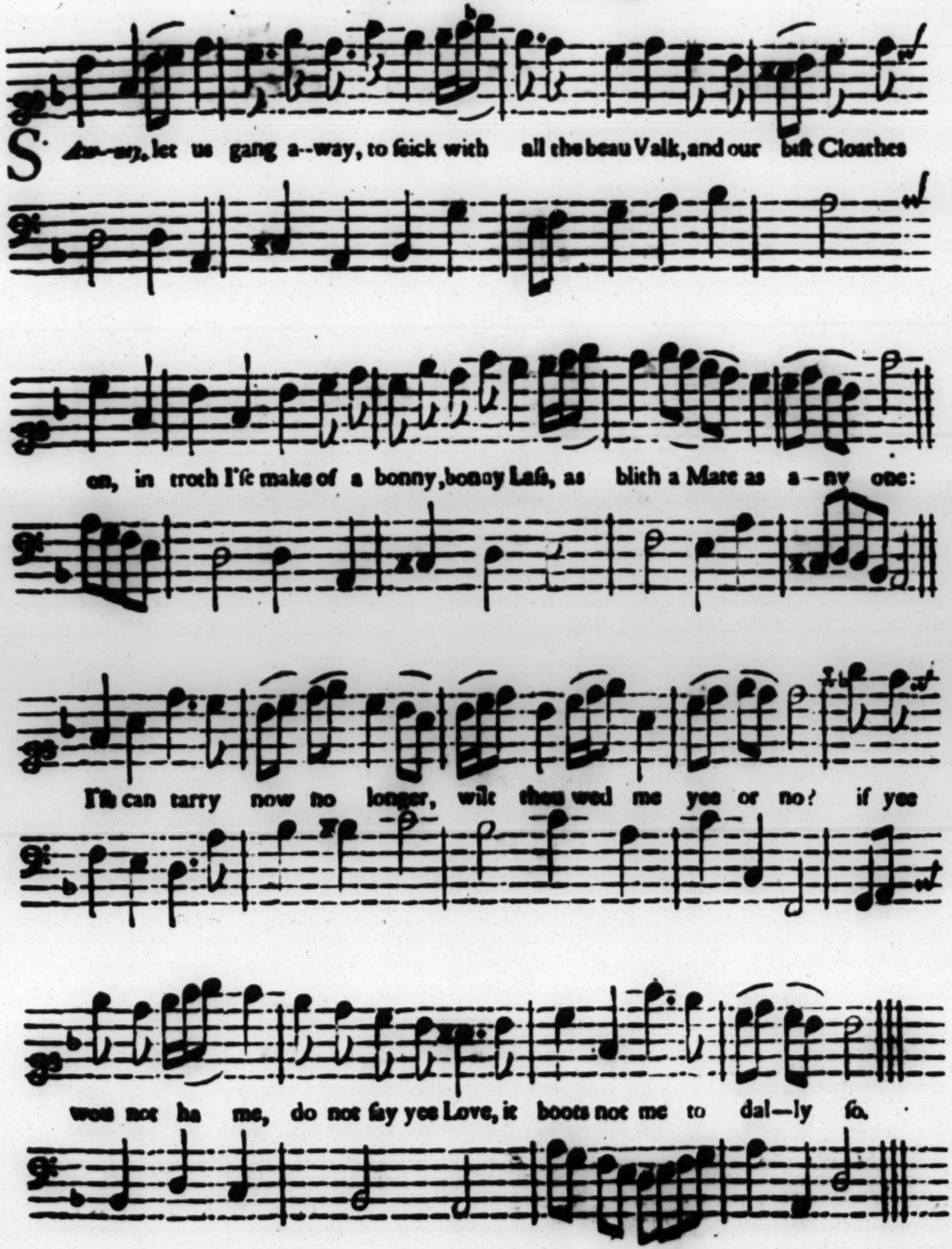

HAd Me—la—ni—ſa gent—ly ſway'd, gent———ly, gent——ly
ſway'd the Scep—ter that She bore, her ſub—ject I had
ſtill obey'd, and hugg'd, and hugg'd the chain I wore:

Turn over.

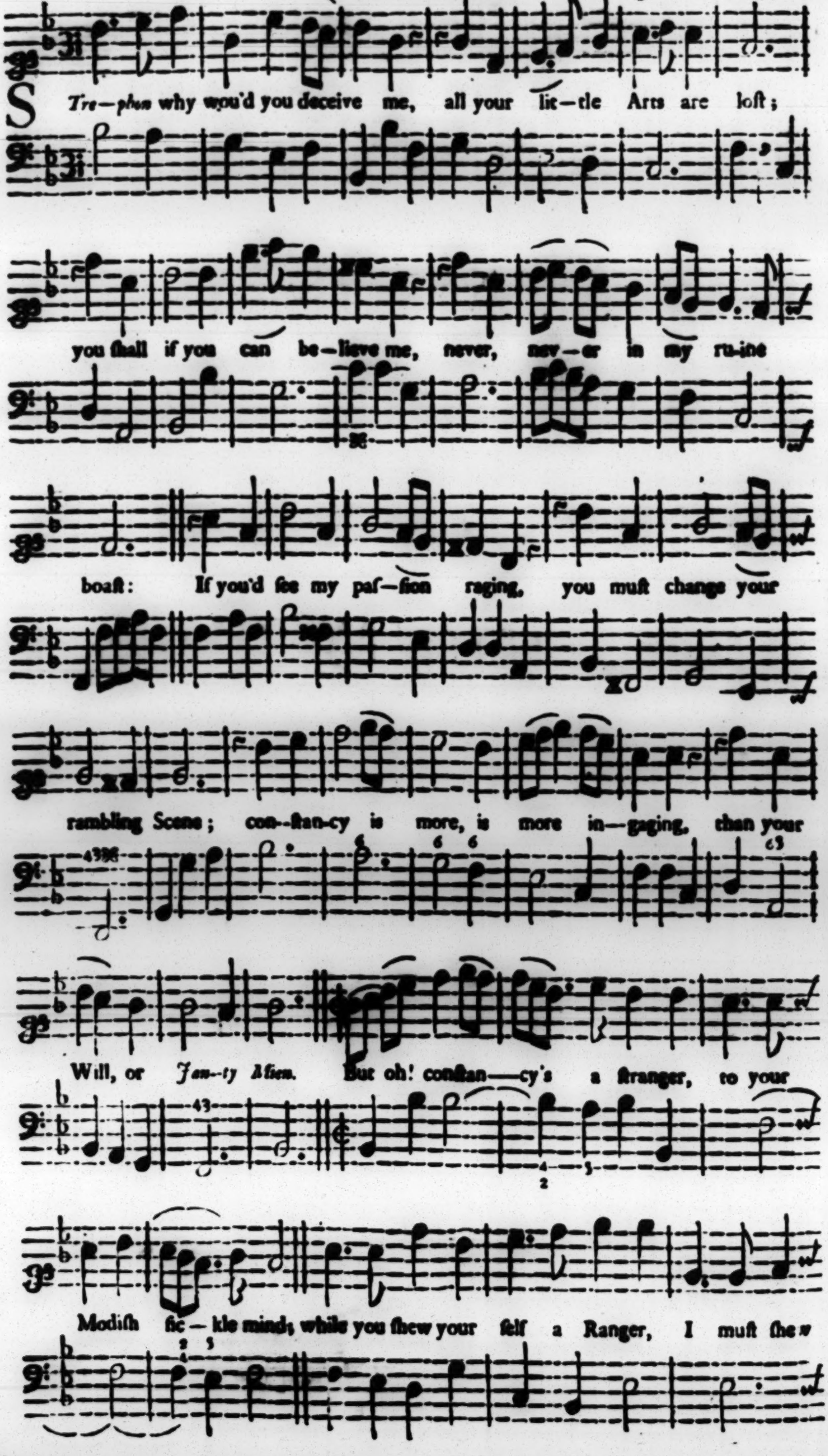

But ſince by boundleſs ty—ran—ny ſhe for——————fit—ted her
right, the throne now vacant, I'm left free, the throne now va—cant
I'm left free, I'm left free, a——no—ther to in—vite: Come
6 6
Syl—via then vouch-ſafe to wear the ab—di—ca—ted Crown, thy go—vern-
——ment I'le free—ly bear, and thee, and thee my ſov'reign own.
Ill u ſage there, did to diſ—cord al——le—giance me com—pell; But

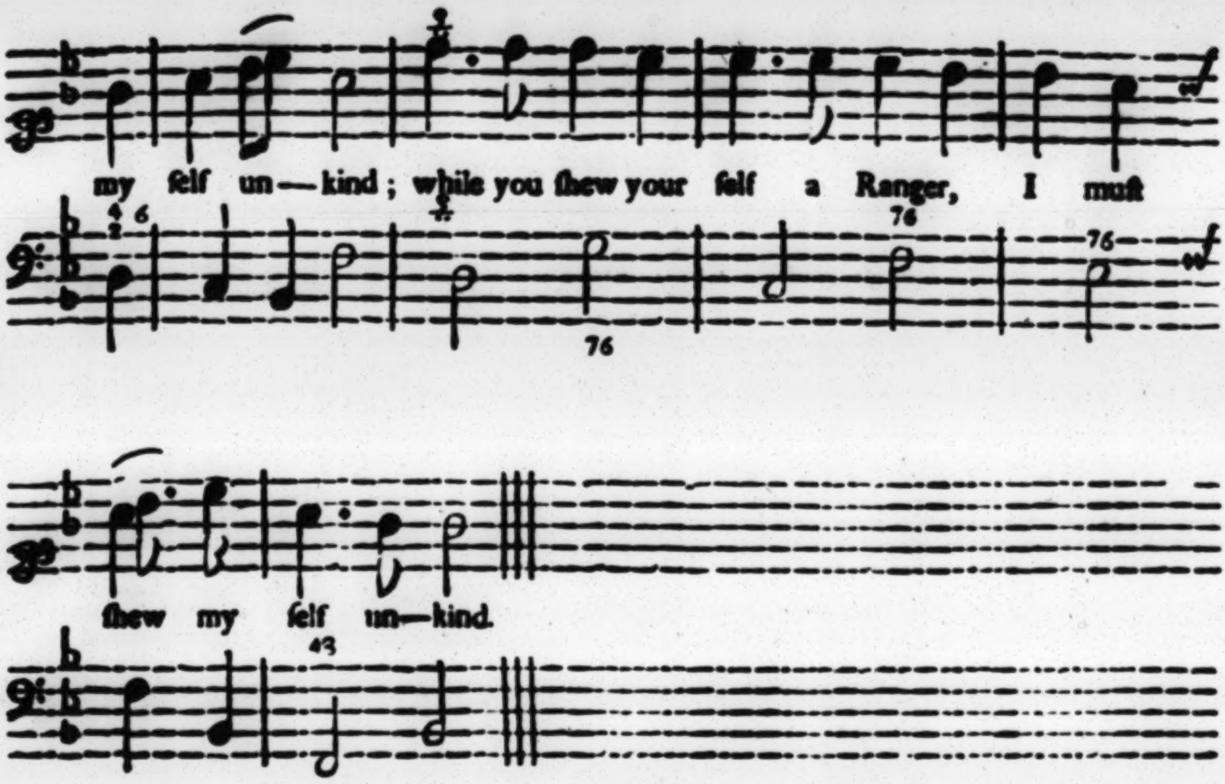

here ſuch Goodneſs ſtands as guard, no fear, no fear I ſhou'd re—bell.

A New *Scotch* Song.

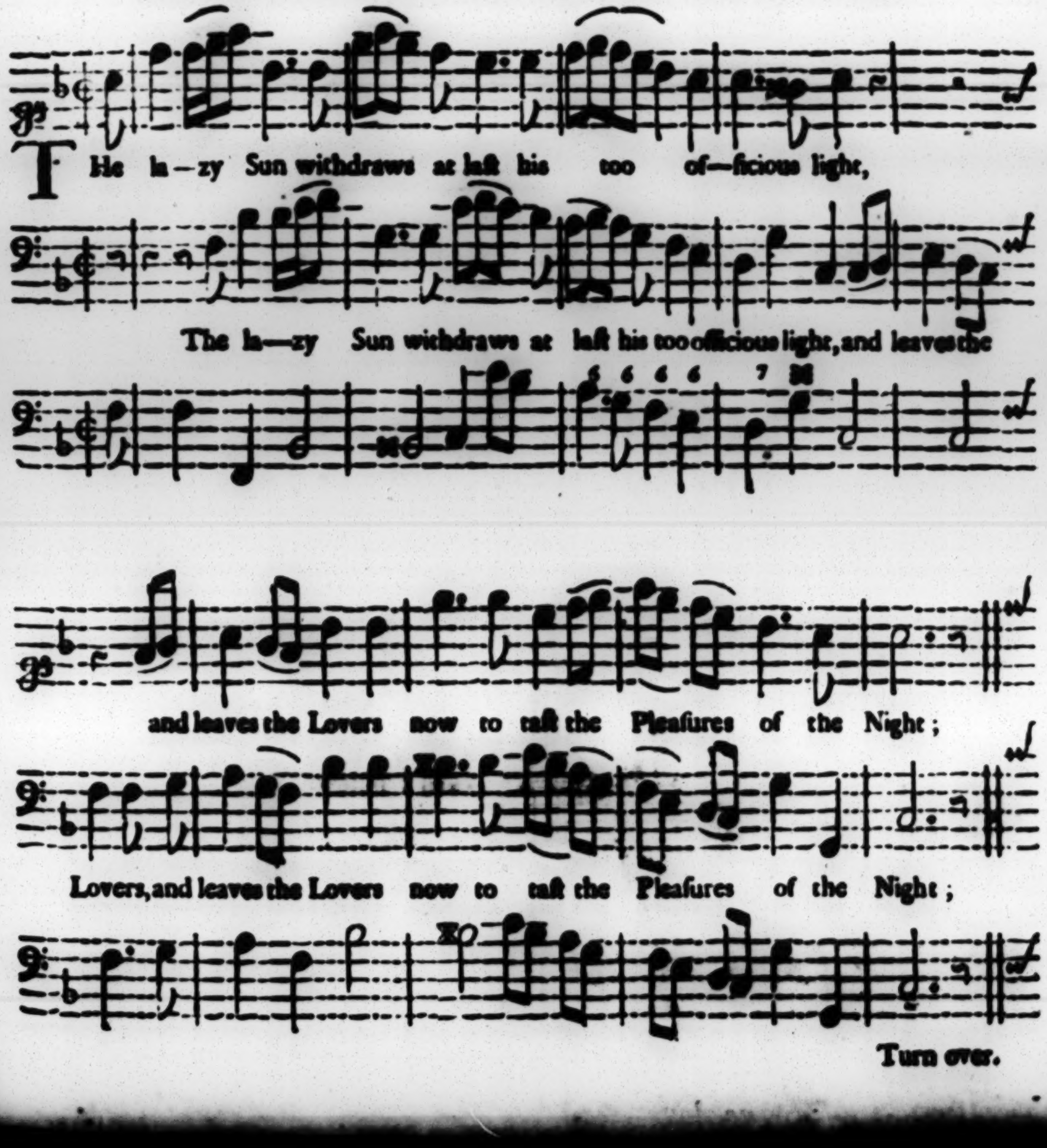

SAw-ny, let us gang a--way, to ſeick with all the beau Valk, and our beſt Cloathes
on, in troth I'ſe make of a bonny, bonny Laſs, as blith a Mate as a—ny one:
I'ſe can tarry now no longer, wilt thou wed me yes or no? if yes
wou not ha me, do not ſay yes Love, it boots not me to dal—ly ſo.

A Song ſet by Mr. *Robert King*, Sung at the Conſort in *York-Buildings*.

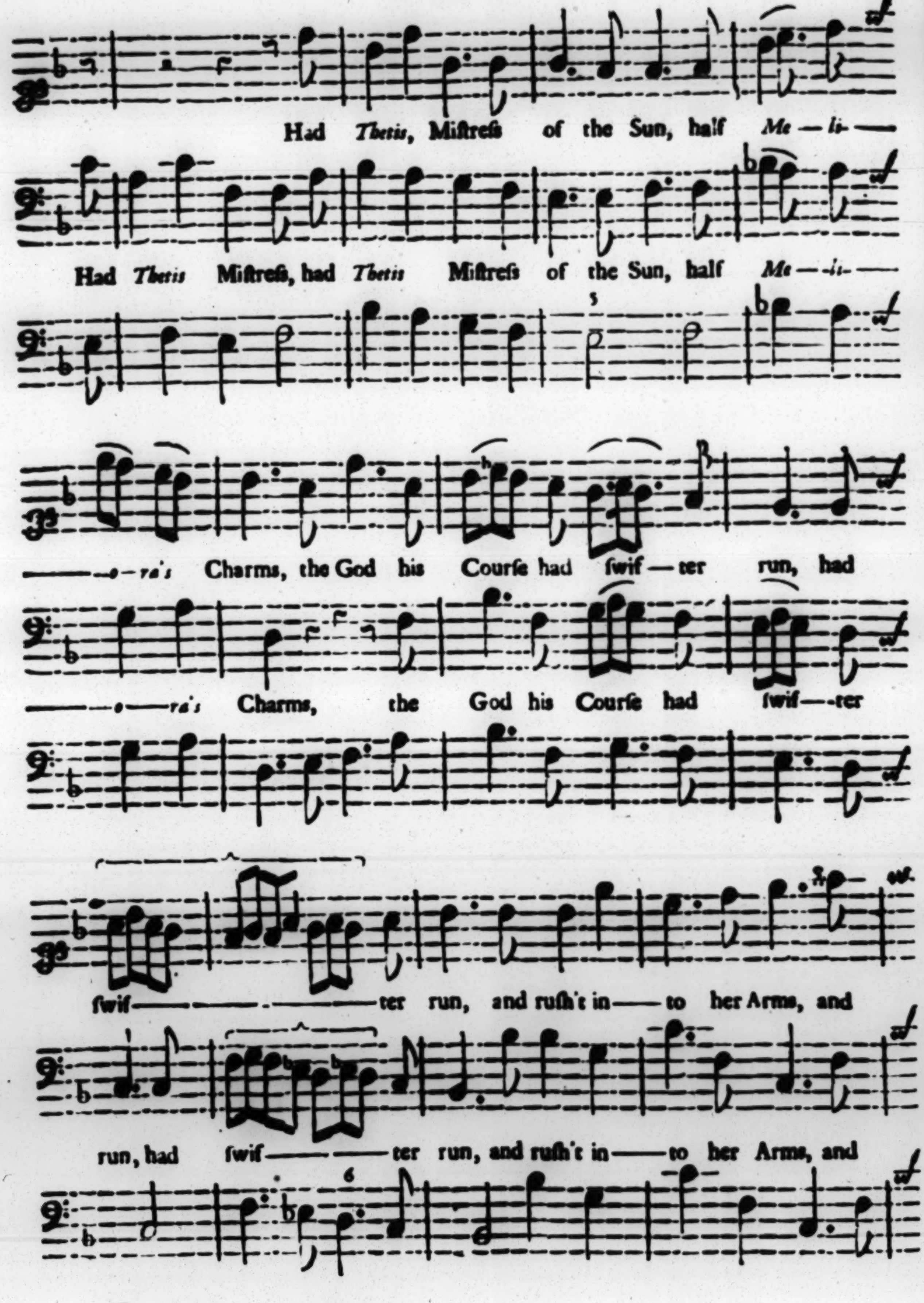

S
Tre—phon why wou'd you deceive me, all your lit—tle Arts are loſt;
you ſhall if you can be—lieve me, never, nev—er in my ru-ine
boaſt: If you'd ſee my paſ—ſion raging, you muſt change your
rambling Scene; con-ſtan-cy is more, is more in—gaging, than your
Will, or *Jan—ty Mien.* But oh! conſtan—cy's a ſtranger, to your
Modiſh fic—kle mind; while you ſhew your ſelf a Ranger, I muſt ſhew

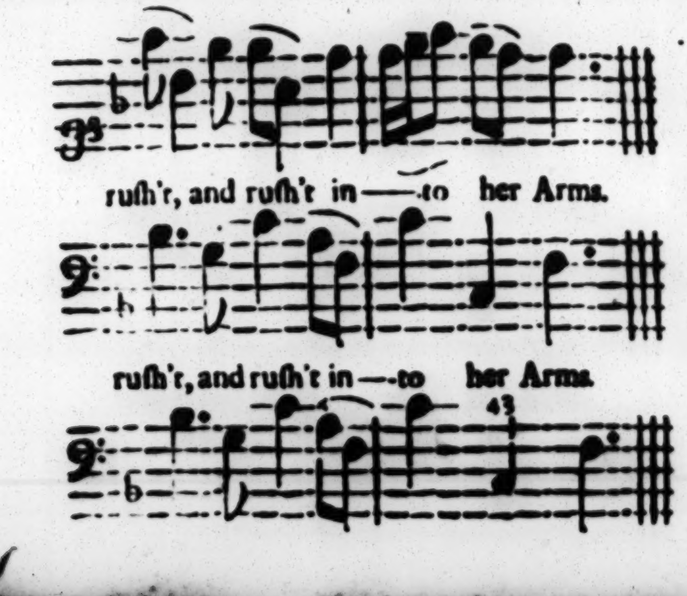

my ſelf un—kind; while you ſhew your ſelf a Ranger, I muſt
ſhew my ſelf un—kind.

An *Epithalamium*, ſet by Mr. *Robert King*.


THe la—zy Sun withdraws at laſt his too of—ficious light,
The la—zy Sun withdraws at laſt his too officious light, and leaves the
and leaves the Lovers now to taſt the Pleaſures of the Night;
Lovers, and leaves the Lovers now to taſt the Pleaſures of the Night;

Turn over.

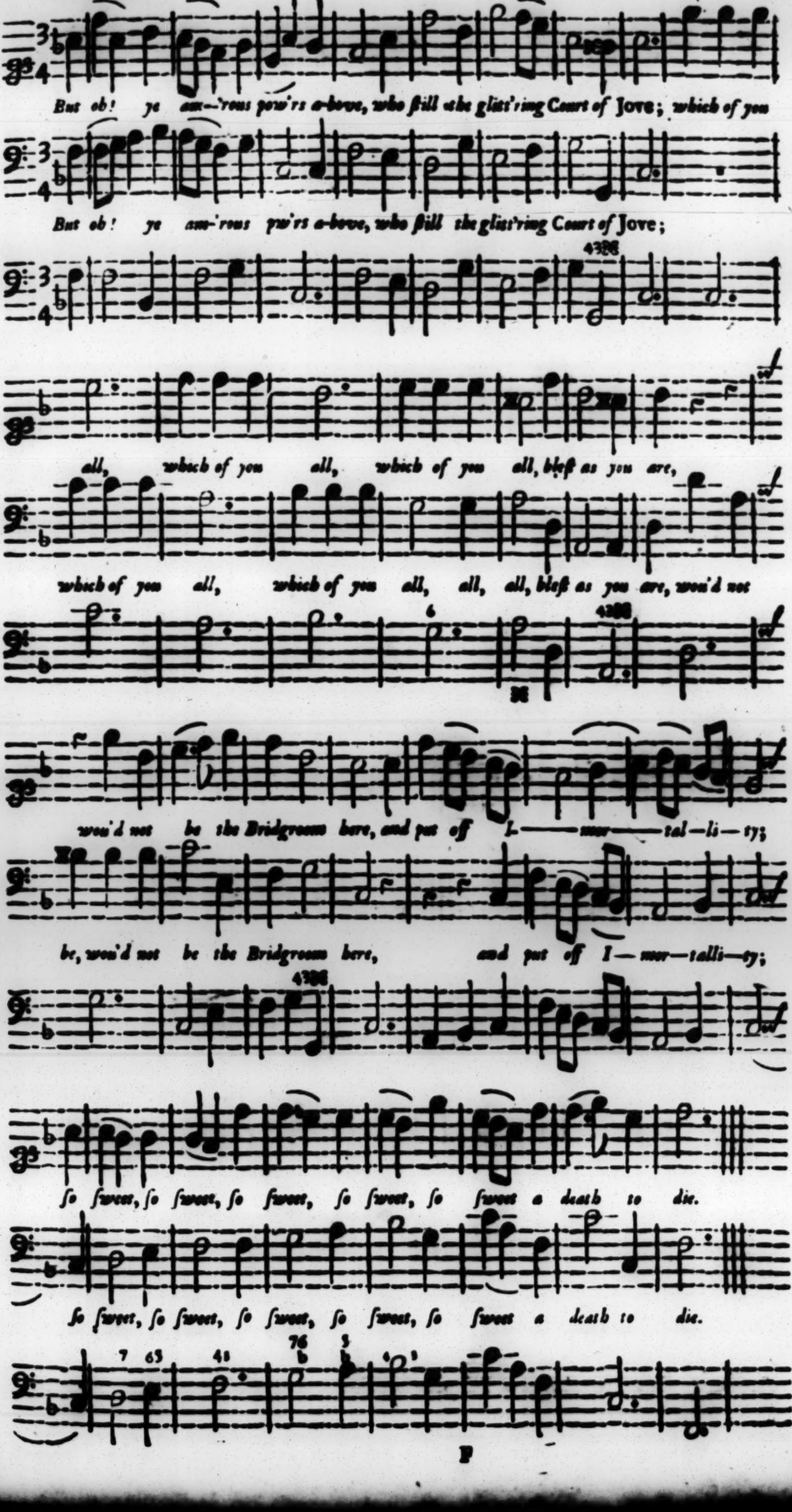

Had *Thetis*, Miſtreſs of the Sun, half *Me — li —*
Had *Thetis* Miſtreſs, had *Thetis* Miſtreſs of the Sun, half *Me — li —*
5
—— *o — ra's* Charms, the God his Courſe had ſwif — ter run, had
—— *o — ra's* Charms, the God his Courſe had ſwif — ter
ſwif —————— ter run, and ruſh't in —— to her Arms, and
run, had ſwif —— ter run, and ruſh't in —— to her Arms, and
6


ruſh't, and ruſh't in —— to her Arms.
ruſh't, and ruſh't in —— to her Arms.
43

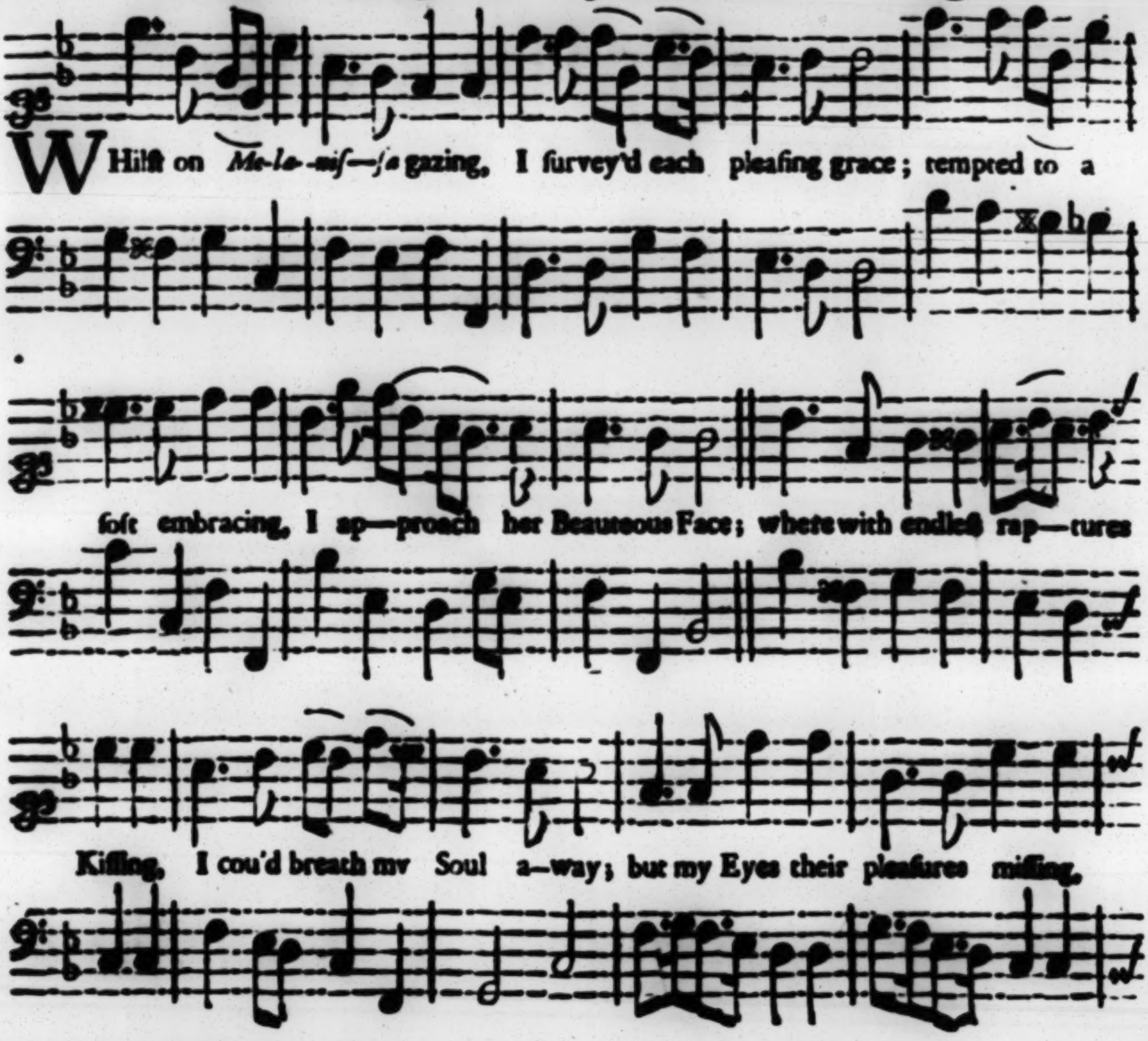
II.
To Bed, to Bed, ye happy Pair,
The important NOW enjoy;
You'l find a thouſand fond Ways there,
Each minutes to employ.

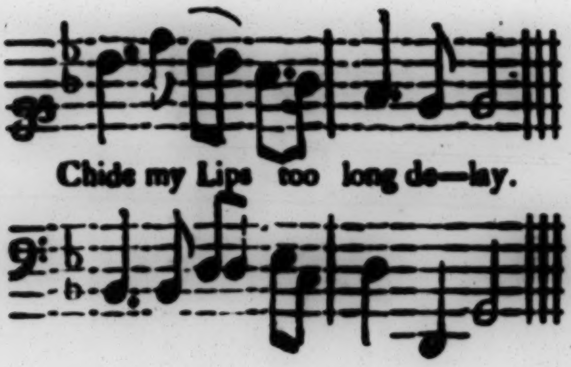
Tranſported with too eager Bliſs,
Love's myſtick ways you'l try;
And in a wonderfull Abyſs
Of Rapturs both will dye.

Chorus.


But oh! ye am'—rous pow'rs a-bove, who ſtill the gliſt'ring Court of Jove; which of you
But oh! ye am'-rous pw'rs a-bove, who ſtill the gliſt'ring Court of Jove;
all, which of you all, which of you all, bleſt as you are,
which of you all, which of you all, all, all, bleſt as you are, wou'd not
wou'd not be the Bridegroom here, and put off I——mor——tal—li—ty;
be, wou'd not be the Bridegroom here, and put off I—mor—talli—ty;
So ſweet, ſo ſweet, ſo ſweet, ſo ſweet, ſo ſweet a death to die.
So ſweet, ſo ſweet, ſo ſweet, ſo ſweet, ſo ſweet a death to die.

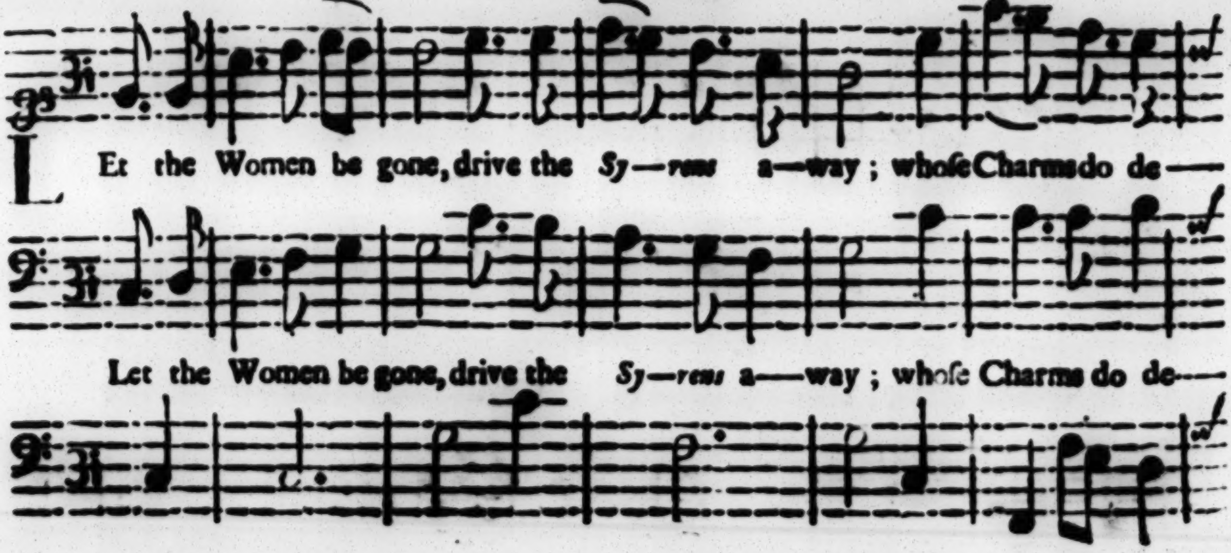
A New Song ſet by Mr. *Robert King.*

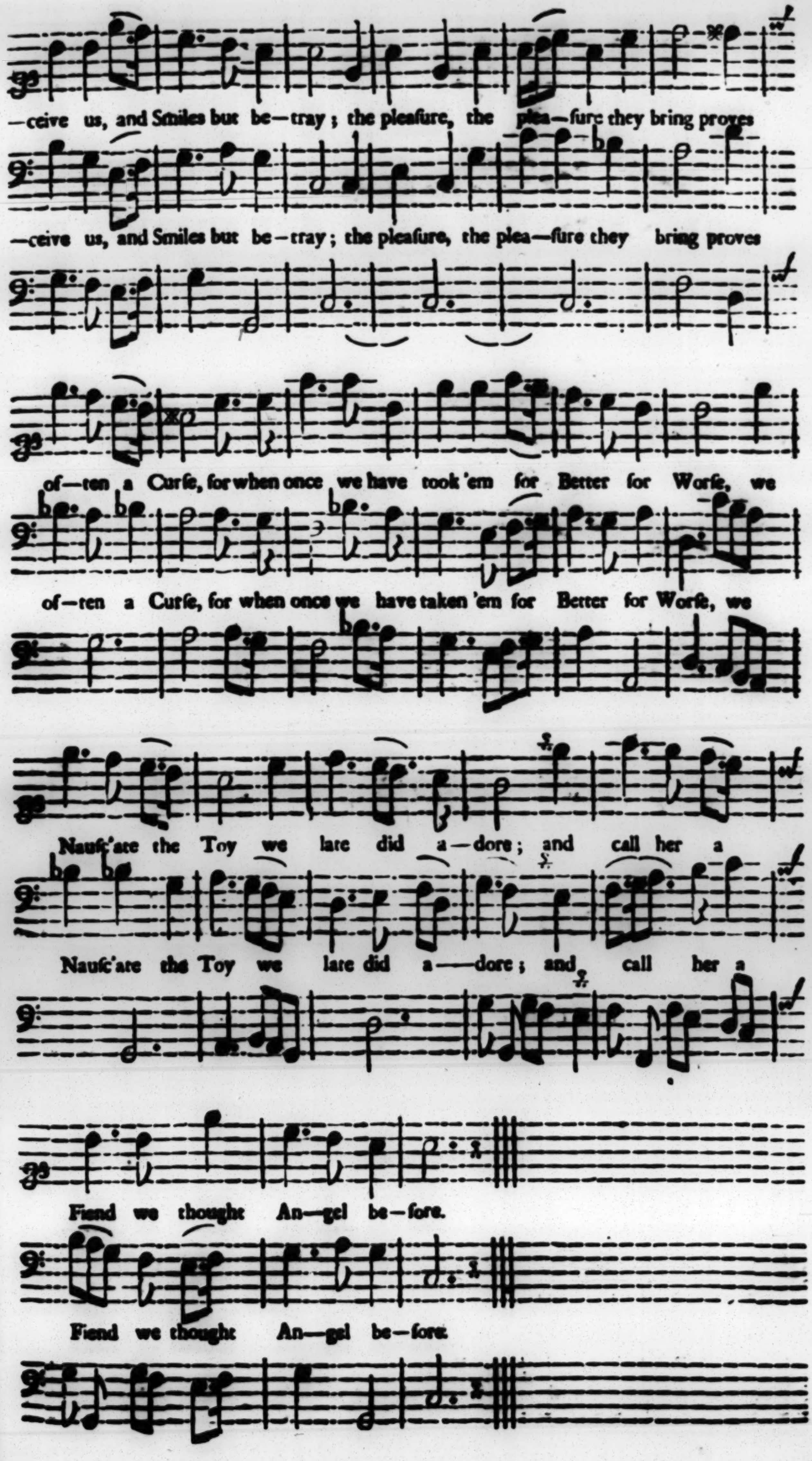

WHilſt on *Me-le-niſ—ſa* gazing, I ſurvey'd each pleaſing grace; tempted to a
ſoft embracing, I ap—proach her Beauteous Face; where with endleſs rap—tures
Kiſſing, I cou'd breath my Soul a—way; but my Eyes their pleaſures miſſing,

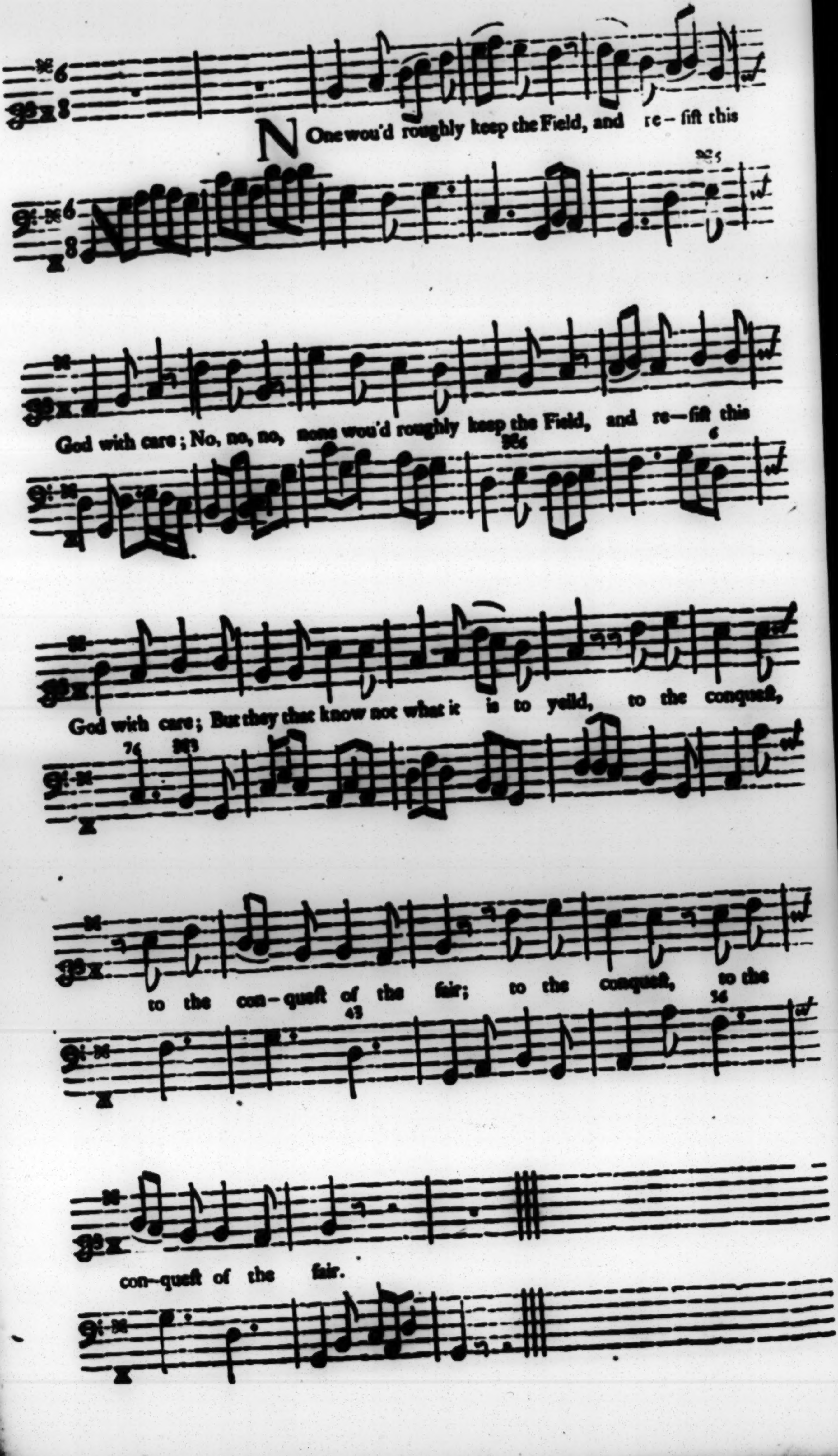

Chide my Lips too long de—lay.

II.
Leaſt the Eye ſhou'd looſe its longing,
I a while quit t'other bliſs;
Till my Lips their loſs bemoaning,
Prompt me to a ſecond Kiſs.
Thus perpetually renewing,
Thoſe two never fading joys;
Kiſſing her by turns and Viewing,
Pleas'd I feaſt both Lips and Eyes.

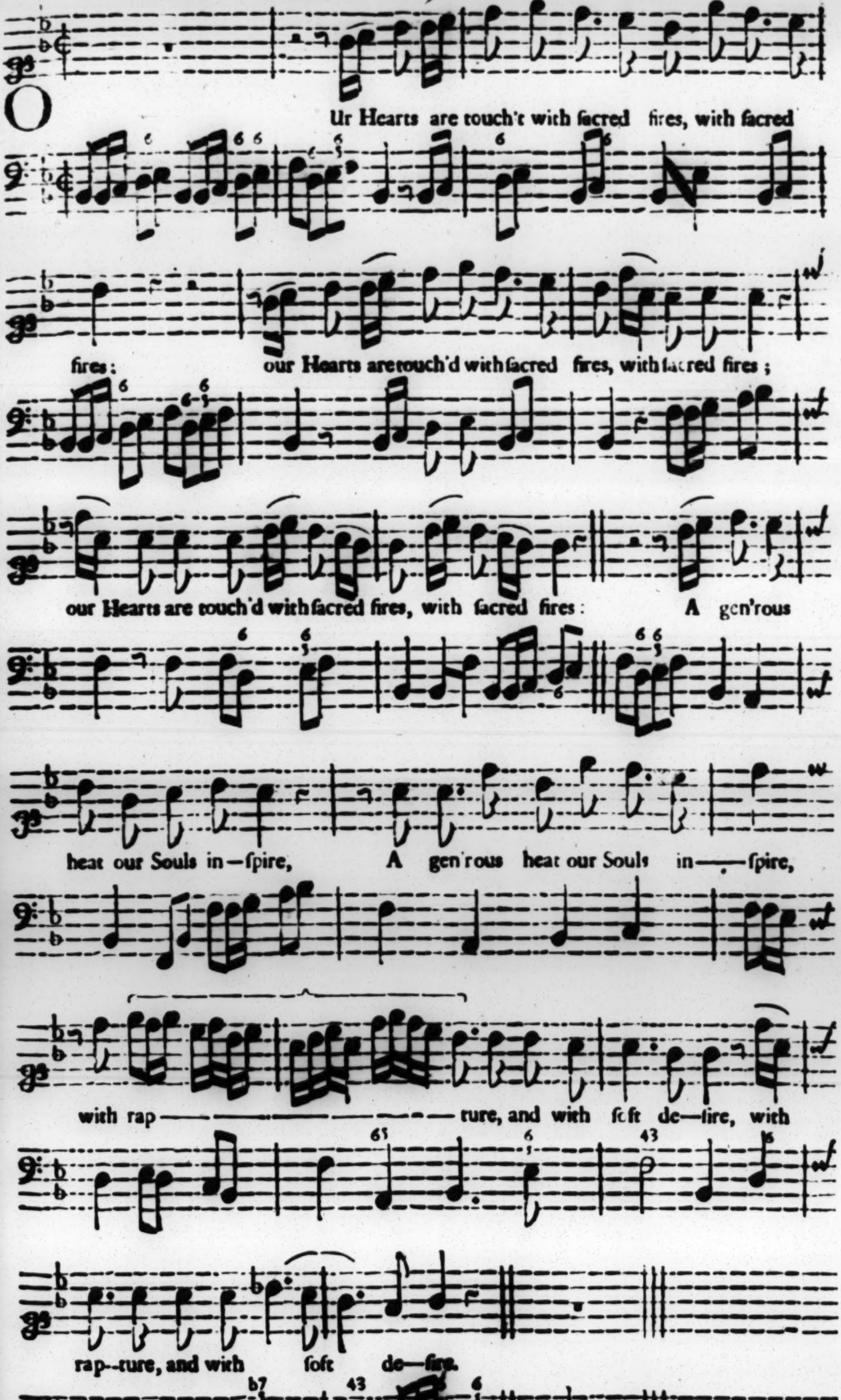
A New Song.


LEt the Women be gone, drive the *Sy—rens* a—way; whoſe Charms do de—
Let the Women be gone, drive the *Sy—rens* a—way; whoſe Charms do de—

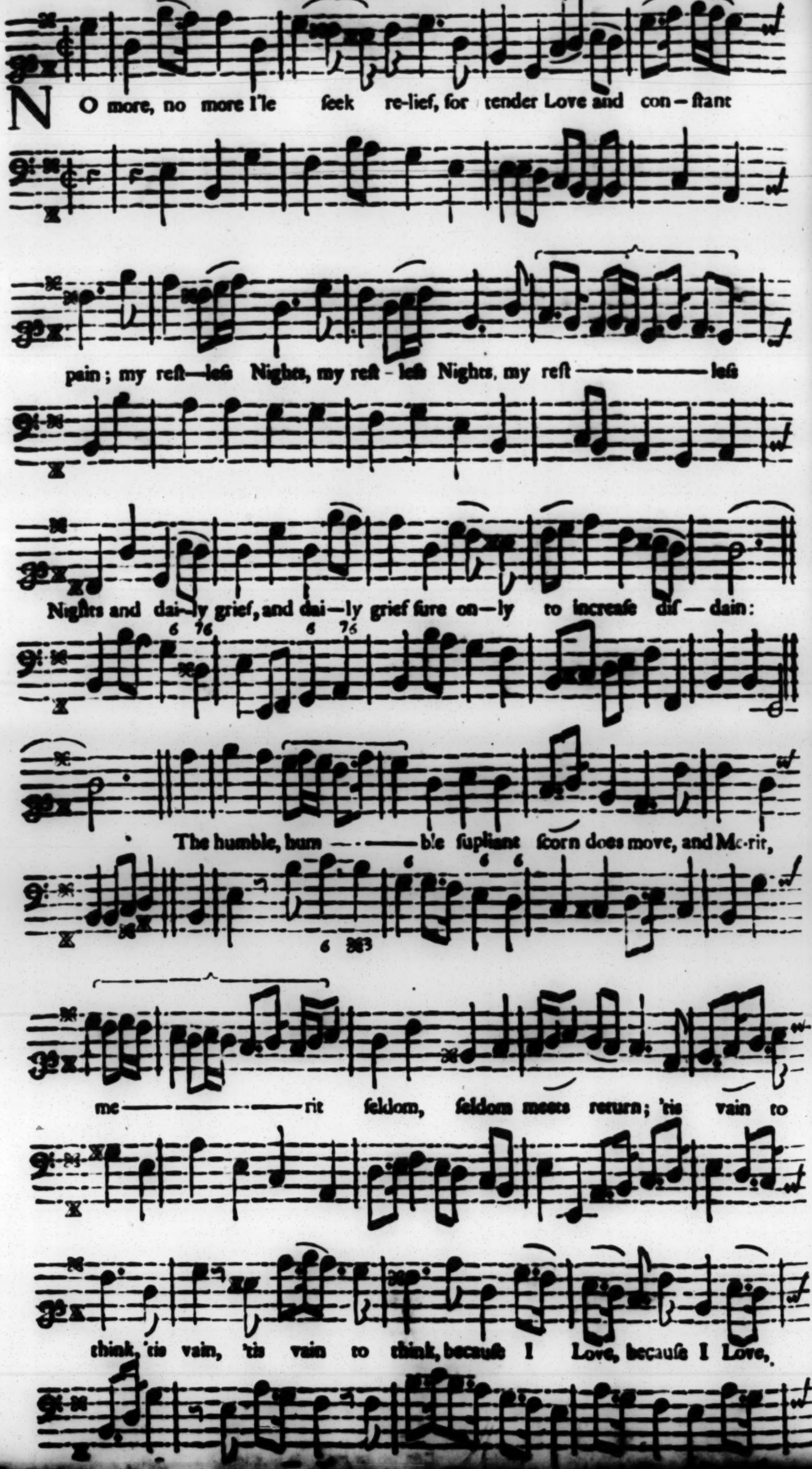

—ceive us, and Smiles but be—tray; the pleaſure, the plea—ſure they bring proves
—ceive us, and Smiles but be—tray; the pleaſure, the plea—ſure they bring proves
of—ten a Curſe, for when once we have took 'em for Better for Worſe, we
of—ten a Curſe, for when once we have taken 'em for Better for Worſe, we
Nauſe'ate the Toy we late did a—dore; and call her a
Nauſe'ate the Toy we late did a—dore; and call her a
Fiend we thought Angel be—fore.
Fiend we thought Angel be—fore.

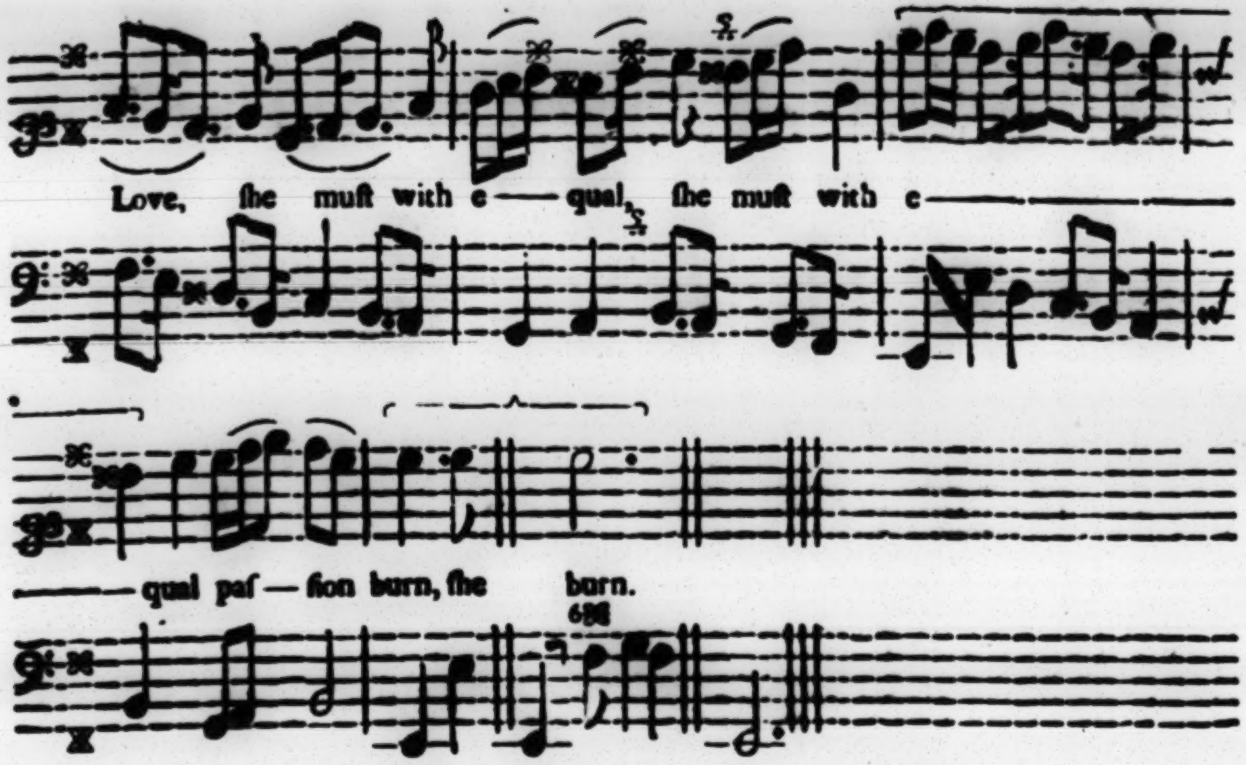

N
One wou'd roughly keep the Field, and re – ſiſt this
God with care; No, no, no, none wou'd roughly keep the Field, and re—ſiſt this
God with care; But they that know not what it is to yeild, to the conqueſt,
to the con–queſt of the fair; to the conqueſt, to the
con–queſt of the fair.

A New Song ſet by Mr. *Godfrey* Finger.

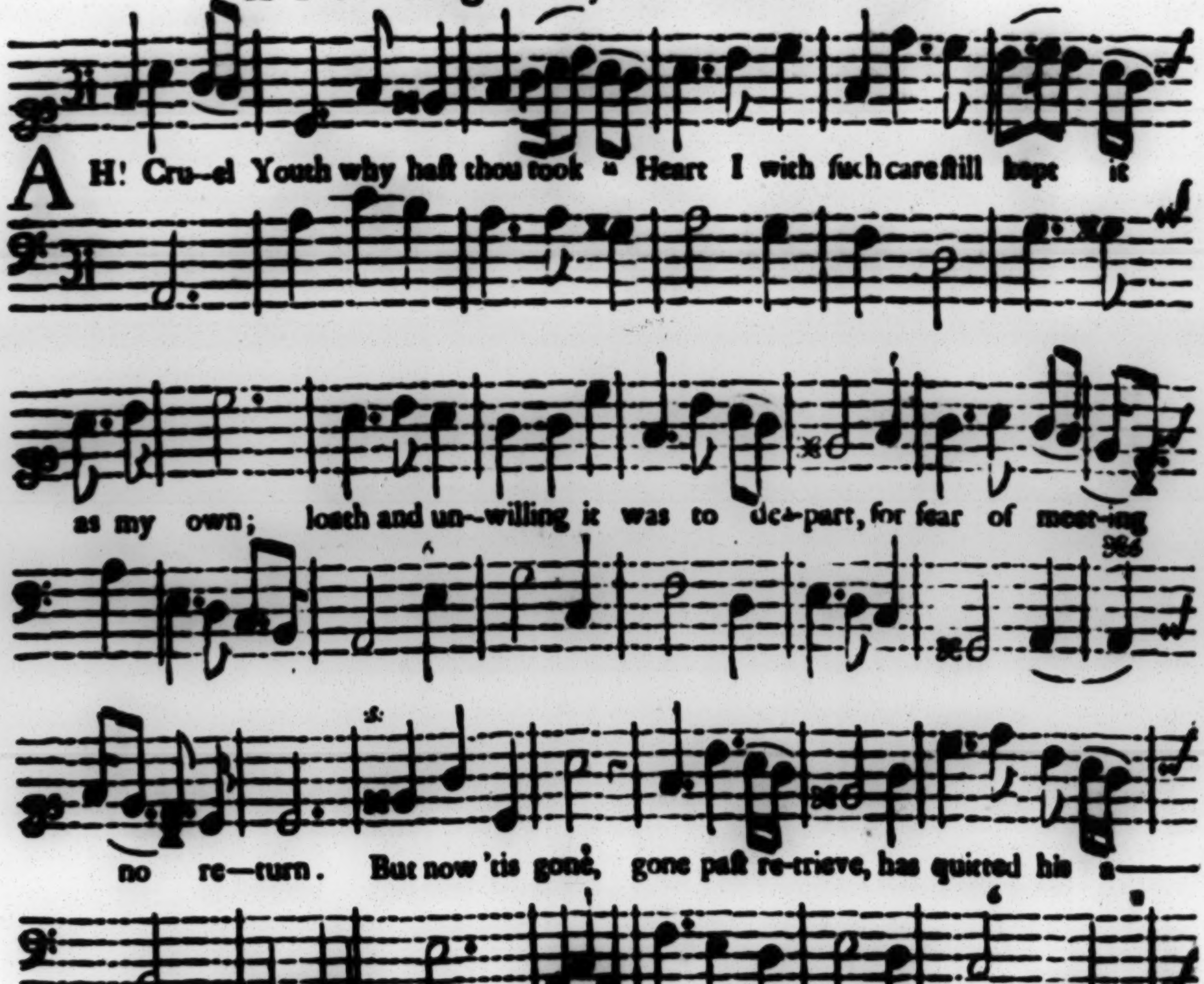

O Ur Hearts are touch't with ſacred fires, with ſacred
fires: our Hearts are touch'd with ſacred fires, with ſacred fires;
our Hearts are touch'd with ſacred fires, with ſacred fires: A gen'rous
heat our Souls in—ſpire, A gen'rous heat our Souls in—ſpire,
with rap——ture, and with ſoft de—ſire, with
rap--ture, and with ſoft de—ſire.

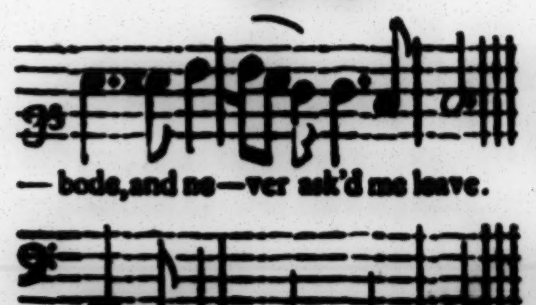
A New Song ſet by Mr. R. *Courtiville.*


NO more, no more I'le ſeek re-lief, for tender Love and con—ſtant
pain; my reſt—leſs Nights, my reſt-leſs Nights, my reſt———leſs
Nights and dai—ly grief, and dai—ly grief ſure on—ly to increaſe diſ—dain:
The humble, hum———ble ſupliant ſcorn does move, and Me-rit,
me————rit ſeldom, ſeldom meets return; 'tis vain to
think, 'tis vain, 'tis vain to think, becauſe I Love, becauſe I Love,


Love, ſhe muſt with e — qual, ſhe muſt with e —
— qual paſ — ſion burn, ſhe burn.
6♮

A New Song ſet by Mr. *William Turner*.


AH! Cru—el Youth why haſt thou took a Heart I with ſuch care ſtill hope it
as my own; loath and un—willing it was to de-part, for fear of meet-ing
no re—turn. But now 'tis gone, gone paſt re-trieve, has quitted his a—
6
6


— bode, and ne—ver ask'd me leave.

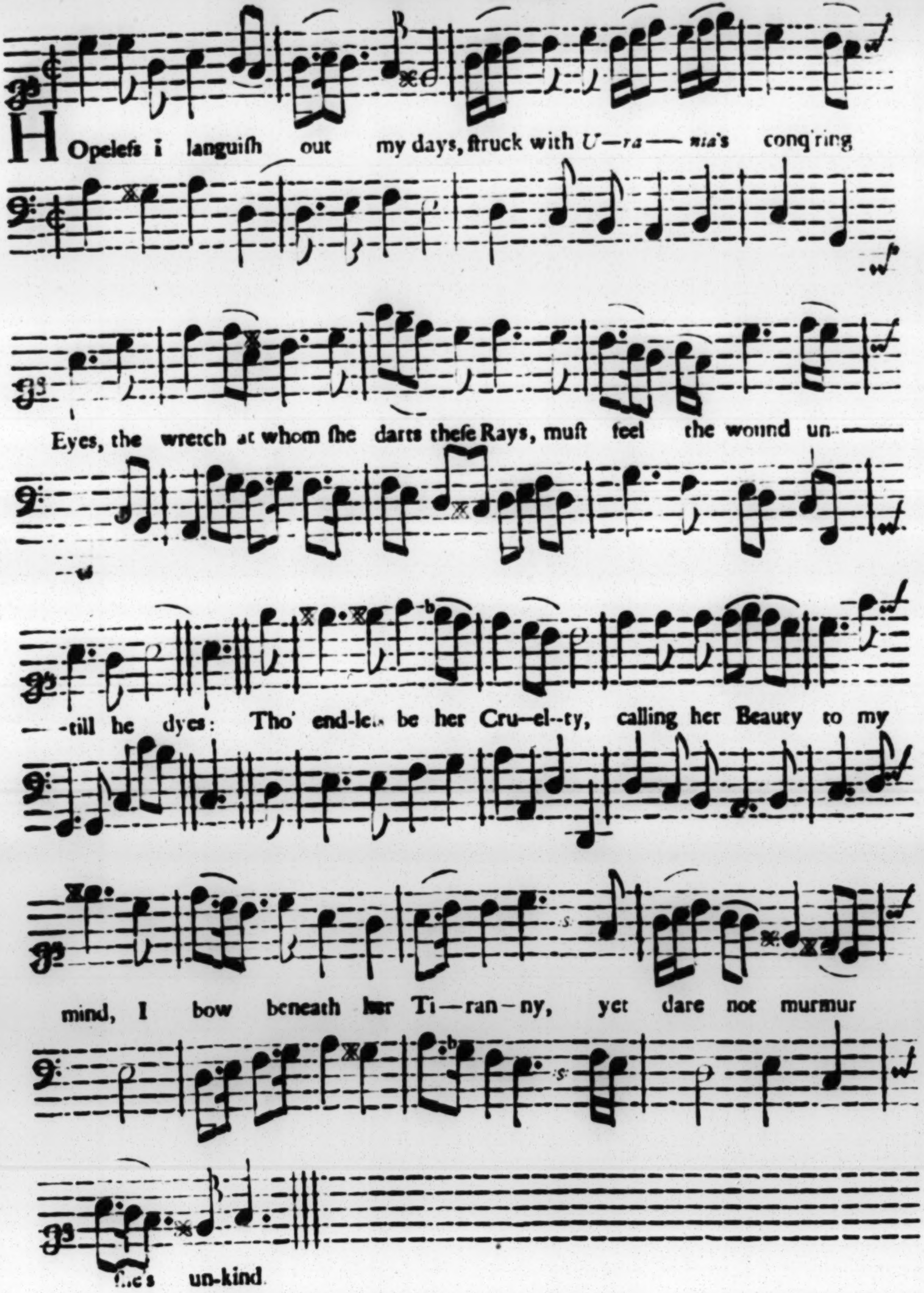
II.

Sure he's a Charm beyond all Human kind,
Elſe he cou'd ne're have pierc'd my fickle breaſt;
I, who was ne're to buſy Love inclin'd,
Am his ſlave and robb'd of all my reſt:
:S: My Heart is fled, fled paſt recall,
This Covetous Love (I fear) has graſp'd it all.

III.

When firſt I ſaw him 'twas with no deſign,
But only curious humour to oblige;
Yet ſuch his Sweets, his Tongue, both ſo divine,
'Gainſt his Charms I nothing cou'd alledge:
:S: But found me how I muſt ſubmit,
[illegible]

A New Song.

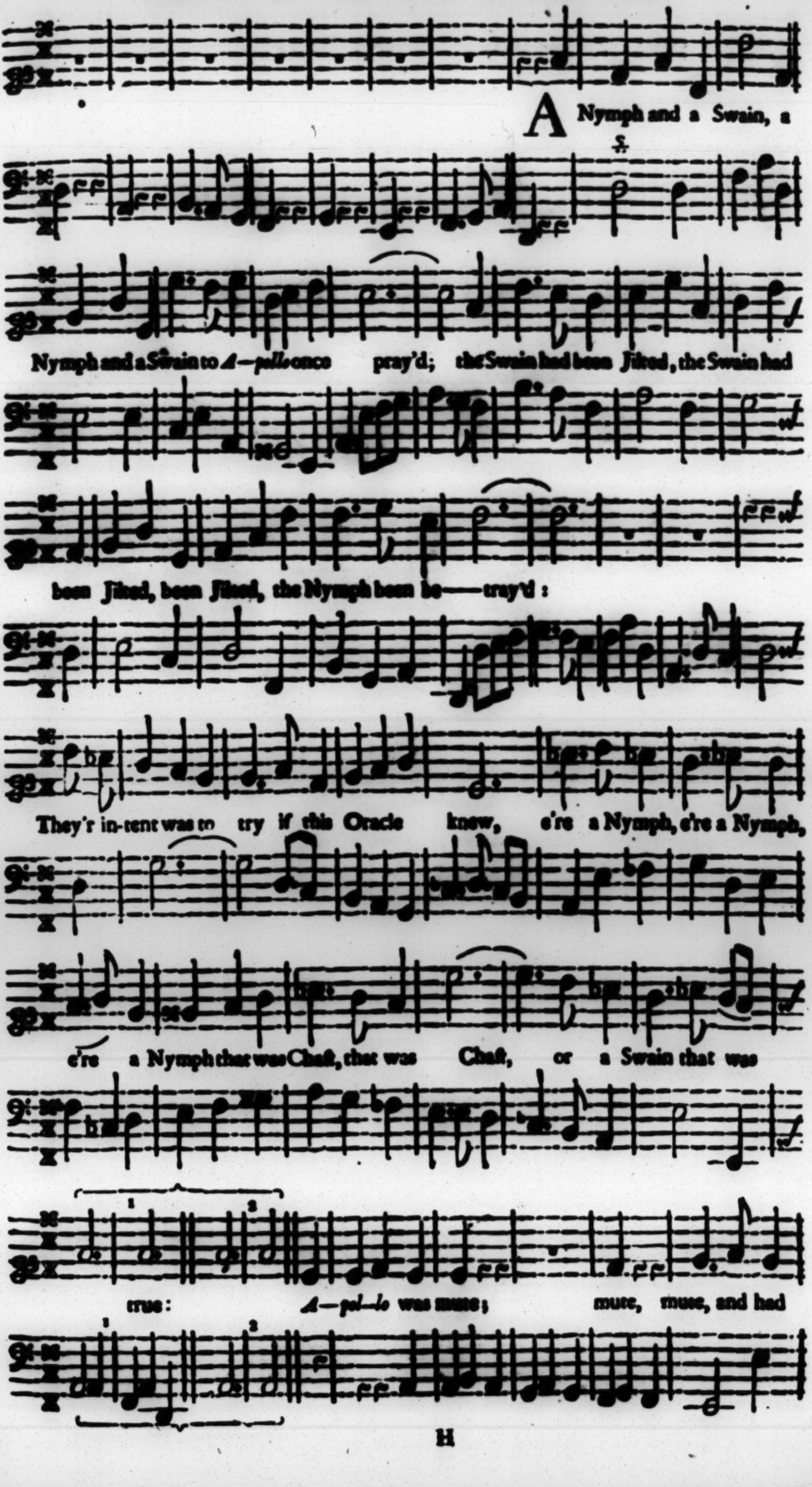

Hopeleſs I languiſh out my days, ſtruck with *U—ra—nia's* conq'ring
Eyes, the wretch at whom ſhe darts theſe Rays, muſt feel the wound un——
—till he dyes: Tho' end-leſs be her Cru—el--ty, calling her Beauty to my
mind, I bow beneath her Ti—ran—ny, yet dare not murmur
ſhe's un-kind.

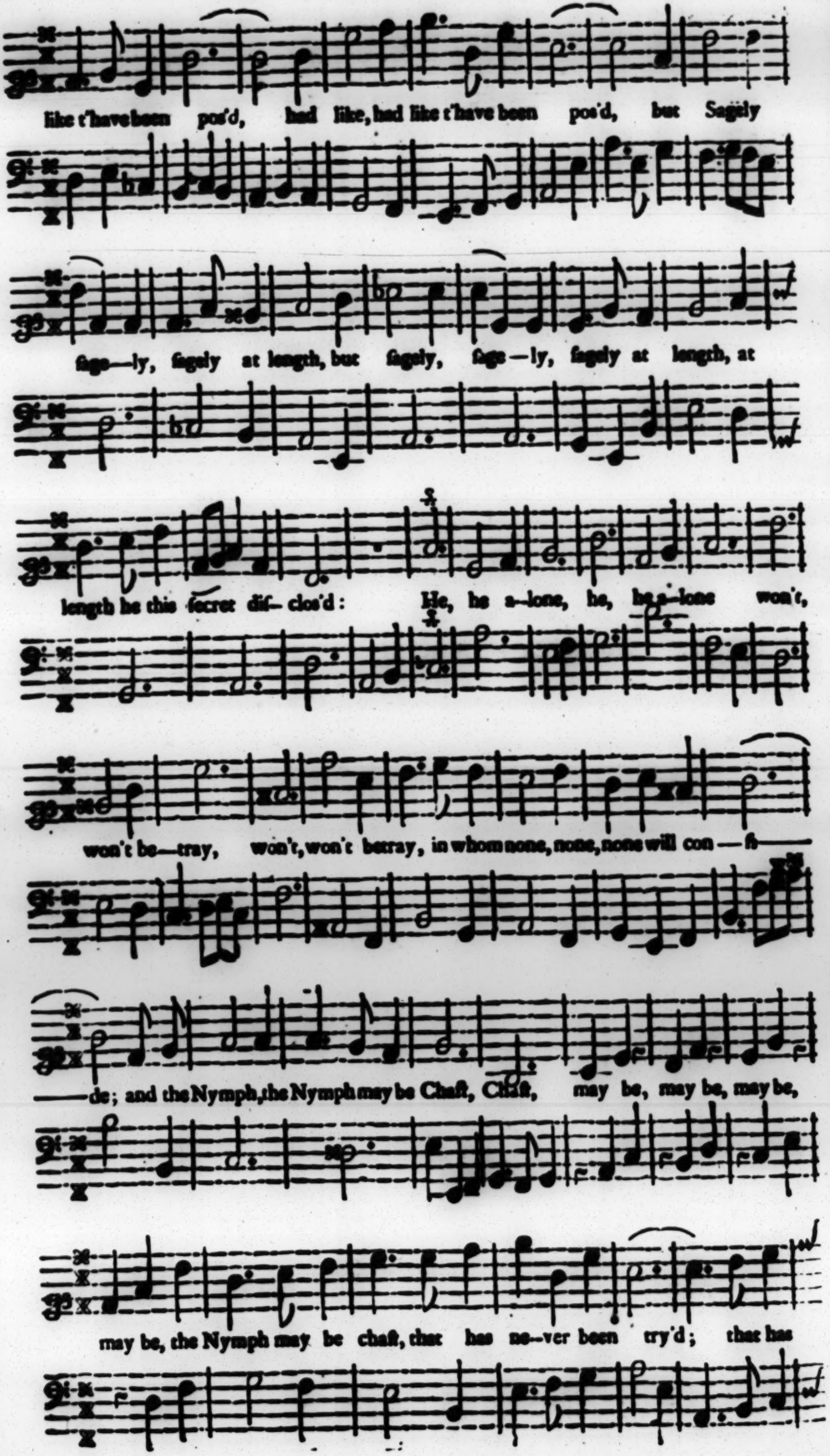
II.

Reaſon this tameneſs does upbraid,
Proffring to Arm in my defence;
But, when I call her to my aid,
She's more a Traytor than my Friend:
No ſooner I the War declare,
But ſtrait her Succour ſhe denies;
And joyning Forces with the Fair,
Confirms the Conqueſt of her Eyes.

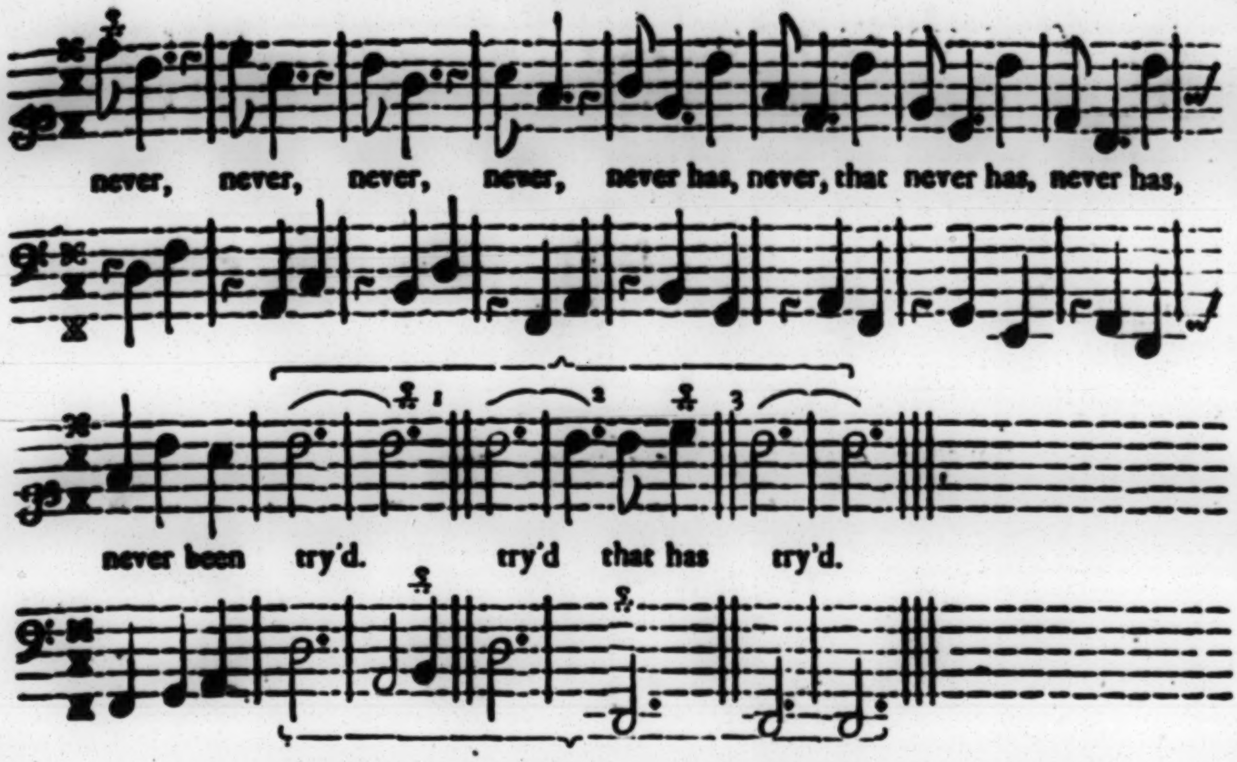
A Song in the laſt New Play call'd, (*Love for Love.*)

Sung by Mr. *Pate*, Set by Mr. *John Eccles*


A Nymph and a Swain, a
Nymph and a Swain to *A—pollo* once pray'd; the Swain had been Jilted, the Swain had
been Jilted, been Jilted, the Nymph been be——tray'd:
They'r in-tent was to try if this Oracle knew, e're a Nymph, e're a Nymph,
e're a Nymph that was Chaſt, that was Chaſt, or a Swain that was
true: *A—pol—lo* was mute; mute, mute, and had

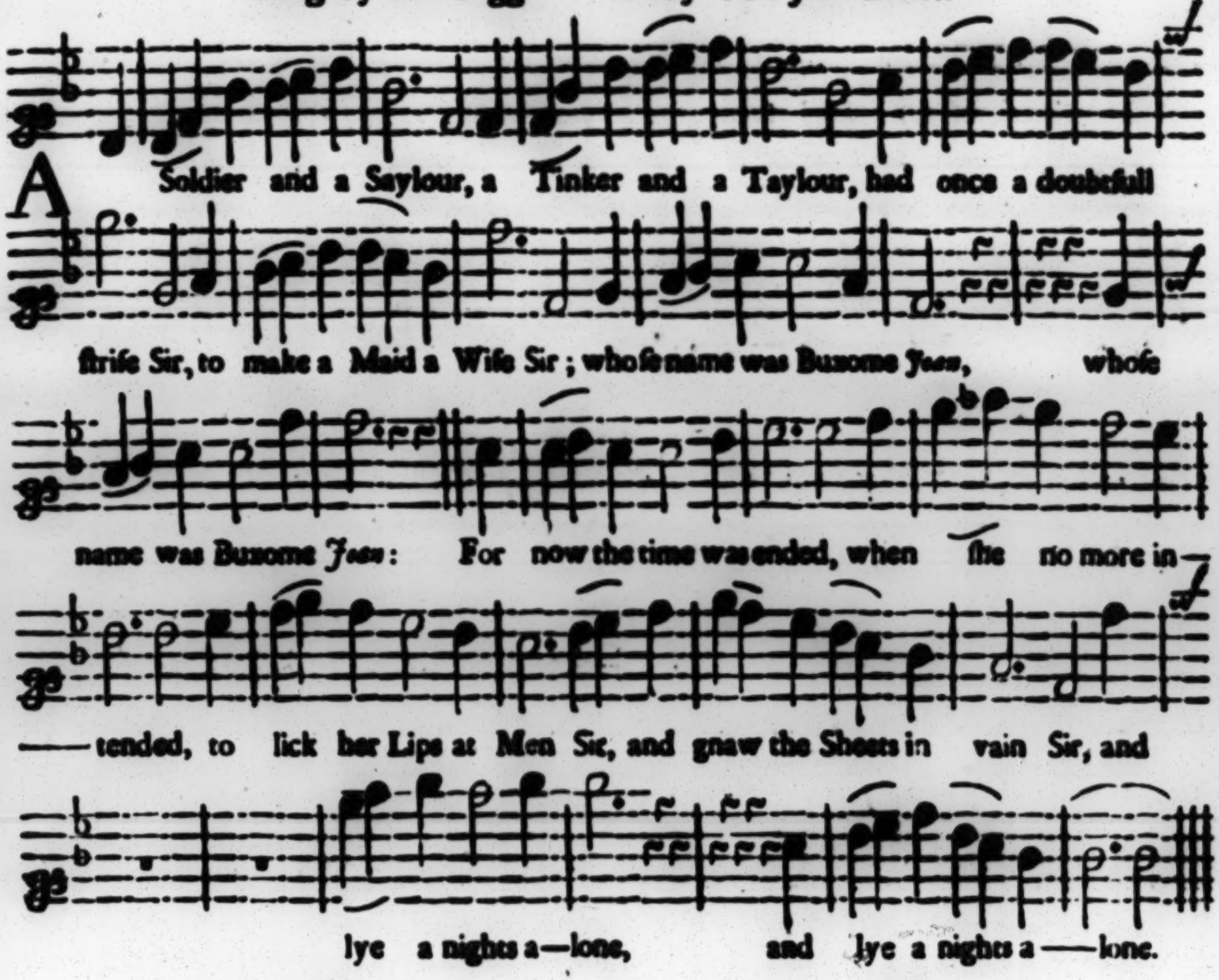

like t'have been pos'd, had like, had like t'have been pos'd, but Sagely
ſage—ly, ſagely at length, but ſagely, ſage—ly, ſagely at length, at
length he this ſecret diſ—clos'd: He, he a-lone, he, he a-lone won't,
won't be—tray, won't, won't betray, in whom none, none, none will con—fi—
—de; and the Nymph, the Nymph may be Chaſt, Chaſt, may be, may be, may be,
may be, the Nymph may be chaſt, that has ne-ver been try'd; that has

(199)


never, never, never, never, never has, never, that never has, never has,
never been try'd. try'd that has try'd.
1
2
3

The Sailers Song in the laſt new Play call'd (*Love for Love.*)

Sung by Mr. *Doggett*. Set by Mr. *John Eccles*.


A Soldier and a Saylour, a Tinker and a Taylour, had once a doubtfull
ſtrife Sir, to make a Maid a Wife Sir; whoſe name was Buxome Joan, whoſe
name was Buxome Joan: For now the time was ended, when ſhe no more in-
-tended, to lick her Lips at Men Sir, and gnaw the Sheets in vain Sir, and
lye a nights a—lone, and lye a nights a——lone.

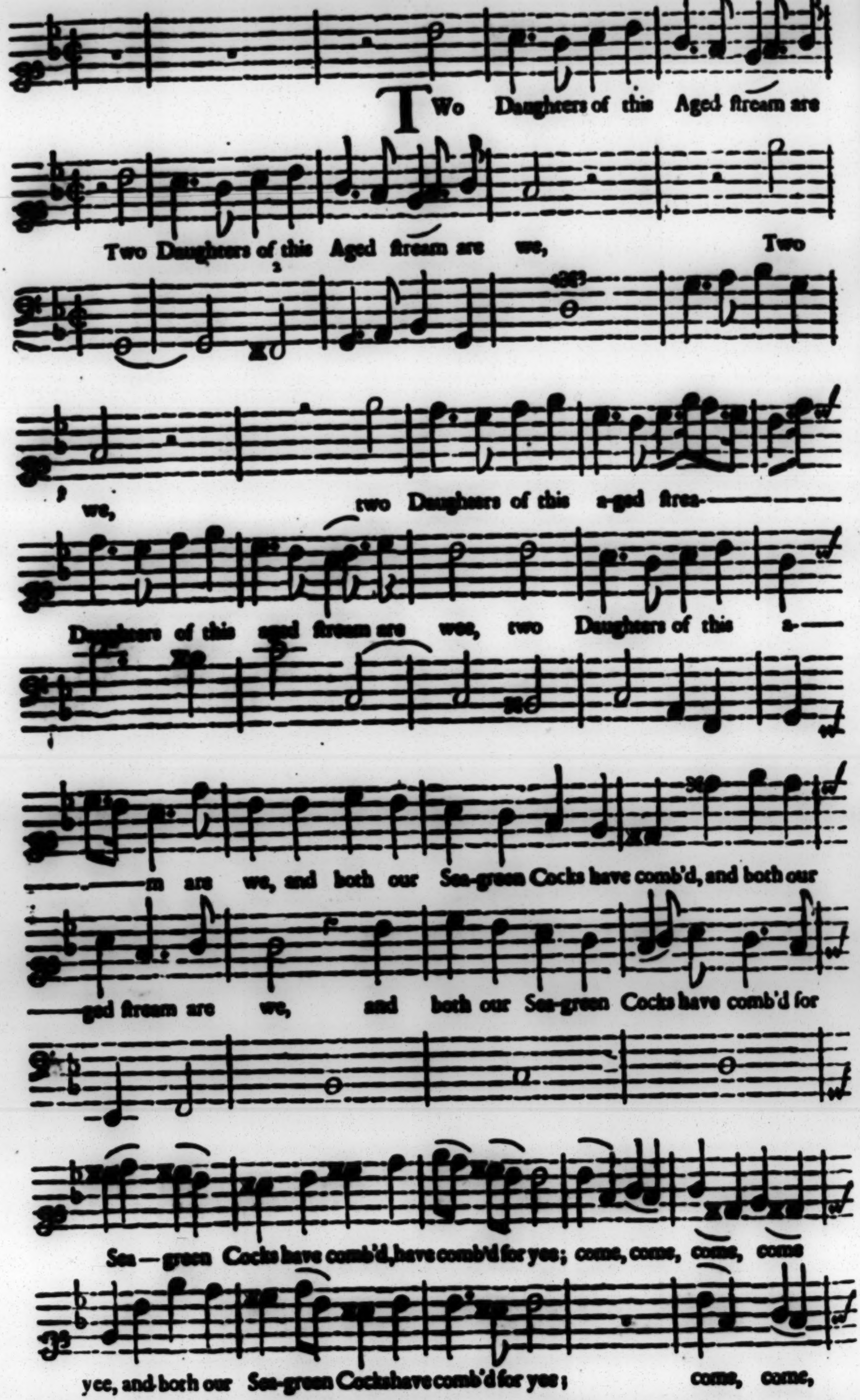
II.

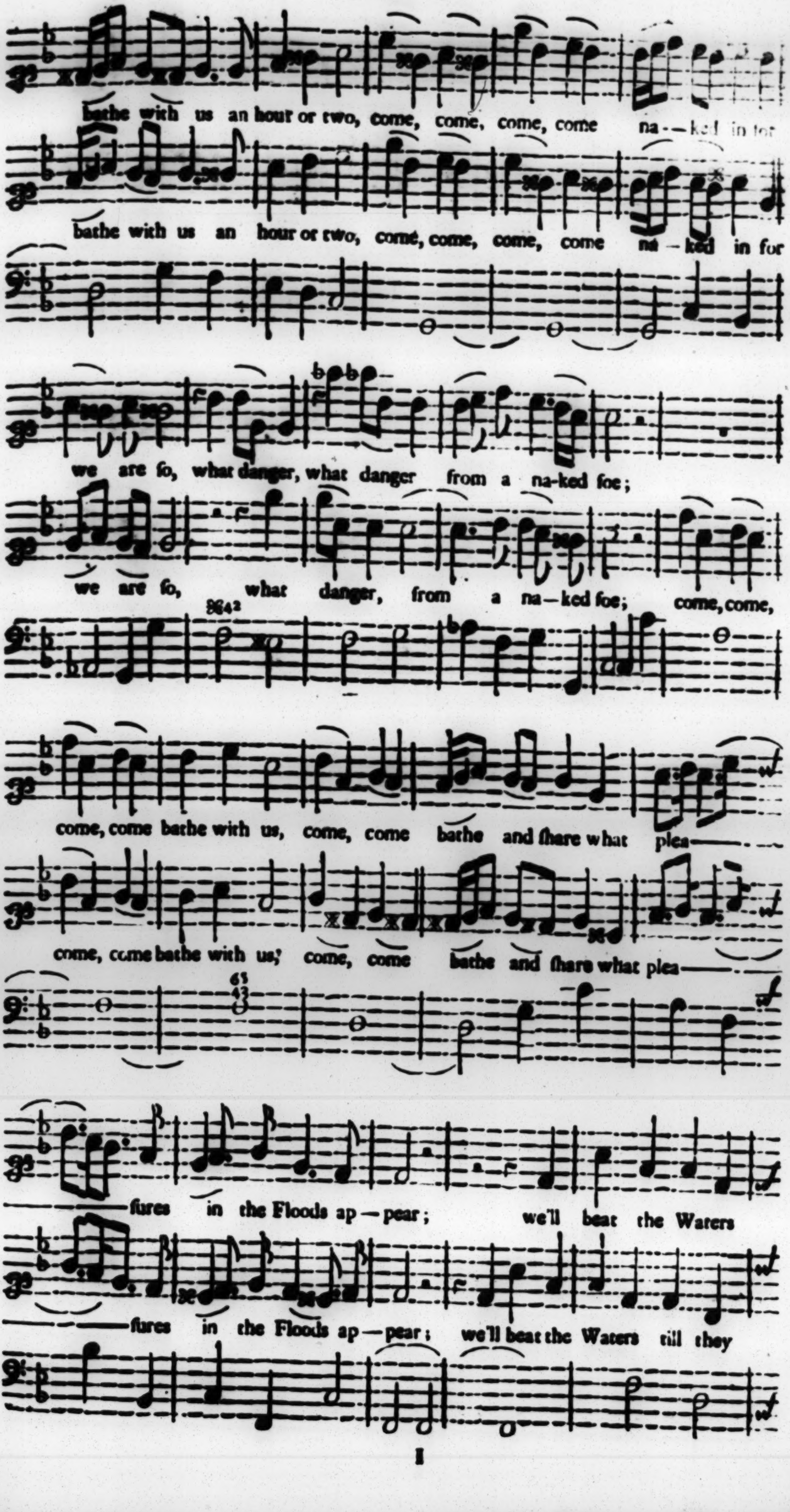
The Soldier ſwore like Thunder,
He lov'd her more than Plunder;
And ſhew'd her many a Scar Sir,
Which he had brought from far Sir,
With Fighting for her ſake.
The Taylour thought to pleaſe her,
With offering her his meaſure;
The Tinker too with Mettle,
Said he wou'd mend her Kettle,
And ſtop up ev'ry Leak.

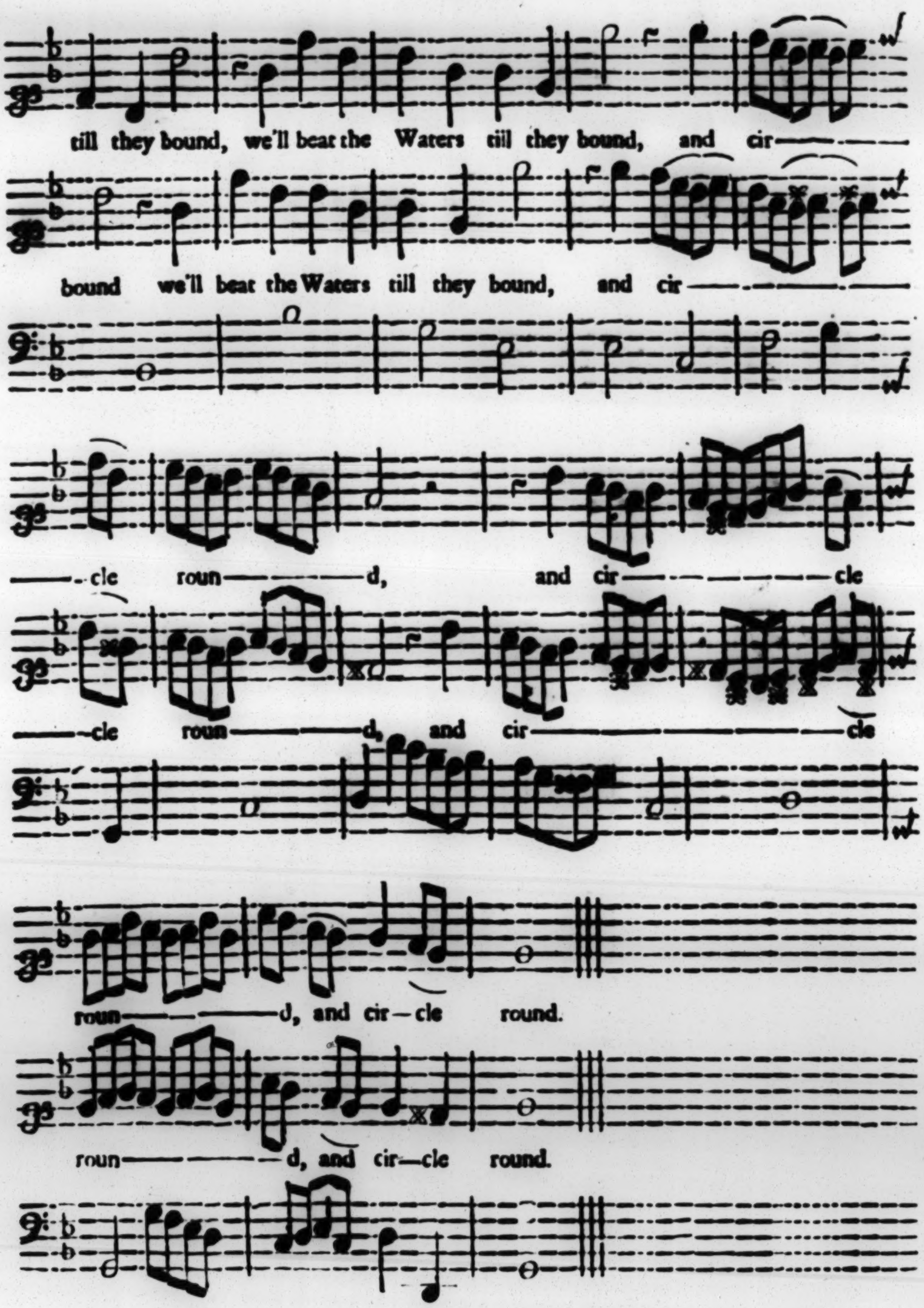
III.

But while theſe three were prating,
The Saylour ſlyly waiting;
Thought if it came about Sir,
That they ſhou'd all fall out Sir,
He then might play his part,
And juſt e'n as he meant Sir,
To Loggerheads they went Sir;
And then he let fly at her,
A ſhot 'twixt Wind and Water,
Which won this fair Maids Heart.

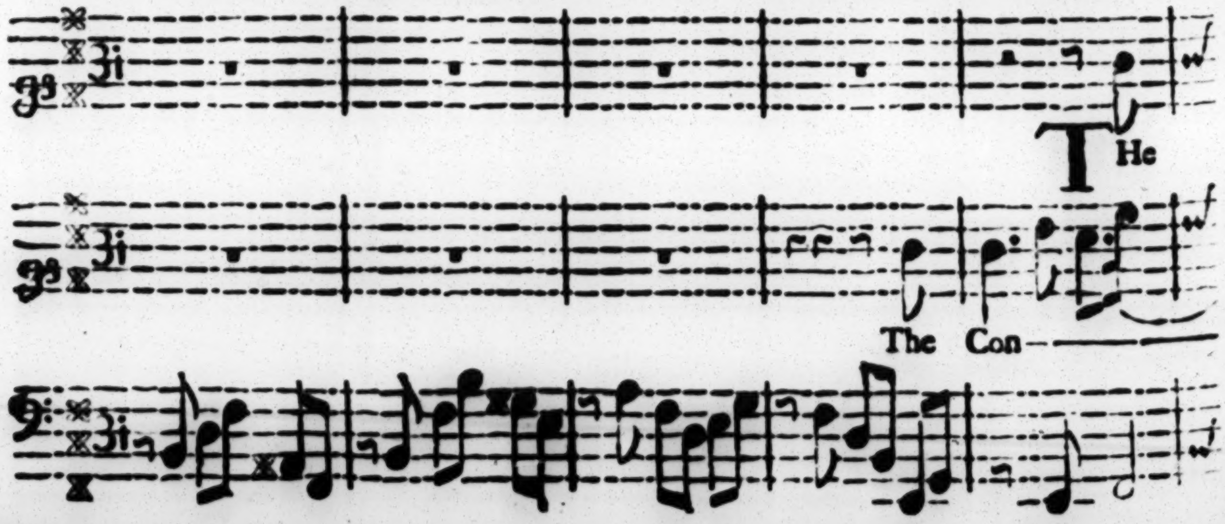
A Two Part Song by Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

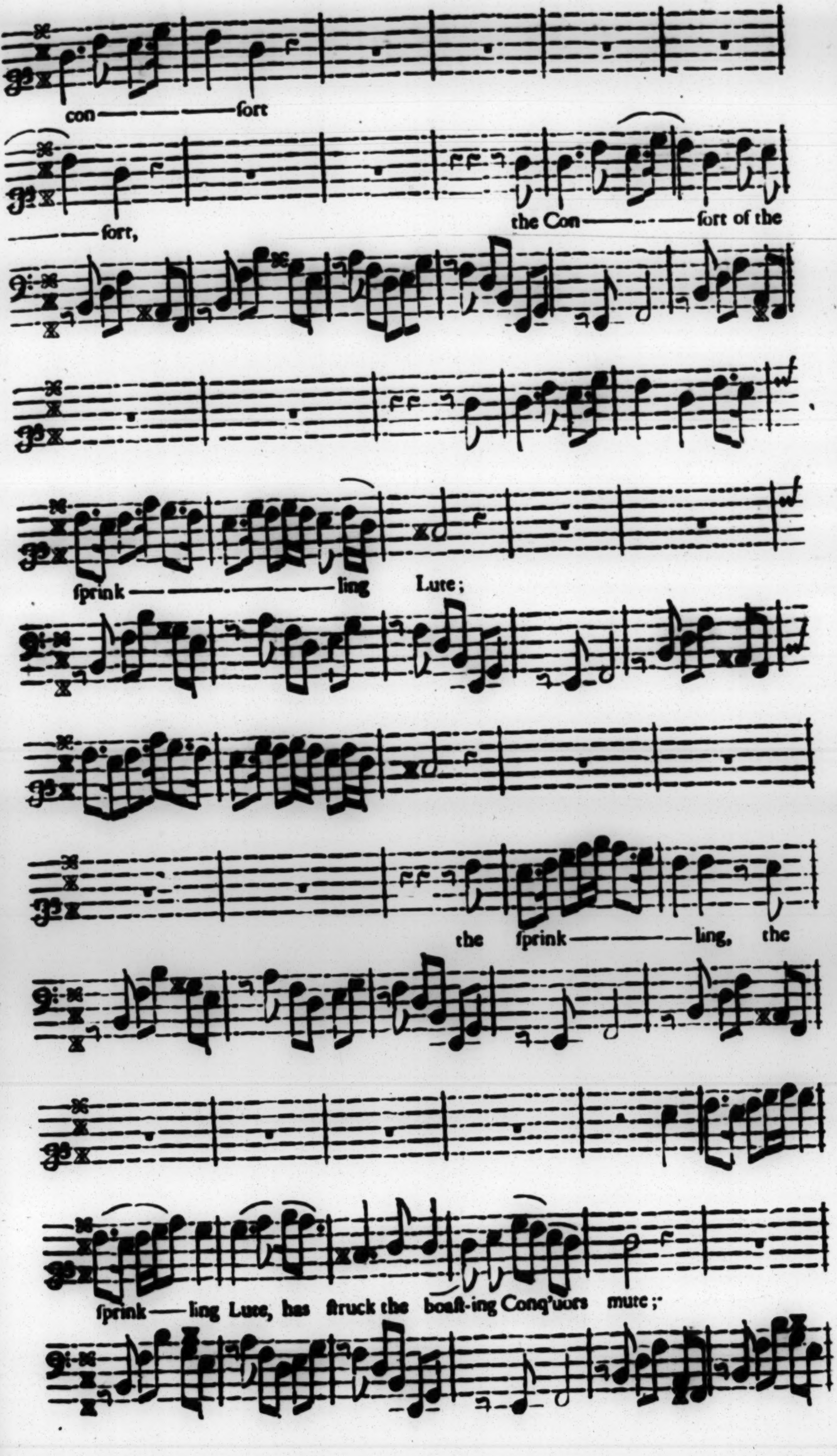

TWo Daughters of this Aged ſtream are
Two Daughters of this Aged ſtream are we, Two
2
we, two Daughters of this a-ged ſtrea-
Daughters of this aged ſtream are wee, two Daughters of this a-
m are we, and both our Sea-green Cocks have comb'd, and both our
ged ſtream are we, and both our Sea-green Cocks have comb'd for
Sea—green Cocks have comb'd, have comb'd for yee; come, come, come, come
yee, and both our Sea-green Cockshave comb'd for yee; come, come,

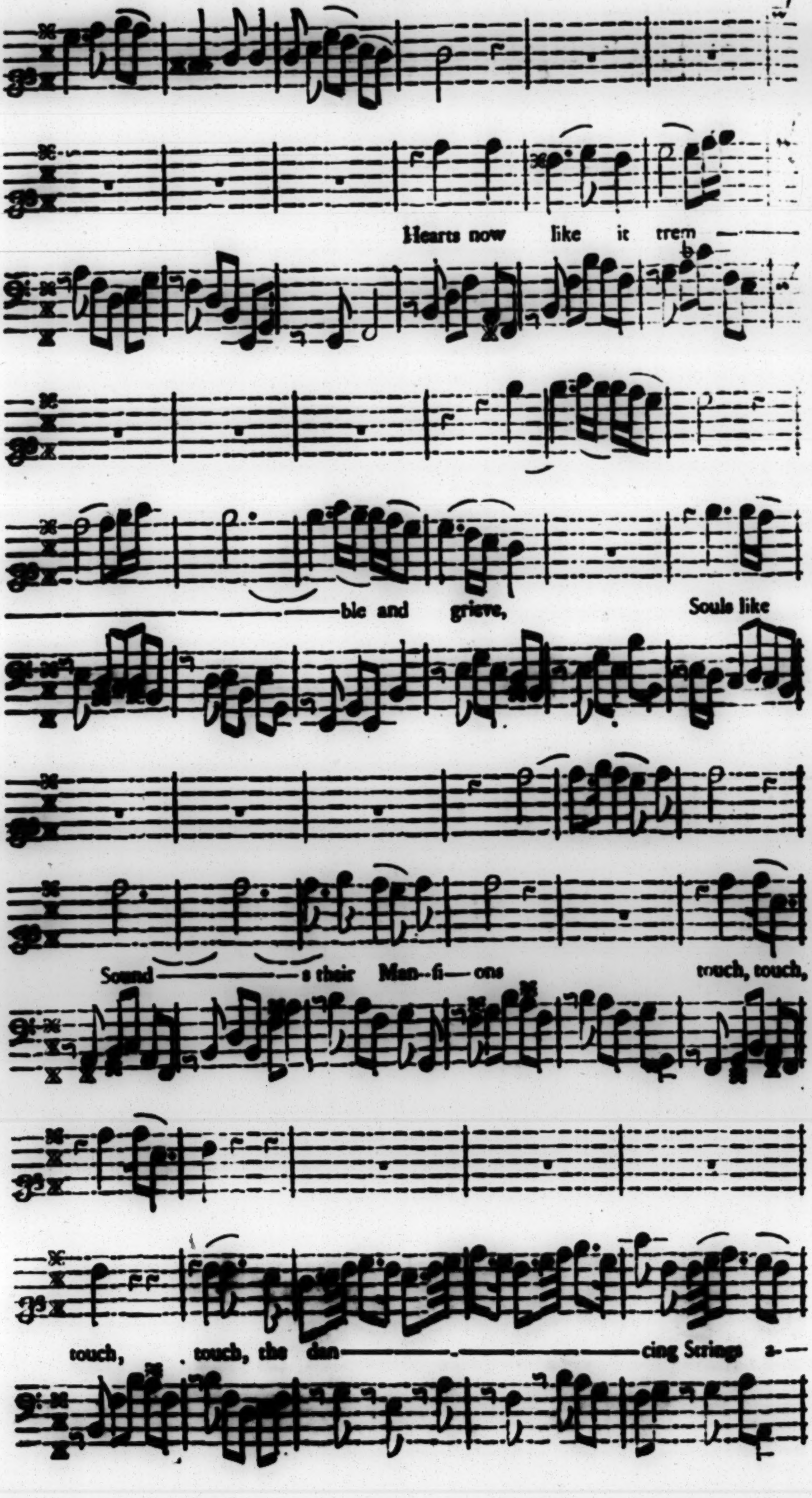

bathe with us an hour or two, come, come, come, come na-- ked in for
bathe with us an hour or two, come, come, come, come na - ked in for
we are ſo, what danger, what danger from a na-ked foe;
we are ſo, what danger, from a na - ked foe; come, come,
♮6 4 2
come, come bathe with us, come, come bathe and ſhare what plea
come, come bathe with us, come, come bathe and ſhare what plea
6 5
4 3
ſures in the Floods ap - pear; we'll beat the Waters
ſures in the Floods ap - pear; we'll beat the Waters till they

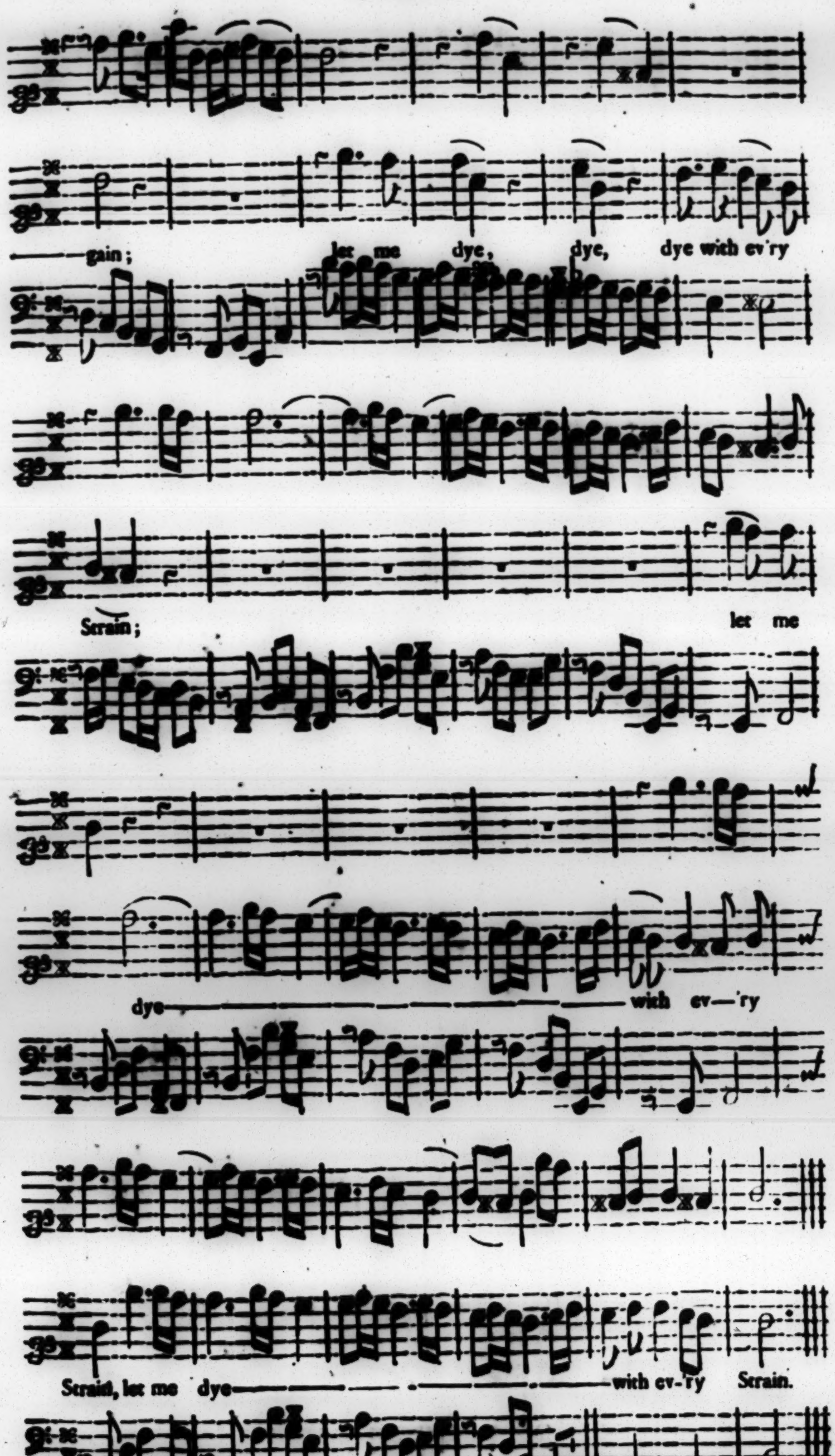

till they bound, we'll beat the Waters till they bound, and cir———
bound we'll beat the Waters till they bound, and cir———
——cle roun————d, and cir————cle
——cle roun————d, and cir————cle
roun————d, and cir—cle round.
roun————d, and cir—cle round.

Mr. *Picket's* Song, Sung at St. *Celia's* Feaſt, by Mr. *Robert*.

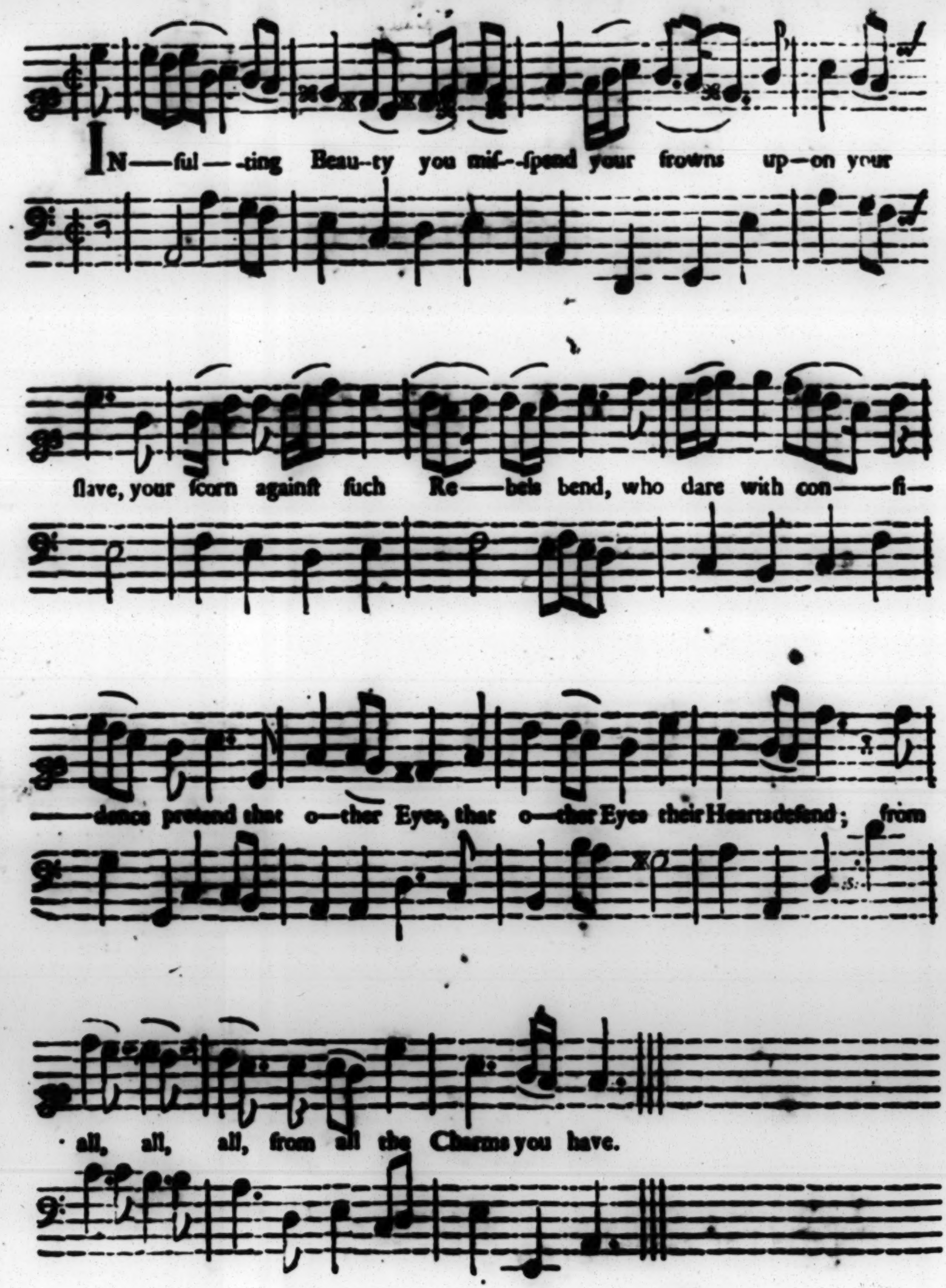



con——fort
——fort,
the Con——fort of the
ſprink——ling Lute;
the ſprink——ling, the
ſprink——ling Lute, has ſtruck the boaſt-ing Conq'uors mute;


Hearts now like it trem——
——ble and grieve,
Souls like
Sound——s their Man-ſi—ons
touch, touch,
touch, touch, the dan————cing Strings a-—


——gain;
let me dye, dye, dye with ev'ry
Strain;
let me
dye——————with ev—'ry
Strain, let me dye——————with ev-'ry Strain.

A New Song.


IN——ſul——ting Beau--ty you miſ--ſpend your frowns up—on your
ſlave, your ſcorn againſt ſuch Re——bels bend, who dare with con——fi-
——dence pretend that o—ther Eyes, that o—ther Eyes their Hearts defend; from
all, all, all, from all the Charms you have.

II.

Your conquering Eyes ſo partiall are,
Or Mankind is ſo dull;
That while I Languiſh in deſpair,
Many proud ſenſeleſs Hearts declare,
They find you not :S: ſo killing fair,
To wiſh——you mercifull.

III.

They—an inglorious freedom boaſt,
I Tryumph in my Chain;
Nor am I unreveng'd, tho' loſt,
Nor you unpuniſh'd, tho' unjuſt,
When I alone :S: who love you moſt,
Am kill'd——with your diſdain.

FINIS.

THESAURUS MUSICUS:

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Thorow-Baſs to each SONG, for the *Harpſicord*, *Theorbo*, or *Baſs-Viol*.

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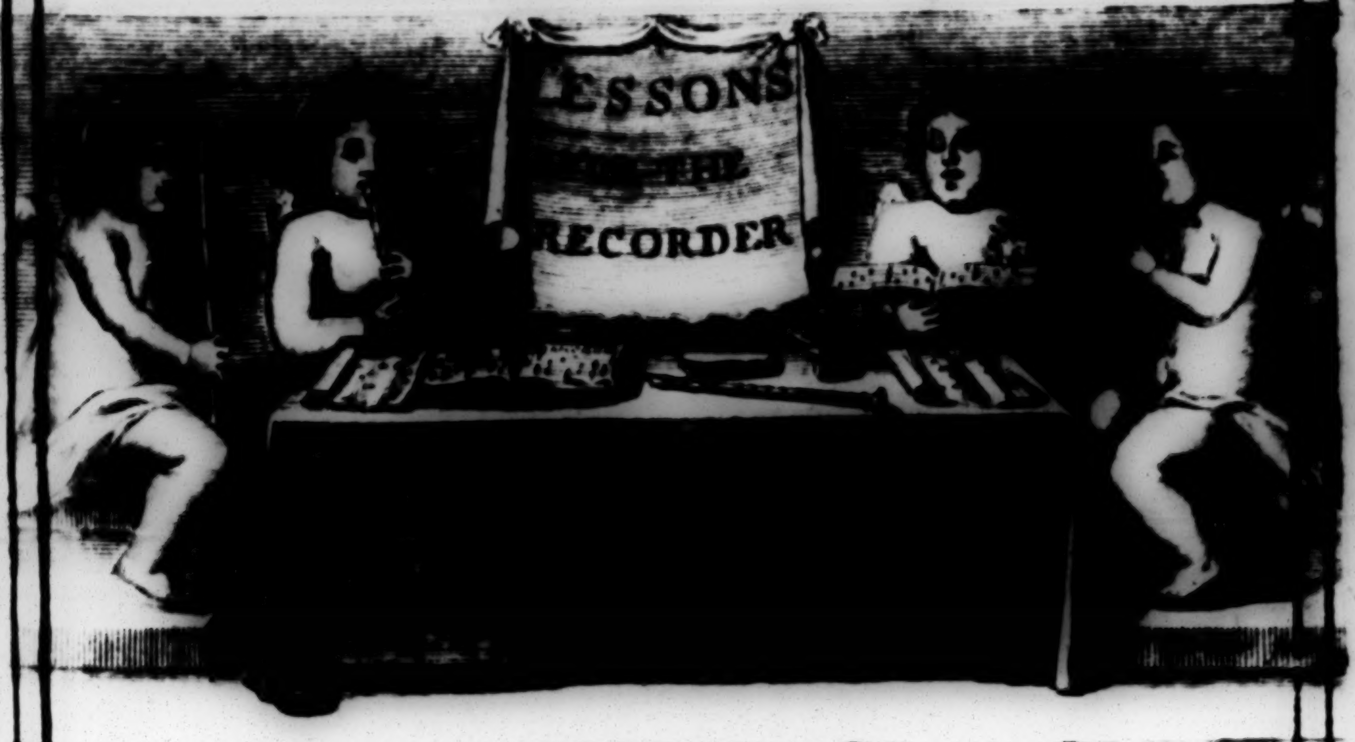

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A Table of the SONGS contain'd in this Book.

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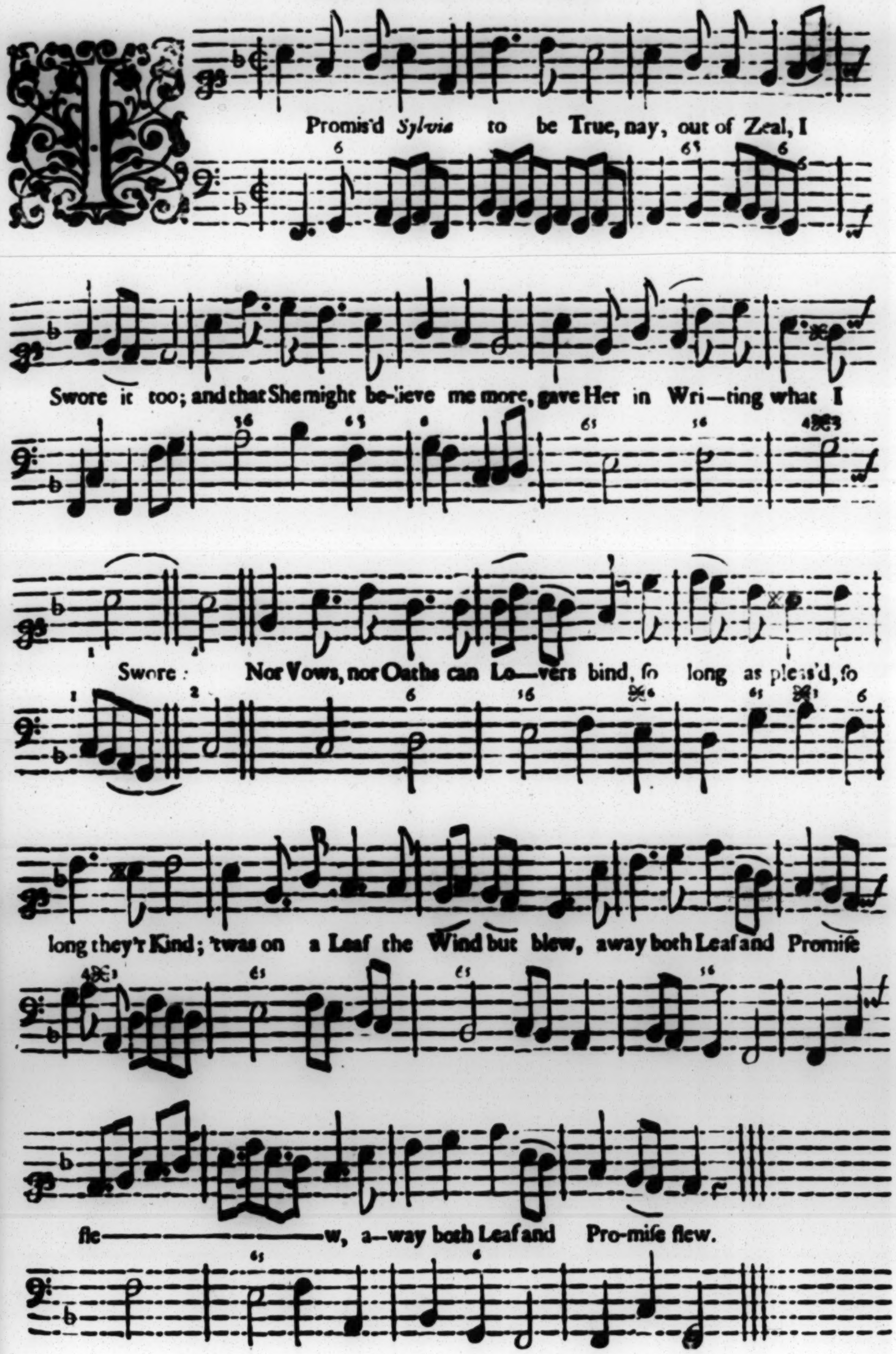
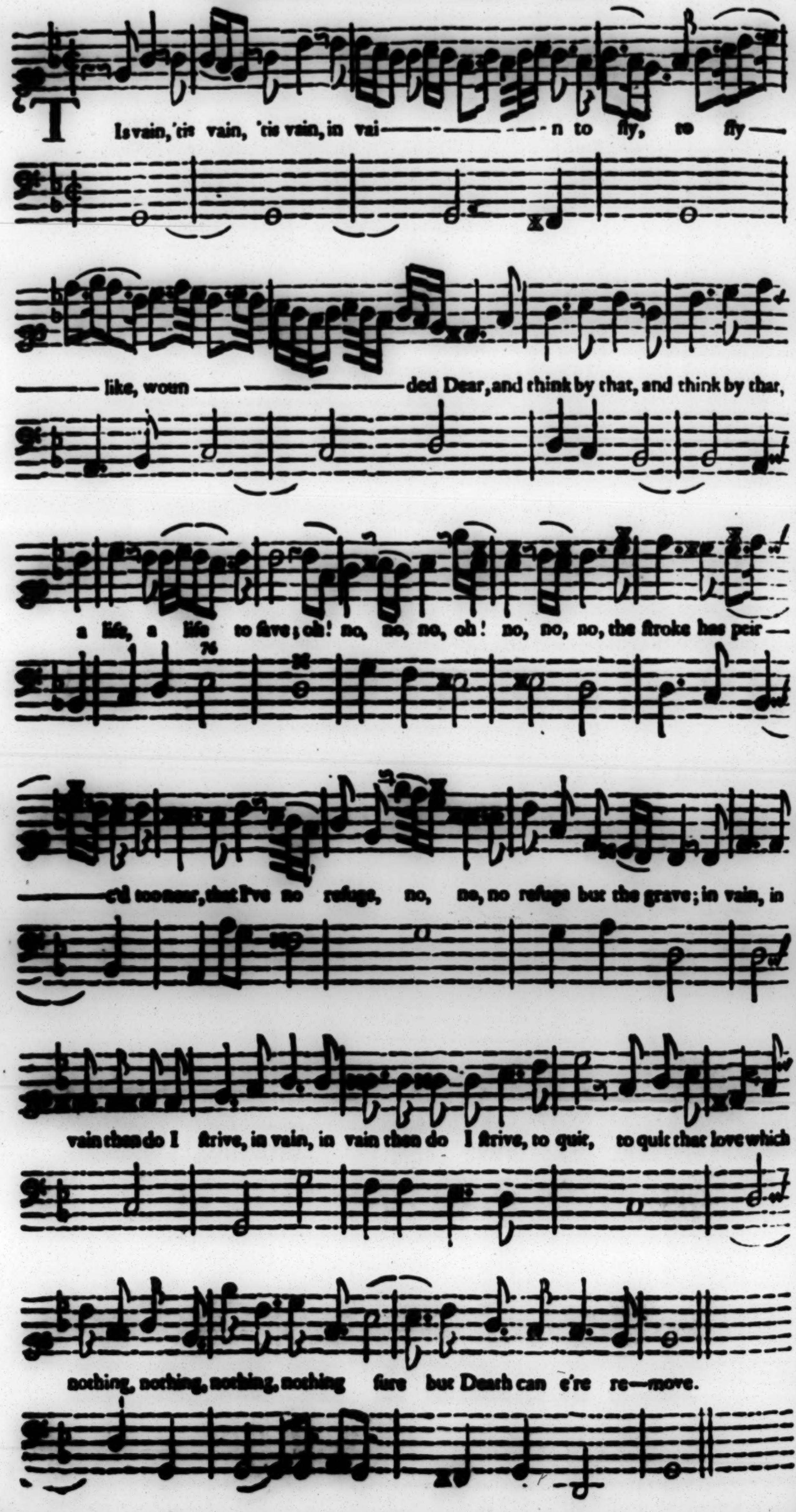
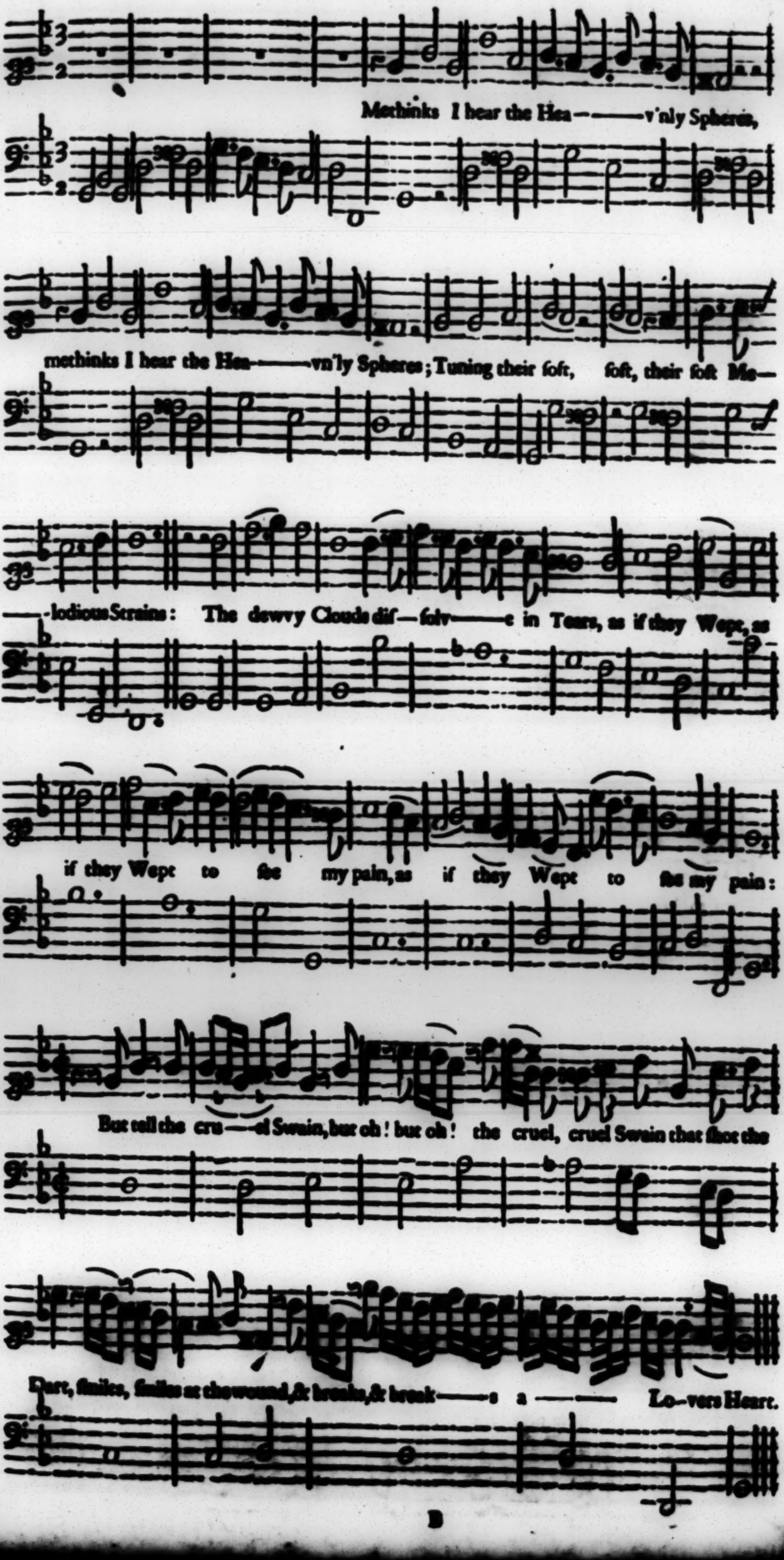
A Song Sett by Mr. *Finger*.


I Promis'd *Sylvia* to be True, nay, out of Zeal, I
Swore it too; and that She might be-lieve me more, gave Her in Wri-ting what I
Swore: Nor Vows, nor Oaths can Lo-vers bind, ſo long as pleas'd, ſo
long they'r Kind; 'twas on a Leaf the Wind but blew, away both Leaf and Promiſe
fle——w, a-way both Leaf and Pro-miſe flew.

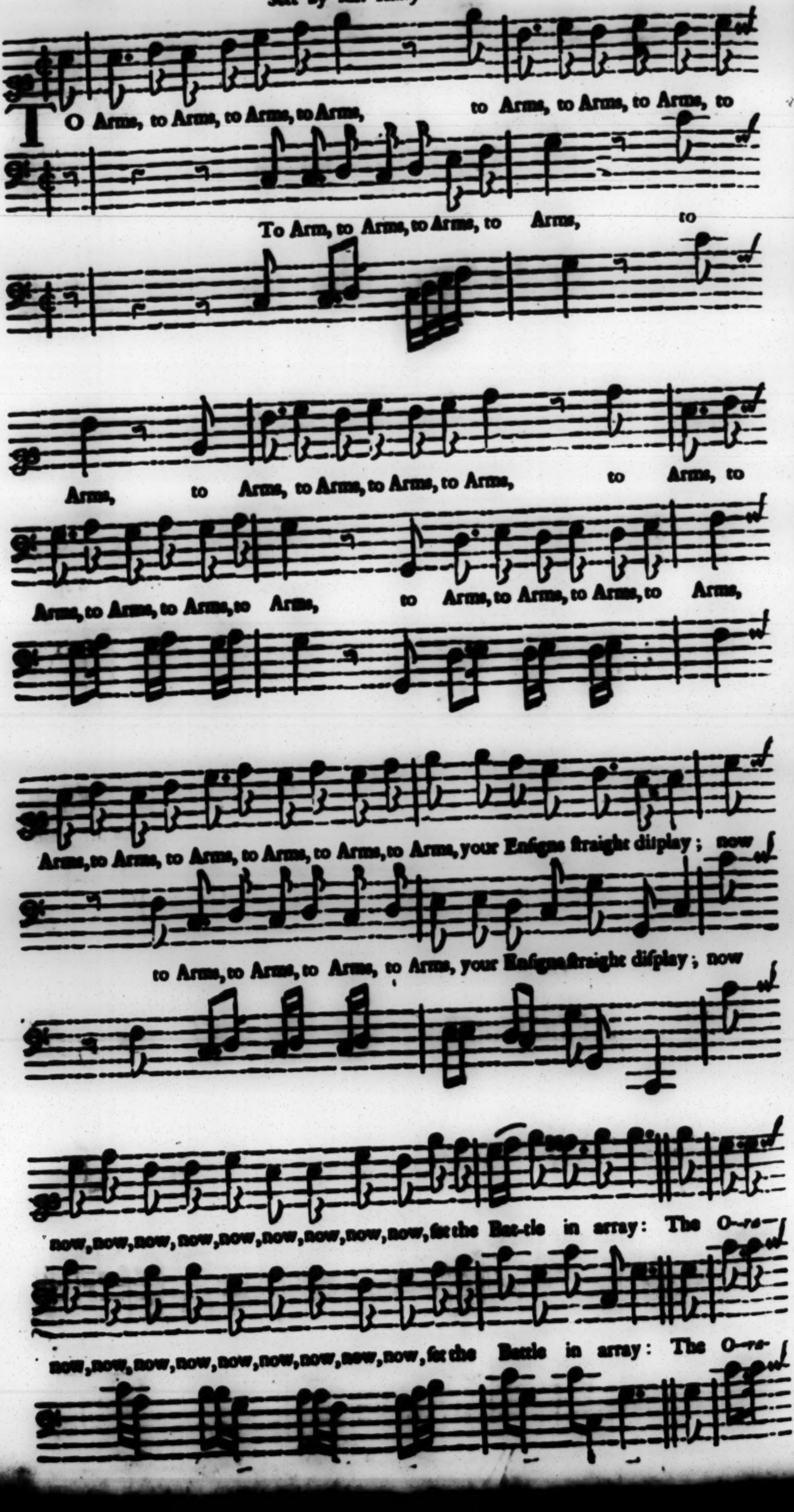
A Song Sett by Mr. *Daniel Purcell.*


T Is vain, 'tis vain, 'tis vain, in vai——n to fly, to fly——
——like, woun——ded Dear, and think by that, and think by that,
a life, a life to ſave; oh! no, no, no, oh! no, no, no, the ſtroke has peir——
——c'd too near, that I've no refuge, no, no, no refuge but the grave; in vain, in
vain then do I ſtrive, in vain, in vain then do I ſtrive, to quit, to quit that love which
nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing ſure but Death can e're re-move.
76


Methinks I hear the Hea———v'nly Spheres,
methinks I hear the Hea———vn'ly Spheres; Tuning their soft, soft, their soft Me—
—-lodious Strains: The dewvy Clouds dis—solv———e in Tears, as if they Wept, as
if they Wept to see my pain, as if they Wept to see my pain:
But tell the cru—el Swain, but oh! but oh! the cruel, cruel Swain that shot the
Dart, smiles, smiles at the wound, & breaks, & break——s a ——— Lo-vers Heart.

A Song in *Bouduca*, Sung by Mr. *Freeman* and Mr. *Edwards*.

Sett by Mr. *Henry Purcell*.


TO Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to
To Arm, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to
Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to
Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms,
Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, your Enſigns ſtraight diſplay; now
to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, your Enſigns ſtraight diſplay; now
now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now, ſet the Bat-tle in array: The O-ra-
now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now, ſet the Battle in array: The O-ra-

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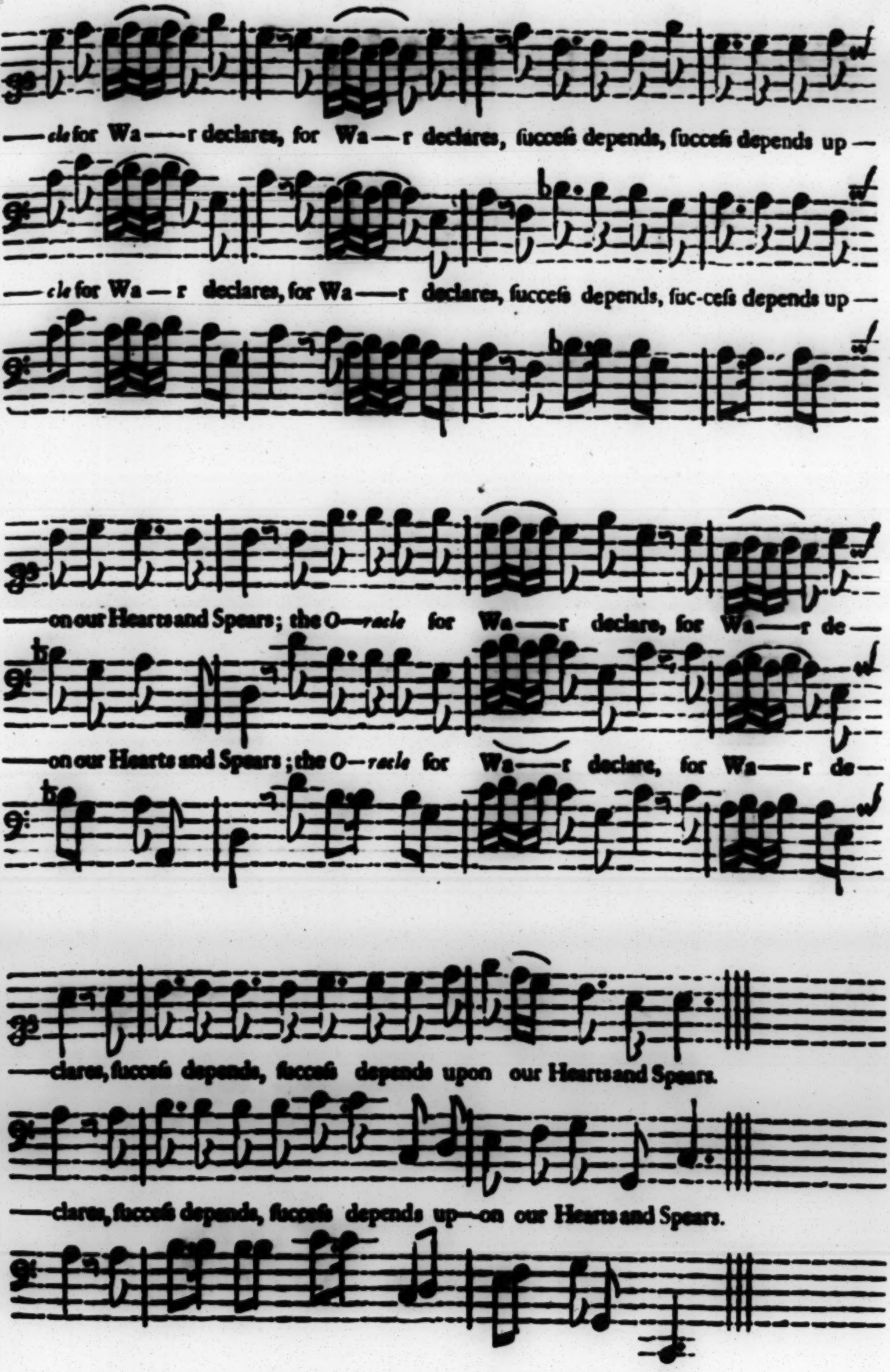
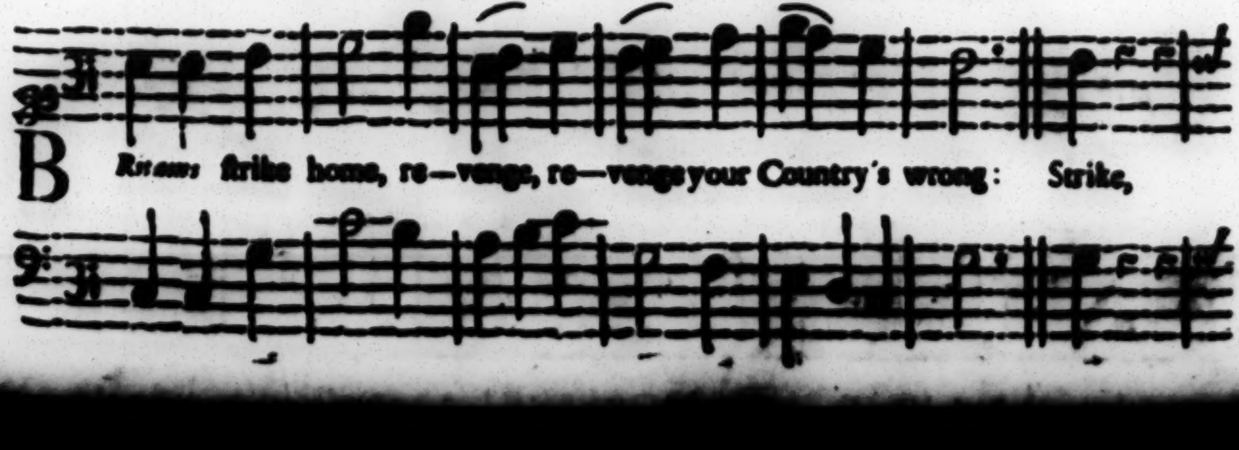
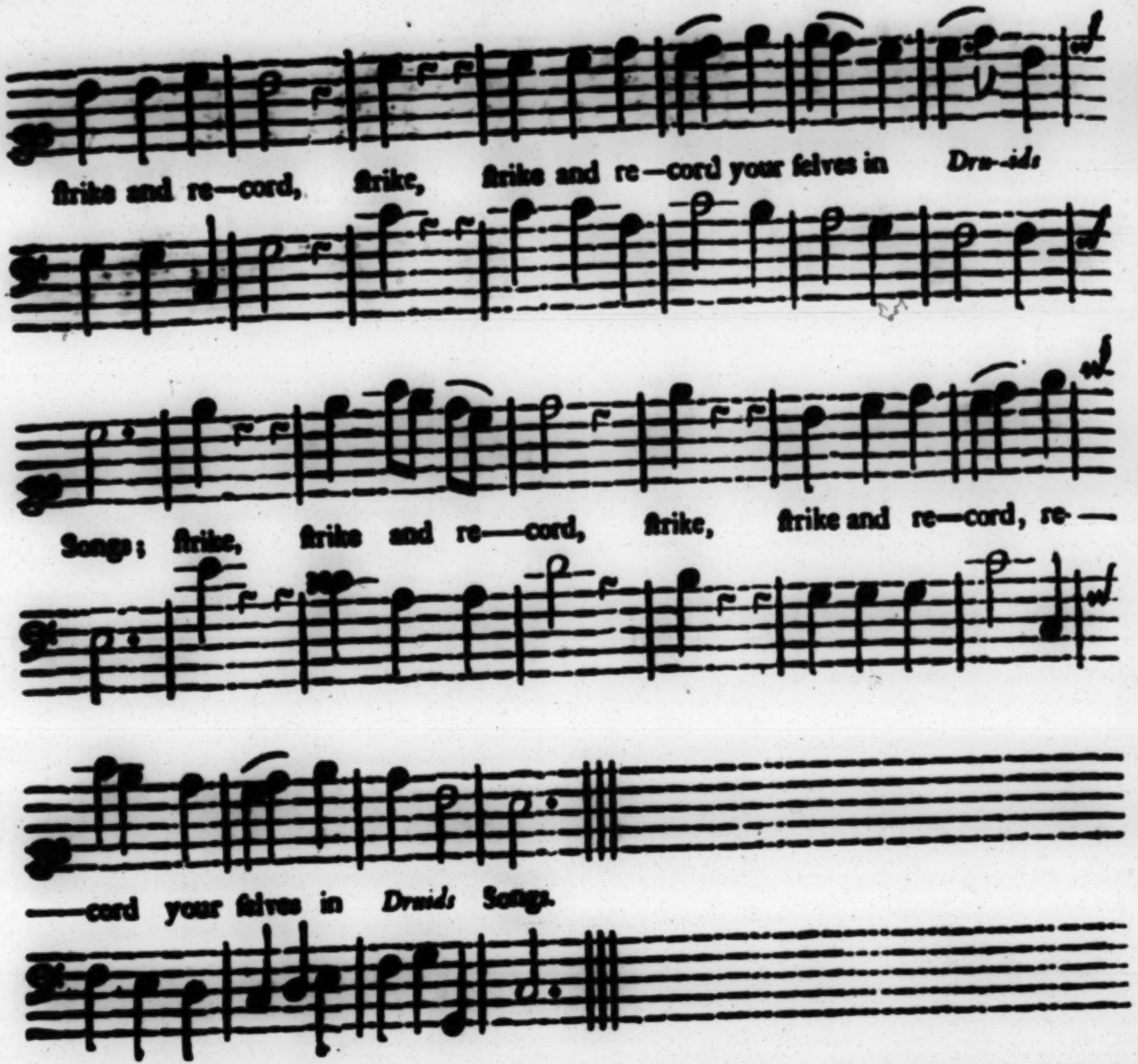
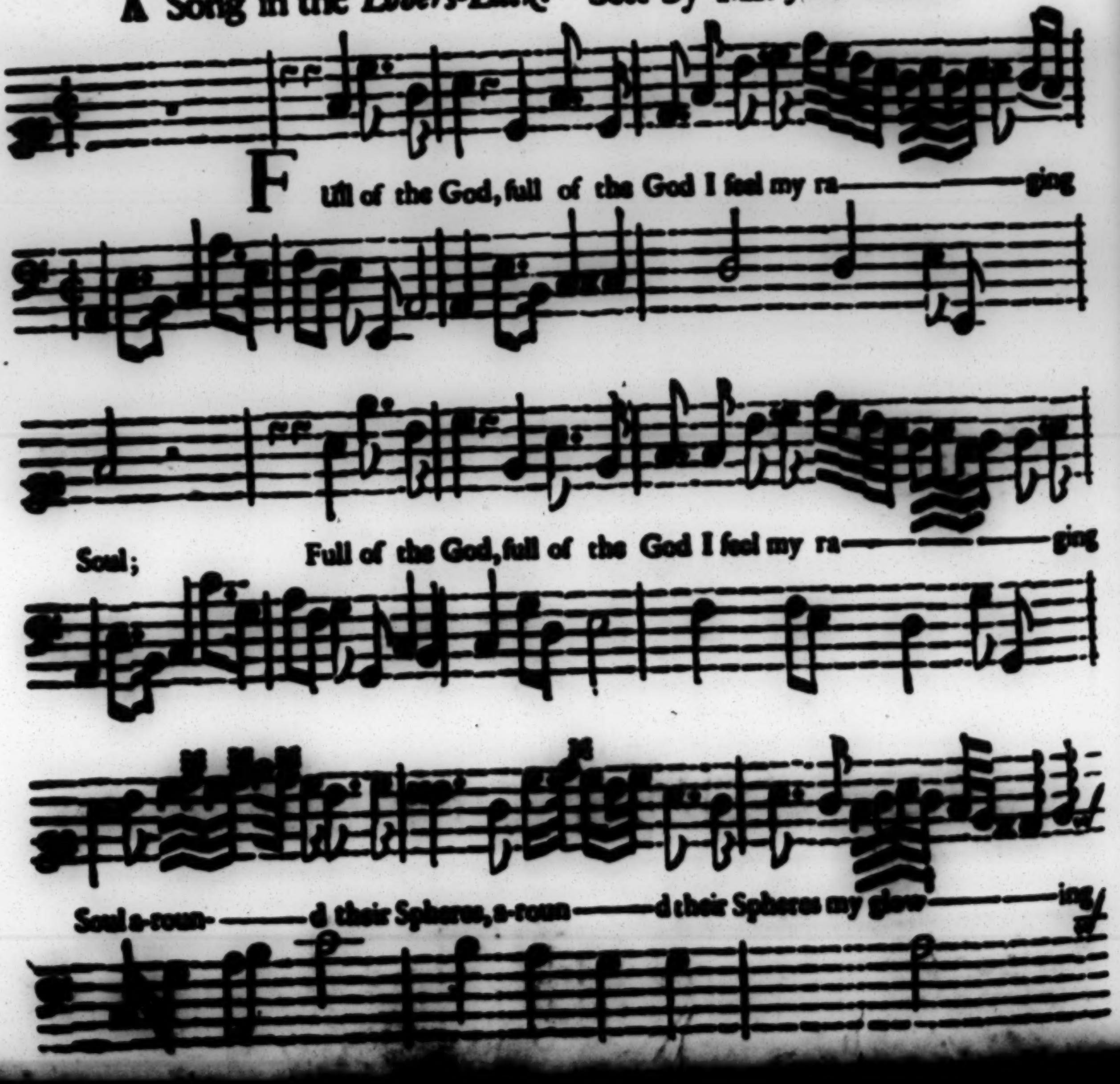

—*cle* for Wa—r declares, for Wa—r declares, ſucceſs depends, ſucceſs depends up—
—*cle* for Wa—r declares, for Wa—r declares, ſucceſs depends, ſuc-ceſs depends up—
—on our Hearts and Spears; the O—*racle* for Wa—r declare, for Wa—r de—
—on our Hearts and Spears; the O—*racle* for Wa—r declare, for Wa—r de—
—clares, ſucceſs depends, ſucceſs depends upon our Hearts and Spears.
—clares, ſucceſs depends, ſucceſs depends up—on our Hearts and Spears.

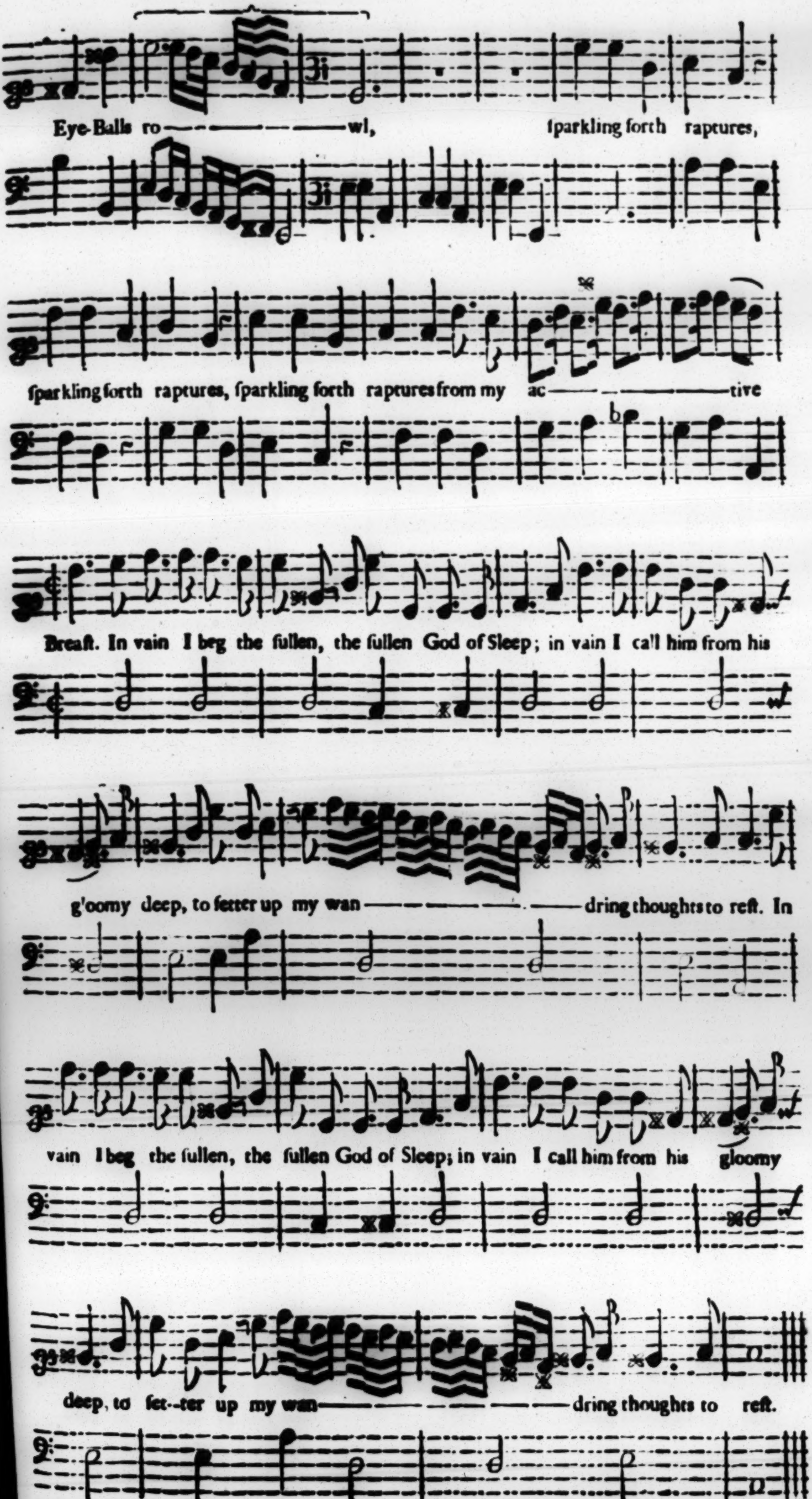
A Song in *Bonduca*, Sett by Mr. *Henry Purcell*.


B*Ritains* ſtrike home, re—venge, re—venge your Country's wrong: Strike,

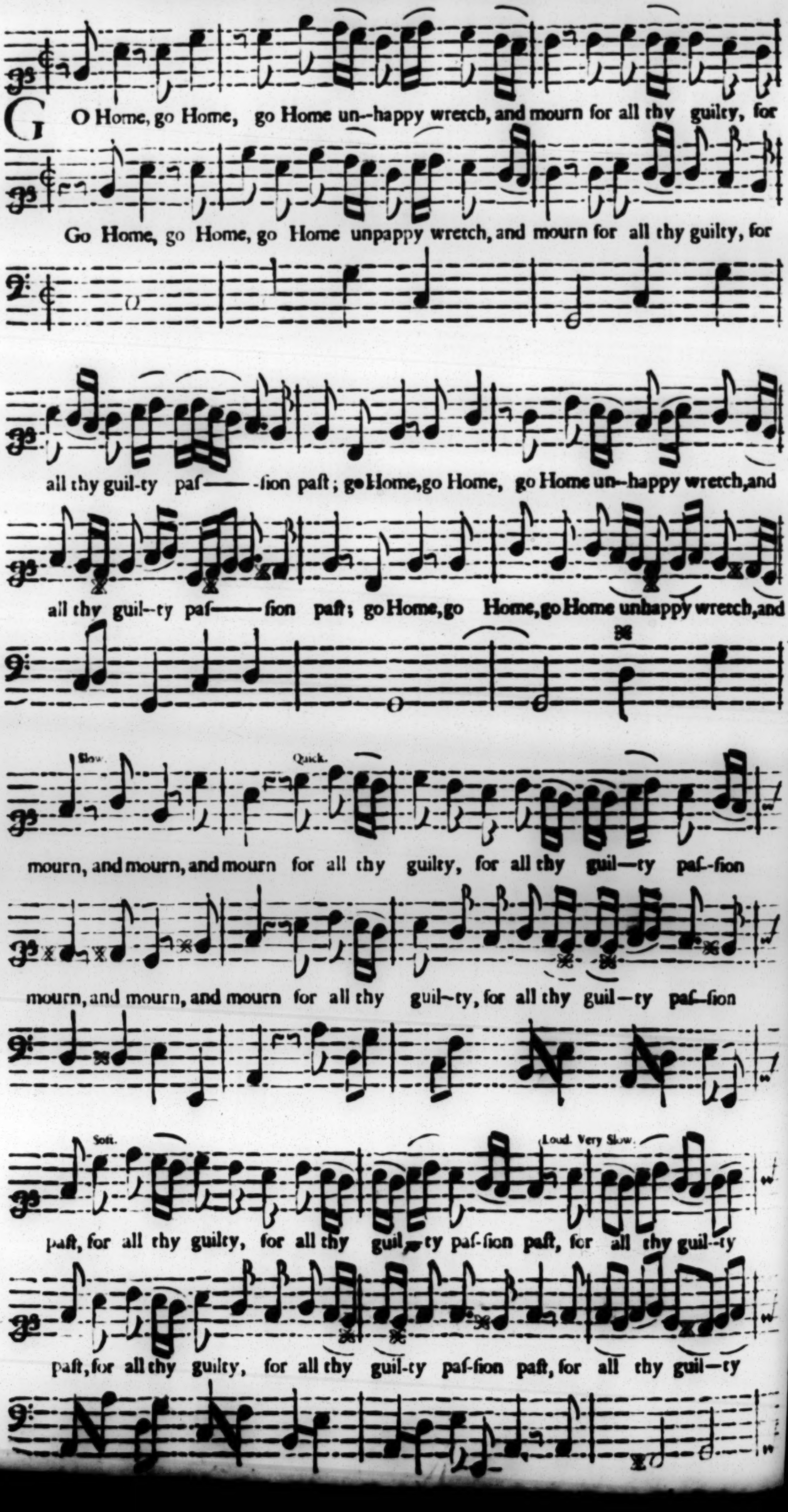

ſtrike and re—cord, ſtrike, ſtrike and re—cord your ſelves in Dru-ids
Songs; ſtrike, ſtrike and re—cord, ſtrike, ſtrike and re—cord, re-
—cord your ſelves in Druids Songs.

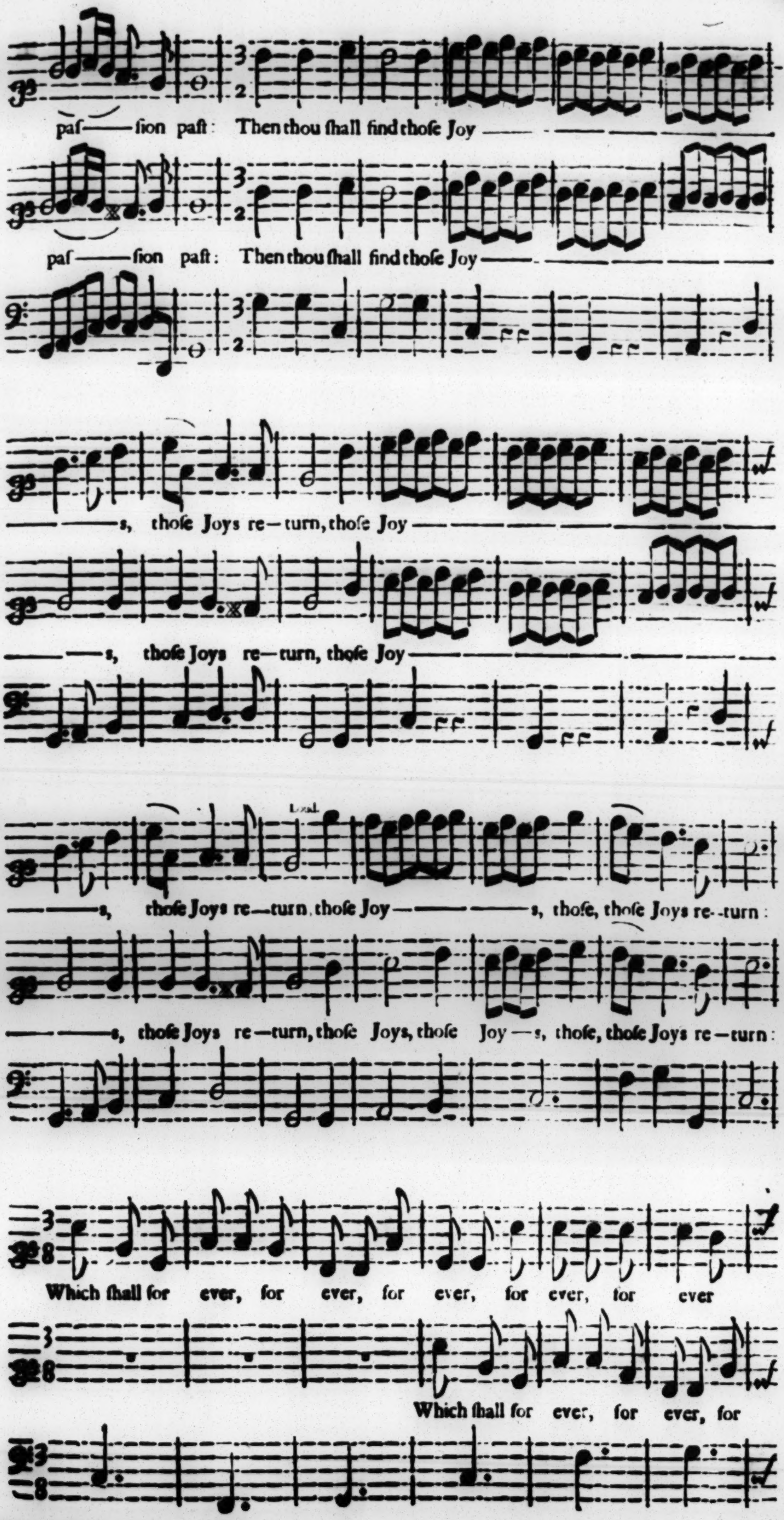
A Song in the *Lovers-Luck*. Sett by Mr. *John Eccles*.

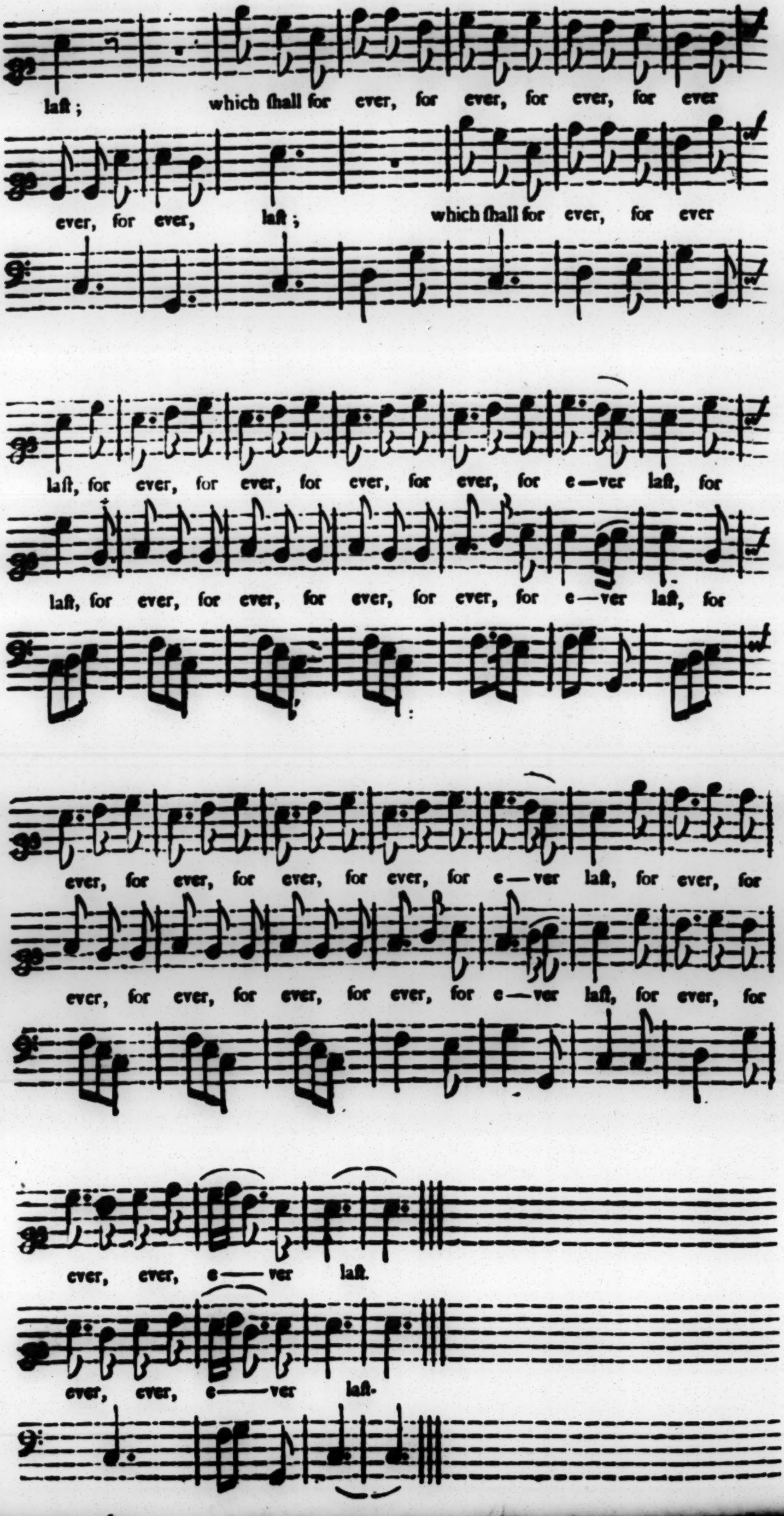

F ull of the God, full of the God I feel my ra——ging
Soul; Full of the God, full of the God I feel my ra——ging
Soul a-roun——d their Spheres, a-roun——d their Spheres my glow——ing


Eye-Balls ro——————wl, ſparkling forth raptures,
ſparkling forth raptures, ſparkling forth raptures from my ac———tive
Breaſt. In vain I beg the ſullen, the ſullen God of Sleep; in vain I call him from his
gloomy deep, to fetter up my wan———————dring thoughts to reſt. In
vain I beg the ſullen, the ſullen God of Sleep; in vain I call him from his gloomy
deep, to fet--ter up my wan———————dring thoughts to reſt.

A Song in the *Mask* for the *Lover's Laſt-Shift*, Sung by Mrs. *Croſs* and the Boy, upon a Marriage Life. Sett by Mr. *Francks.*

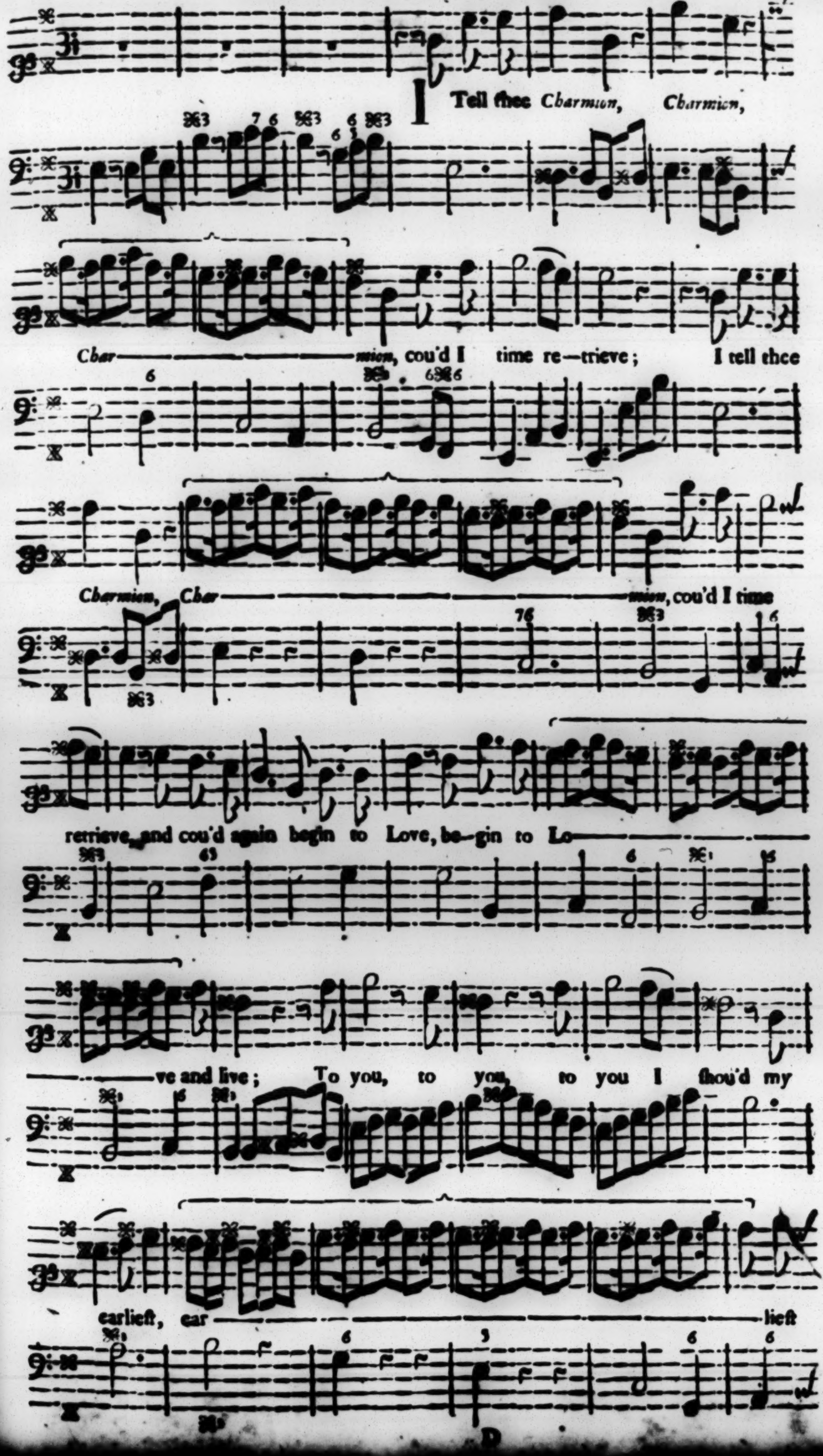

GO Home, go Home, go Home un--happy wretch, and mourn for all thy guilty, for
Go Home, go Home, go Home unpappy wretch, and mourn for all thy guilty, for
all thy guil-ty paſ——-ſion paſt; go Home, go Home, go Home un--happy wretch, and
all thy guil--ty paſ——ſion paſt; go Home, go Home, go Home unhappy wretch, and
Slow.
Quick.
mourn, and mourn, and mourn for all thy guilty, for all thy guil—ty paſ-ſion
mourn, and mourn, and mourn for all thy guil~ty, for all thy guil—ty paſ-ſion
Soft.
Loud. Very Slow.
paſt, for all thy guilty, for all thy guil—ty paſ-ſion paſt, for all thy guil--ty
paſt, for all thy guilty, for all thy guil-ty paſ-ſion paſt, for all thy guil—ty

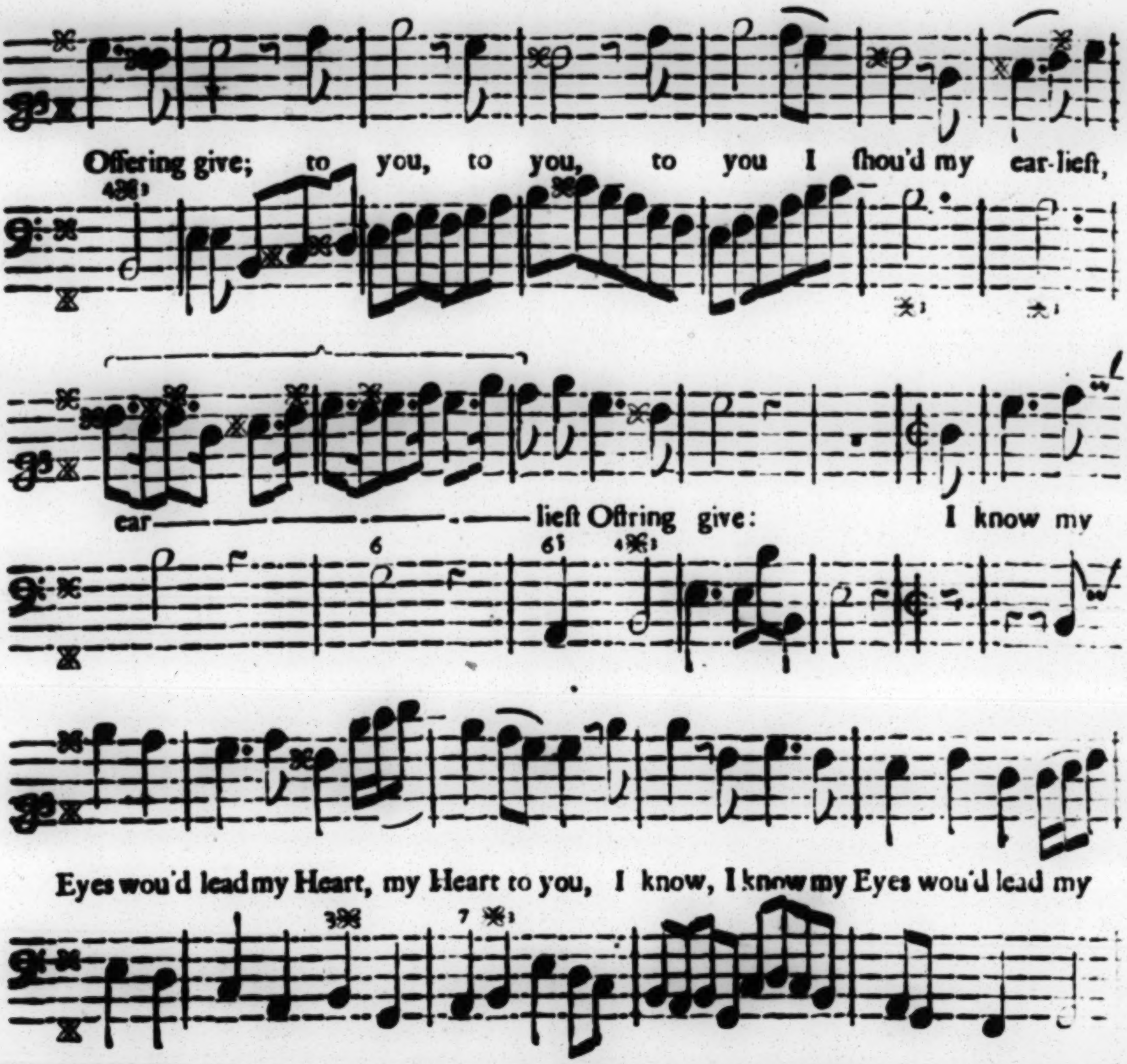

paſ—— ſion paſt: Then thou ſhall find thoſe Joy ——
paſ—— ſion paſt: Then thou ſhall find thoſe Joy ——
—— s, thoſe Joys re—turn, thoſe Joy ——
—— s, thoſe Joys re—turn, thoſe Joy ——
Loud.
—— s, thoſe Joys re—turn, thoſe Joy —— s, thoſe, thoſe Joys re--turn:
—— s, thoſe Joys re—turn, thoſe Joys, thoſe Joy—s, thoſe, thoſe Joys re—turn:
Which ſhall for ever, for ever, for ever, for ever, for ever
Which ſhall for ever, for ever, for


laſt; which ſhall for ever, for ever, for ever, for ever
ever, for ever, laſt; which ſhall for ever, for ever
laſt, for ever, for ever, for ever, for ever, for e—ver laſt, for
laſt, for ever, for ever, for ever, for ever, for e—ver laſt, for
ever, for ever, for ever, for ever, for e—ver laſt, for ever, for
ever, for ever, for ever, for ever, for e—ver laſt, for ever, for
ever, ever, e——ver laſt.
ever, ever, e——ver laſt.

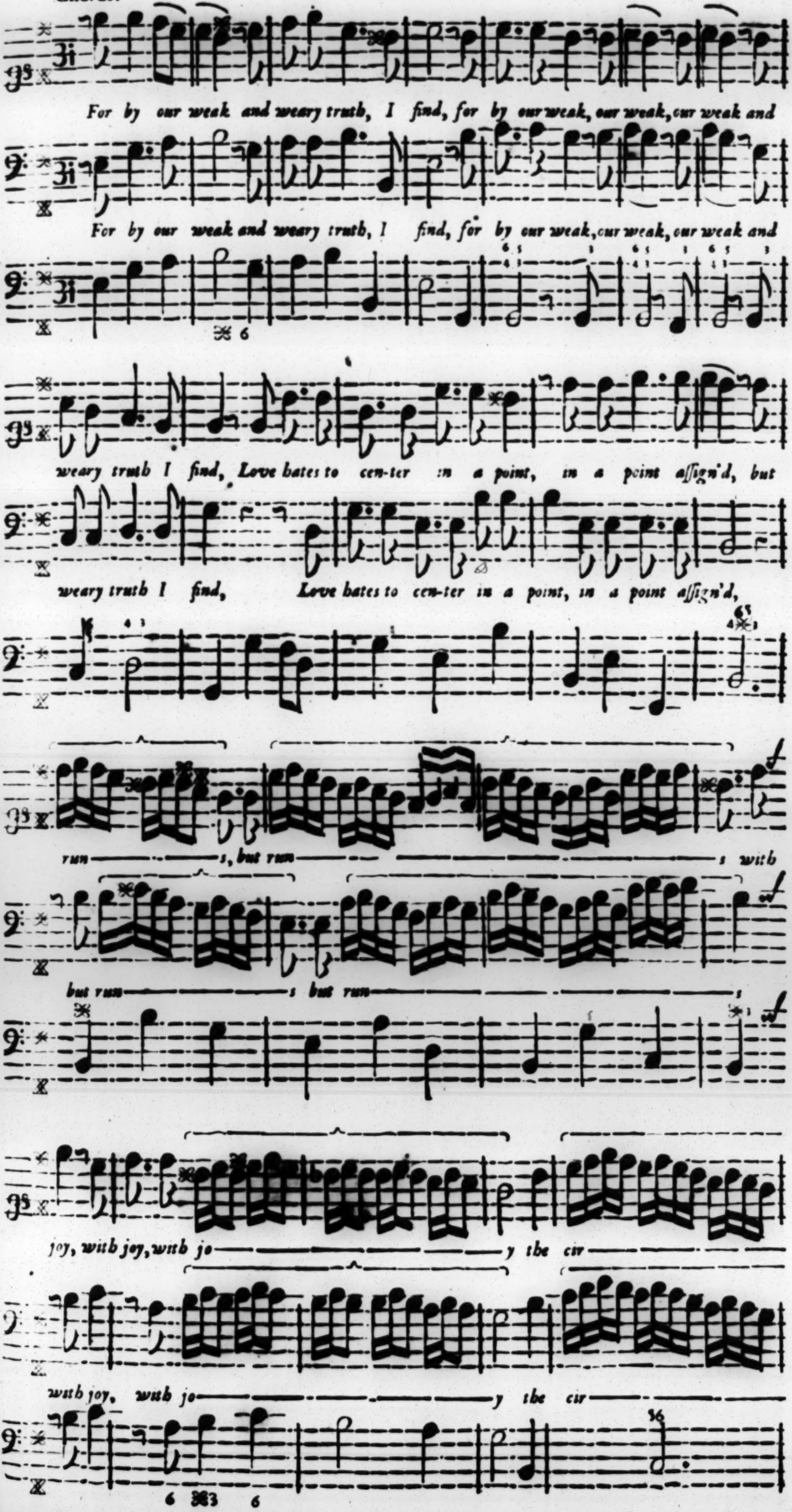
A Song ſet by Mr. *Finger*, in the New Play call'd, (*Love for Love.*) The Words by Mr. *Congreve.*

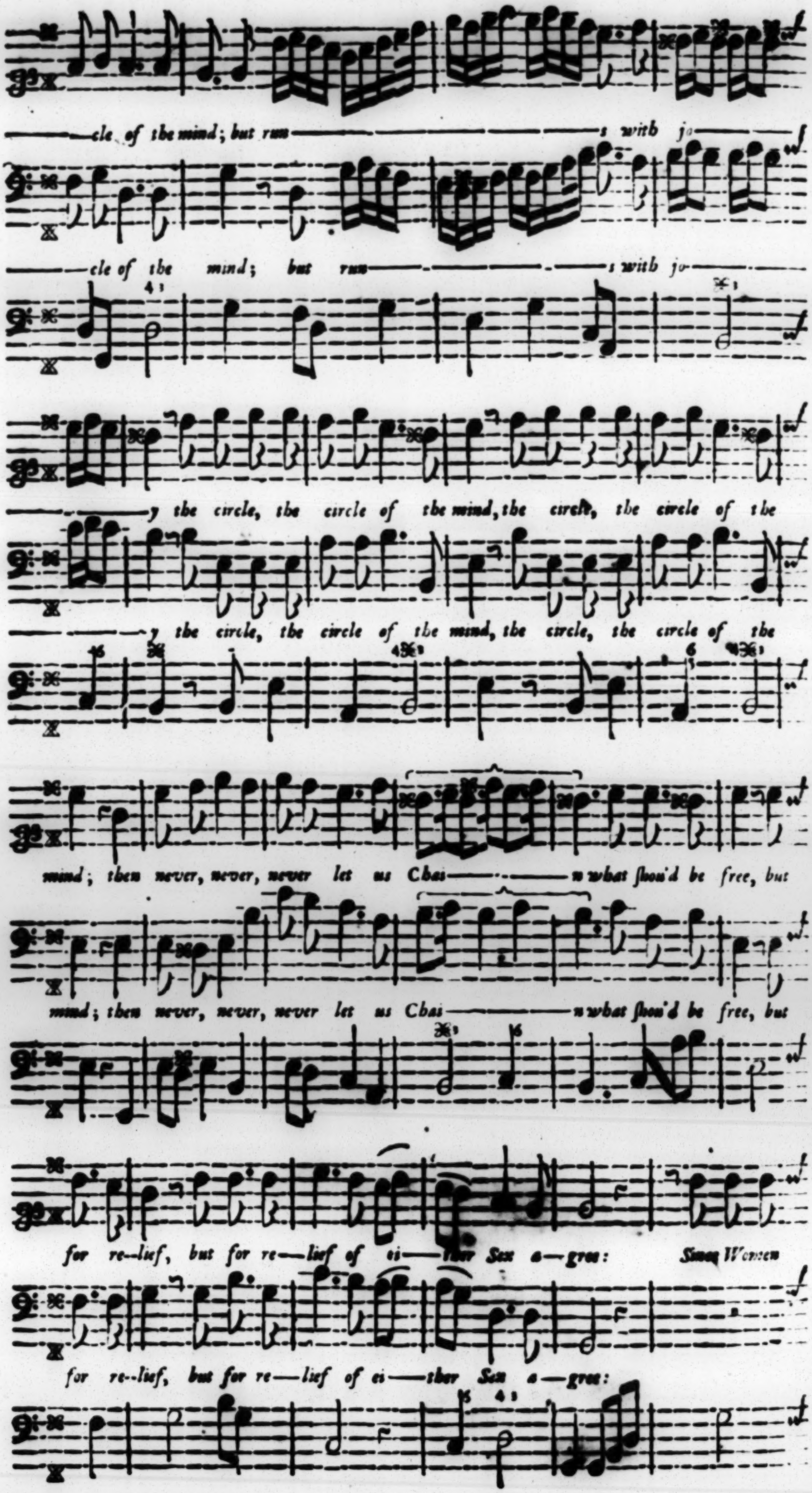
Sung by Mr. *Pate* and Mr. *Reding.*

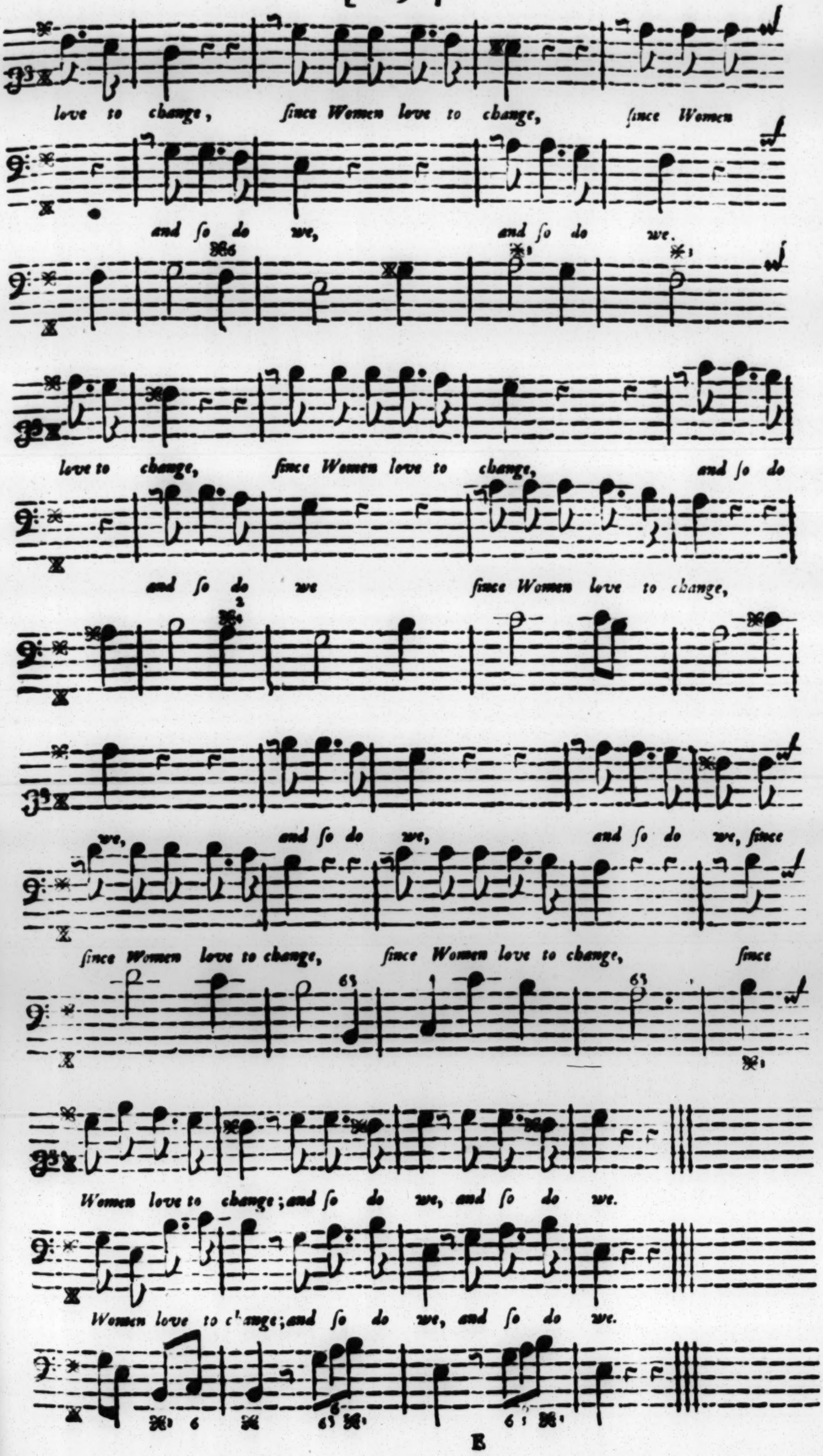

I Tell thee *Charmion*, *Charmion*,
Char——*mion*, cou'd I time re—trieve; I tell thee
Charmion, *Char*——*mion*, cou'd I time
retrieve, and cou'd again begin to Love, be-gin to Lo——
——ve and live; To you, to you, to you I ſhou'd my
earlieſt, ear——lieſt


Offering give; to you, to you, to you I ſhou'd my ear-lieſt,
ear—————————lieſt Offring give: I know my
Eyes wou'd lead my Heart, my Heart to you, I know, I know my Eyes wou'd lead my
Heart to you, and I ſhou'd all my Vows, all my Vows and Oaths renew; but to be
plain, I never, never wou'd be true, I never, never wou'd be true.

Chorus.

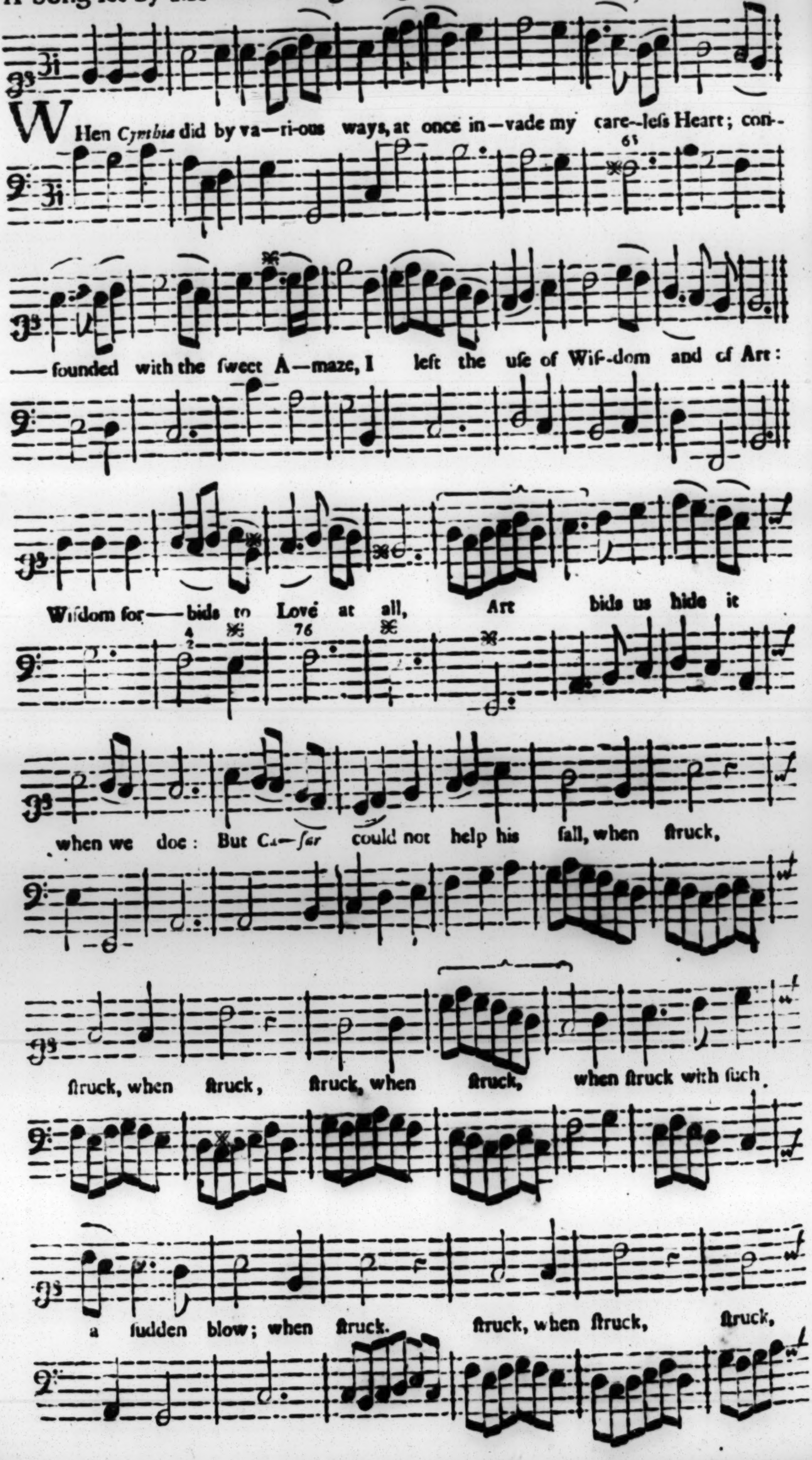

For by our weak and weary truth, I find, for by our weak, our weak, our weak and
For by our weak and weary truth, I find, for by our weak, our weak, our weak and
weary truth I find, Love hates to cen-ter in a point, in a point aſſign'd, but
weary truth I find, Love hates to cen-ter in a point, in a point aſſign'd,
run——s, but run——s with
but run——s but run——s
joy, with joy, with jo——y the cir——
with joy, with jo——y the cir——

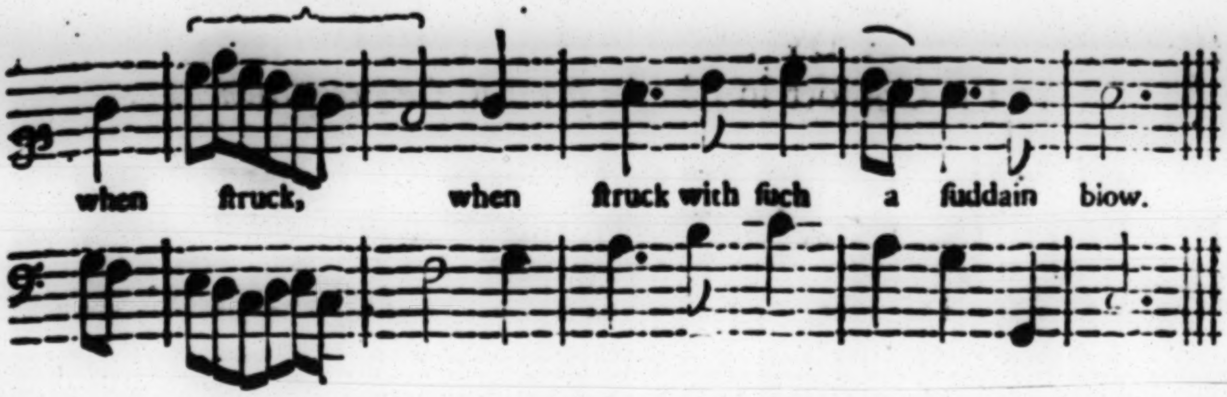

cle of the mind; but run s with jo
cle of the mind; but run s with jo
4 3
y the circle, the circle of the mind, the circle, the circle of the
y the circle, the circle of the mind, the circle, the circle of the
6
4 3
6
mind; then never, never, never let us Chai n what ſhou'd be free, but
mind; then never, never, never let us Chai n what ſhou'd be free, but
6
for re--lief, but for re—lief of ei—ther Sex a—gree: Since Women
for re--lief, but for re—lief of ei—ther Sex a—gree:
6
4 3


love to change, ſince Women love to change, ſince Women
and ſo do we, and ſo do we.
love to change, ſince Women love to change, and ſo do
and ſo do we ſince Women love to change,
we, and ſo do we, and ſo do we, ſince
ſince Women love to change, ſince Women love to change, ſince
Women love to change; and ſo do we, and ſo do we.
Women love to change; and ſo do we, and ſo do we.

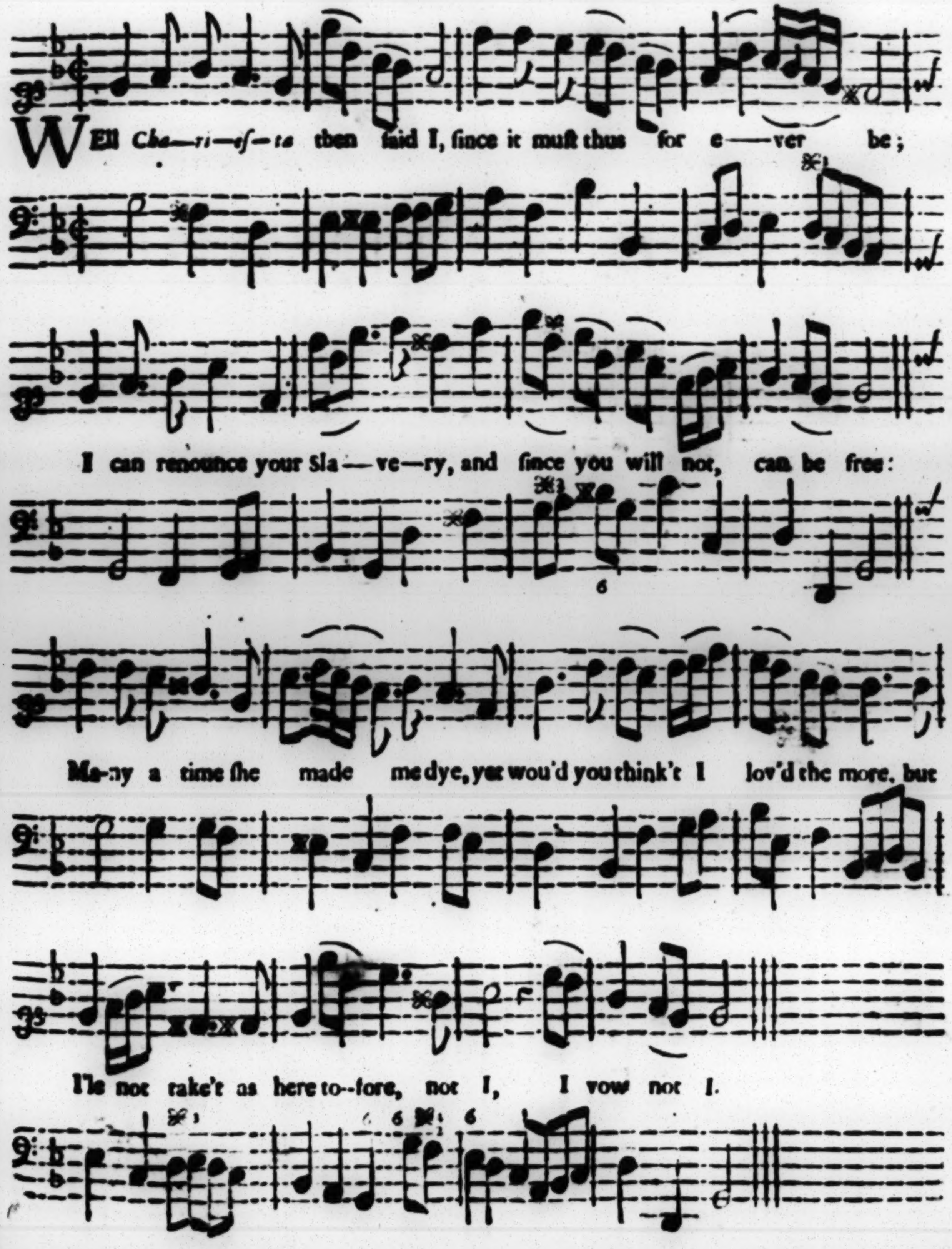
(224)

A Song ſet by Mr. *Robert King*, Sung at the Conſort in *York-buildings*.

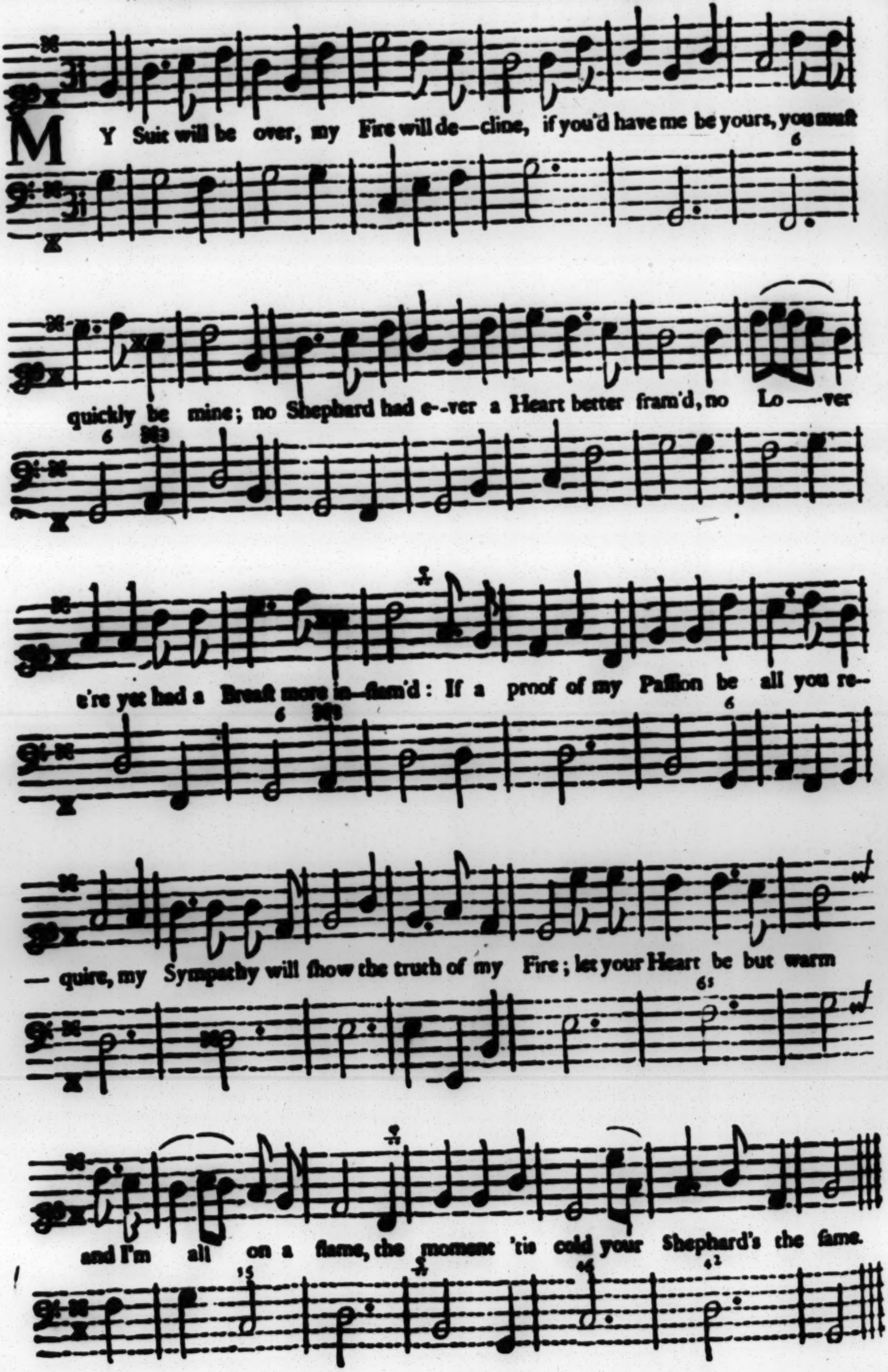

WHen *Cynthia* did by va-ri-ous ways, at once in-vade my care-leſs Heart; con-
—founded with the ſweet A-maze, I left the uſe of Wiſ-dom and of Art:
Wiſdom for—bids to Love at all, Art bids us hide it
when we doe: But Cæ-ſar could not help his fall, when ſtruck,
ſtruck, when ſtruck, ſtruck, when ſtruck, when ſtruck with ſuch
a ſudden blow; when ſtruck. ſtruck, when ſtruck, ſtruck,


when ſtruck, when ſtruck with ſuch a ſuddain blow.

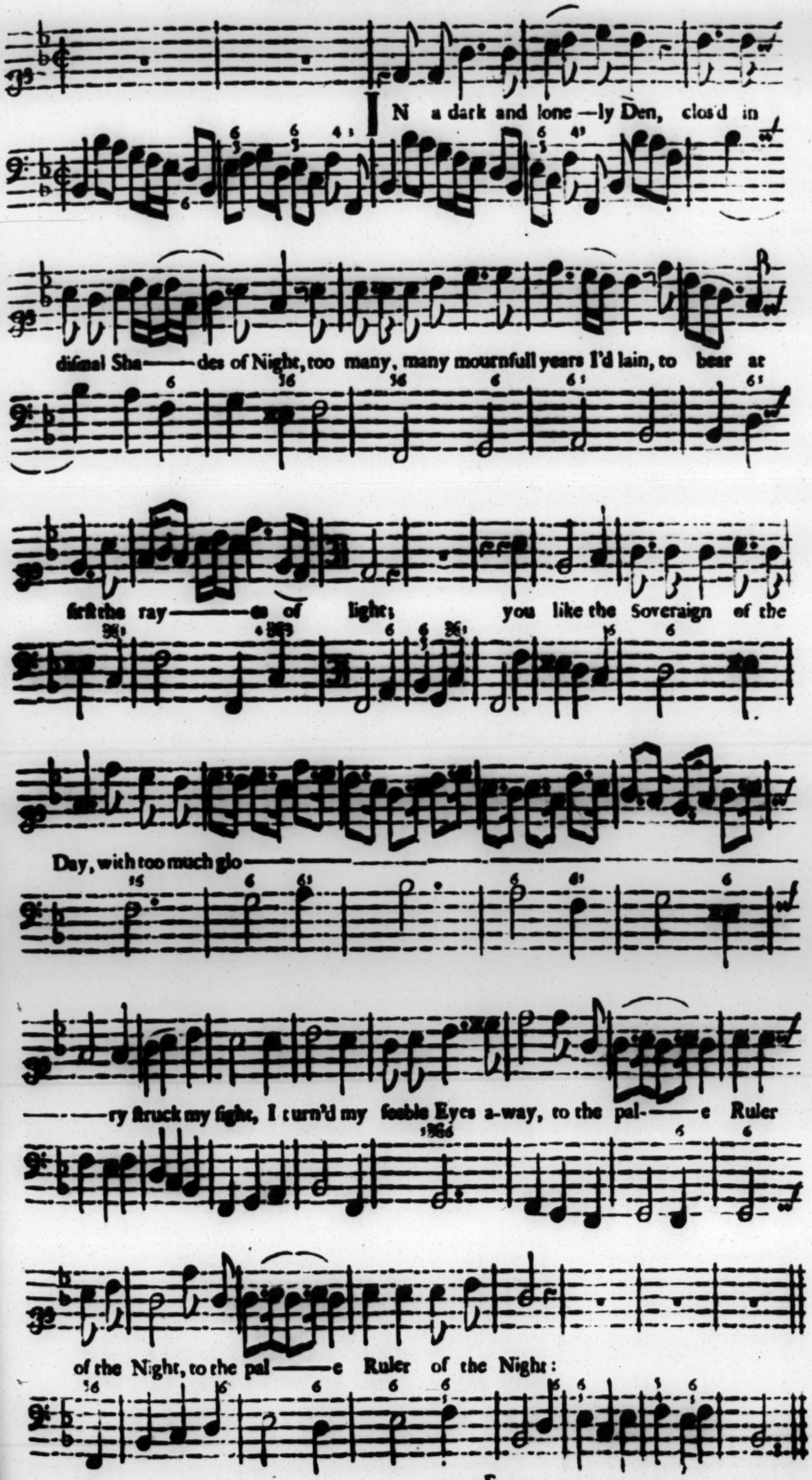
A New Song ſet by Mr. *R. W.*

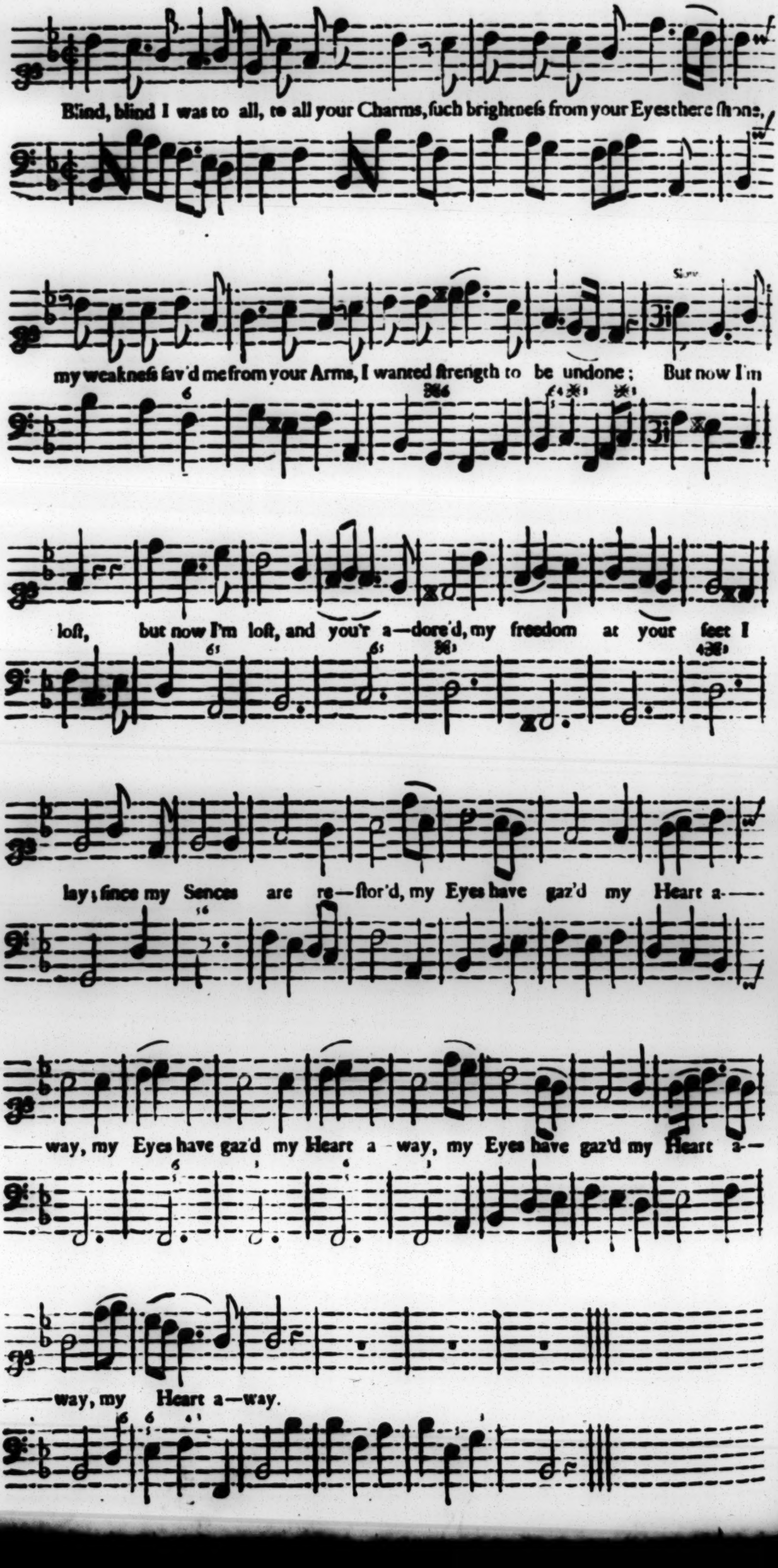

Well *Cha—ri—ſſ—ta* then ſaid I, ſince it muſt thus for e——ver be;
I can renounce your Sla——ve—ry, and ſince you will not, can be free:
Ma-ny a time ſhe made me dye, yet wou'd you think't I lov'd the more, but
I'le not take't as here-to-fore, not I, I vow not I.

A New Song ſet by Mr. *Finger*, Sung by Mrs. *Hudſon*; at the Conſort in *Charles-ſtreet* in *Coventgarden.*

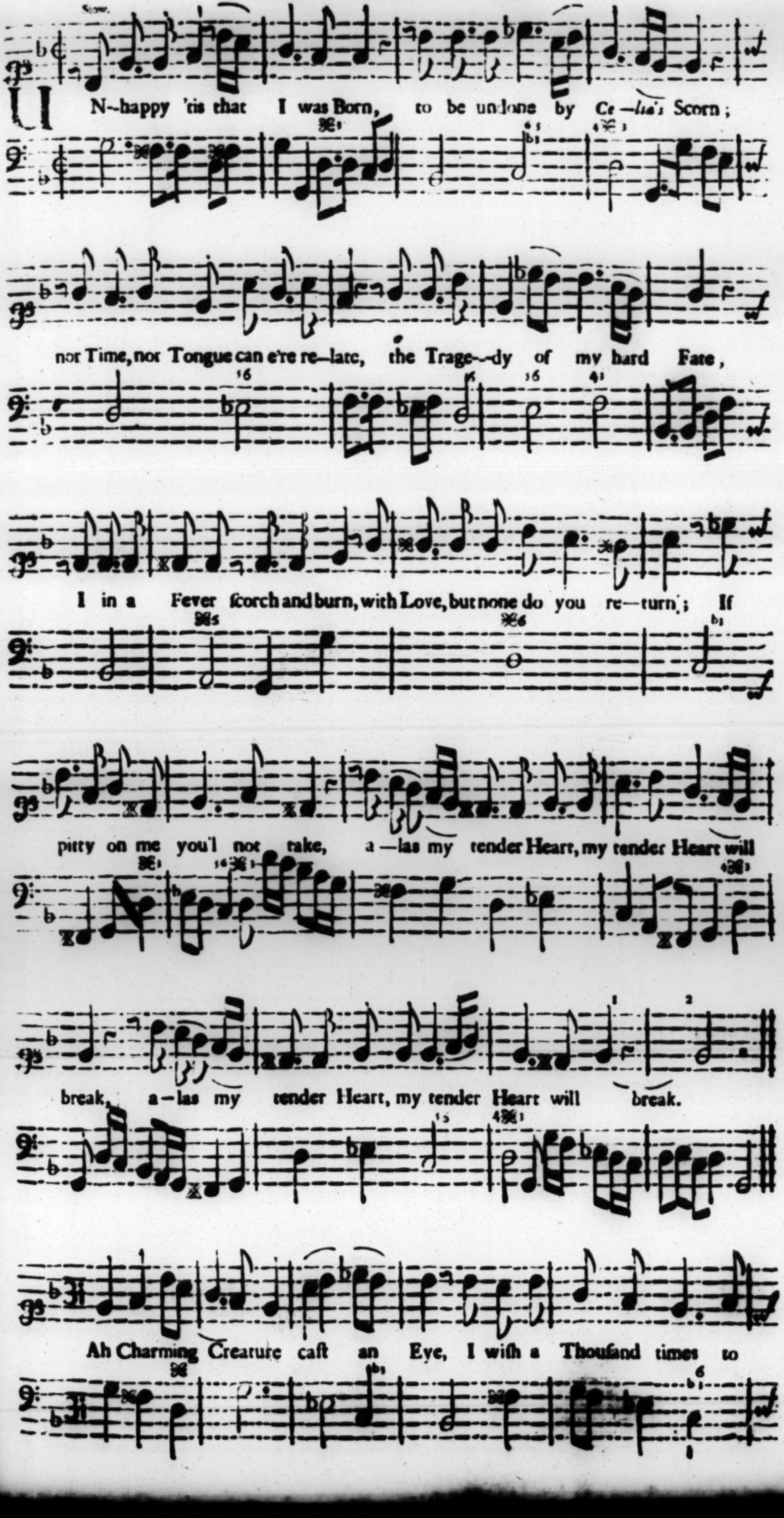

MY Suit will be over, my Fire will de—cline, if you'd have me be yours, you muſt
quickly be mine; no Shepherd had e--ver a Heart better fram'd, no Lo—ver
e're yet had a Breaſt more in—flam'd: If a proof of my Paſſion be all you re—
— quire, my Sympathy will ſhow the truth of my Fire; let your Heart be but warm
and I'm all on a flame, the moment 'tis cold your Shepherd's the ſame.

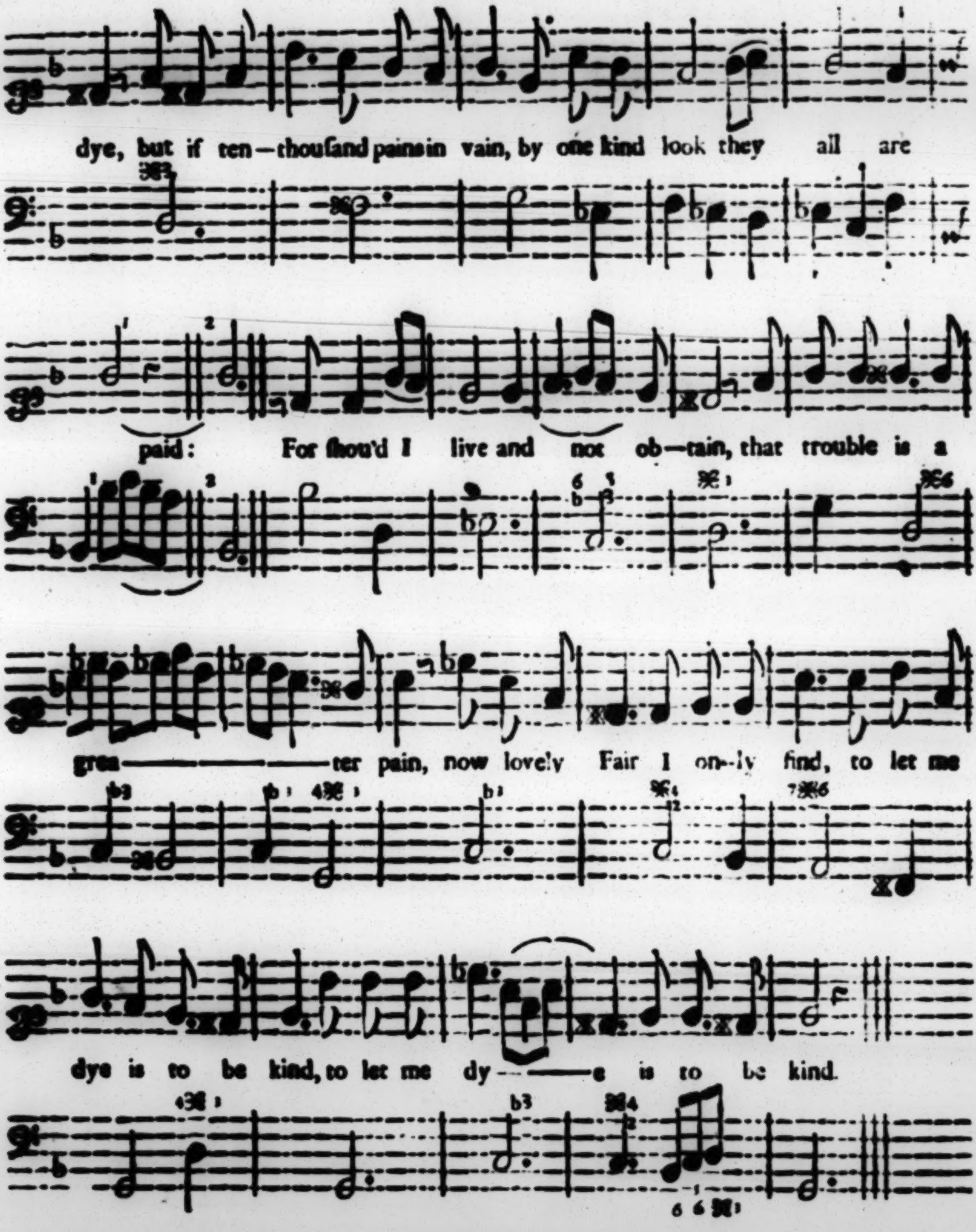
A Song Sett by Mr. *Finger*.


IN a dark and lone——ly Den, clos'd in
diſmal Sha——des of Night, too many, many mournfull years I'd lain, to bear at
firſt the ray——es of light; you like the Soveraign of the
Day, with too much glo——
——ry ſtruck my ſight, I turn'd my feeble Eyes a-way, to the pal——e Ruler
of the Night, to the pal——e Ruler of the Night:

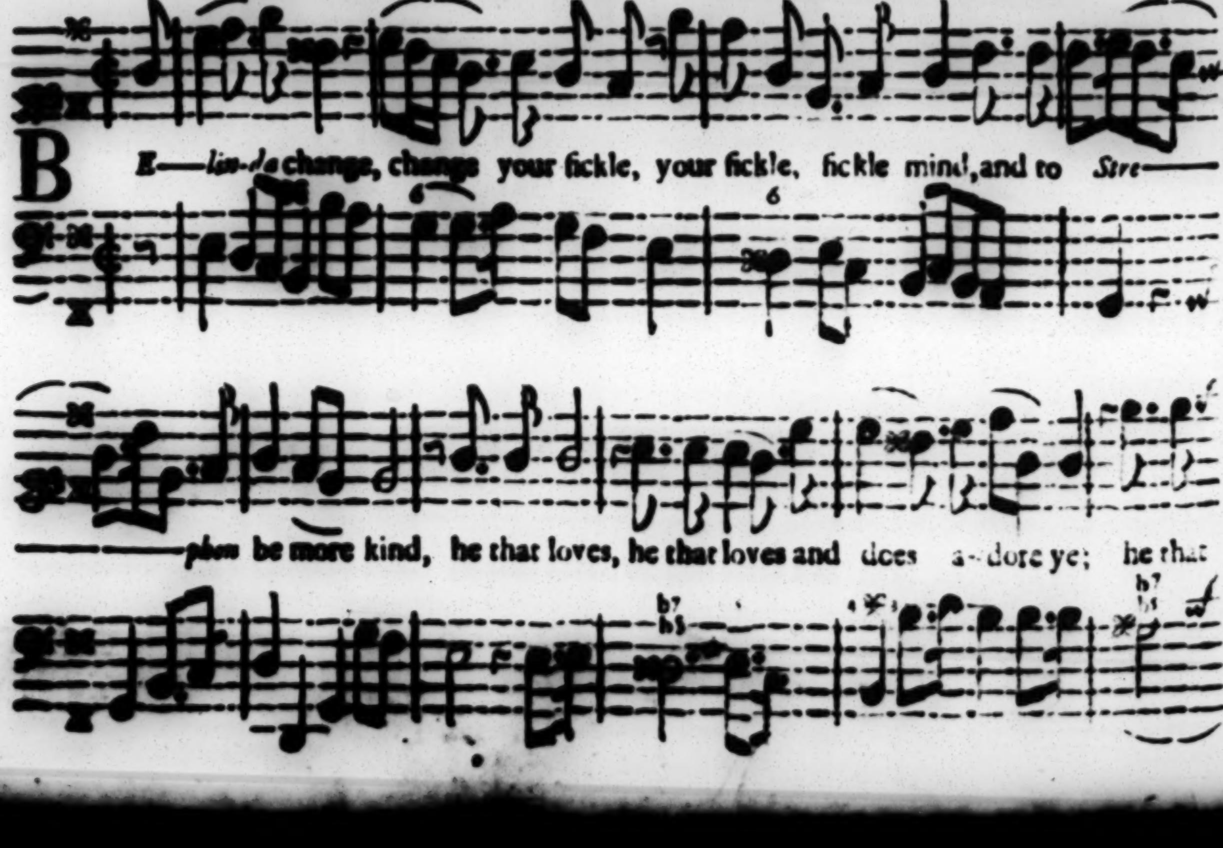

Blind, blind I was to all, to all your Charms, ſuch brightneſs from your Eyes there ſhone,
my weakneſs ſav'd me from your Arms, I wanted ſtrength to be undone;
Slow
But now I'm
loſt, but now I'm loſt, and you'r a—dore'd, my freedom at your feet I
lay; ſince my Sences are re—ſtor'd, my Eyes have gaz'd my Heart a——
——way, my Eyes have gaz'd my Heart a-way, my Eyes have gaz'd my Heart a—
——way, my Heart a—way.

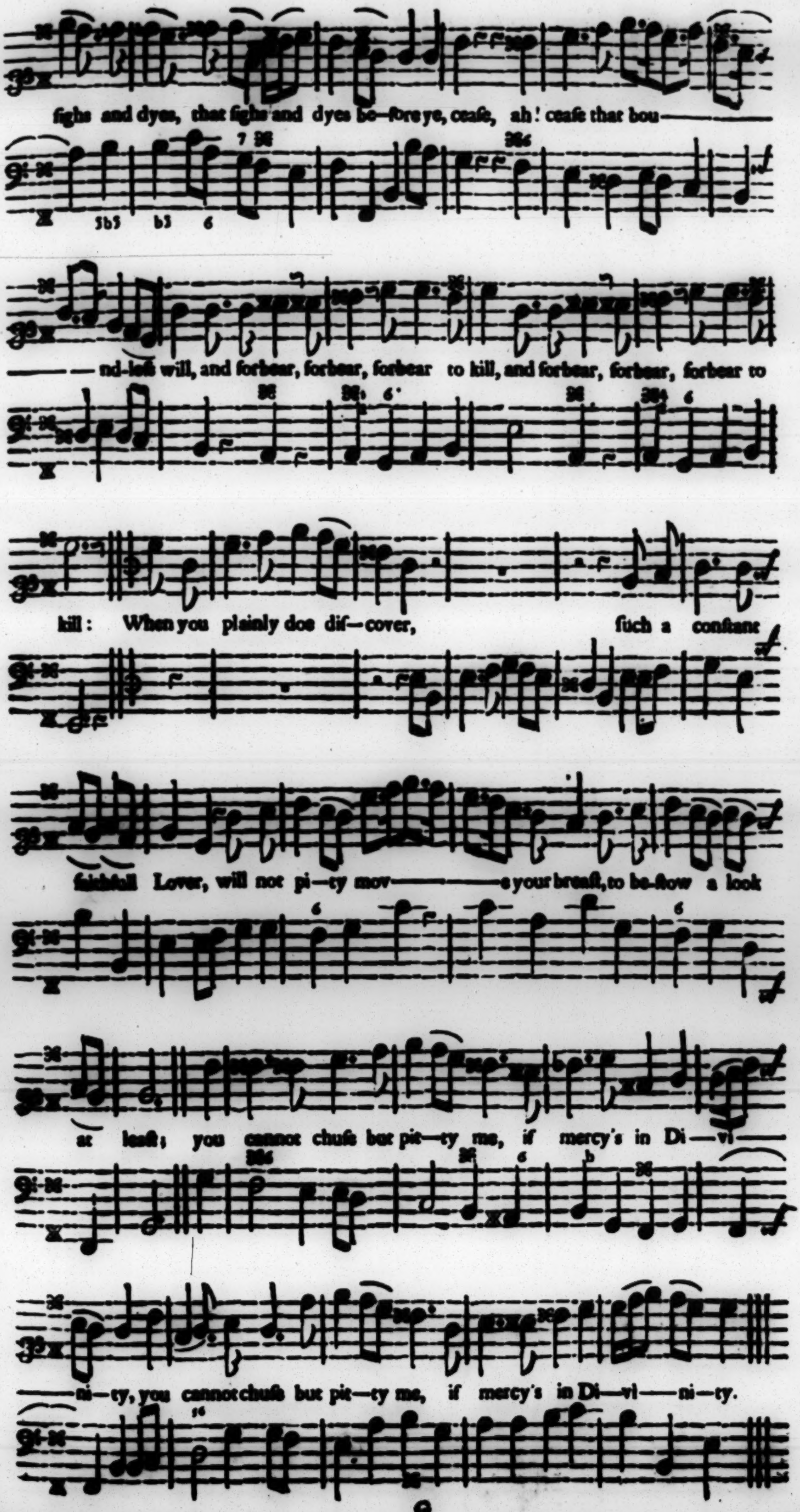
A Song Sett by Mr. *Finger*.


Slow.
U N--happy 'tis that I was Born, to be undone by Cæ—lia's Scorn;
nor Time, nor Tongue can e're re—late, the Trage--dy of my hard Fate,
I in a Fever ſcorch and burn, with Love, but none do you re—turn; If
pitty on me you'l not take, a—las my tender Heart, my tender Heart will
break, a—las my tender Heart, my tender Heart will break.
Ah Charming Creature caſt an Eye, I wiſh a Thouſand times to

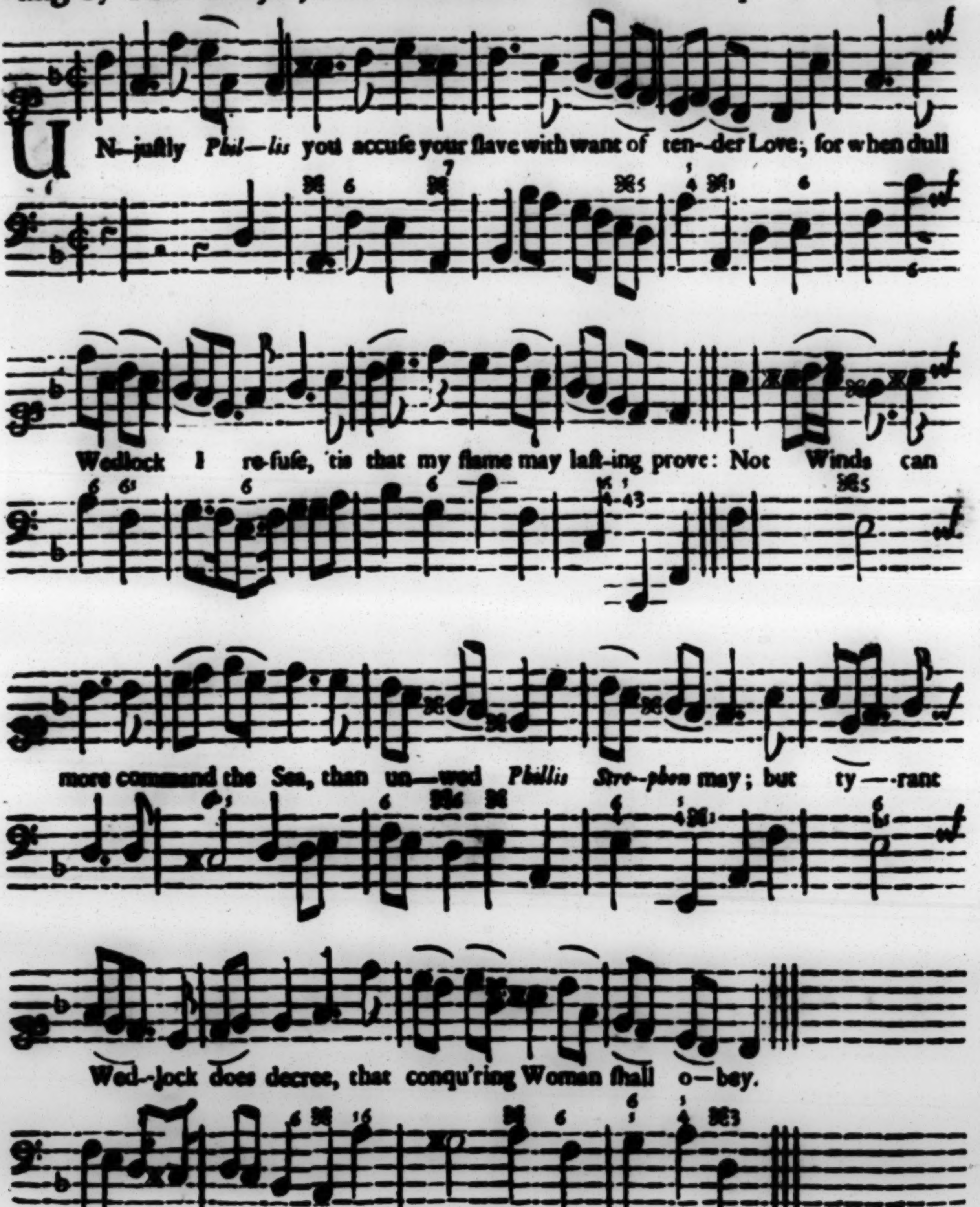

dye, but if ten—thouſand pains in vain, by one kind look they all are
paid:
For ſhou'd I live and not ob—tain, that trouble is a
grea————ter pain, now lovely Fair I on-ly find, to let me
dye is to be kind, to let me dy——e is to be kind.

A Song Sung by Mrs. *Cybber*. Sett by Mr. *Williams*.


B
E—lin-da change, change your fickle, your fickle, fickle mind, and to Stre——
——phon be more kind, he that loves, he that loves and does a-dore ye; he that


ſighs and dyes, that ſighs and dyes be—fore ye, ceaſe, ah! ceaſe that bou——
———nd-leſs will, and forbear, forbear, forbear to kill, and forbear, forbear, forbear to
kill: When you plainly doe diſ—cover, ſuch a conſtant
faithfull Lover, will not pi—ty mov———e your breaſt, to be-ſtow a look
at leaſt; you cannot chuſe but pi—ty me, if mercy's in Di—vi——
——ni—ty, you cannot chuſe but pit—ty me, if mercy's in Di—vi——ni—ty.

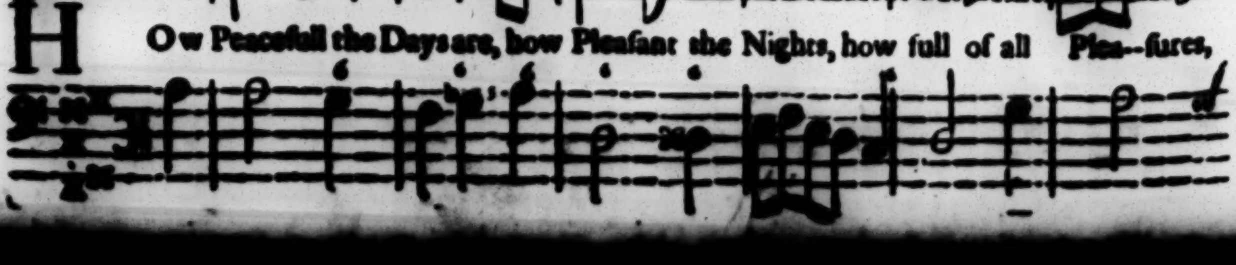
Sung by Mrs. *Hudſon*, in the *Ridiculous Lovers*. Sett by Mr. *Williams*.

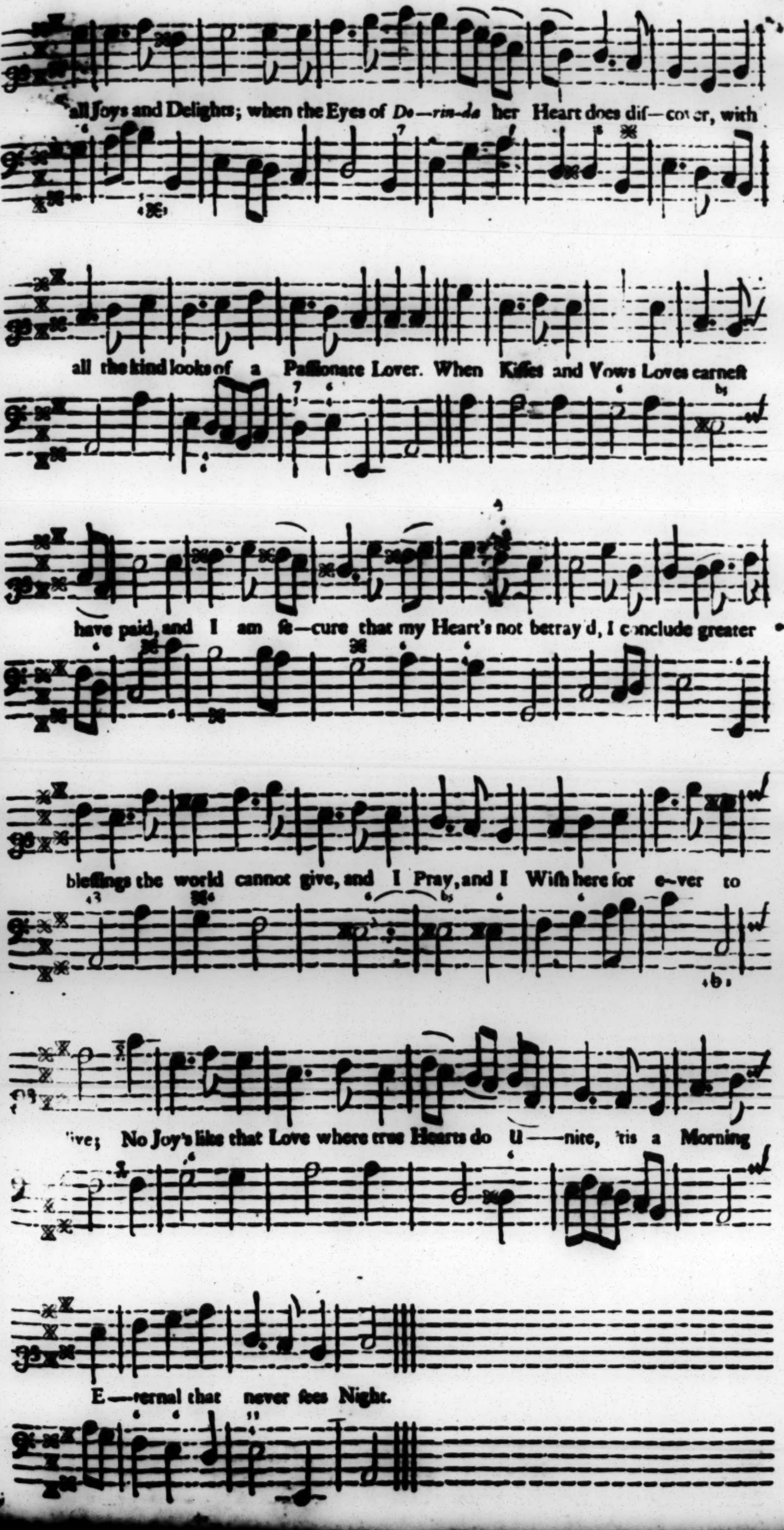

U N--juſtly *Phil--lis* you accuſe your ſlave with want of ten--der Love; for when dull
Wedlock I re-fuſe, 'tis that my flame may laſt-ing prove: Not Winds can
more command the Sea, than un--wed *Phillis Stre--phon* may; but ty--rant
Wed--lock does decree, that conqu'ring Woman ſhall o--bey.

II.

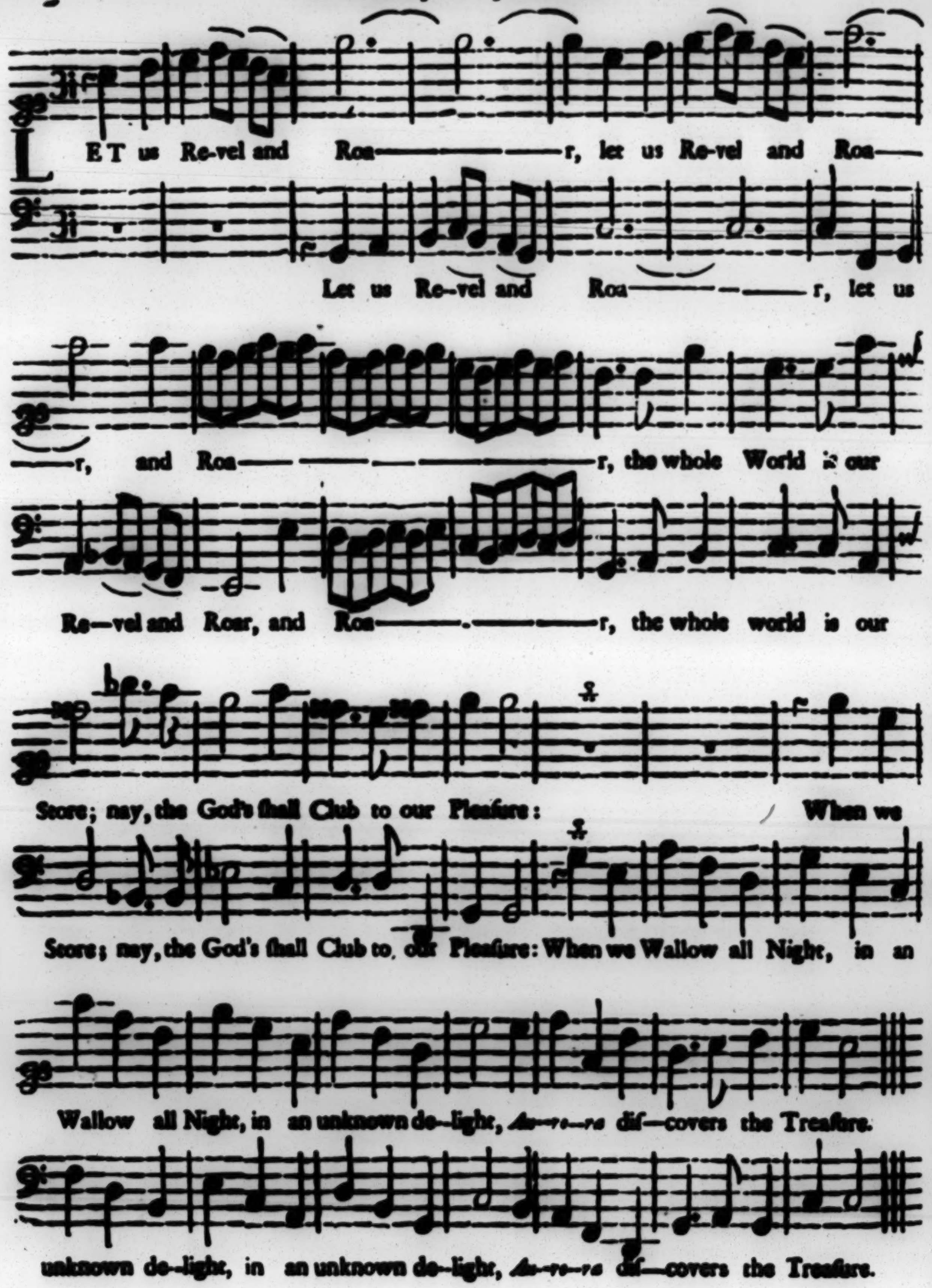
When e're you Wed you muſt reſign
Your pow'r of being Cruel too;
The dread of which now makes me thine,
And will preſerve me ever ſo:
The Knott of Love if ty'd by truth,
No Time nor Fate can e're unbind;
Then yeild thy Beauty and thy Youth,
And *Strephon* ſhall be ever kind.

Song Sung at the Conſort in *York-buildings*. Sett by Mr. *Williams*.


H Ow Peacefull the Days are, how Pleaſant the Nights, how full of all Plea--ſures,


all Joys and Delights; when the Eyes of Do—rin-da her Heart does diſ—cover, with
all the kind looks of a Paſſionate Lover. When Kiſſes and Vows Loves earneſt
have paid, and I am ſe—cure that my Heart's not betray'd, I conclude greater
bleſſings the world cannot give, and I Pray, and I Wiſh here for e—ver to
live; No Joy's like that Love where true Hearts do U—nite, 'tis a Morning
E—ternal that never ſees Night.

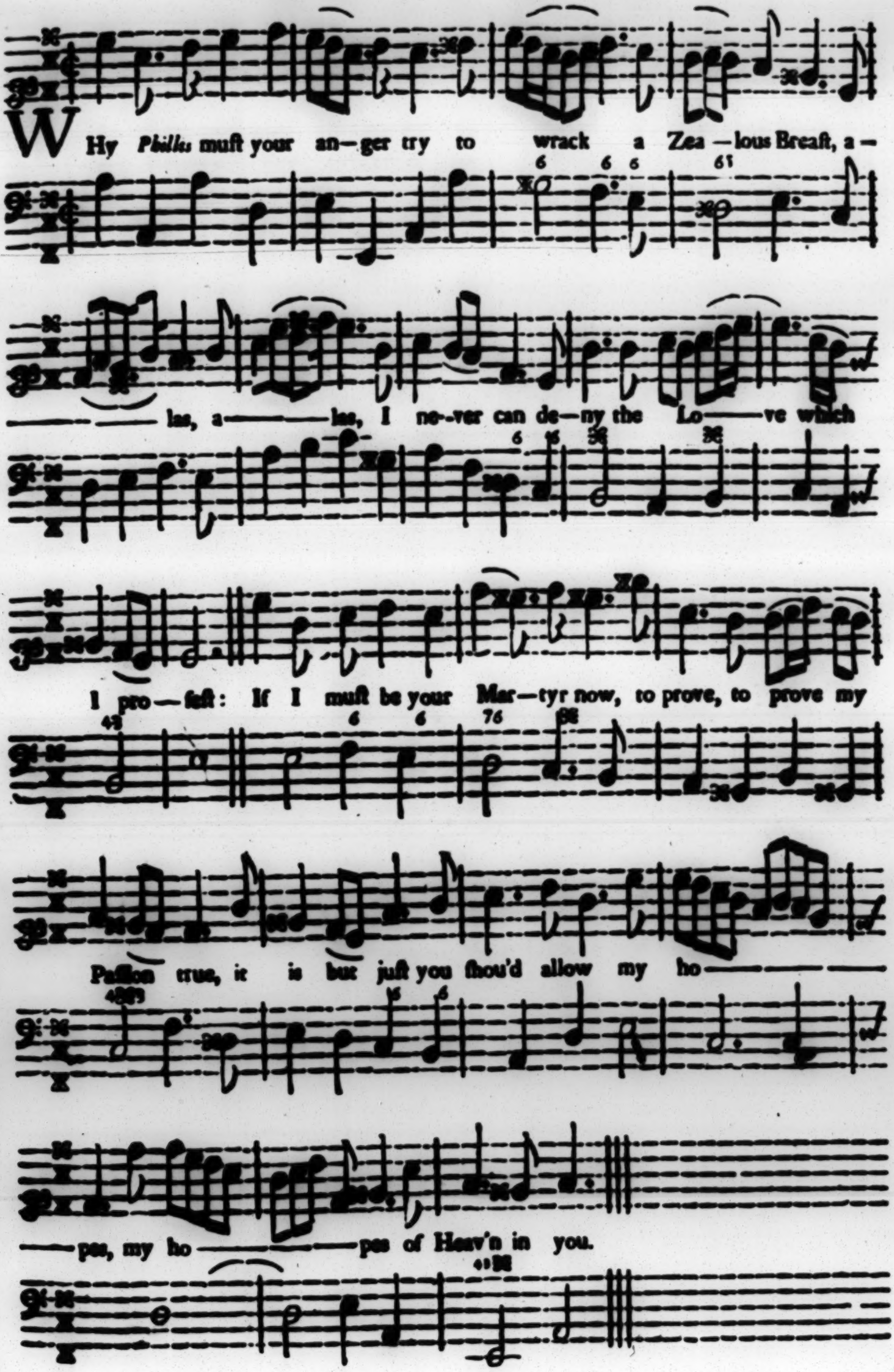
A Song in the *Lover's Luck*, Sung by Mr. *Redding* and Mr. *Curco*, And Sett by Mr. *John Eccles*.


LET us Re-vel and Roa———r, let us Re-vel and Roa——
Let us Re-vel and Roa———r, let us
——r, and Roa————r, the whole World is our
Re-vel and Roar, and Roa————r, the whole world is our
Store; nay, the God's ſhall Club to our Pleaſure: When we
Store; nay, the God's ſhall Club to our Pleaſure: When we Wallow all Night, in an
Wallow all Night, in an unknown de-light, *Au-ro-ra* diſ-covers the Treaſure.
unknown de-light, in an unknown de-light, *Au-ro-ra* diſ-covers the Treaſure.

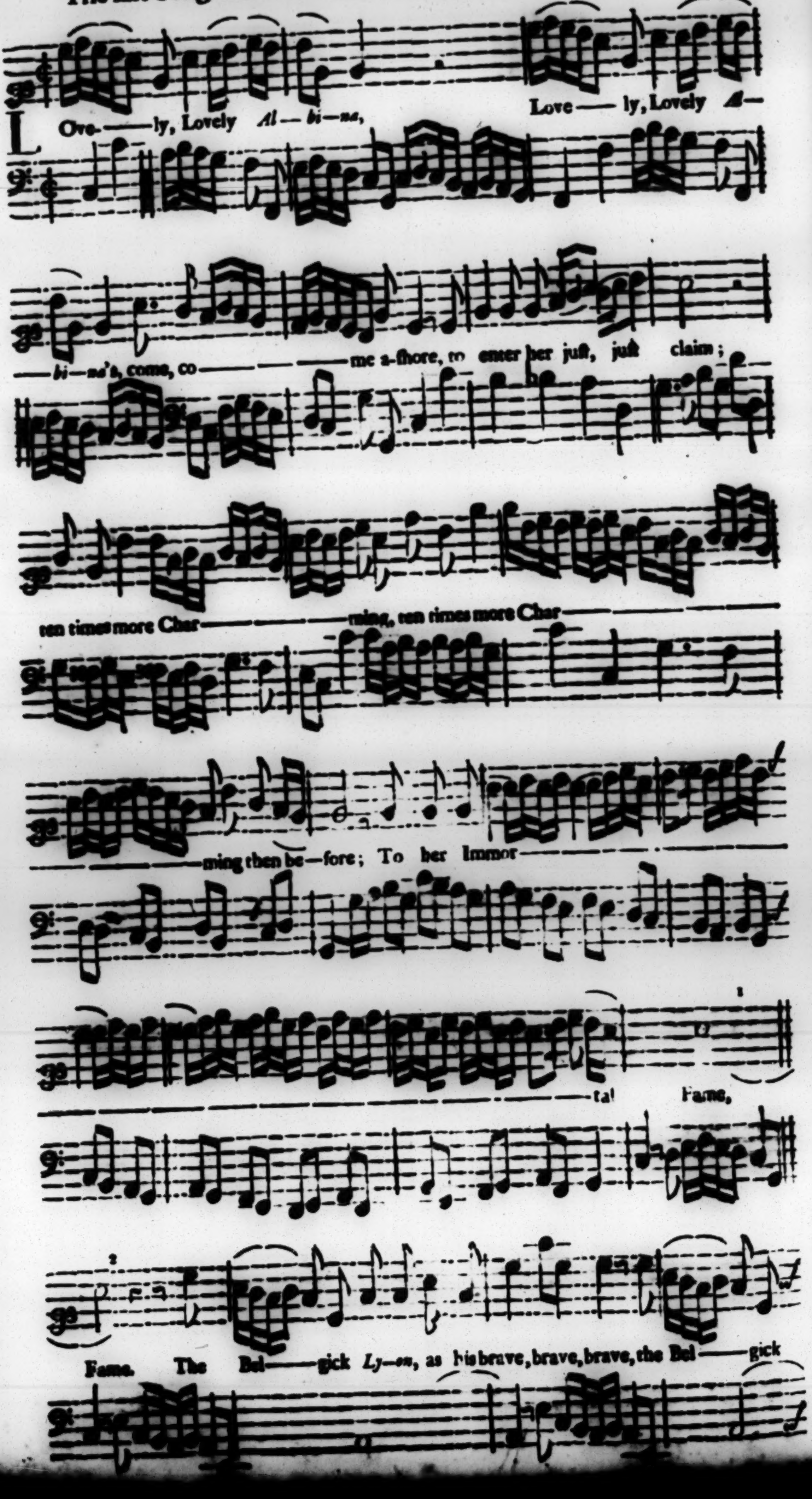
Let us never Repine,
Whilſt brisk Wenches and Wine,
Make the Brims of our Lives Run over;
Leave the *How* and the *What*,
To the Politick Sett,
And the *When* to the Fool of a Lover.

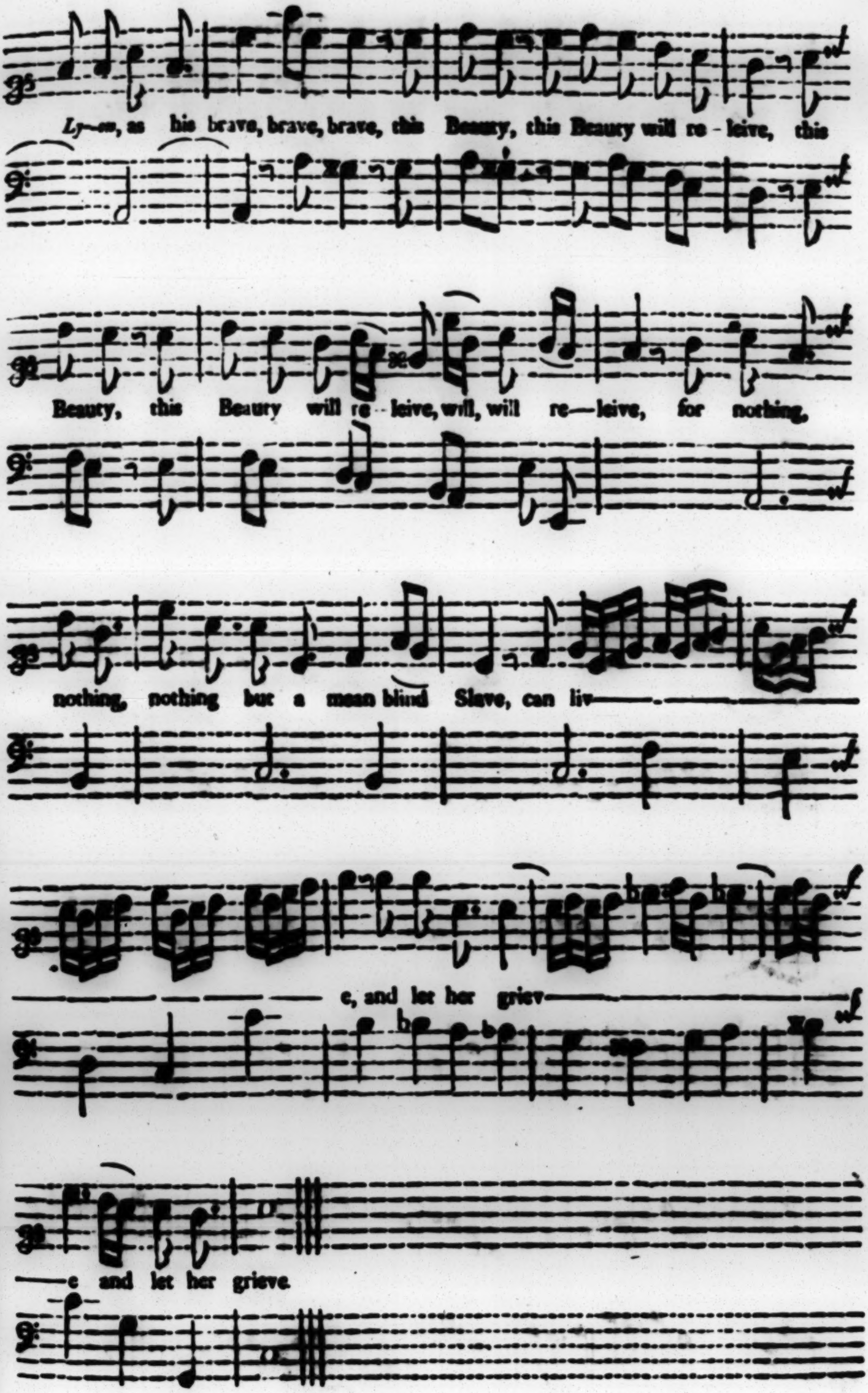
Thus we are free from all Cares,
Of Taxes and Wars,
We know not the Name of dull Sorrow.
Ev'ry Purſe is our prey,
Which we Spend in a day,
And the Devil take Care for to Morrow.

A Song Sett by Mr. *Robert King*.


WHy *Phillis* muſt your an—ger try to wrack a Zea—lous Breaſt, a—
—— las, a—— las, I ne—ver can de—ny the Lo—ve which
I pro—feſt: If I muſt be your Mar—tyr now, to prove, to prove my
Paſſion true, it is but juſt you ſhou'd allow my ho——
—pes, my ho——pes of Heav'n in you.

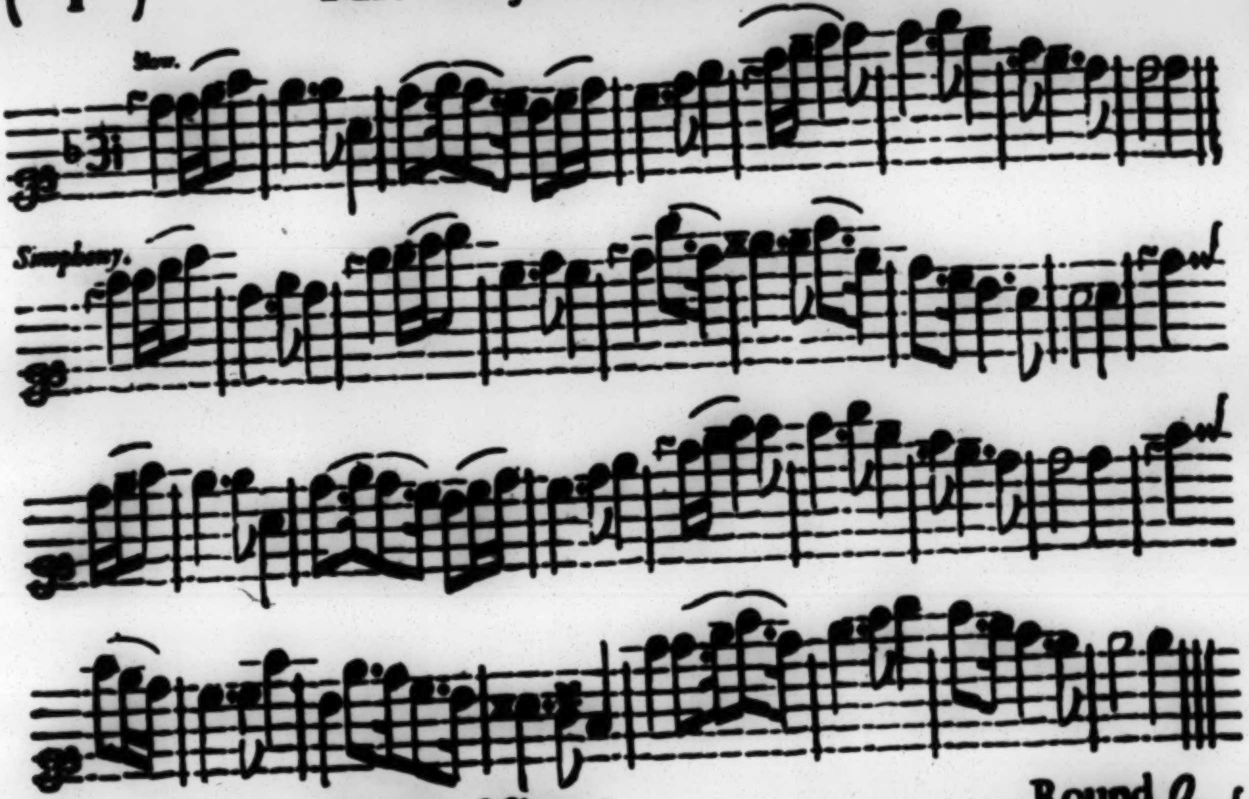
The laſt Song that Mr. *Henry Purcell* Sett before he Dy'd.


LOve-——ly, Lovely Al — bi — na, Love — ly, Lovely A-
— bi — na's, come, co ——— me a-ſhore, to enter her juſt, juſt claim;
ten times more Char ——— ming, ten times more Char ———
——— ming then be — fore; To her Immor ———
——— tal Fame,
Fame. The Bel —— gick Ly—on, as his brave, brave, brave, the Bel —— gick


Ly—en, as his brave, brave, brave, this Beauty, this Beauty will re-leive, this
Beauty, this Beauty will re-leive, will, will re—leive, for nothing,
nothing, nothing but a mean blind Slave, can liv———
———e, and let her griev———
—e and let her grieve.

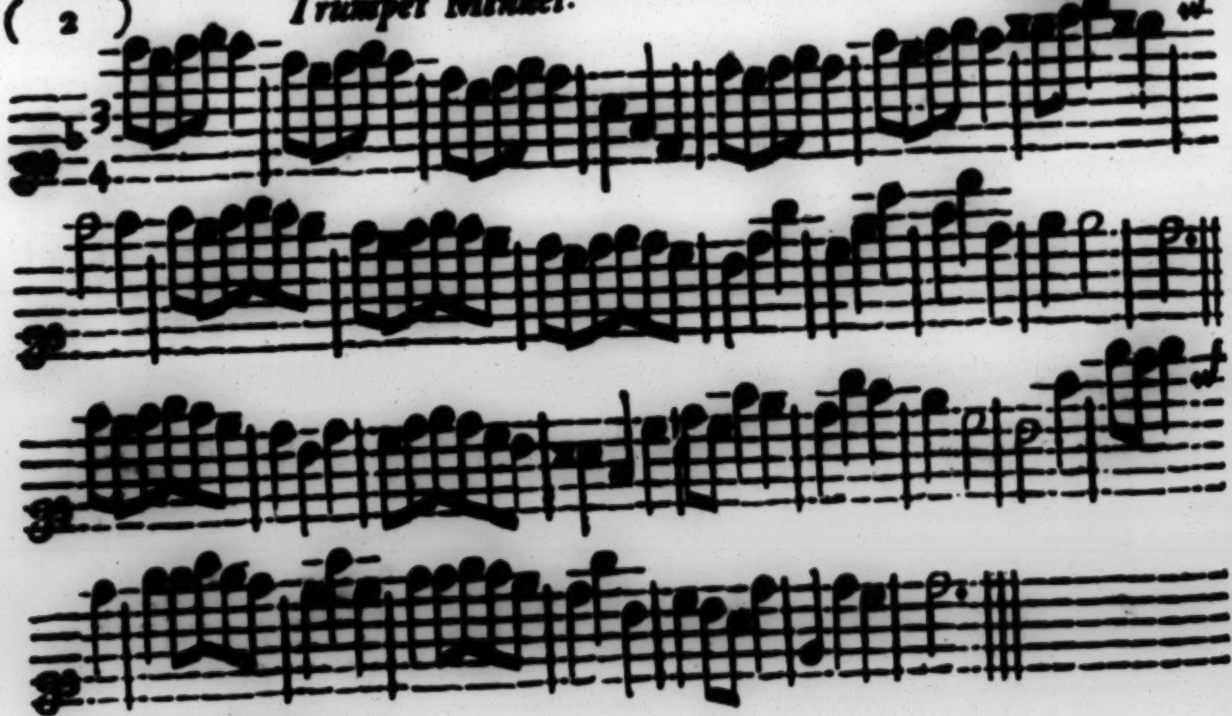
Mr. *Baniſter*'s First Trebles.

(1)

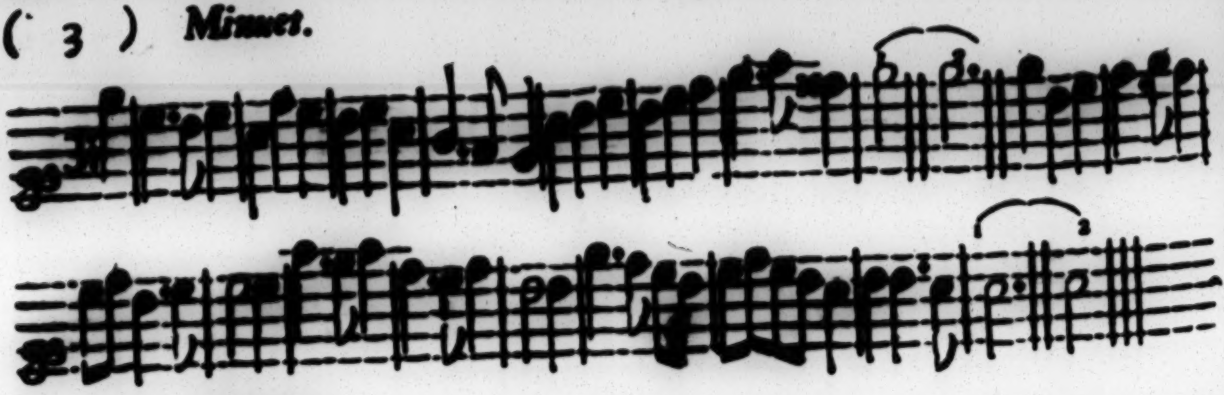

Slow.
Simphony.

(2) *Trumpet Minuet.*

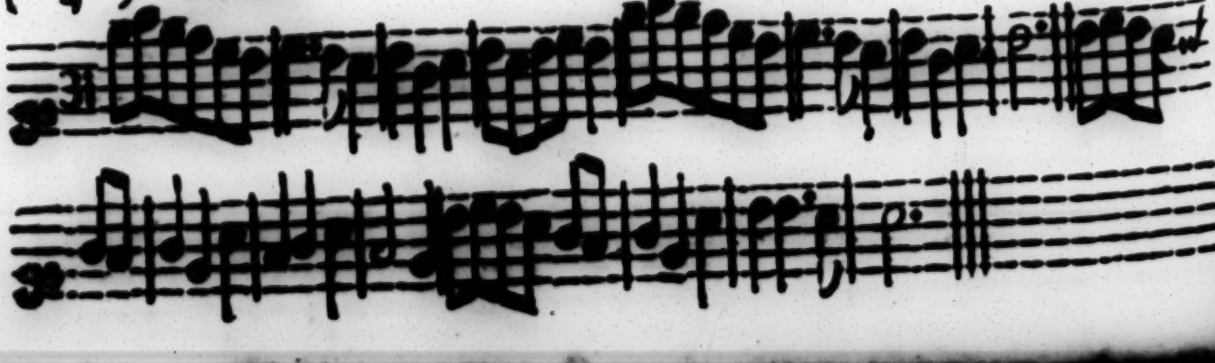
Round O.



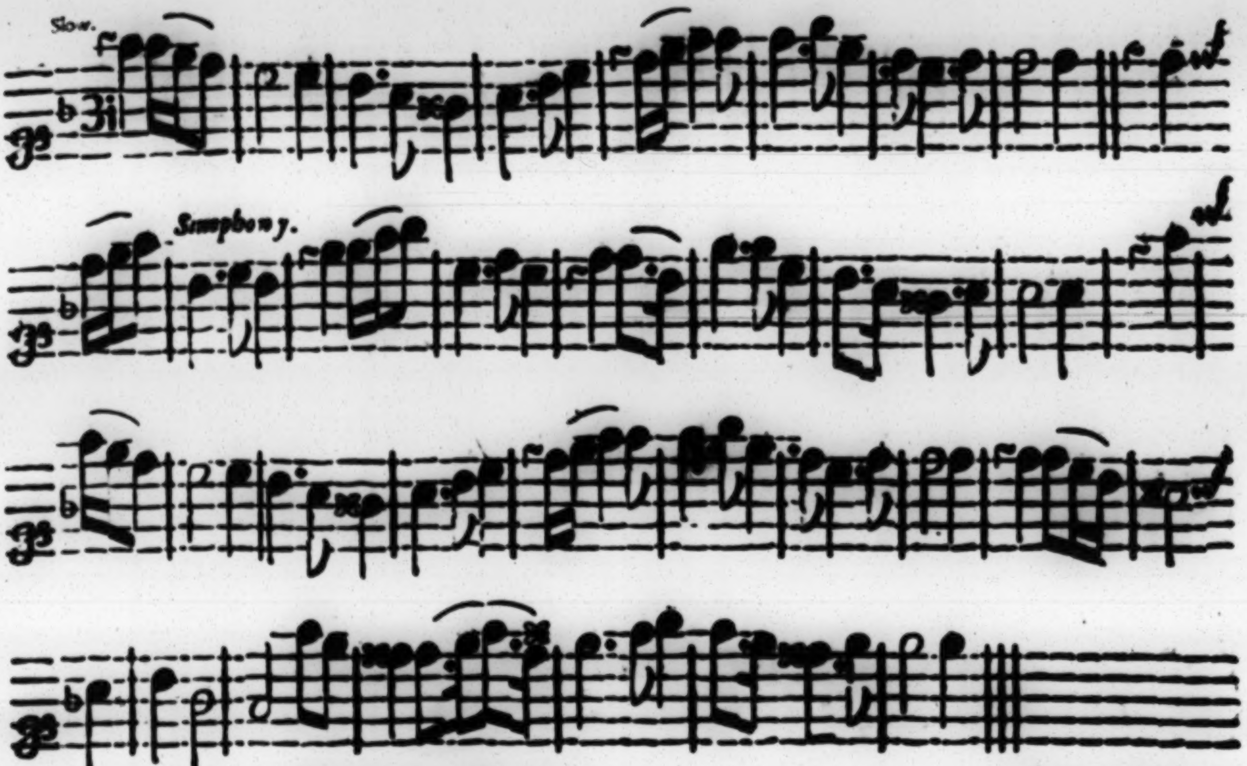
(3) *Minuet.*



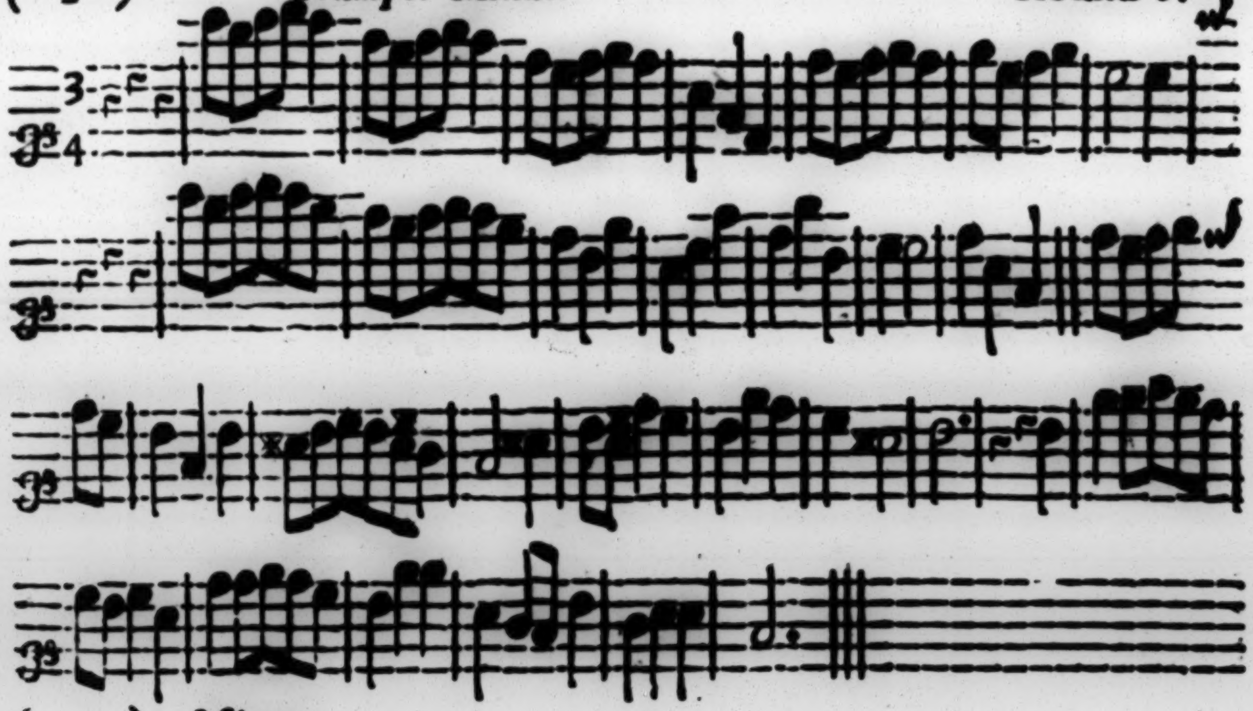
(4) *Minuet.*



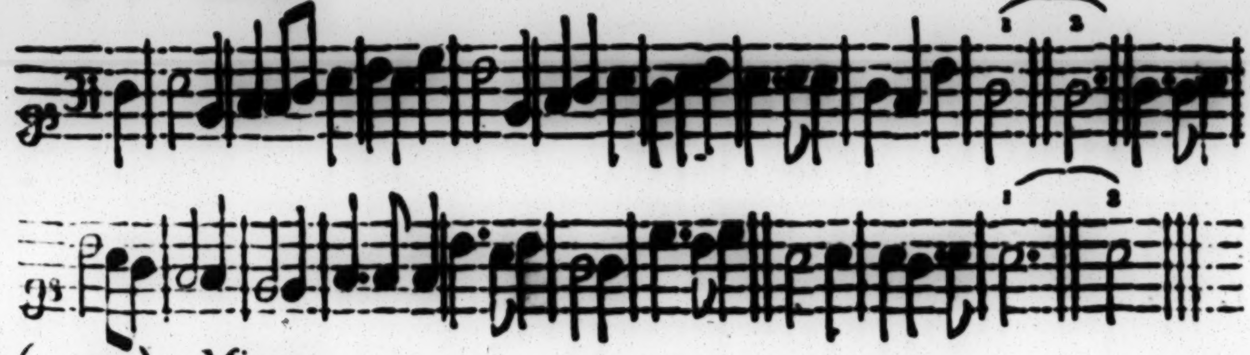
(1) Mr. *Baniſter's* Second Trebles.


Slow.
Symphony.

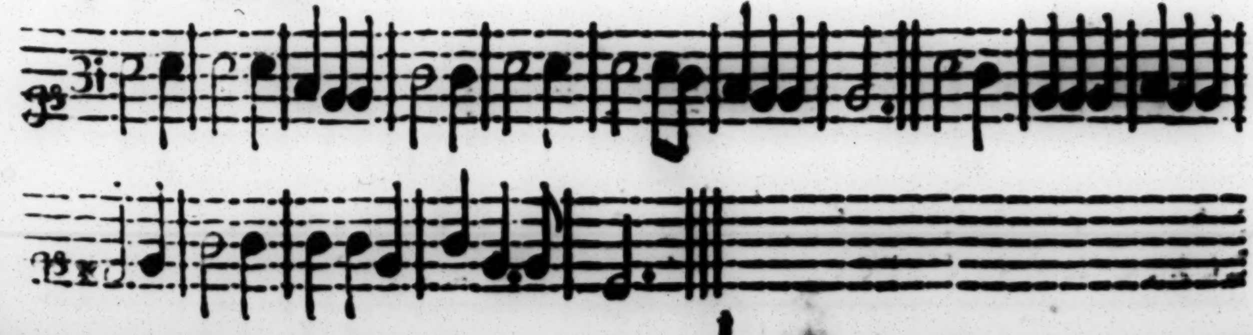
(2) *Trumpet Minuet.* Round O.



(3) *Minuet.*



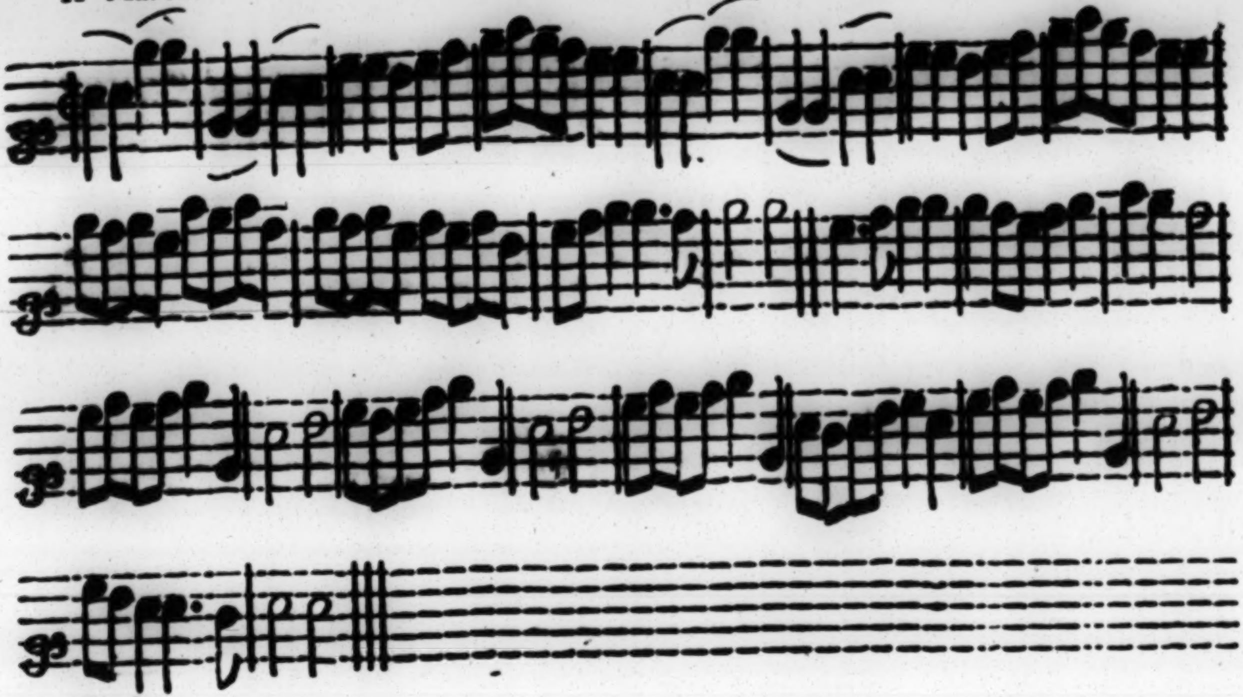
(4) *Minuet.*



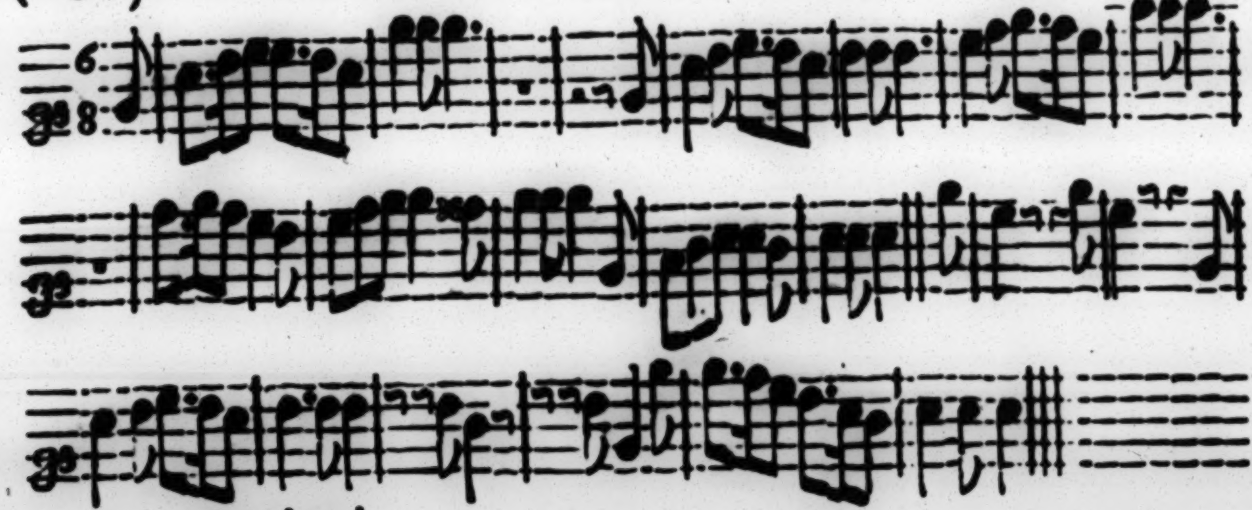
Firſt Trebles.

(5)

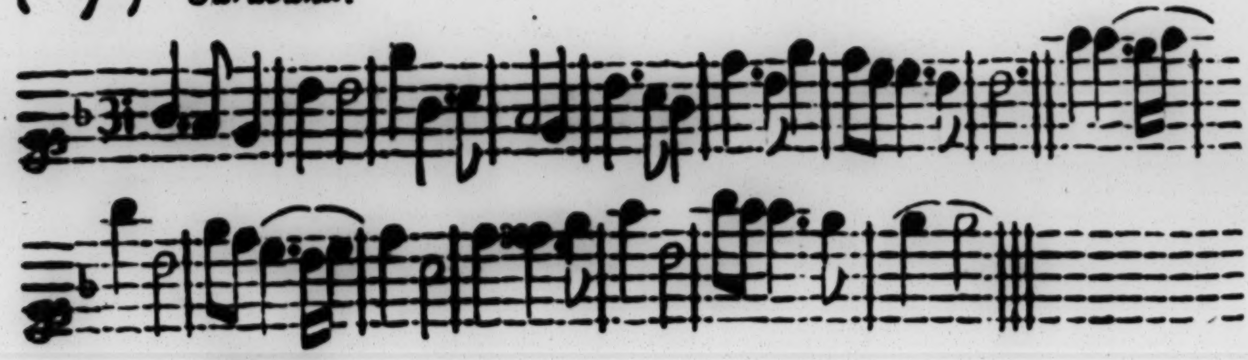
A March.



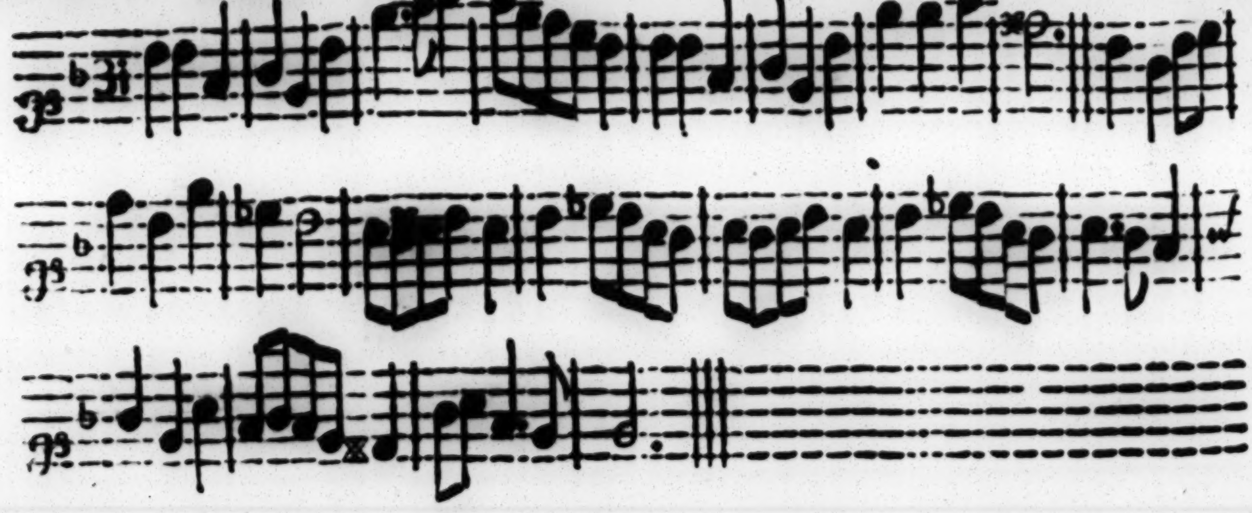
(6)



(7) *Saraband.*



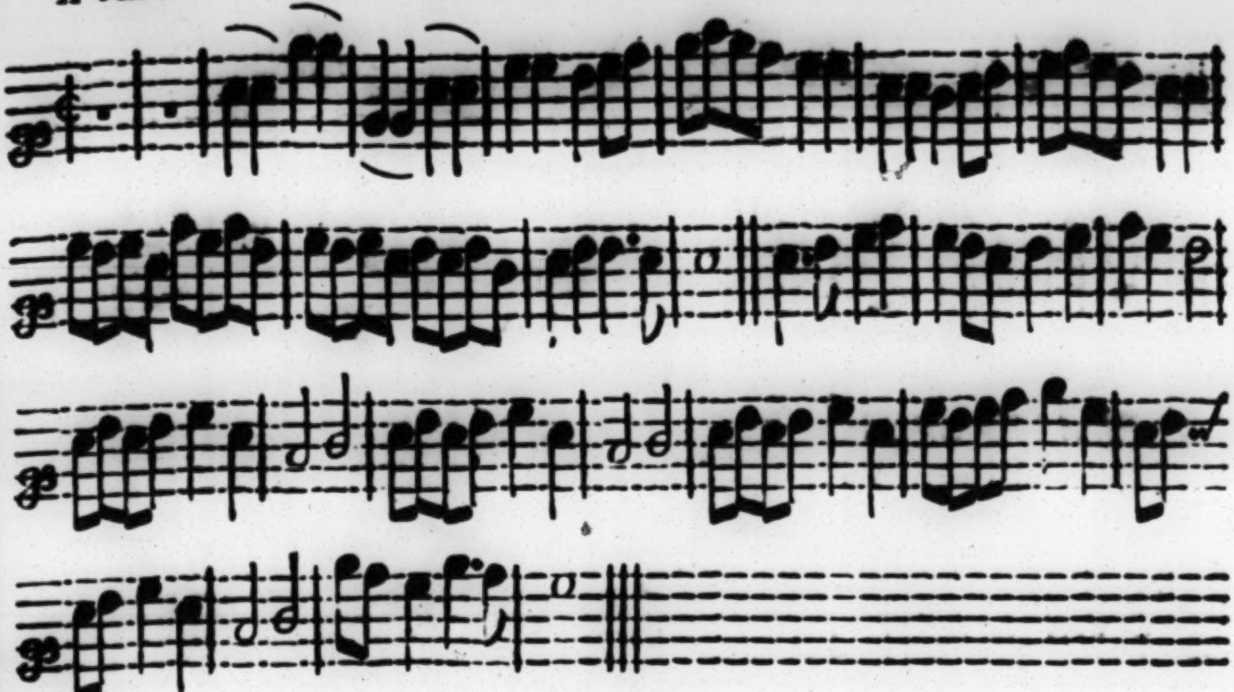
(8) *Minuet.*



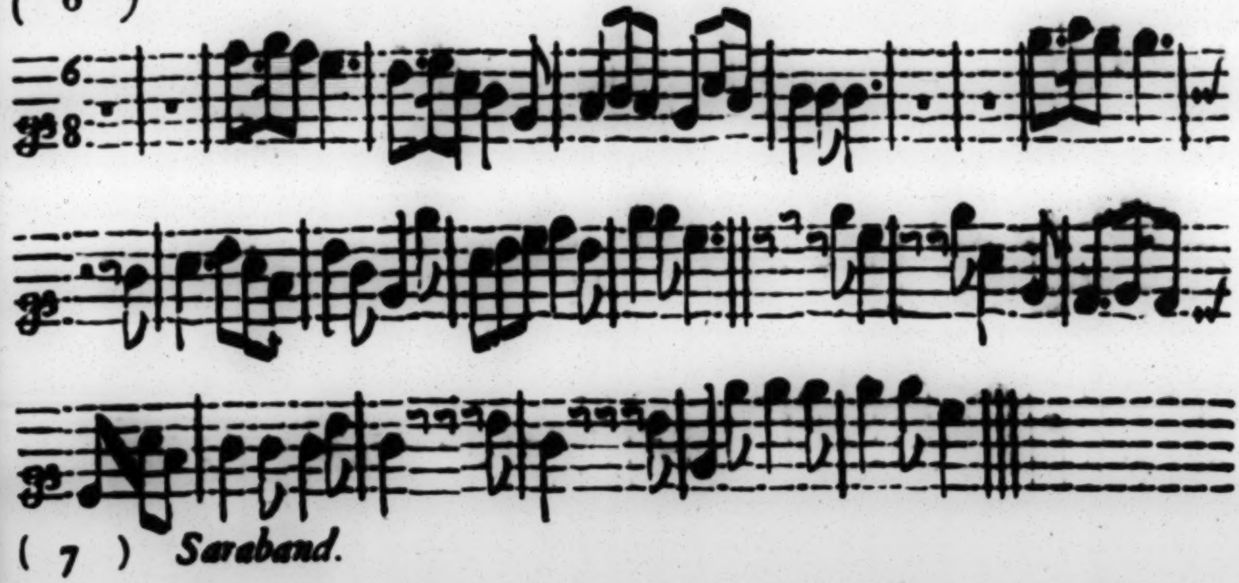
Second Trebles.

(5)

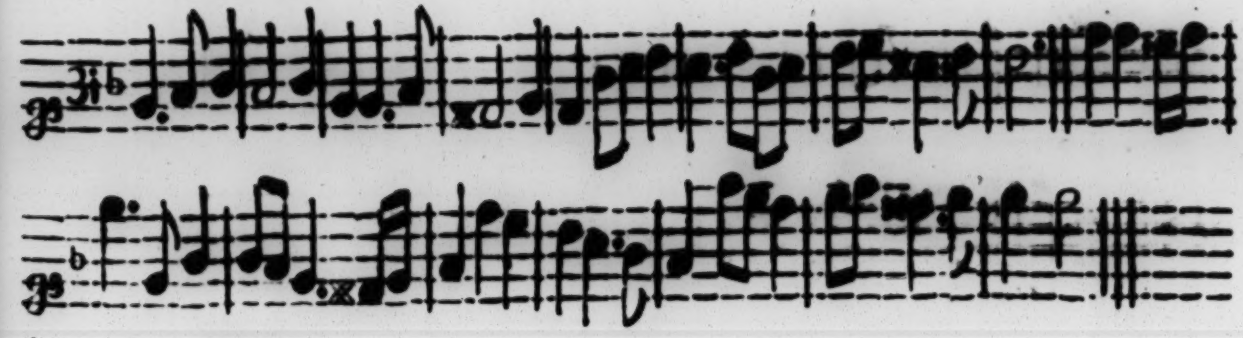
A March.



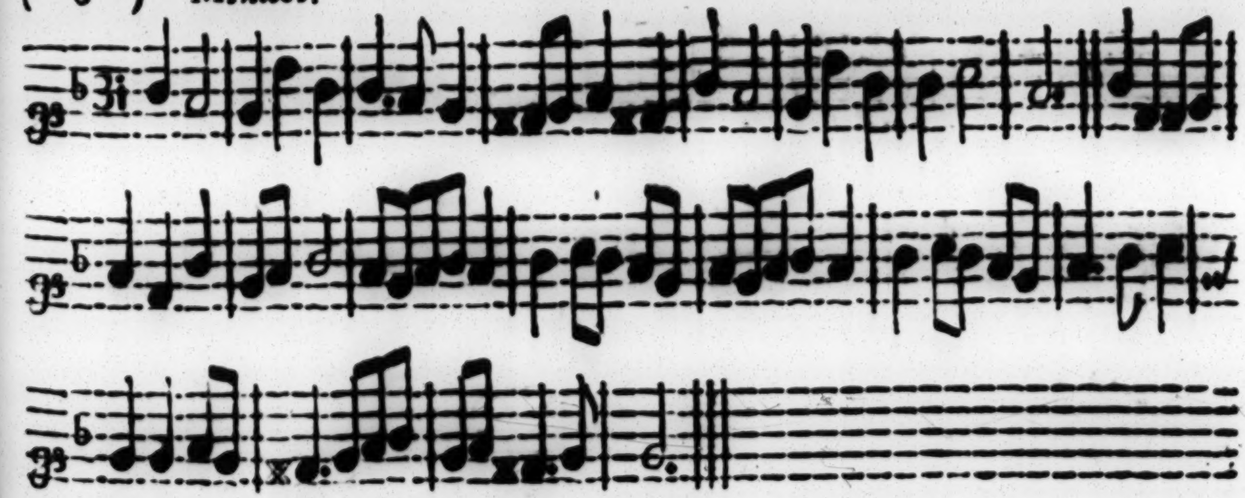
(6)



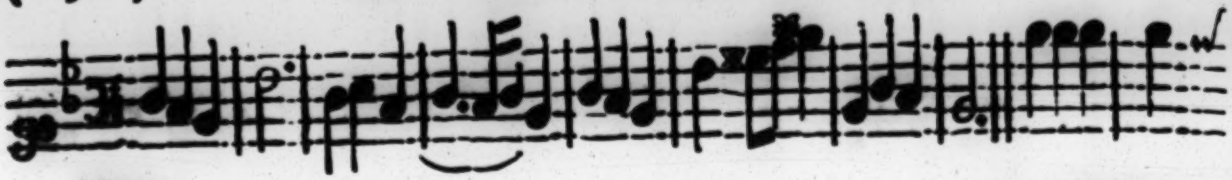
(7) *Saraband.*



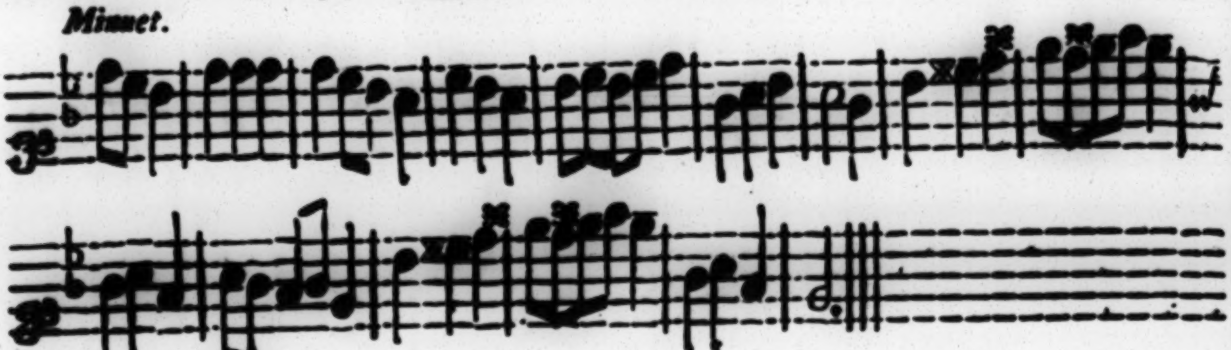
(8) *Minuet.*



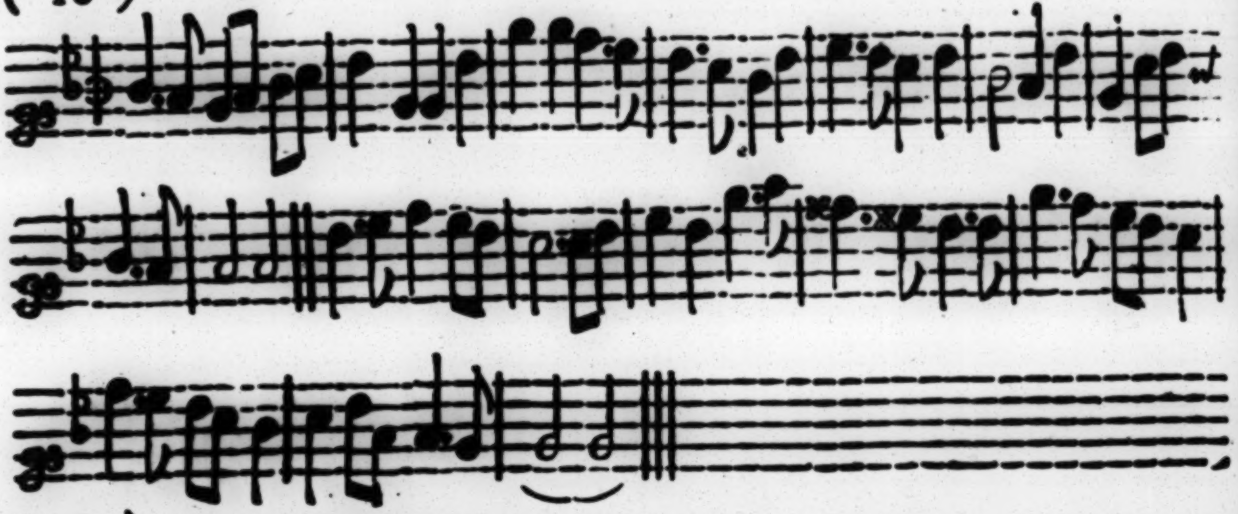
(9) Mr. *Peſable*'s Firſt Trebles.



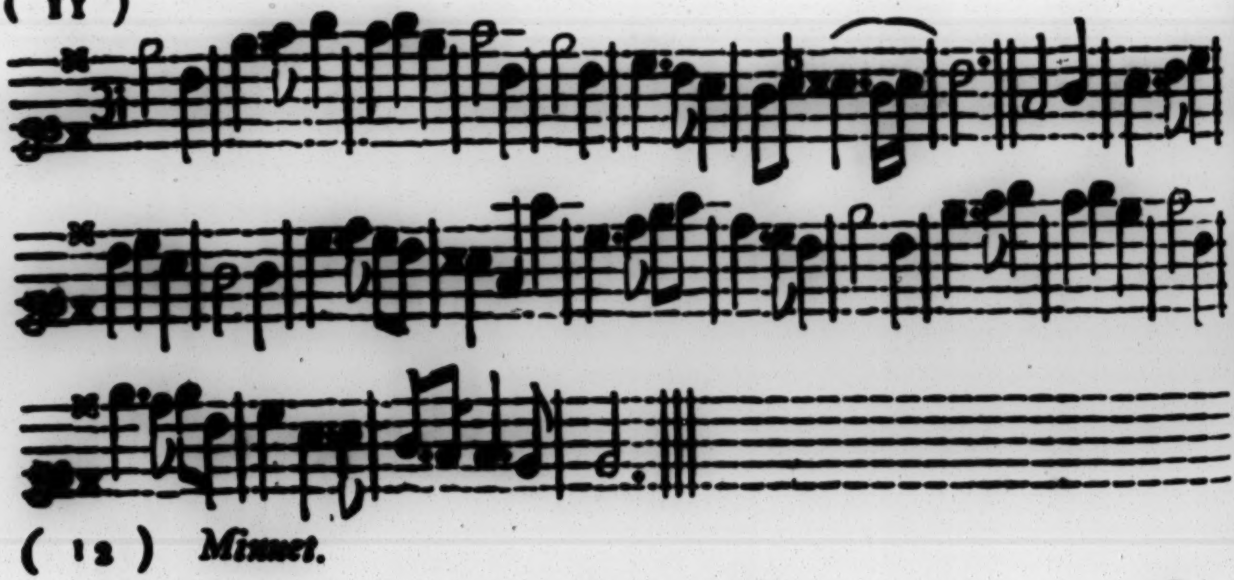
Minuet.



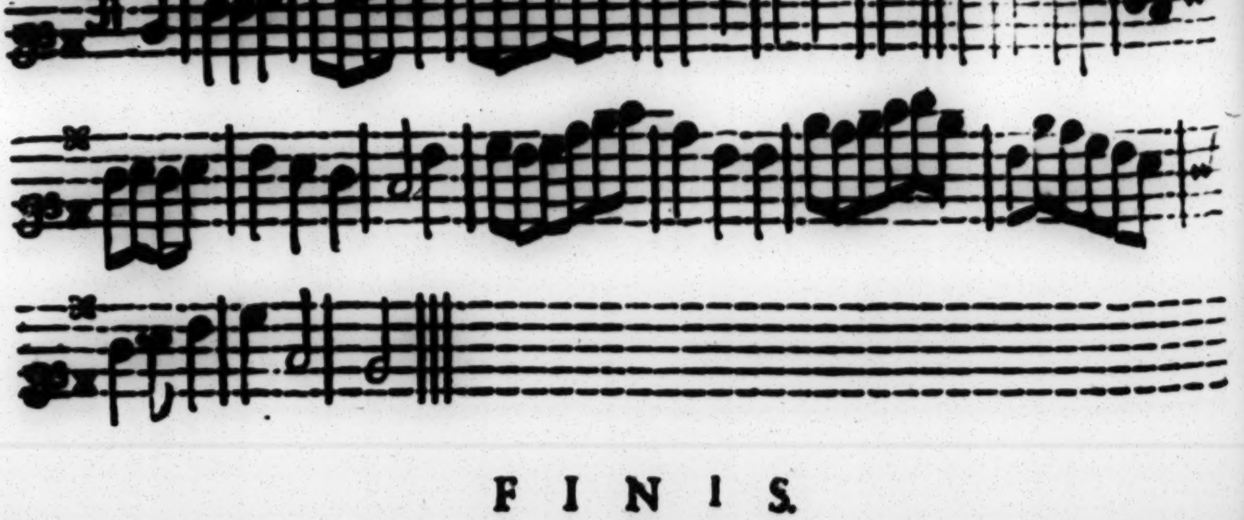
(10)



(11)

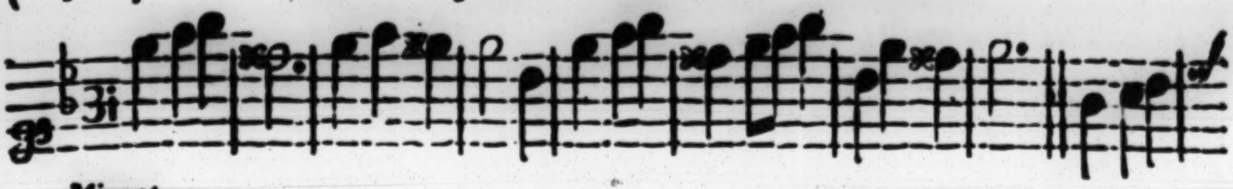


(12) *Minuet.*

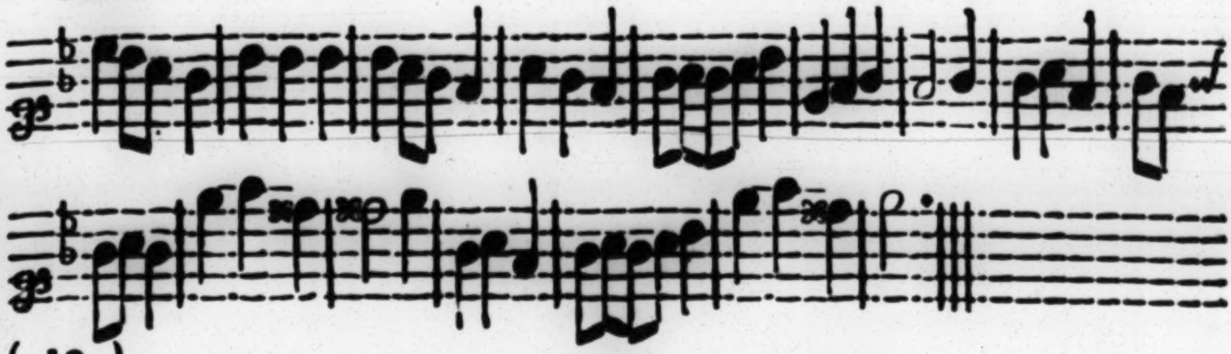


FINIS.

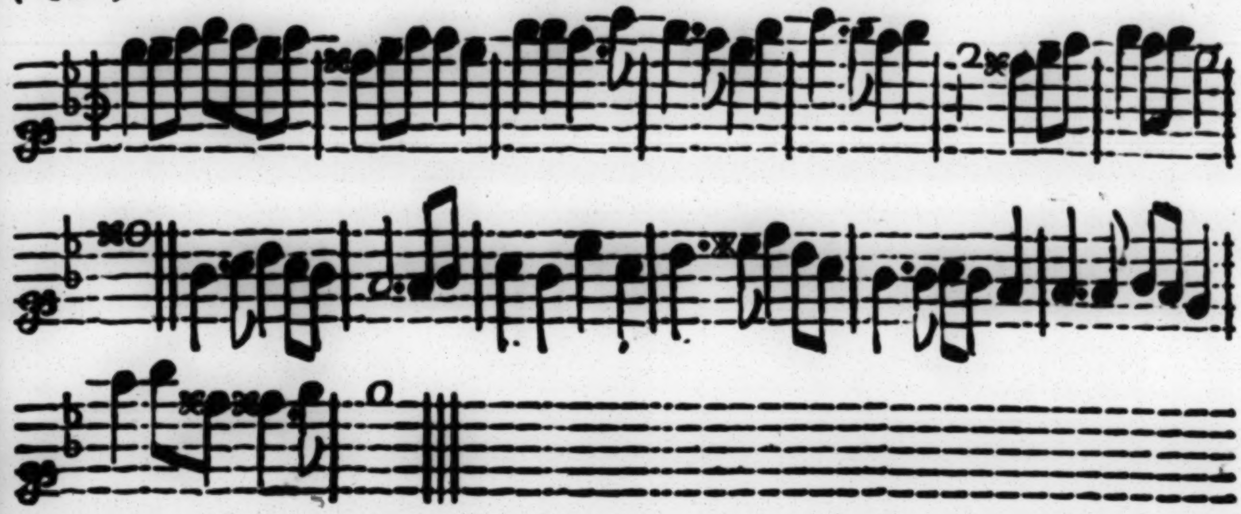
(9) Mr. Peſable's Second Trebles.



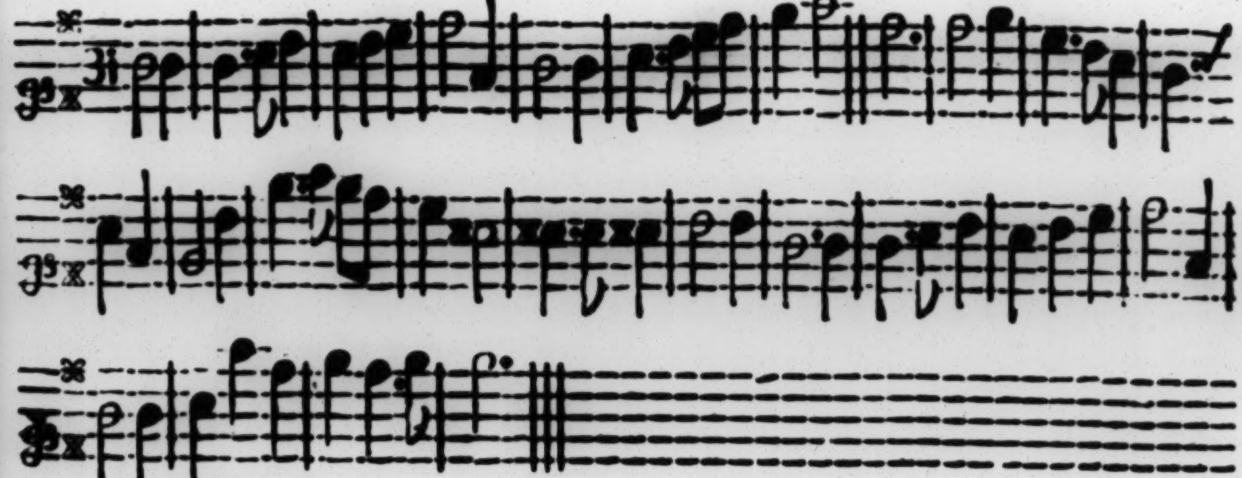
Minuet.



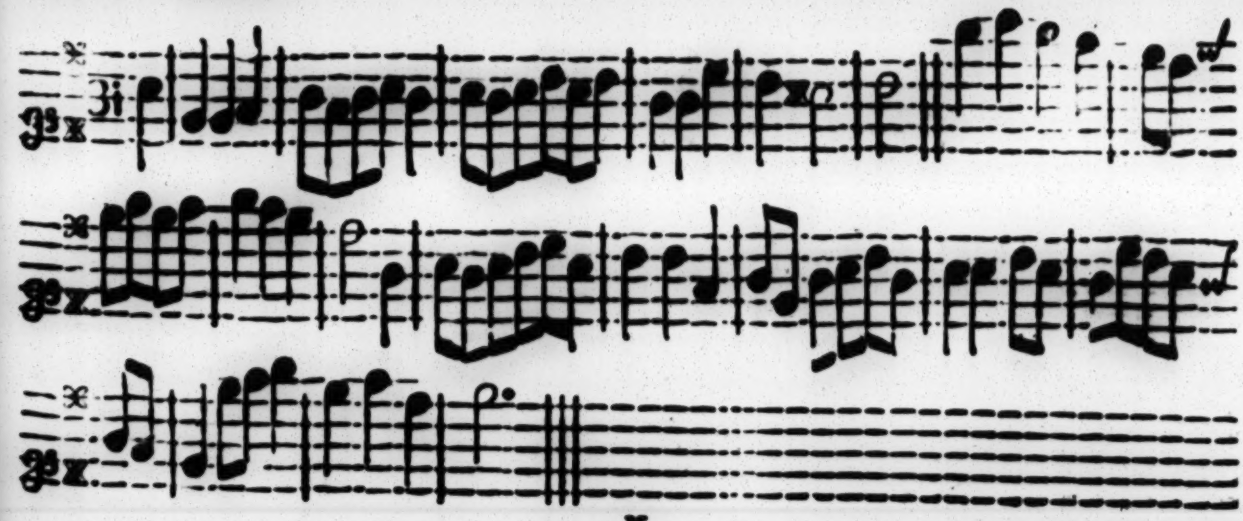
(10)



(11)

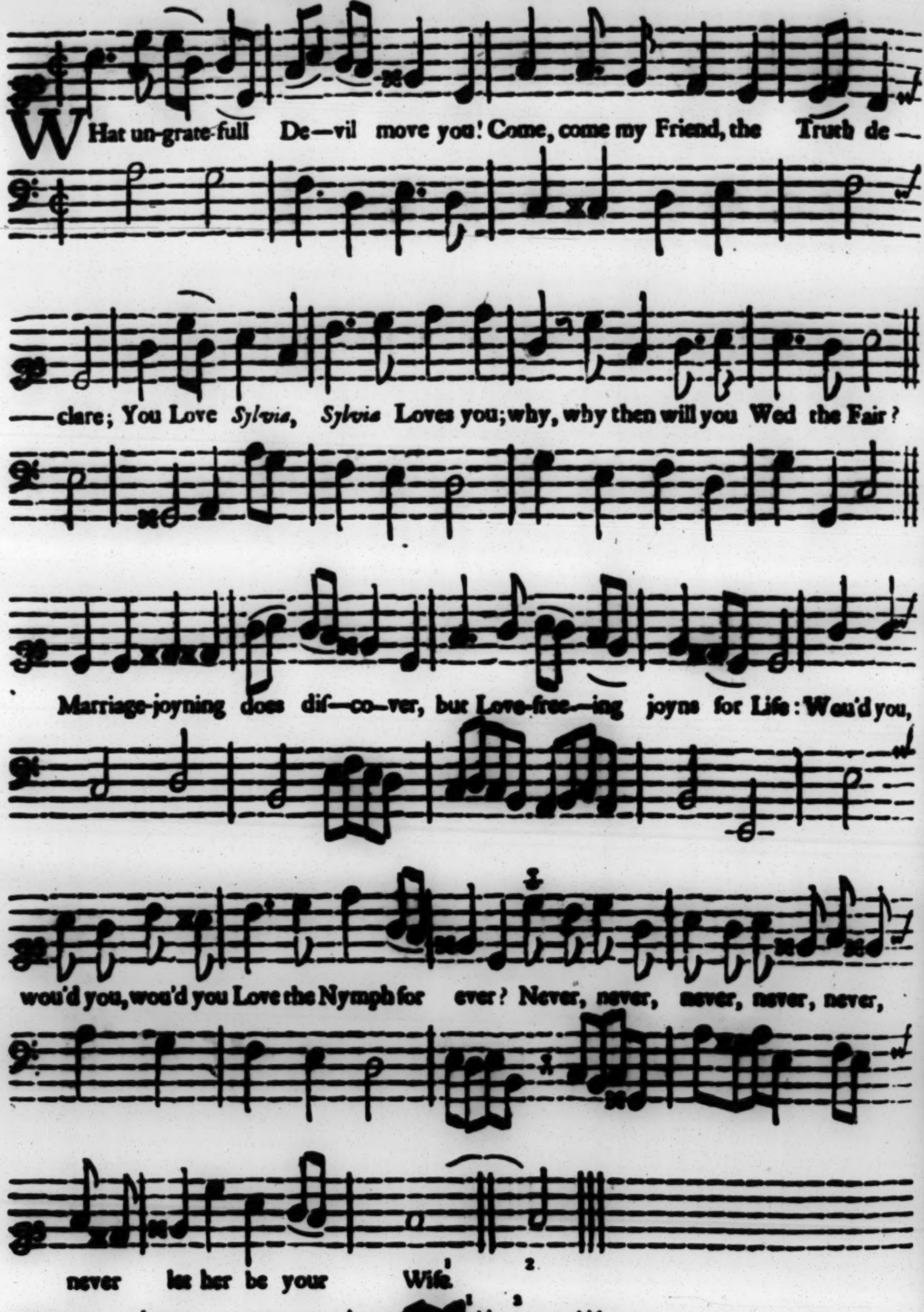


(12) *Minuet.*



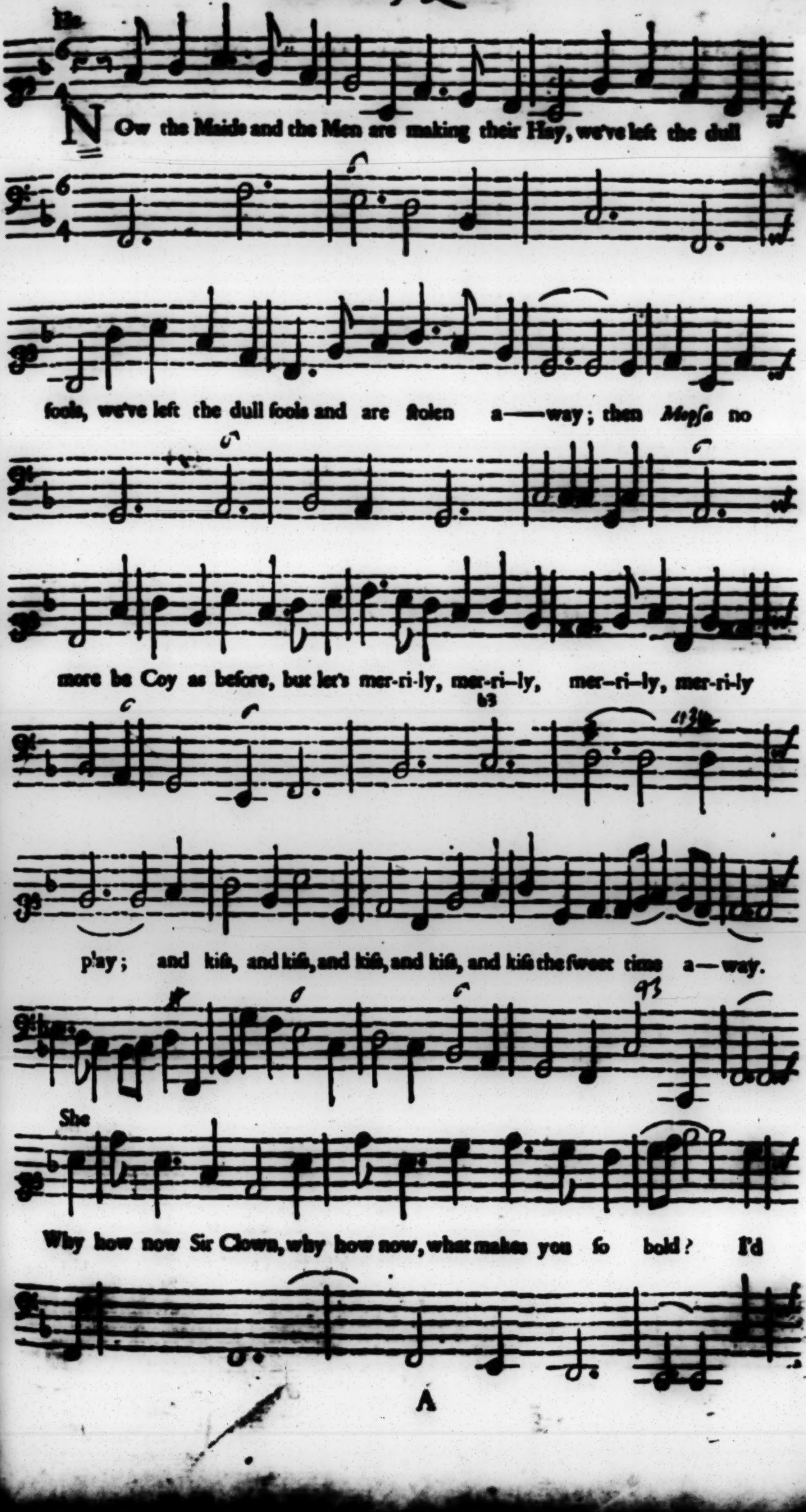
FINIS.

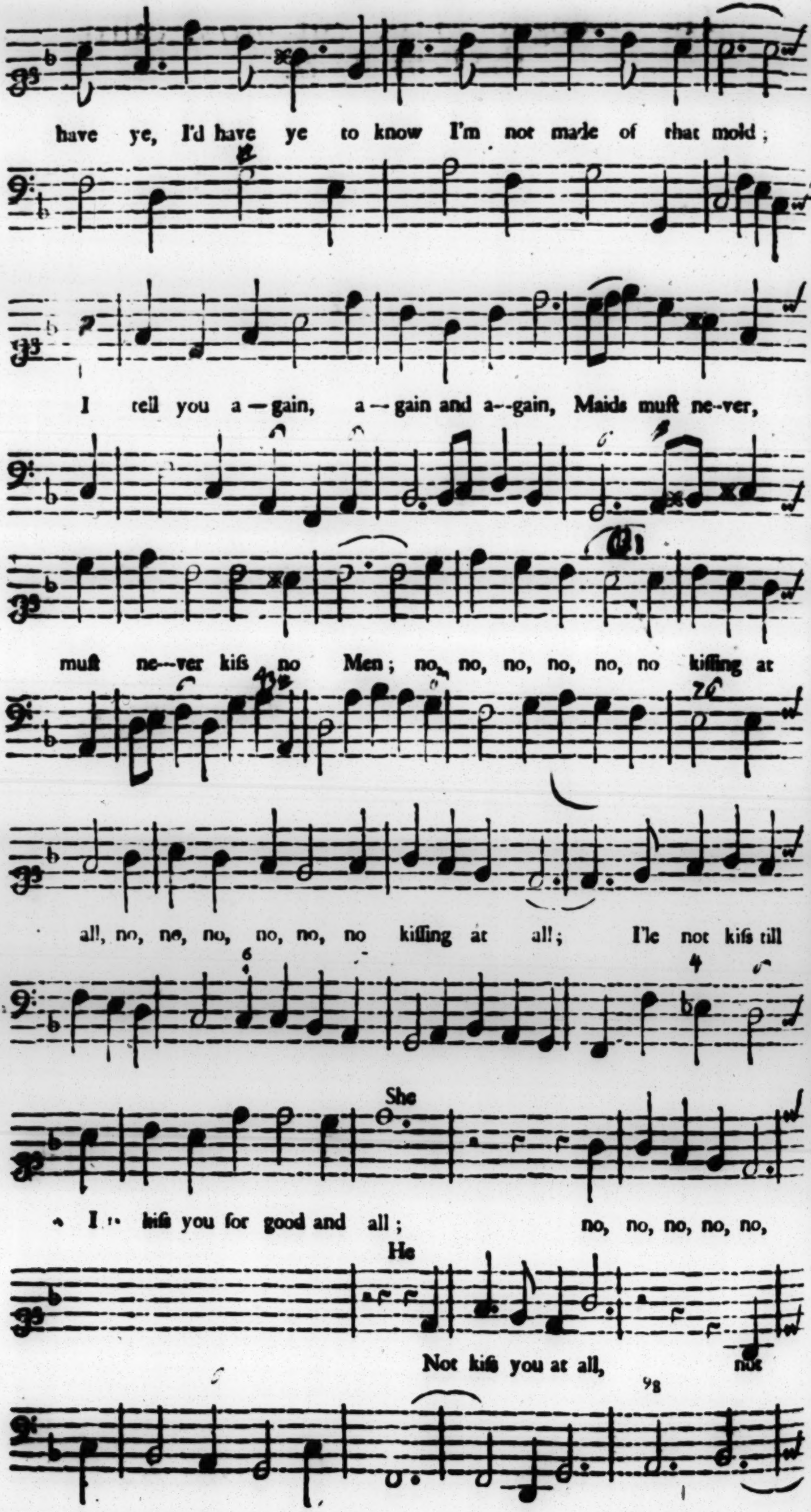
A Song, Sett by Mr. *Daniel Purcell.*

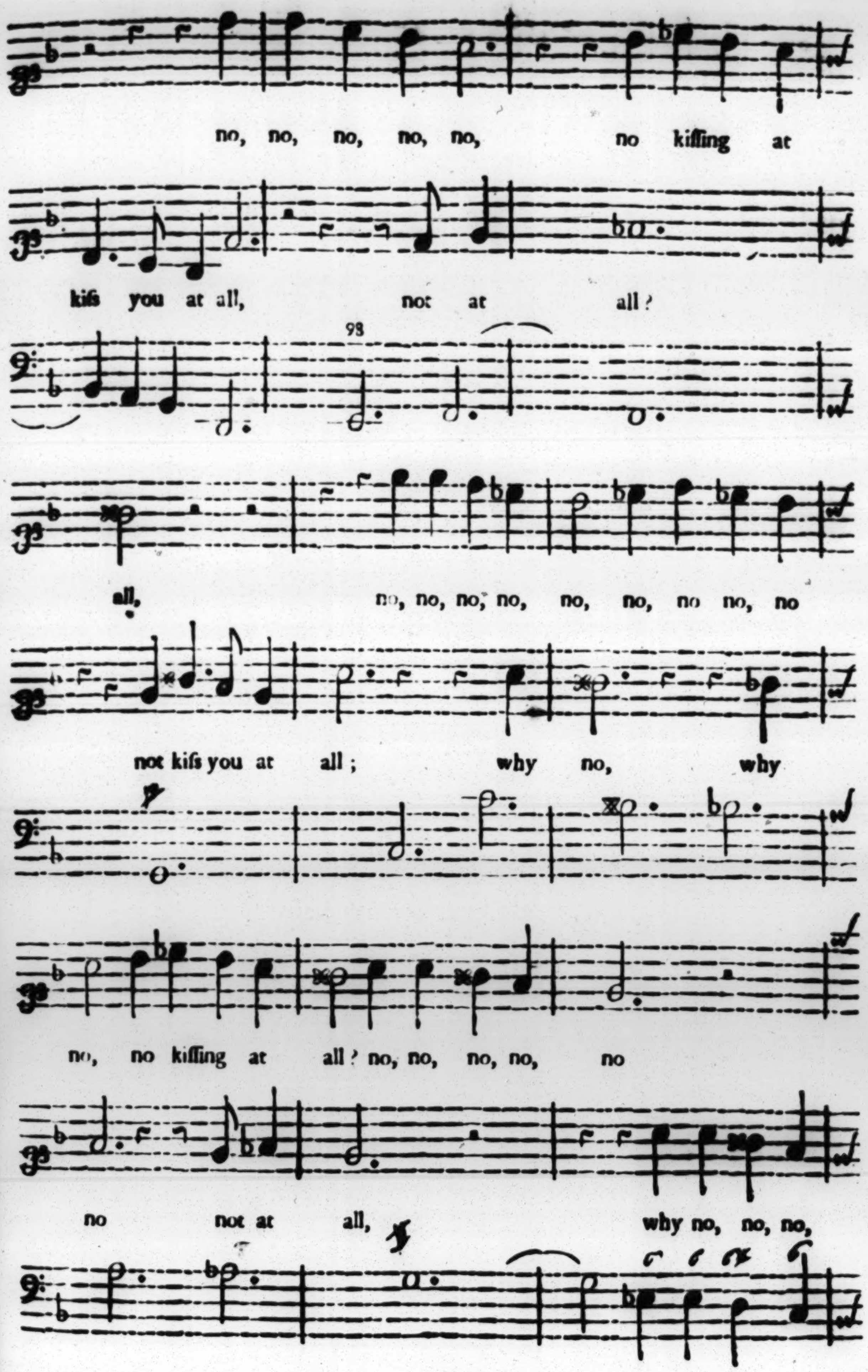

WHat un-grate-full De—vil move you! Come, come my Friend, the Truth de—
—clare; You Love *Sylvia*, *Sylvia* Loves you; why, why then will you Wed the Fair?
Marriage-joyning does dis—co—ver, but Love-free—ing joyns for Life: Wou'd you,
wou'd you, wou'd you Love the Nymph for ever? Never, never, never, never, never,
never let her be your Wife.
1
2

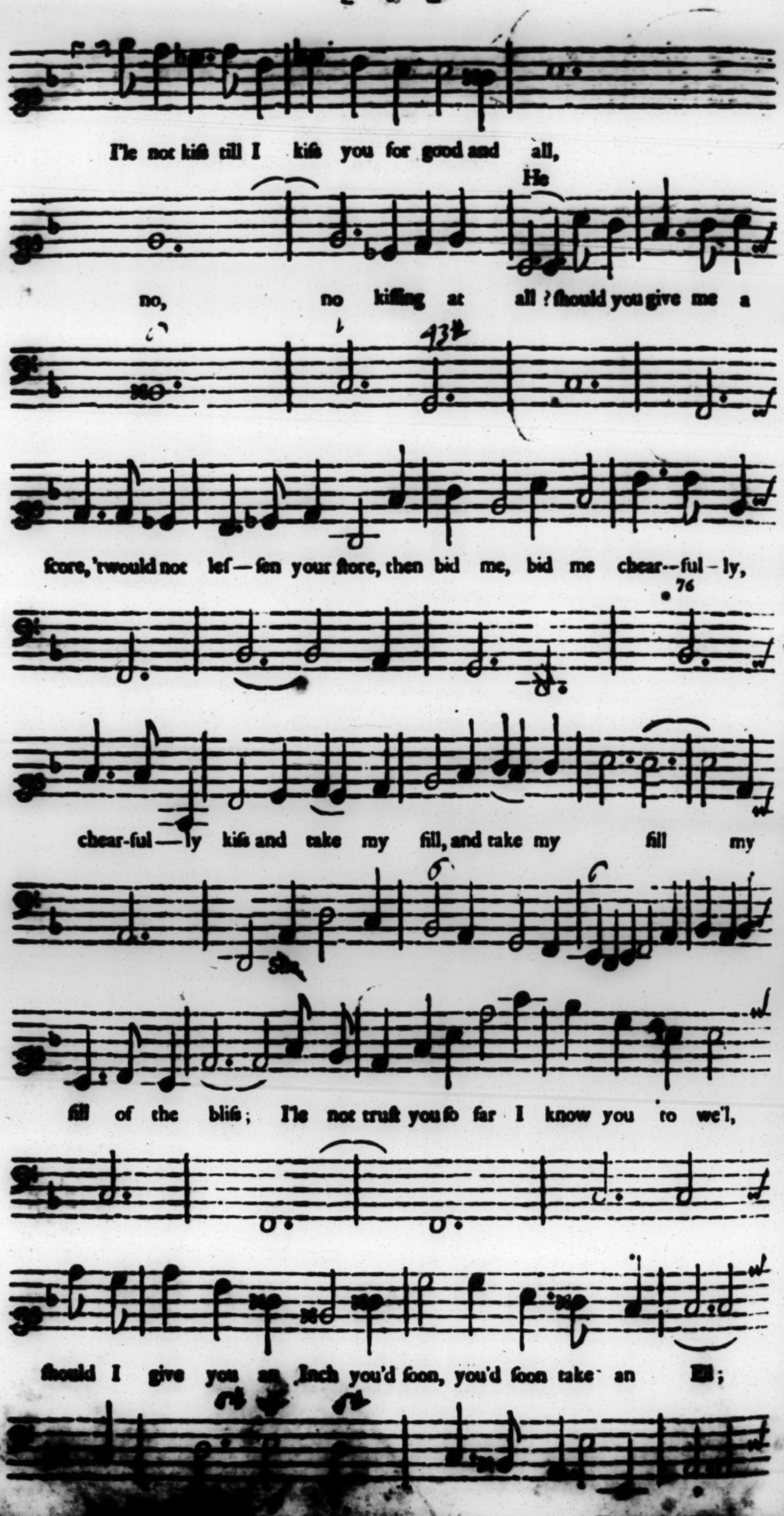
F I N I S.

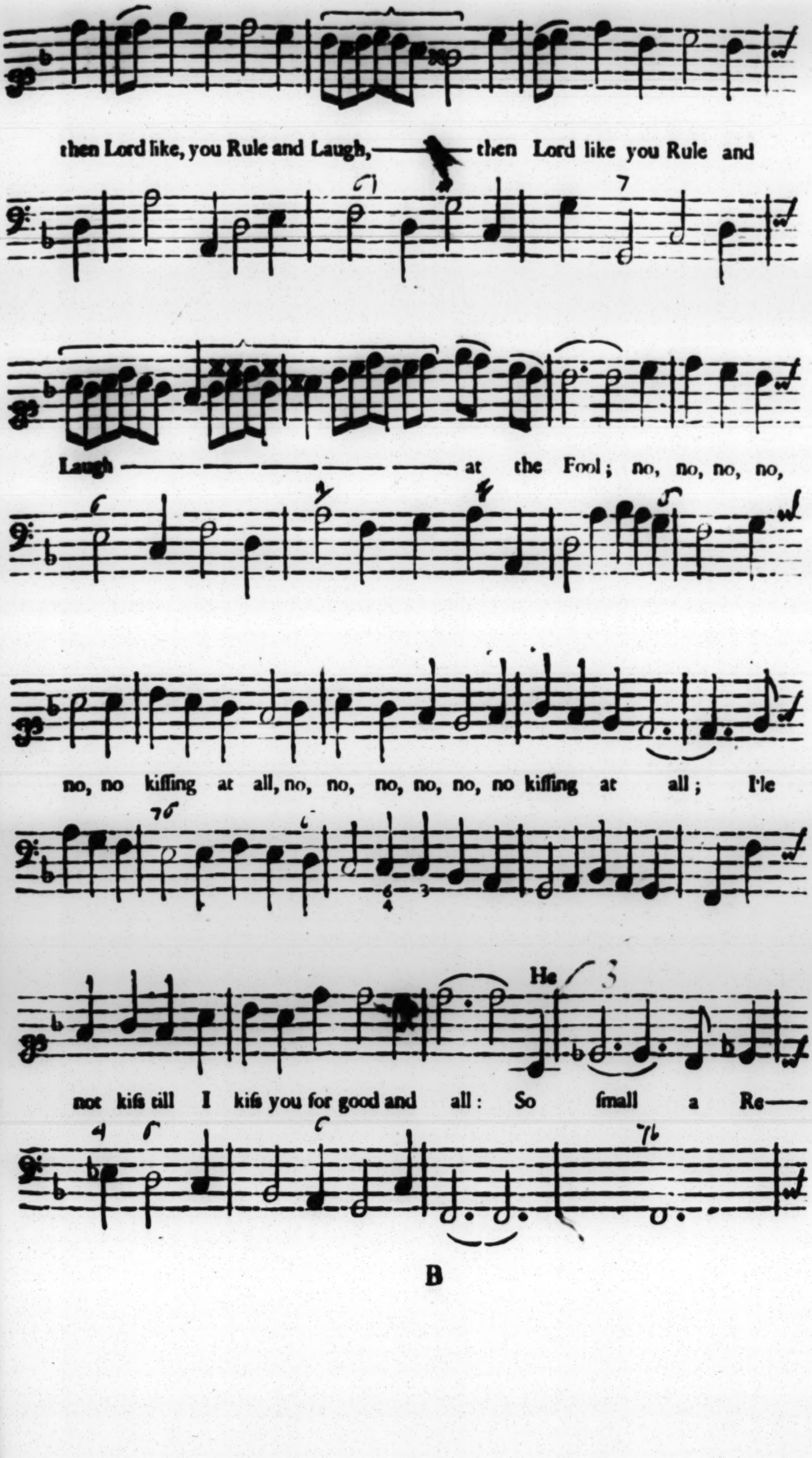
The Dialogue in the laſt *Opera*, call'd the *Fairy Queen*.

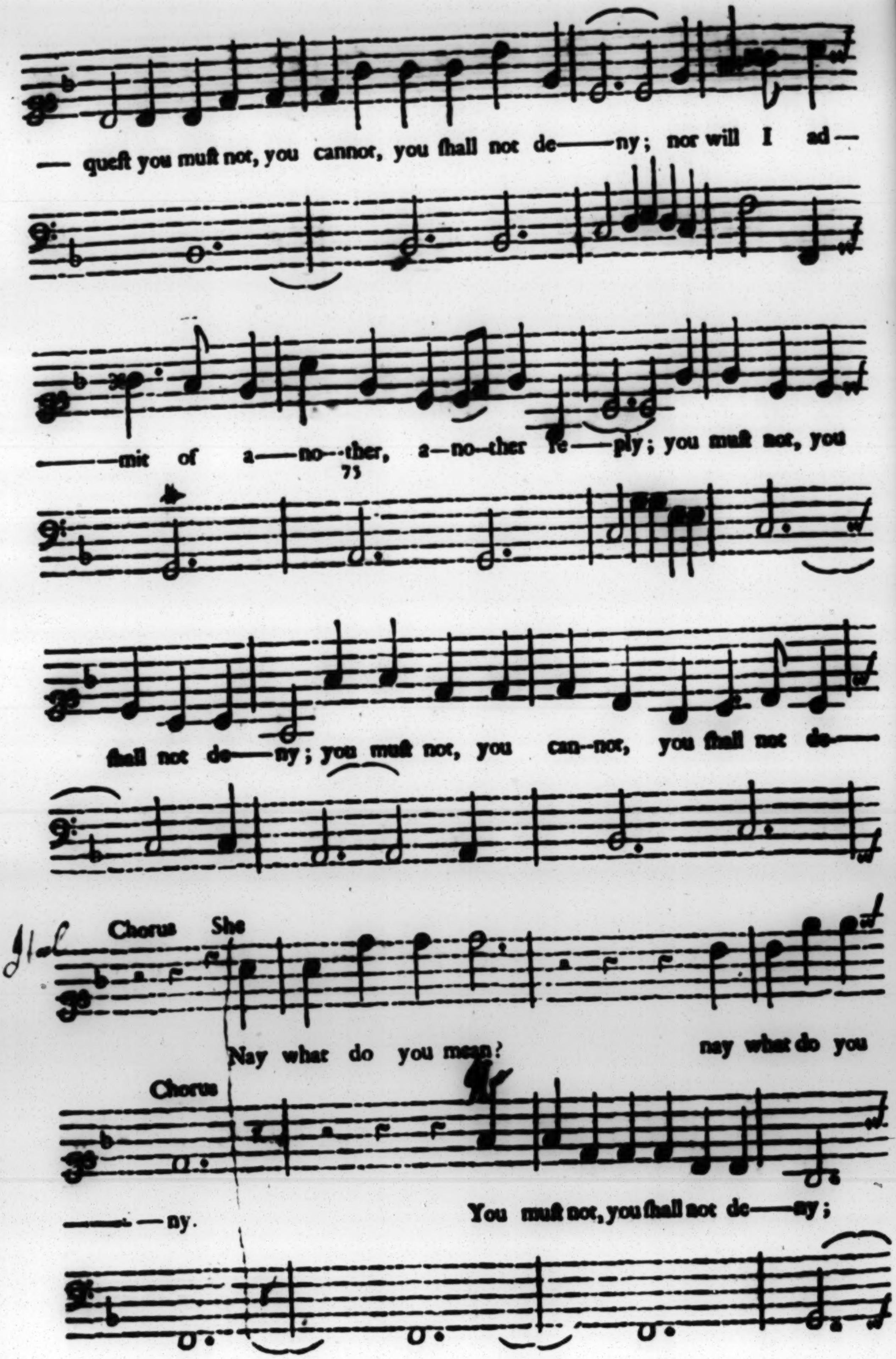

He
NOw the Maids and the Men are making their Hay, we've left the dull
fools, we've left the dull fools and are ſtolen a——way; then *Mopſa* no
more be Coy as before, but let's mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly
play; and kiſs, and kiſs, and kiſs, and kiſs, and kiſs the ſweet time a—way.
She
Why how now Sir Clown, why how now, what makes you ſo bold? I'd

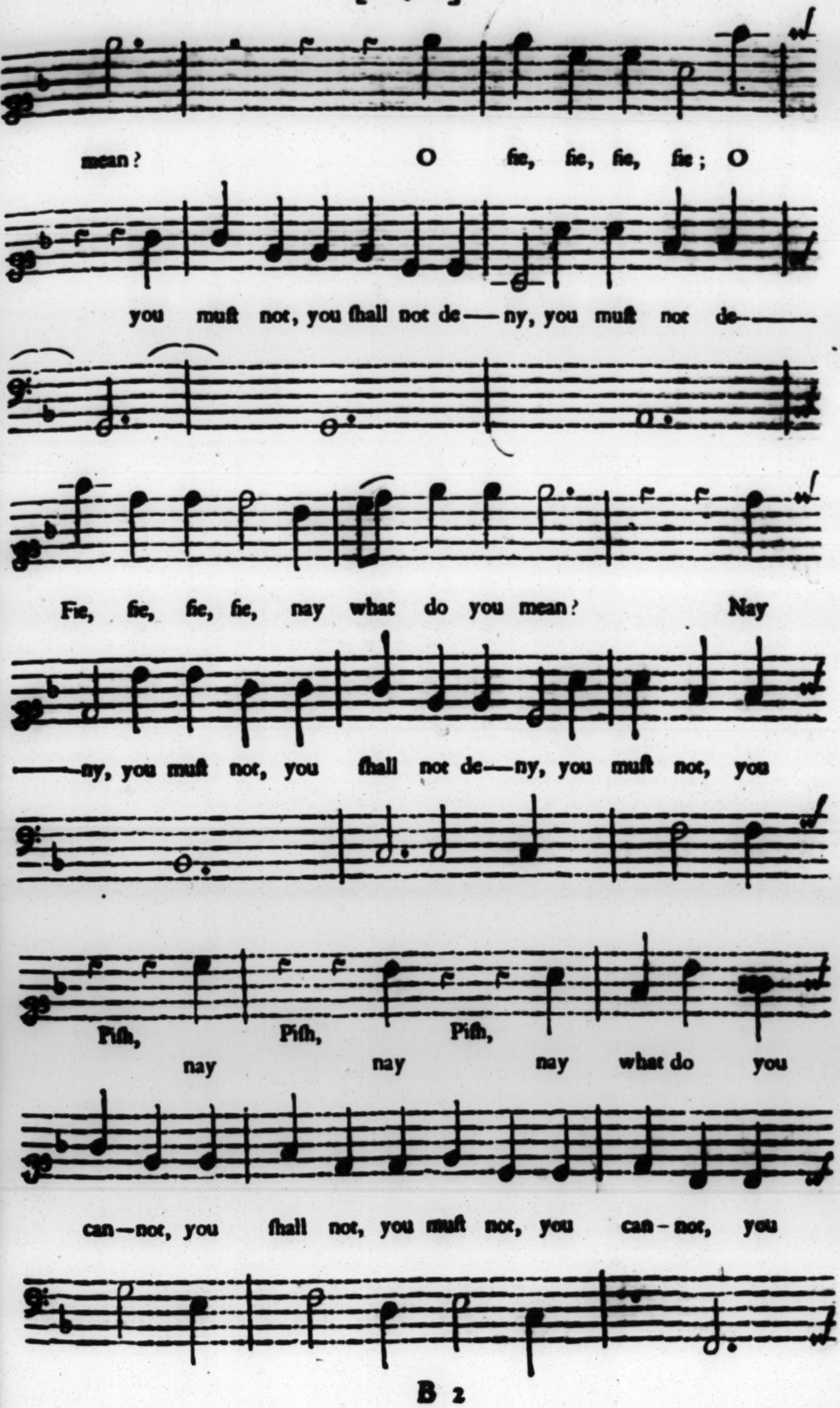

have ye, I'd have ye to know I'm not made of that mold;
I tell you a—gain, a—gain and a--gain, Maids muſt ne-ver,
muſt ne--ver kiſs no Men; no, no, no, no, no, no kiſſing at
all, no, no, no, no, no, no kiſſing at all; I'le not kiſs till
She
I'll kiſs you for good and all; no, no, no, no, no,
He
Not kiſs you at all, not

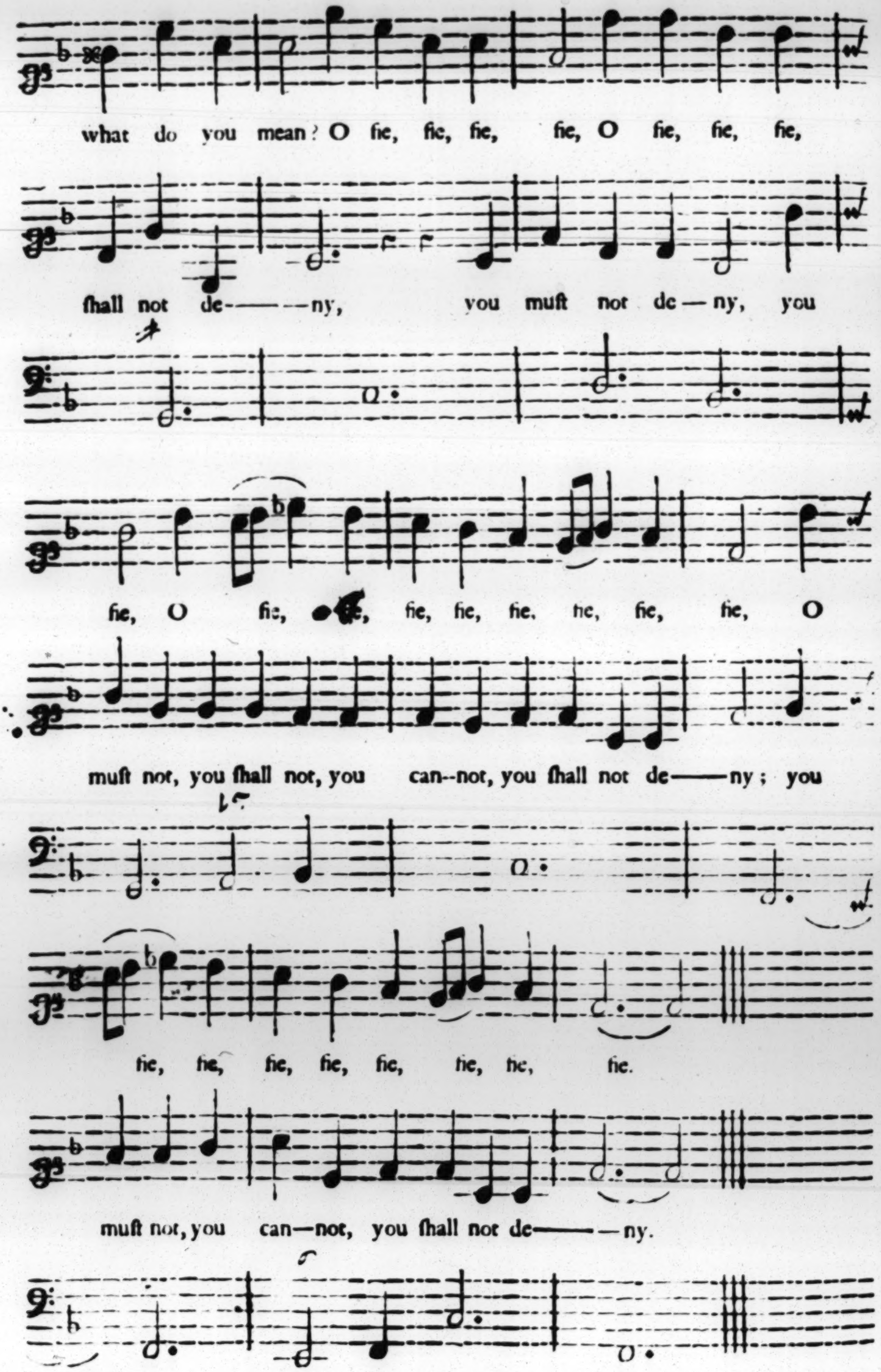

no, no, no, no, no, no kiſſing at
kiſs you at all, not at all?
98
all, no, no, no, no, no, no, no no, no
not kiſs you at all; why no, why
no, no kiſſing at all? no, no, no, no, no
no not at all, why no, no, no,


I'le not kiſs till I kiſs you for good and all,
He
no, no kiſſing at all ? ſhould you give me a
43♯
ſcore, 'twould not leſ—ſen your ſtore, then bid me, bid me chear--ful - ly,
76
chear-ful—ly kiſs and take my fill, and take my fill my
6
She
6
fill of the bliſs ; I'le not truſt you ſo far I know you to we'l,
ſhould I give you an Inch you'd ſoon, you'd ſoon take an Ell ;

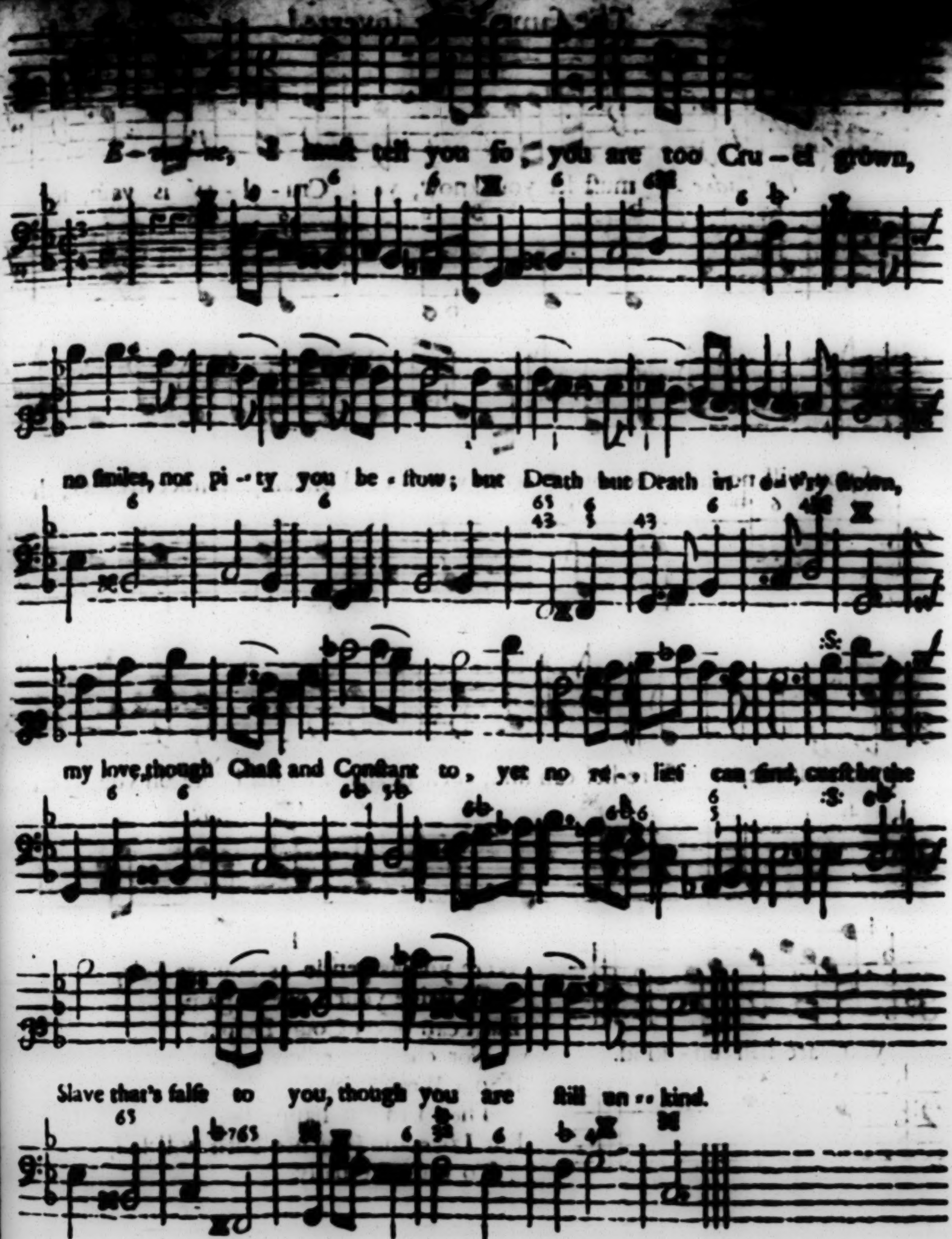

then Lord like, you Rule and Laugh, then Lord like you Rule and
Laugh at the Fool; no, no, no, no,
no, no kiſſing at all, no, no, no, no, no, no kiſſing at all; I'le
not kiſs till I kiſs you for good and all: So ſmall a Re—
He


— queſt you muſt not, you cannot, you ſhall not de——ny; nor will I ad—
——mit of a—no—ther, a—no—ther re——ply; you muſt not, you
73
ſhall not de——ny; you muſt not, you can—not, you ſhall not de——
Chorus She
Nay what do you mean? nay what do you
Chorus
——ny.
You muſt not, you ſhall not de——ny;


mean? O fie, fie, fie, fie; O
you muſt not, you ſhall not de—ny, you muſt not de——
Fie, fie, fie, fie, nay what do you mean? Nay
——ny, you muſt not, you ſhall not de—ny, you muſt not, you
Piſh, Piſh, Piſh,
nay nay nay what do you
can—not, you ſhall not, you muſt not, you can—not, you


what do you mean? O fie, fie, fie, fie, O fie, fie, fie,
ſhall not de——ny, you muſt not de—ny, you
fie, O fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, O
muſt not, you ſhall not, you can--not, you ſhall not de——ny; you
fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie.
muſt not, you can—not, you ſhall not de——ny.

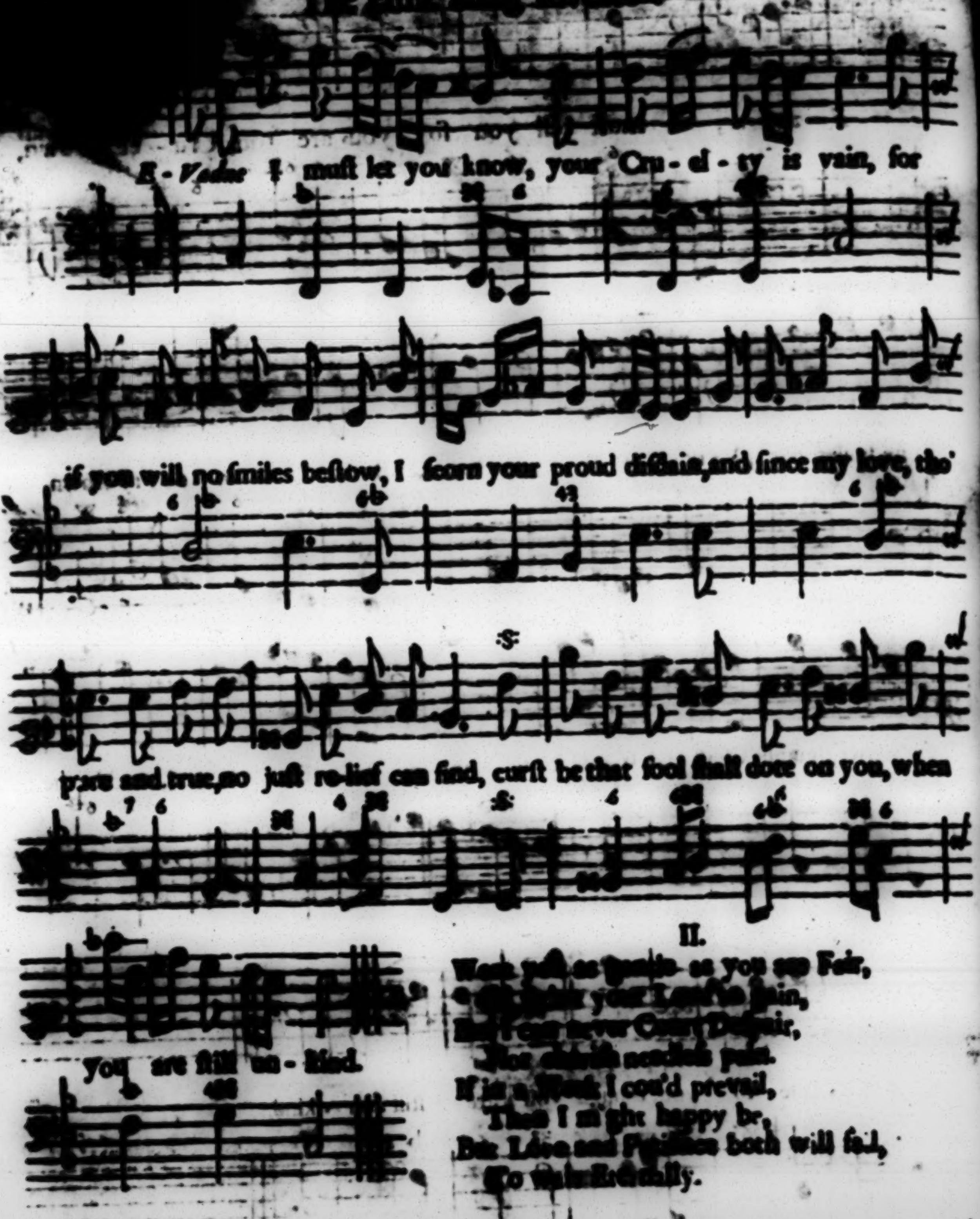
F I N I S.


you are too Cru-el grown,
no smiles, nor pi-ty you be-stow; but Death but Death in ev'ry frown,
my love, though Chast and Constant too, yet no re-lief can find, curst be the
Slave that's false to you, though you are still un-kind.

2.

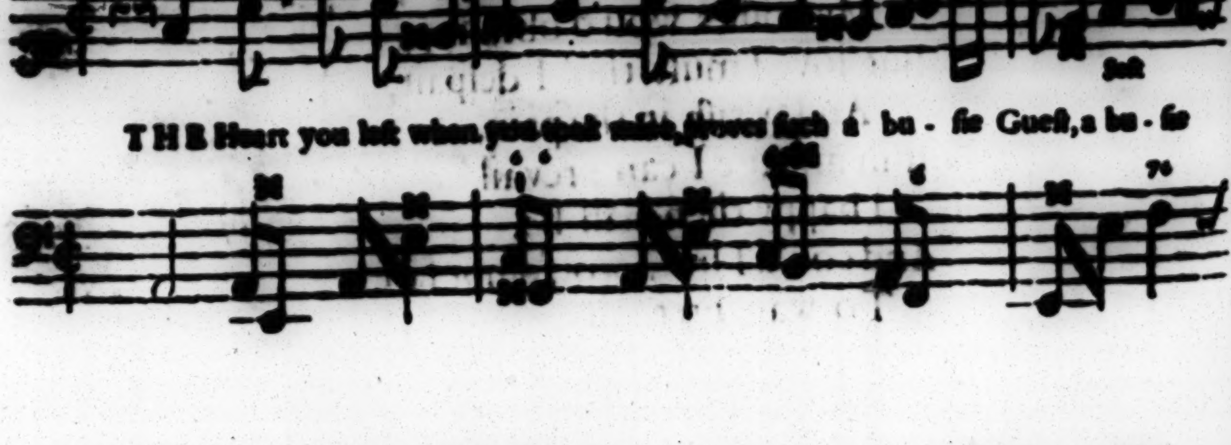
Were you as merciful as fair,
My wishes wou'd obtain;
But love I must, tho' I despair,
And perish in the pain,
If in an Age I can prevail,
I happy then shall be,
And cou'd I live, I wou'd not fail,
To wait Eternally.

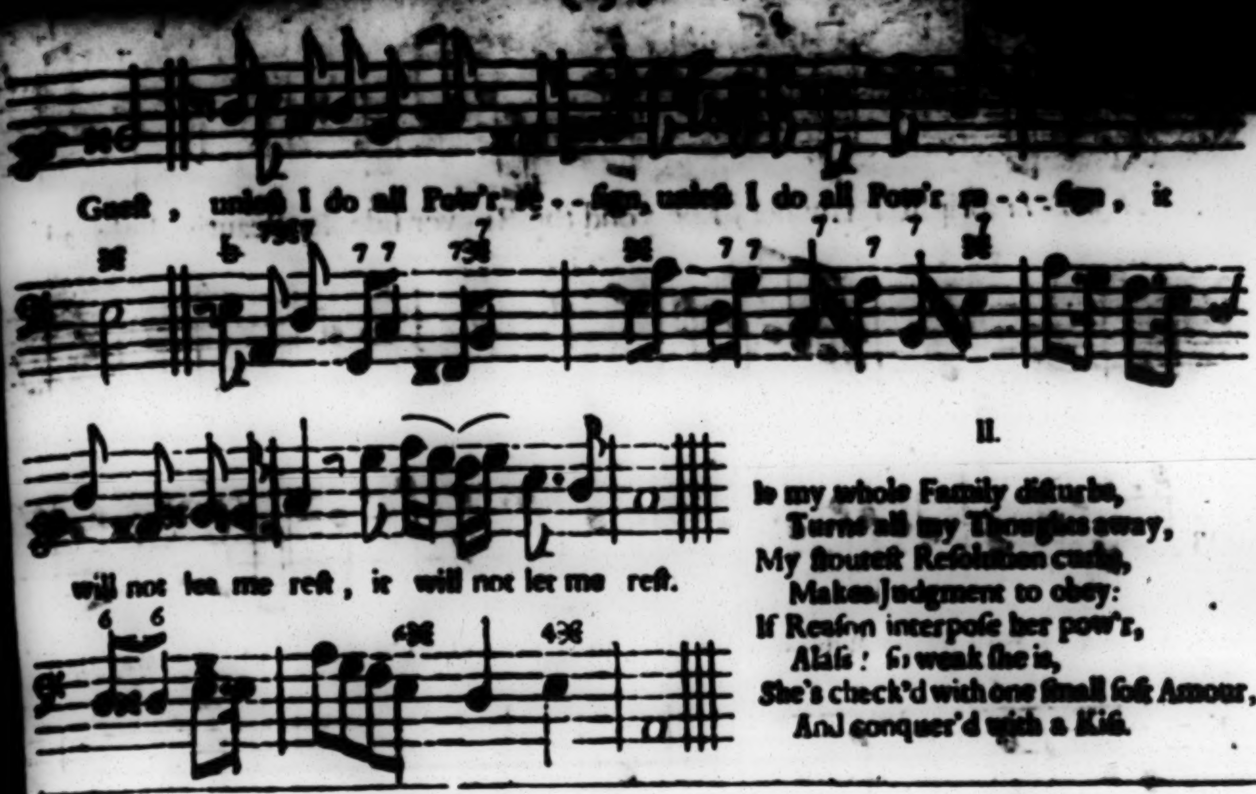
The ſame Song Inverted.


E-Vadne I muſt let you know, your Cru- el- ty is vain, for
if you will no ſmiles beſtow, I ſcorn your proud diſdain, and ſince my love, tho'
pure and true, no juſt re-lief can find, curſt be that fool ſhall dote on you, when
you are ſtill un- kind.

II.

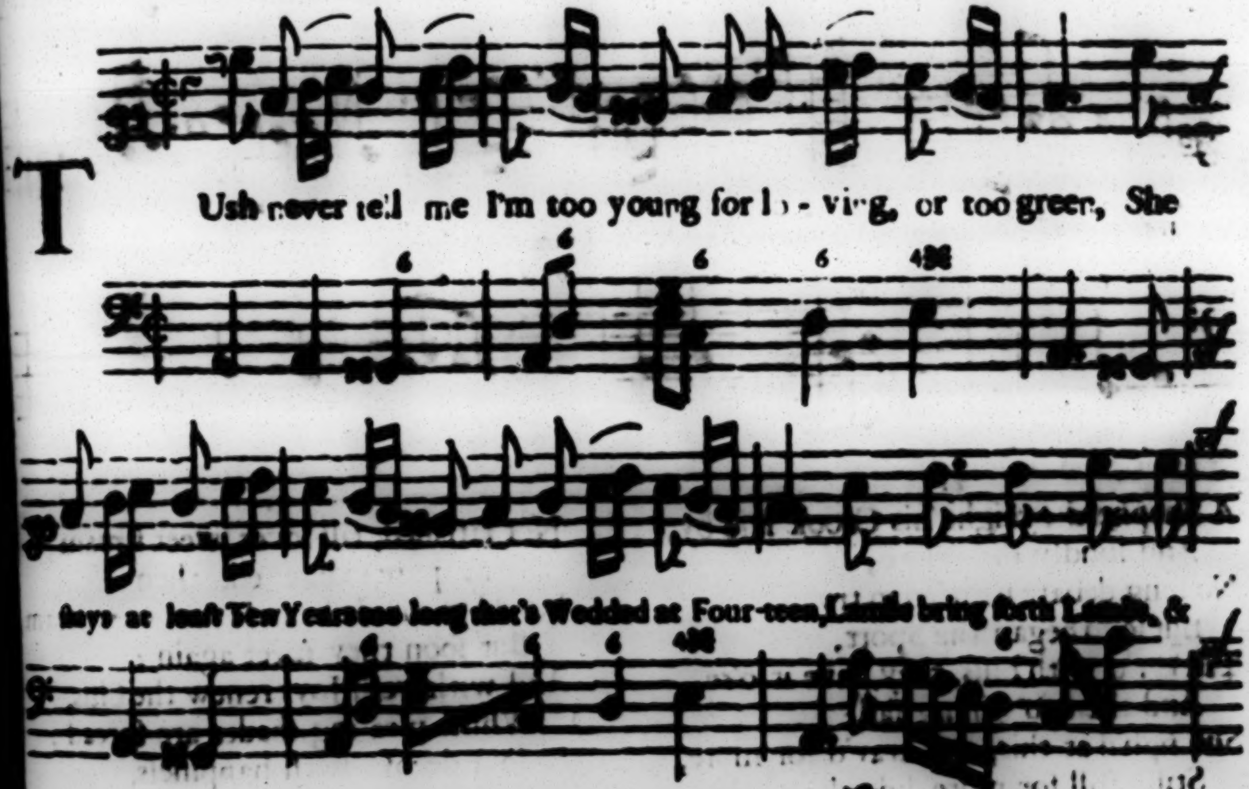
Were you as gentle as you are Fair,
[illegible] your Love to gain,
But I can never Court Deſpair,
Nor cheriſh needleſs pain.
If in a Week I cou'd prevail,
Then I might happy be,
But Love and Patience both will fail,
To wait Eternally.


Juſt
THE Heart you left when you took mine, Proves ſuch a bu- ſie Gueſt, a bu- ſie


Gueſt, unleſs I do all Pow'r re--ſign, unleſs I do all Pow'r re--ſign, it
will not let me reſt, it will not let me reſt.

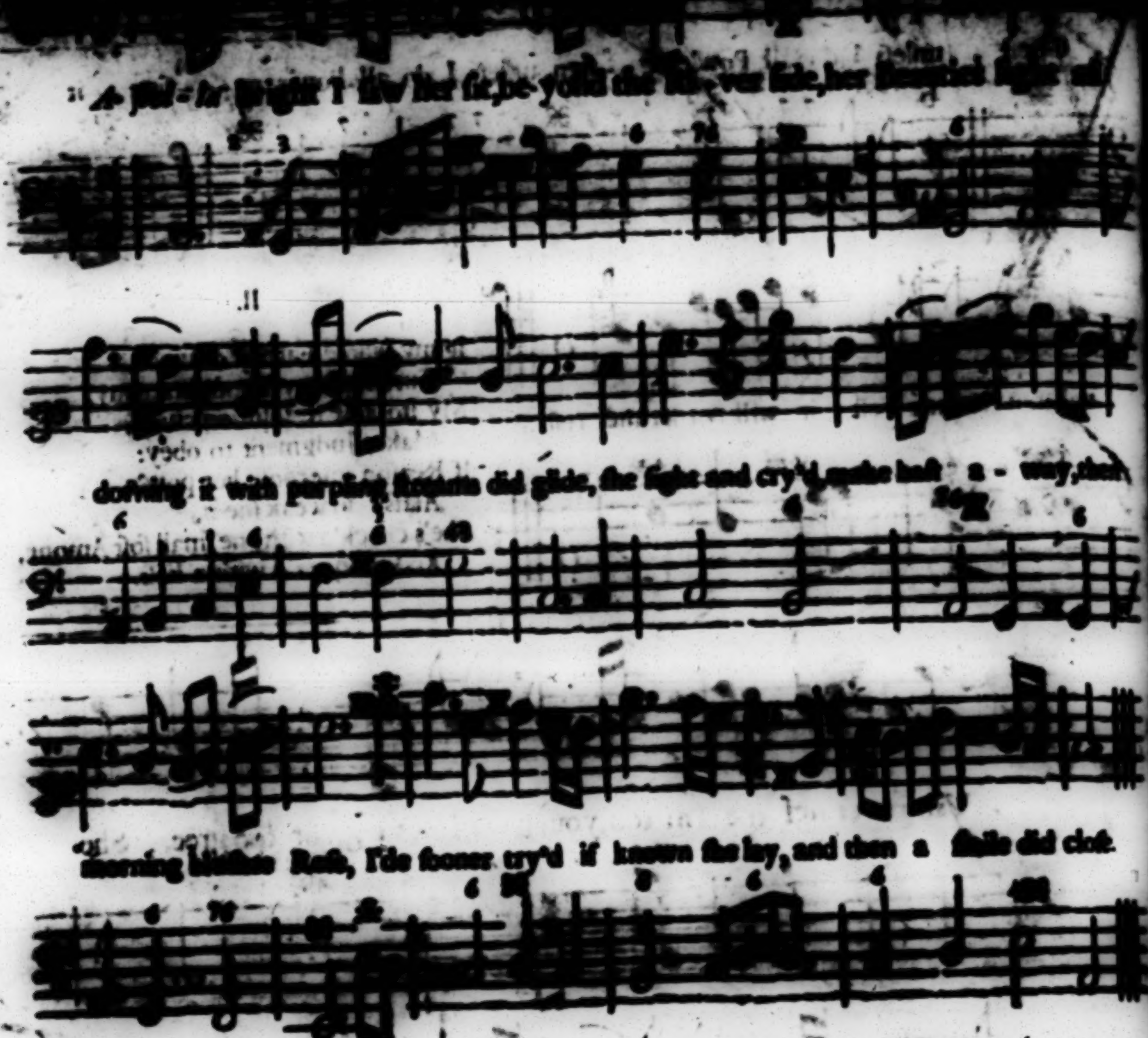
II.

It my whole Family diſturbs,
Turns all my Thoughts away,
My ſtouteſt Reſolution curbs,
Makes Judgment to obey:
If Reaſon interpoſe her pow'r,
Alaſs! ſo weak ſhe is,
She's check'd with one ſmall ſoft Amour,
And conquer'd with a Kiſs.


TUsh never tell me I'm too young for lo-ving, or too green, She
ſays at leaſt Ten Years too long that's Wedded at Four-teen, Lambs bring forth Lambs, &
Doves bring Doves as ſoon as they'r be--got--ten, then why ſhou'd La-dies
lin-ger Loves, as if not ripe till rotten.

II.

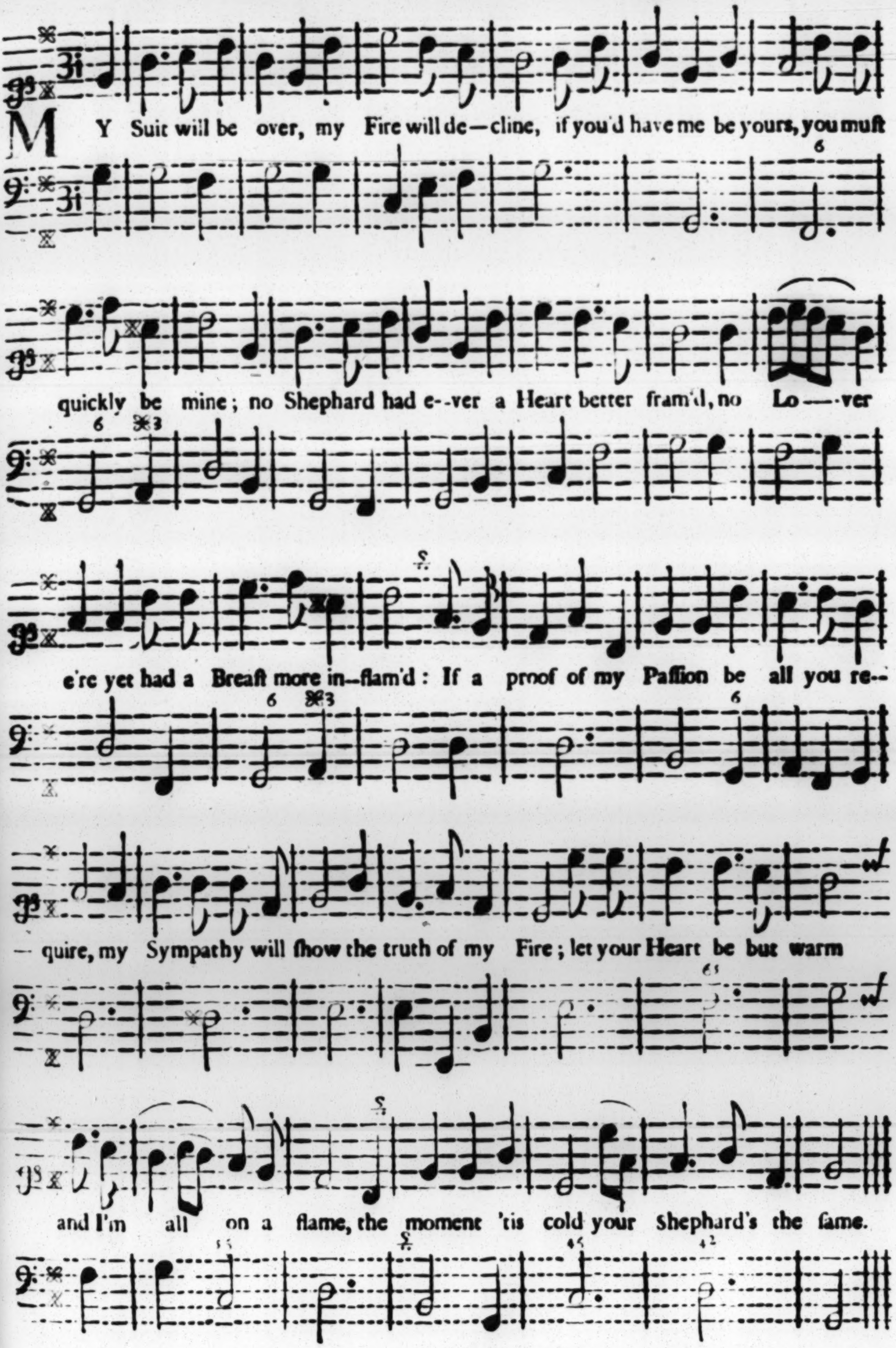
Gray Hairs are fitter for the Grave,
Then for the Bridal Bed;
What pleaſure can a Lover have
In a wither'd Maidenhead?
Nature's exalted in our time,
And what our Grandams then
At four and twenty ſcarce cou'd climb
We can arrive at Ten.


As Phil-lis bright I saw her sit, be-yond the Ri-ver side, her [illegible] [illegible]
dowsing it with purpling streams did glide, she sigh'd and cry'd, make hast a - way, the
morning blushes Rose, I'de sooner try'd if known she lay, and then a smile did close.

2.
A Shepherd straight his Crook laid by,
And hastily did resort;
No longer dalliance he would try,
[illegible] the Sport,
[illegible] it o're,
[illegible]
[illegible] crav'd for more,
Still, still for more did call.

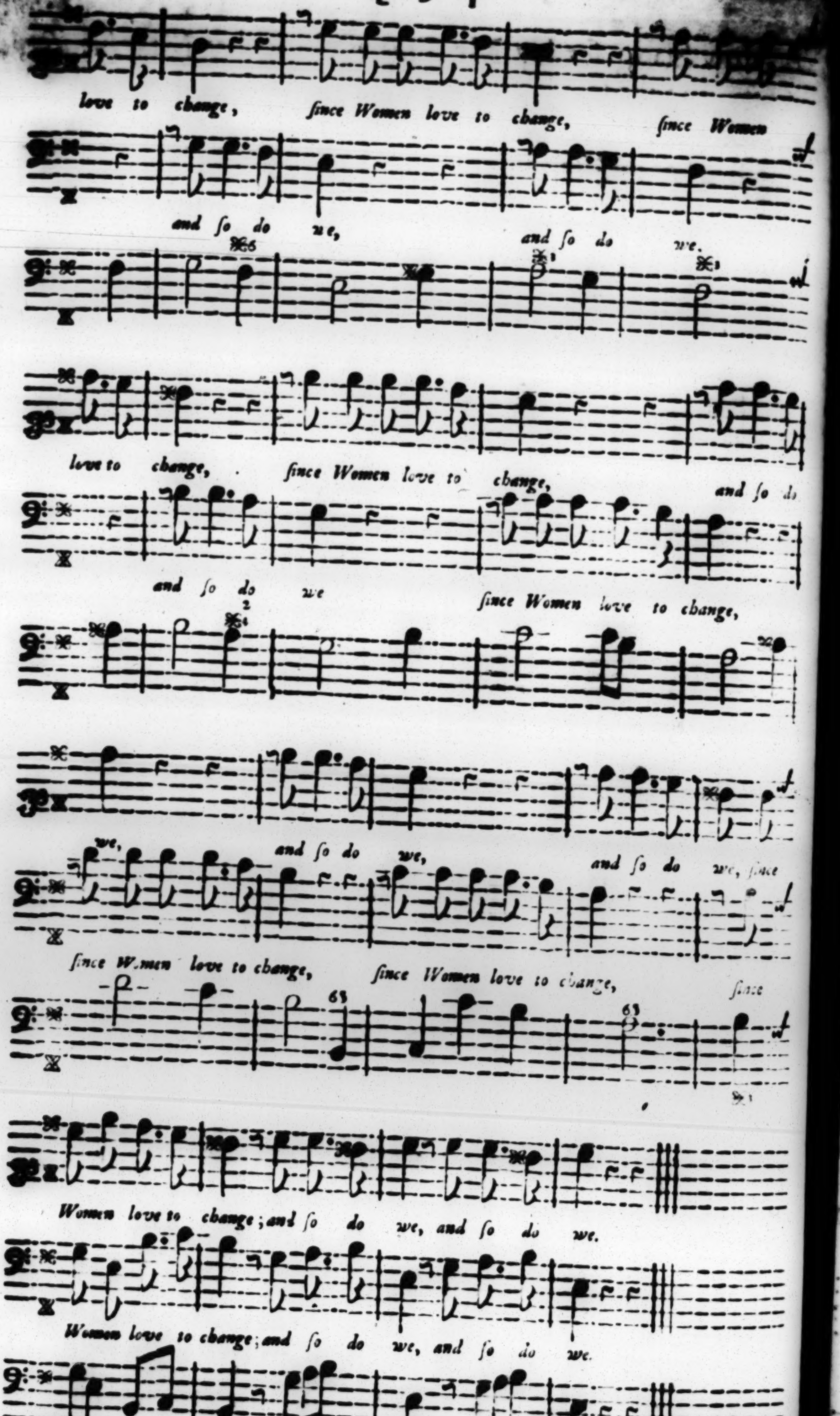
3.
Not satisfied, all love's sweet stream
Was quite exhausted, then
Forc'd to divide from love's sweet dream
But soon they meet again;
And [illegible] the bliss,
Which [illegible] spread;
So love designs with happiness,
To win a *Maidenhead*.

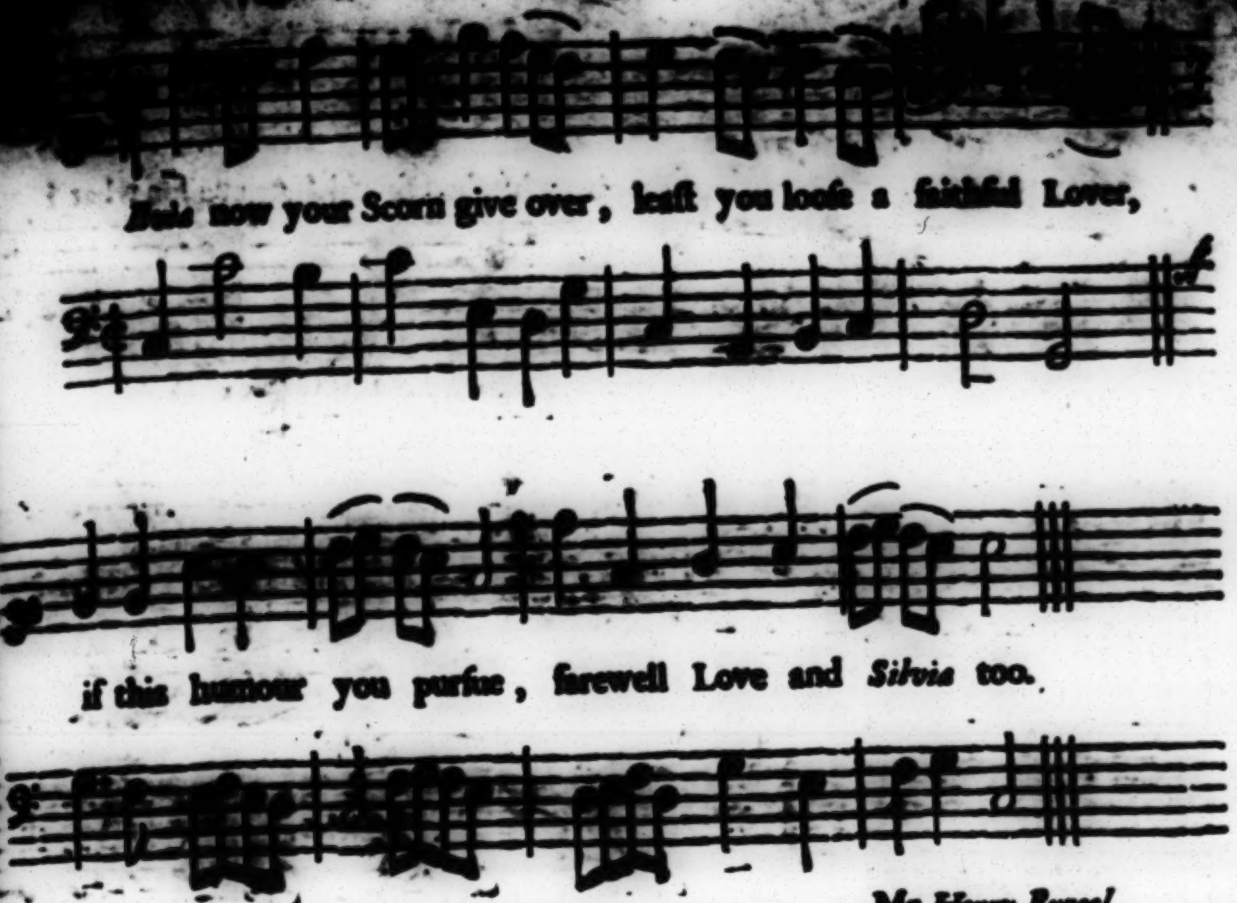
A New Song ſet by Mr. *Finger*, Sung by Mrs. *Hudſon*, at the Conſort in *Charles-ſtreet* in *Coventgarden.*


MY Suit will be over, my Fire will de—cline, if you'd have me be yours, you muſt
6
quickly be mine; no Shephard had e--ver a Heart better fram'd, no Lo—-ver
6 ✕3
e're yet had a Breaſt more in--flam'd: If a proof of my Paſſion be all you re--
6 ✕3 6
— quire, my Sympathy will ſhow the truth of my Fire; let your Heart be but warm
65
and I'm all on a flame, the moment 'tis cold your Shephard's the ſame.
55 45 42

LONDON, Printed by *J. Heptinſtall*, for *John Hudgebutt*, and are to be ſold
by Mr. *Carr*, at his Shop near the *Middle-Temple-Gate* in *Fleetſtreet*. 1695.

Not entered

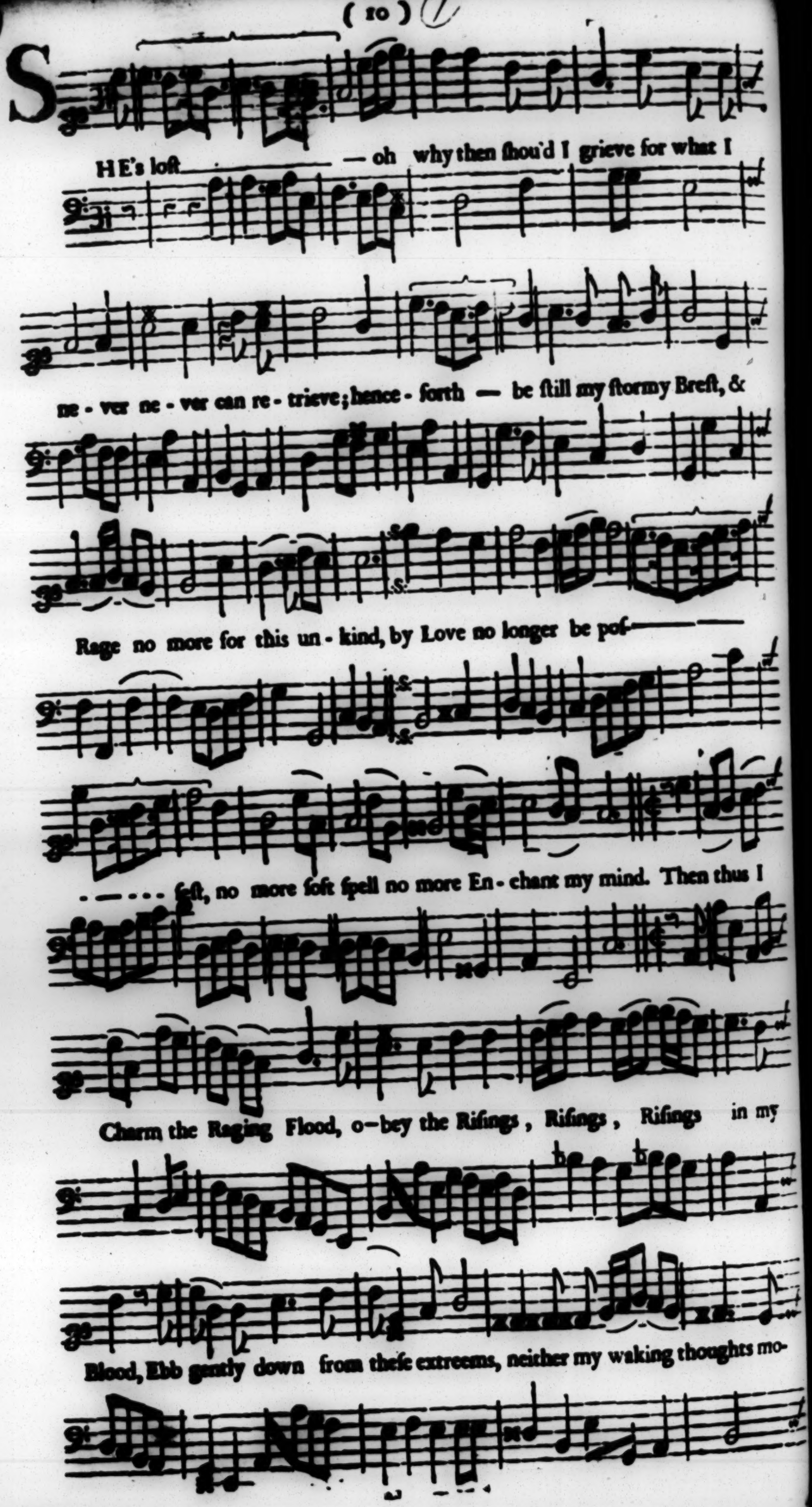

love to change, since Women love to change, since Women
and so do we, and so do we.
love to change, since Women love to change, and so do
and so do we since Women love to change,
we, and so do we, and so do we, since
since Women love to change, since Women love to change, since
Women love to change; and so do we, and so do we.
Women love to change; and so do we, and so do we.
65
2
63
63
6
6
63
6

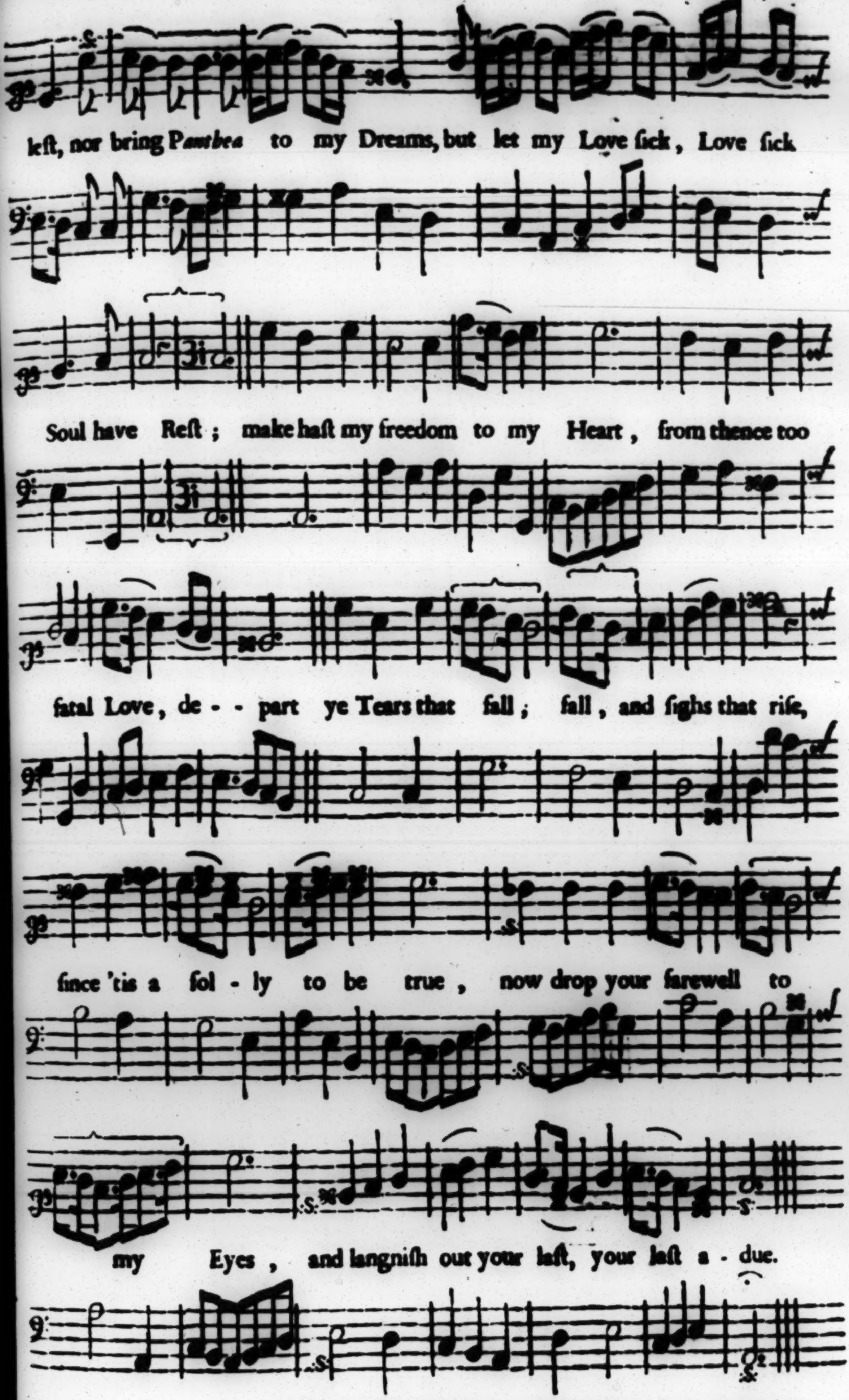

Iris now your Scorn give over, leaſt you looſe a faithful Lover,
if this humour you purſue, farewell Love and Silvia too.

Mr *Henry Purcel.*

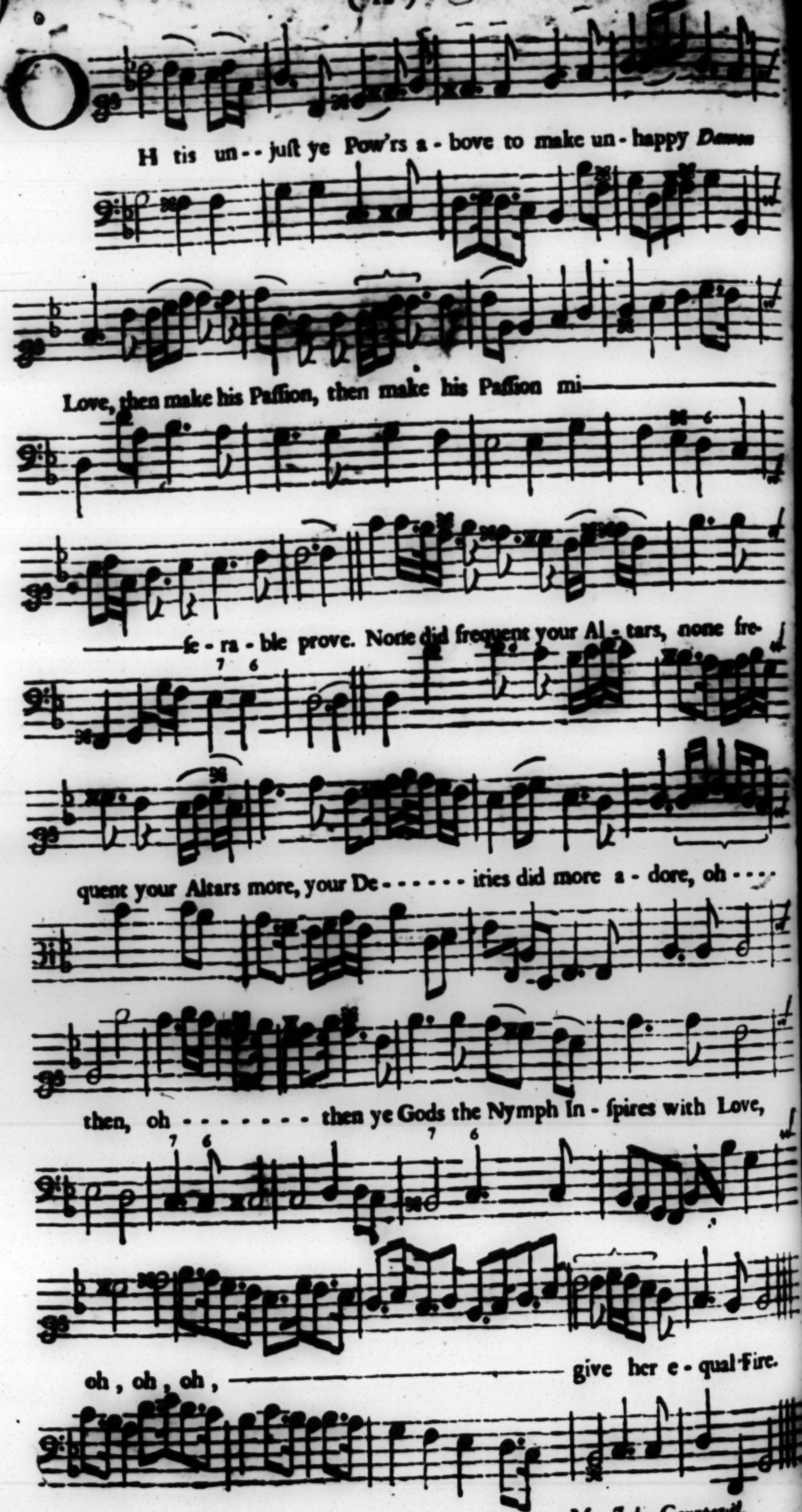
Long have I been unregarded,
[illegible] unrewarded,

If this does with you agree
Troth good Madam 'twont with me.


SHE's loſt — oh why then ſhou'd I grieve for what I
ne - ver ne - ver can re - trieve; hence - forth — be ſtill my ſtormy Breſt, &
Rage no more for this un - kind, by Love no longer be poſ-
- — - - - ſeſt, no more ſoft ſpell no more En - chant my mind. Then thus I
Charm the Raging Flood, o-bey the Riſings, Riſings, Riſings in my
Blood, Ebb gently down from theſe extreems, neither my waking thoughts mo-


left, nor bring Panthea to my Dreams, but let my Love ſick, Love ſick
Soul have Reſt ; make haſt my freedom to my Heart, from thence too
fatal Love, de - - part ye Tears that fall ; fall, and ſighs that riſe,
ſince 'tis a fol - ly to be true, now drop your farewell to
my Eyes, and languiſh out your laſt, your laſt a - due.

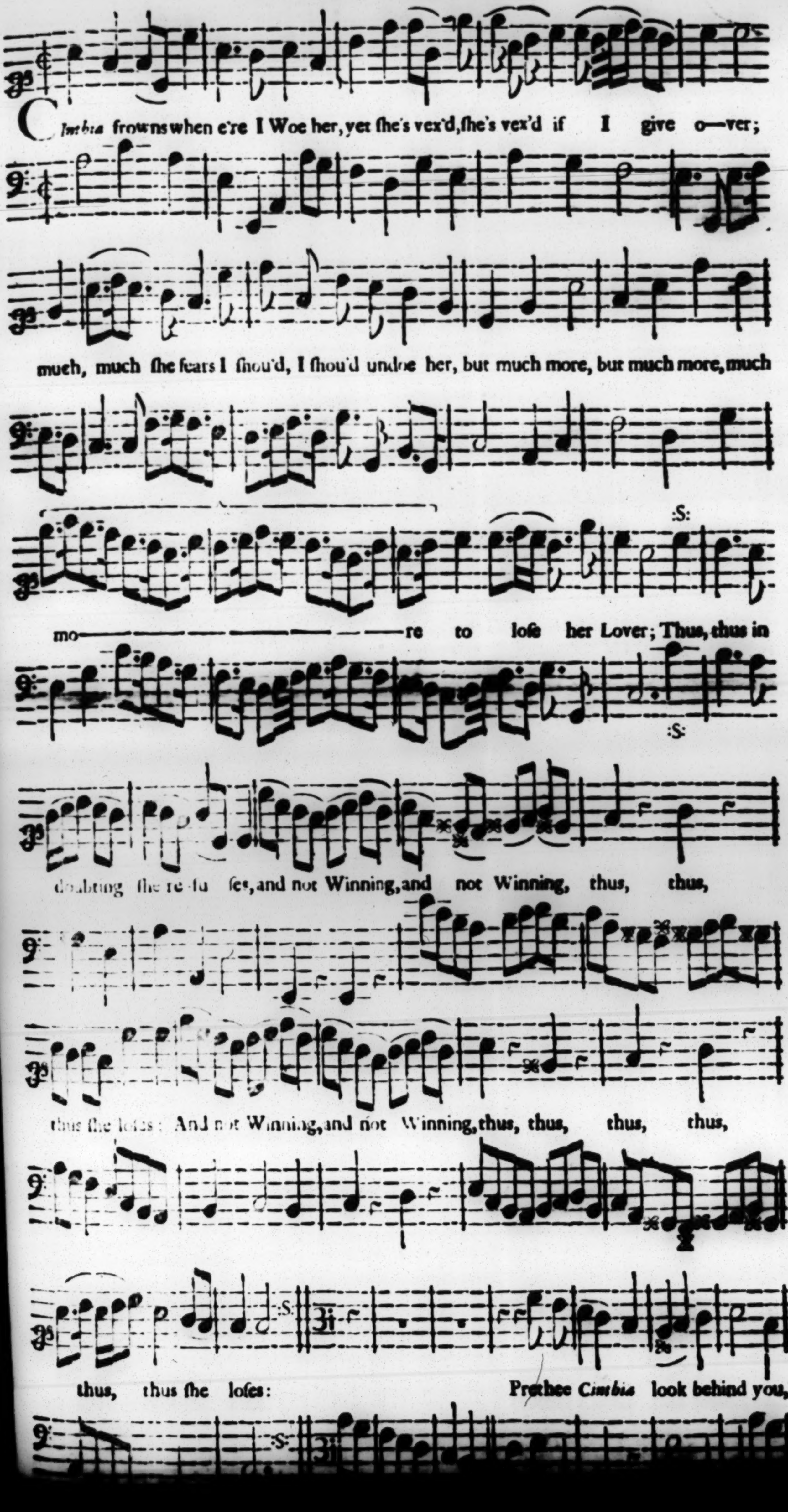
A New Song, the Words made and ſet by Captain Pack.

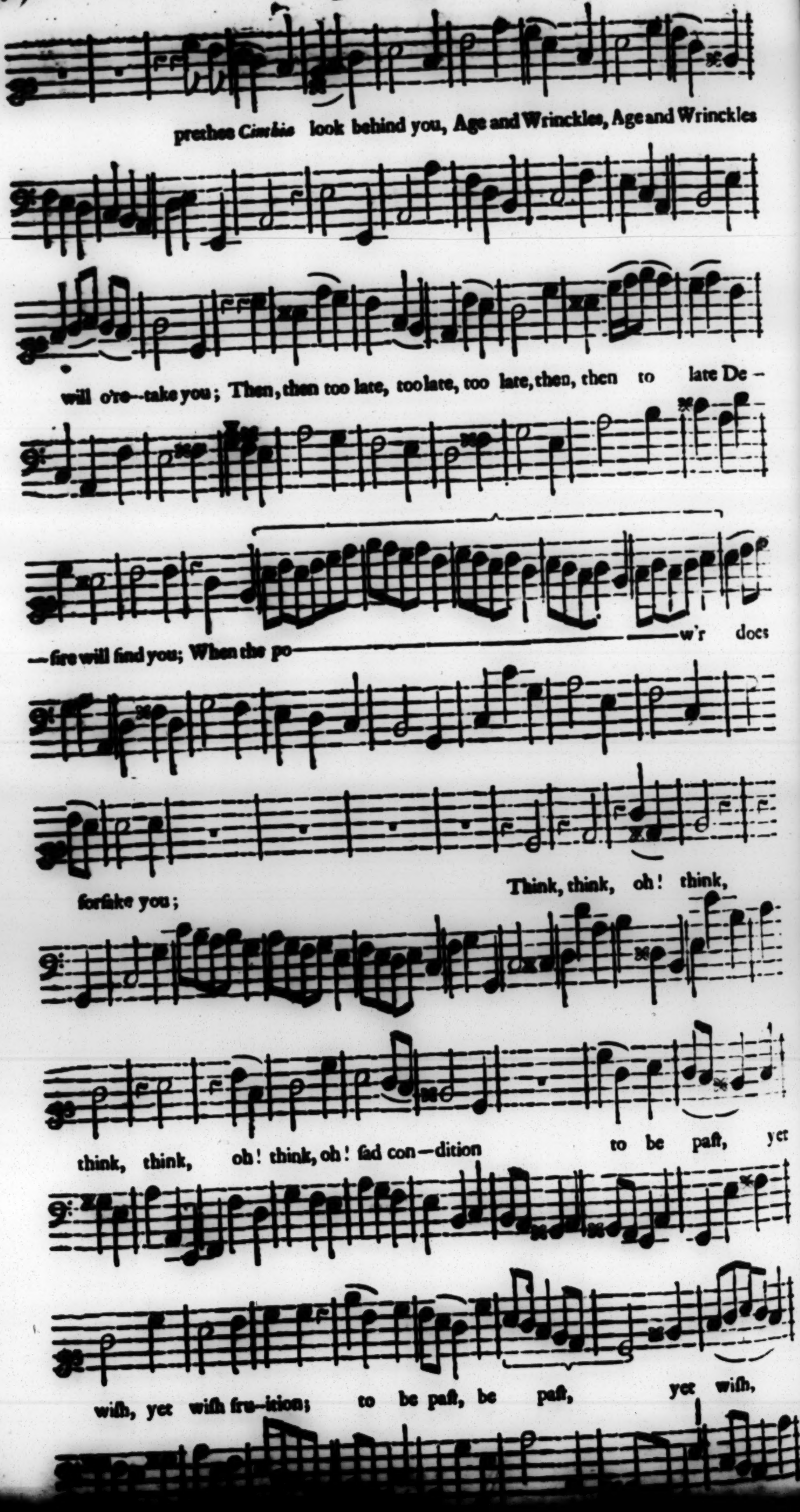

O
H tis un - - just ye Pow'rs a - bove to make un - happy *Damon*
Love, then make his Paſſion, then make his Paſſion mi——
——ſe - ra - ble prove. None did frequent your Al - tars, none fre-
quent your Altars more, your De - - - - - - ities did more a - dore, oh - - - -
then, oh - - - - - - - then ye Gods the Nymph In - ſpires with Love,
oh , oh , oh , ———— give her e - qual Fire.
7 6
7 6
7 6
6

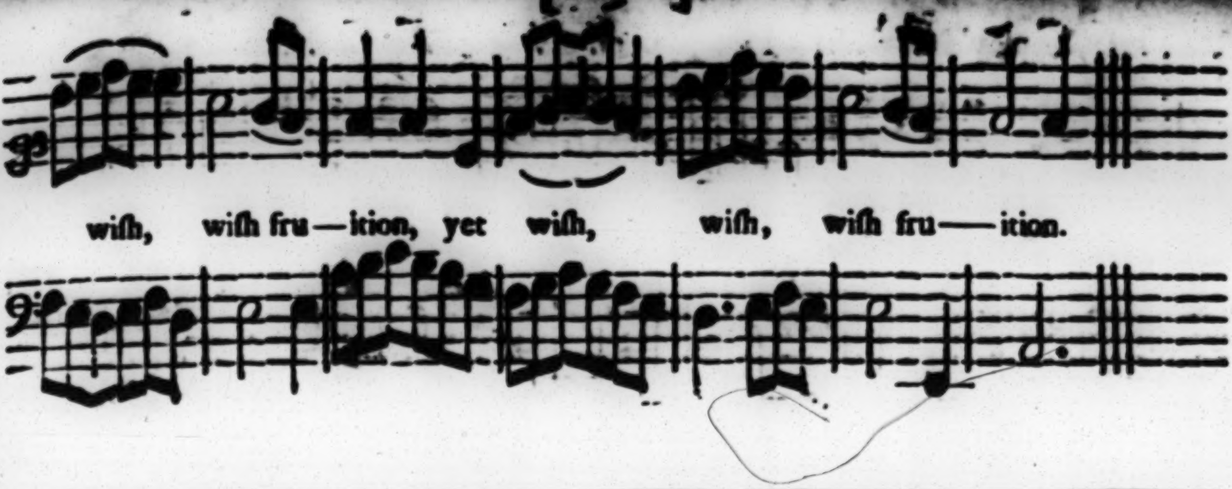
Mr. *John* Courtevil.

A Song in the double Dealler, Sung by Mrs. *Ayliff*,

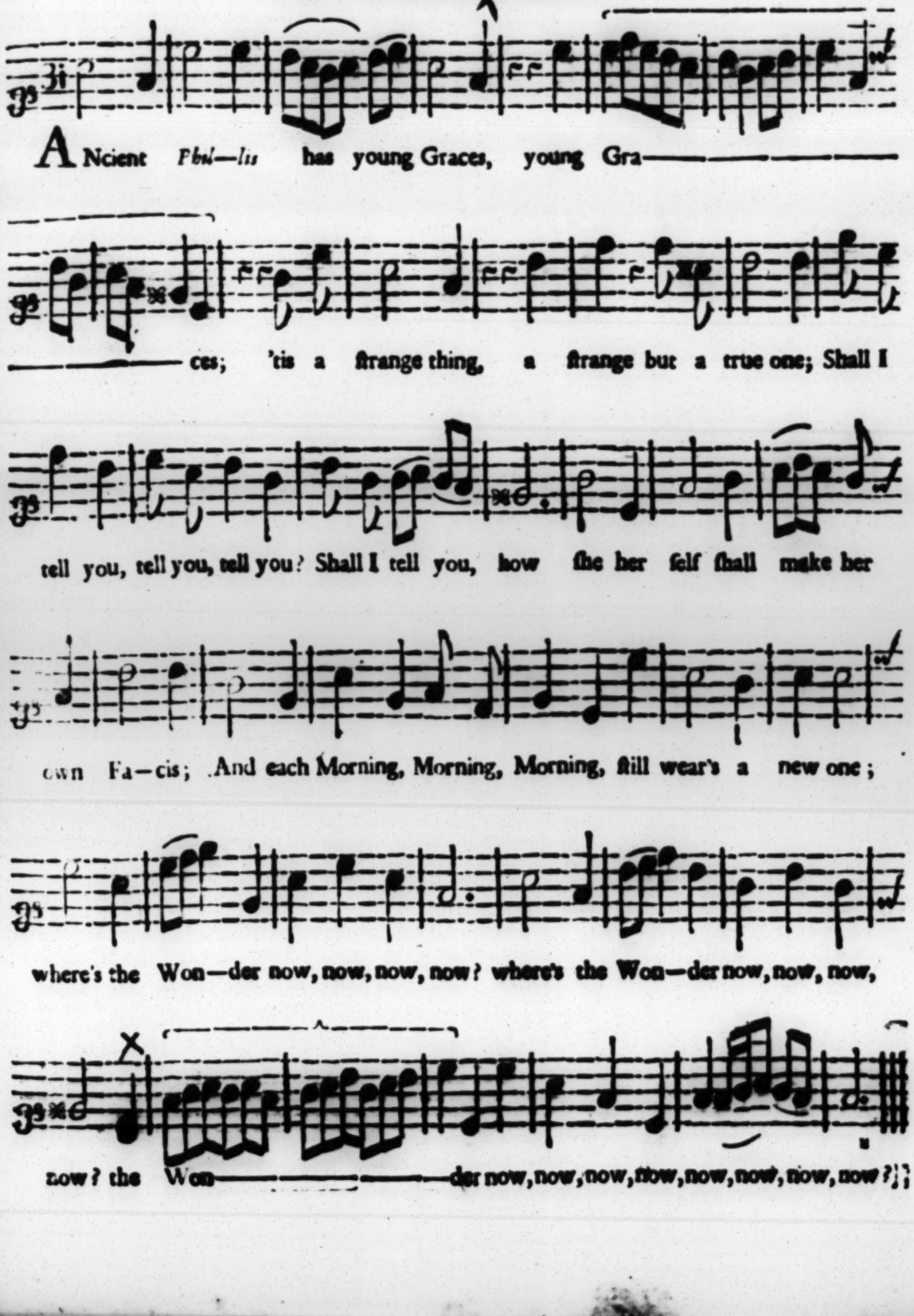
Set by Mr. *Henry Purcell.*


Cinthia frowns when e're I Woe her, yet ſhe's vex'd, ſhe's vex'd if I give o—ver;
much, much ſhe fears I ſhou'd, I ſhou'd undoe her, but much more, but much more, much
mo————re to loſe her Lover; Thus, thus in
:S:
:S:
doubting ſhe re-fu ſes, and not Winning, and not Winning, thus, thus,
thus ſhe loſes; And not Winning, and not Winning, thus, thus, thus, thus,
thus, thus ſhe loſes:
Prethee *Cinthia* look behind you,
:S:
:S:
3i
3i

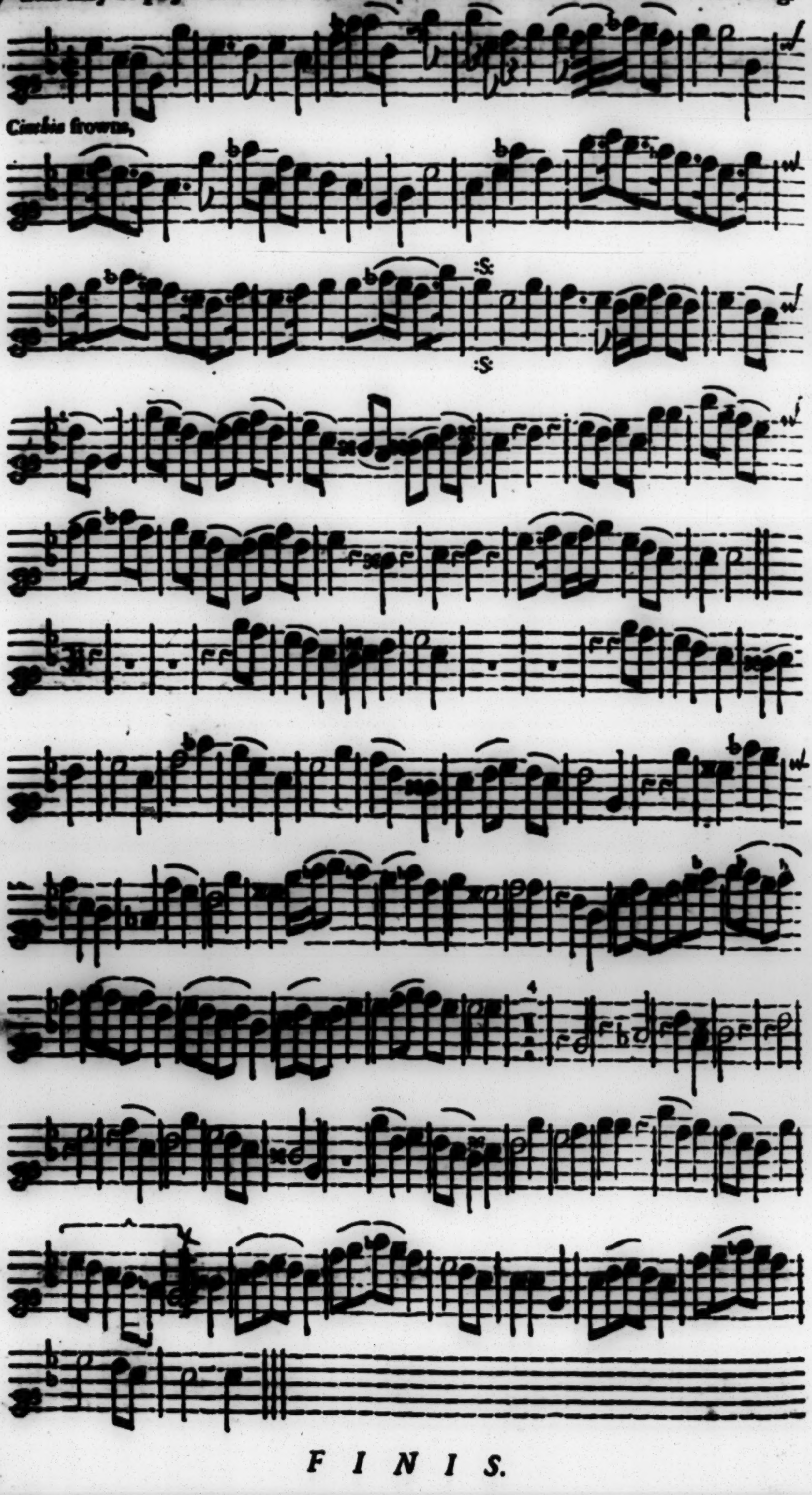

prethee Cinthia look behind you, Age and Wrinckles, Age and Wrinckles
will o're--take you; Then, then too late, too late, too late, then, then to late De-
-ſire will find you; When the po——w'r does
forſake you;
Think, think, oh! think,
think, think, oh! think, oh! ſad con—dition to be paſt, yet
wiſh, yet wiſh fru-ition; to be paſt, be paſt, yet wiſh,


wiſh, wiſh fru—ition, yet wiſh, wiſh, wiſh fru——ition.

A Song ſet by Mr. *Bowman* in the *Comedy* call'd the Double-Dealer.


ANcient *Phil—lis* has young Graces, young Gra——————ces; 'tis a ſtrange thing, a ſtrange but a true one; Shall I tell you, tell you, tell you? Shall I tell you, how ſhe her ſelf ſhall make her own Fa—cis; And each Morning, Morning, Morning, ſtill wear's a new one; where's the Won—der now, now, now, now? where's the Won—der now, now, now, now? the Won————der now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now?

This may be play'd as tis here Printed upon a Voice *Flute* to the Baſs of the Song.

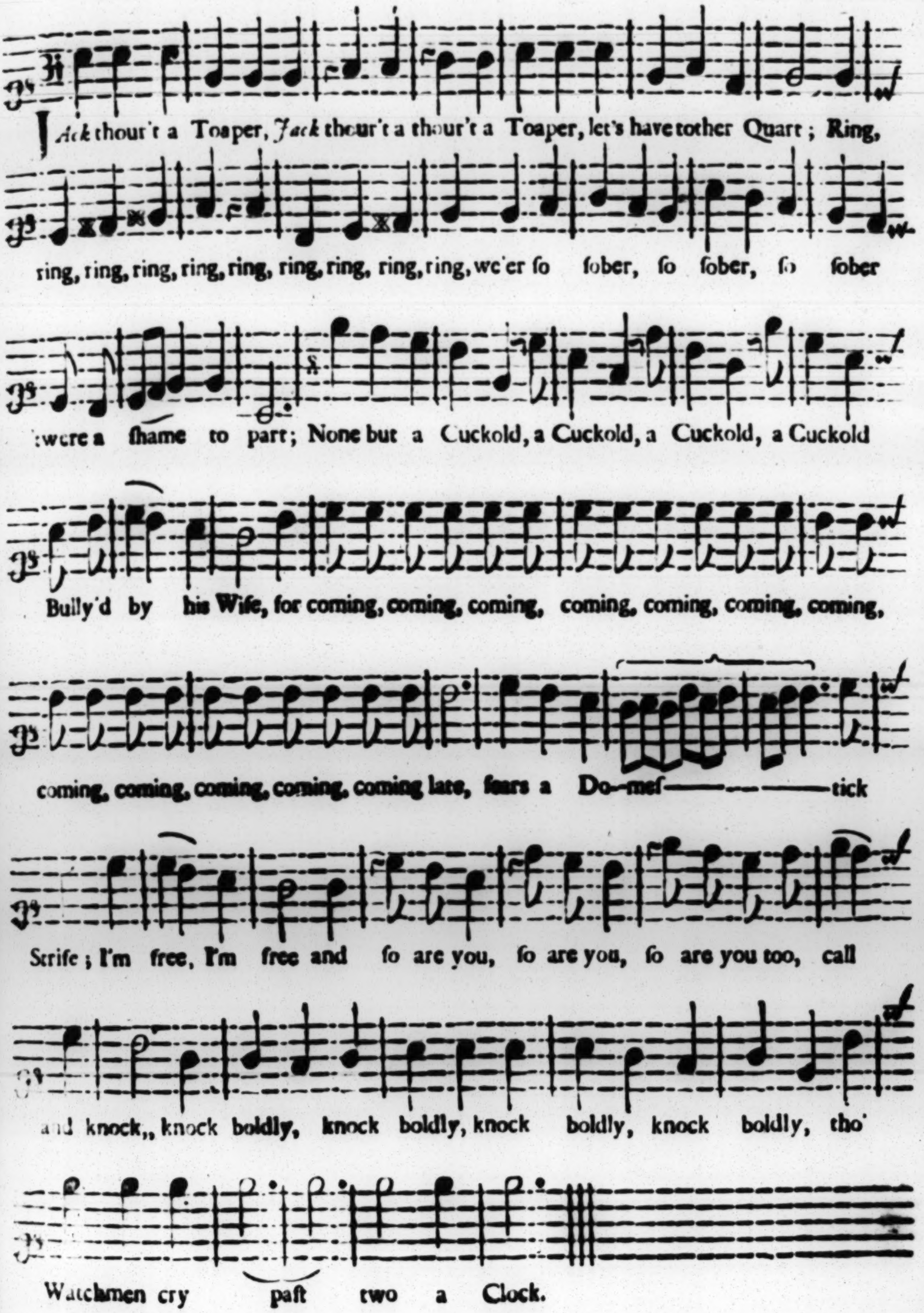


F I N I S.

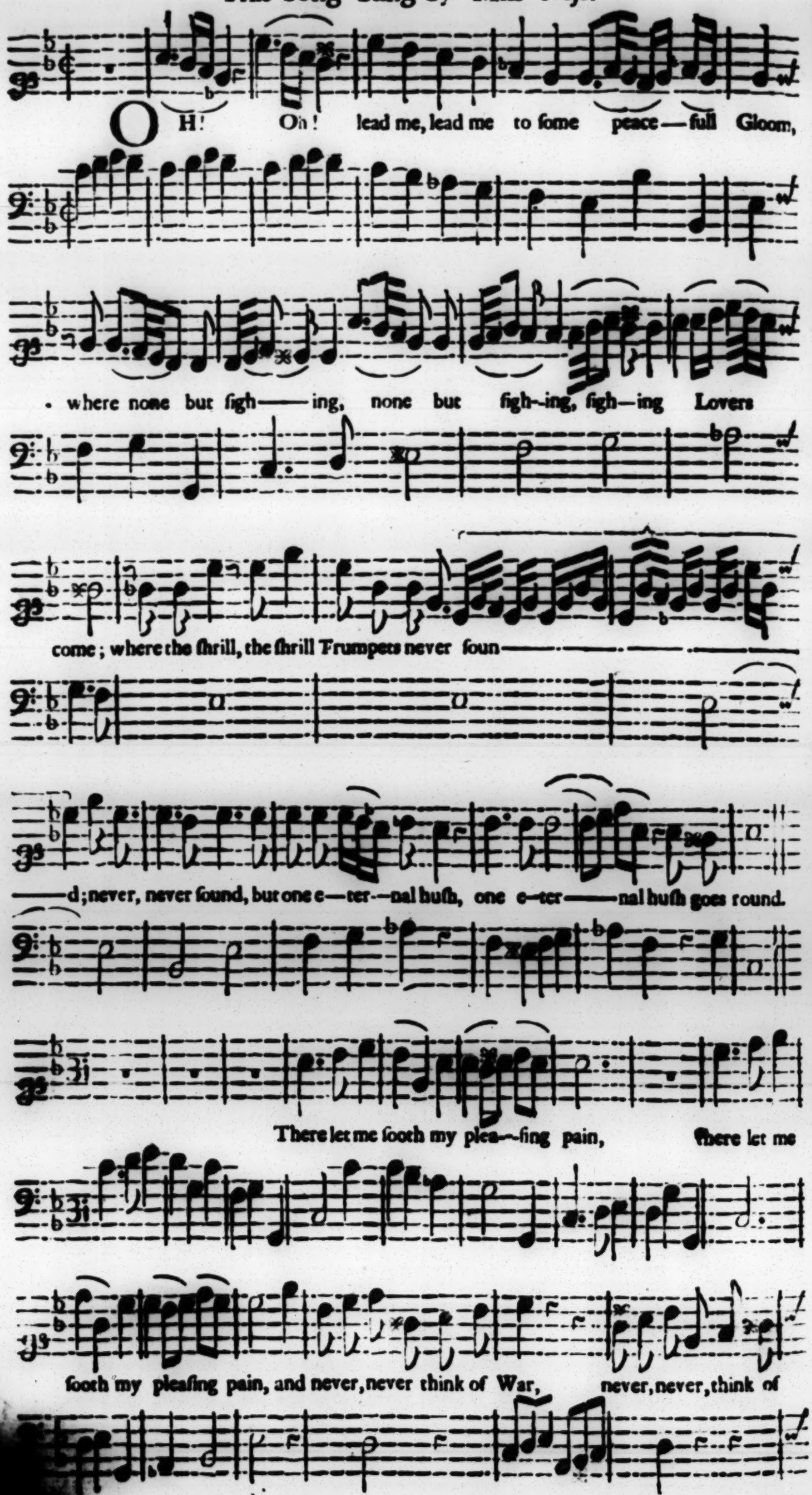
LONDON, Printed by *J. Heptinſtall*, for *John Hudgebutt*. And are to be Sold
by Mr. *Jo. Money* at the *Mitre* in *Mitre Court* in *Fleetſtreet*, and at
[illegible] in Town.

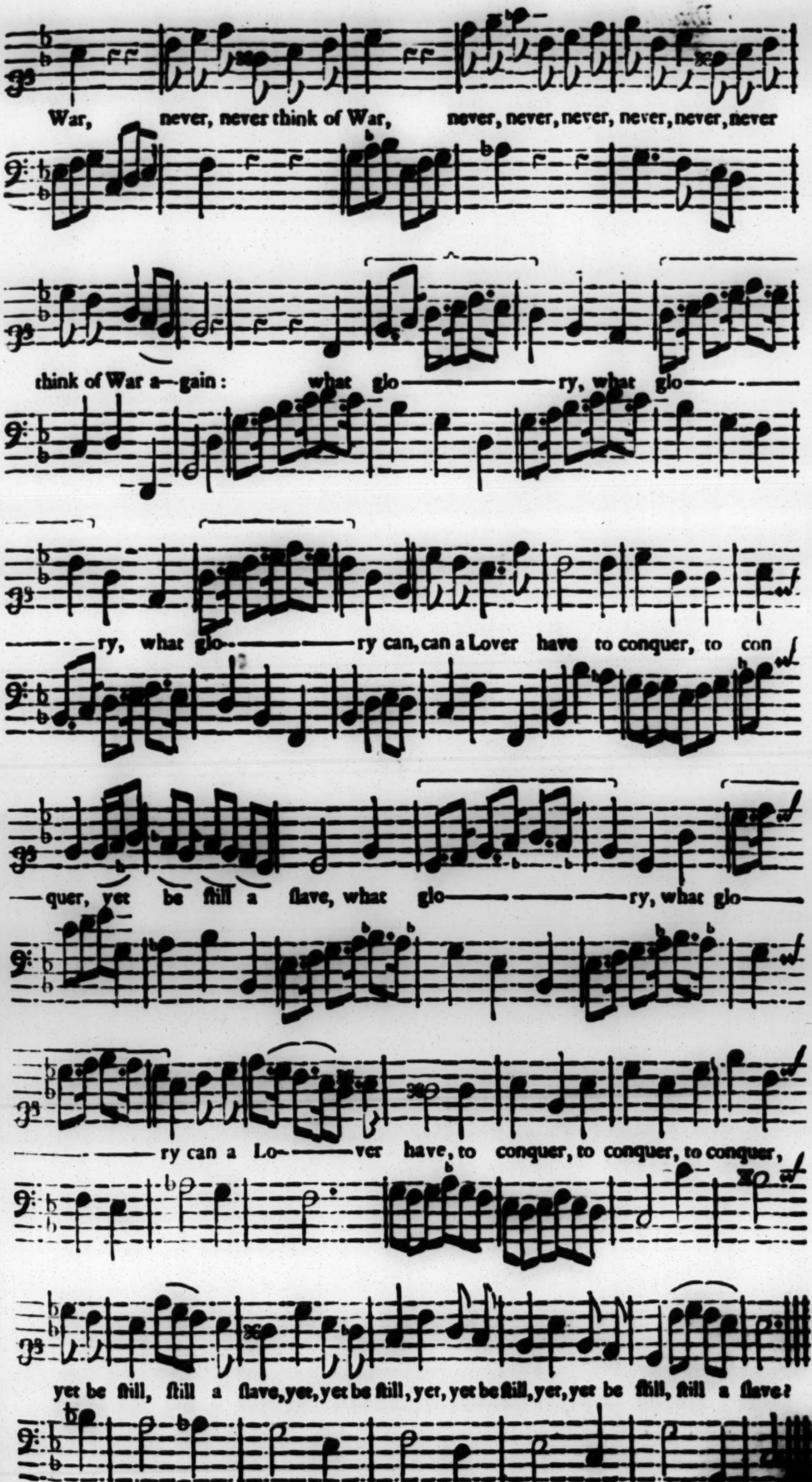
The Songs in the Tragedy of *Bonduca*.
Set by Mr. *Henry Purcell*.

This Catch Sung by the *Roman* Souldiers, in the Second Act.


Jack thour't a Toaper, *Jack* thour't a thour't a Toaper, let's have tother Quart; Ring,
ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, we'er ſo ſober, ſo ſober, ſo ſober
'twere a ſhame to part; None but a Cuckold, a Cuckold, a Cuckold, a Cuckold
Bully'd by his Wife, for coming, coming, coming, coming, coming, coming, coming,
coming, coming, coming, coming, coming late, fears a Do-meſ——tick
Strife; I'm free, I'm free and ſo are you, ſo are you, ſo are you too, call
and knock,, knock boldly, knock boldly, knock boldly, knock boldly, tho'
Watchmen cry paſt two a Clock.

This Song Sung by Miſs *Croſs.*


OH! Oh! lead me, lead me to ſome peace—full Gloom,
where none but ſigh——ing, none but ſigh-ing, ſigh—ing Lovers
come; where the ſhrill, the ſhrill Trumpets never ſoun——
——d; never, never ſound, but one e—ter—nal huſh, one e—ter——nal huſh goes round.
There let me ſooth my plea—ſing pain, there let me
ſooth my pleaſing pain, and never, never think of War, never, never, think of


War, never, never think of War, never, never, never, never, never, never
think of War a—gain: what glo——————ry, what glo——————
——————ry, what glo——————ry can, can a Lover have to conquer, to con
—quer, yet be ſtill a ſlave, what glo——————ry, what glo——
——————ry can a Lo———ver have, to conquer, to conquer, to conquer,
yet be ſtill, ſtill a ſlave, yet, yet be ſtill, yet, yet be ſtill, yet, yet be ſtill, ſtill a ſlave?

The 1*ſt.* Song of the *Druids* in the 3*d* Act.

1 Druid. HEar us great *Rugwyth*, hear our Prayers,
2 Defend, defend thy *Brittiſh Iſle*;
1 Revive our hopes,
2 Diſperſe our fears,
3 Nor let thine Altars be the *Roman* ſpoil:
Cho. Deſcend ye Powers Divine, deſcend
4 In Chariots of Ethereal flame,
And touch the Altars you defend;
Cho. Oh ſave our Nation and our Name,
5 Hear ye Gods of *Britain*, hear us this Day,
Let us not fall the *Roman* Eagles Prey;
Clip, Clip their Wings, or chaſe 'em Home,
And check the Towring Pride of *Rome.*
Oracle. ————————————*Firſt learn their Doom.*

The 2*d.* Song of the *Druids.*

2Druids. SIng, Sing, ye *Druids*, all your Voices raiſe,
To Celebrate Divine *Audate's* Praiſe,
Sing, Sing, Divine *Audate's* Praiſe;
2d. *Dru.* Divine *Audate's* Preſident of War,
The fortune of the Day declare,
Shall we to the *Romans* yeild,
Or, ſhall each Arm that weilds a Spear,
Strike it through a Maſſy Sheild,
And dye with *Roman* Blood the Feild?
Oracle. ————————————*Much will be ſpill'd.*
1 *Druid.* To Arms, to Arms, your Enſigns ſtrait diſplay,
4 Now, now, now ſet the Battle in Array;
The *Oracle* for War declares
Succeſs depends upon our Hearts and Spears.

Chorus. Britains *ſtrike home, Revenge your Country's wrongs,*
Fight, and Record your ſelves in Druids *Songs.*

Excellent Muſick-Books *lately Printed for and Sold by* Henry Playford, *at his Houſe in* Arundel-ſtreet *in the Strand.*

THe *New Treaſury of Muſick*, being the beſt Collection of Song-Books for this [illegible] Years laſt paſt, being only Ten compleat Books left, in Folio, price bound [illegible] s.

Deliciæ Muſicæ, being the neweſt and beſt Collection of Songs, the firſt and ſecond Books Printed, the third in the Preſs, and will ſpeedily be Publiſhed. The price of the firſt 1 *s.* 6. *d.* and the ſecond and third one 1 *s.* a piece.

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THE SINGLE

SONGS

IN

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CALL'D,

The World in the Moon.

Sett by Mr. *Daniel Purcell*, and Mr. *Clark*.

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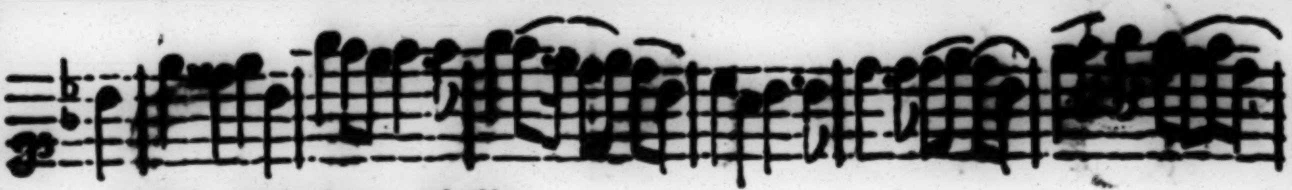
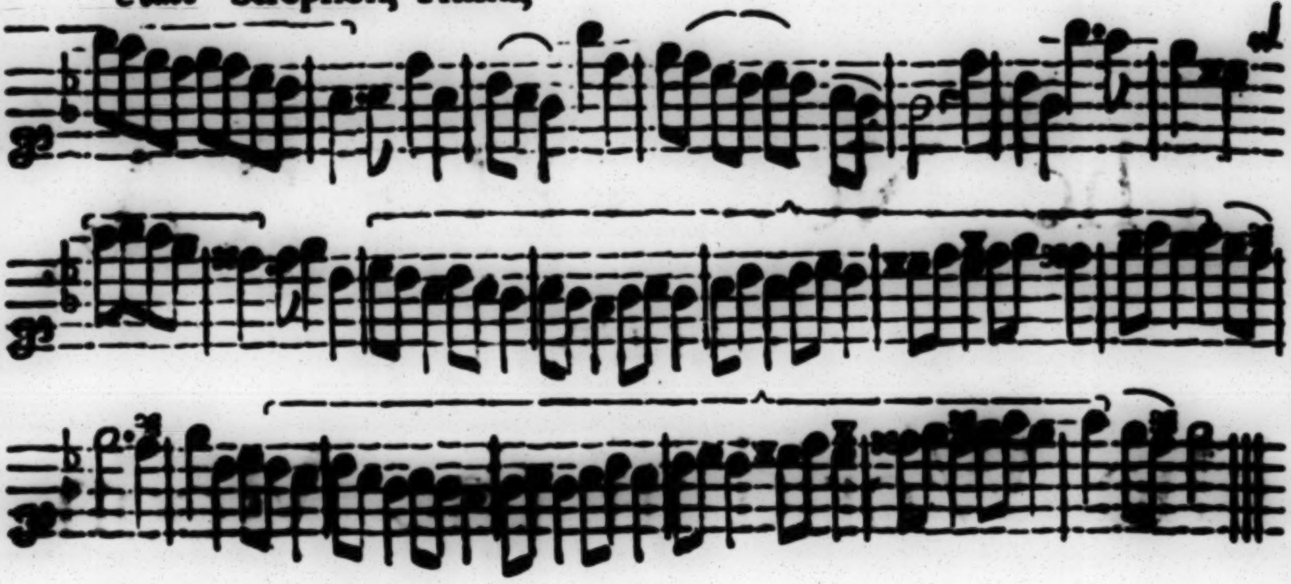
Price Six Pence.

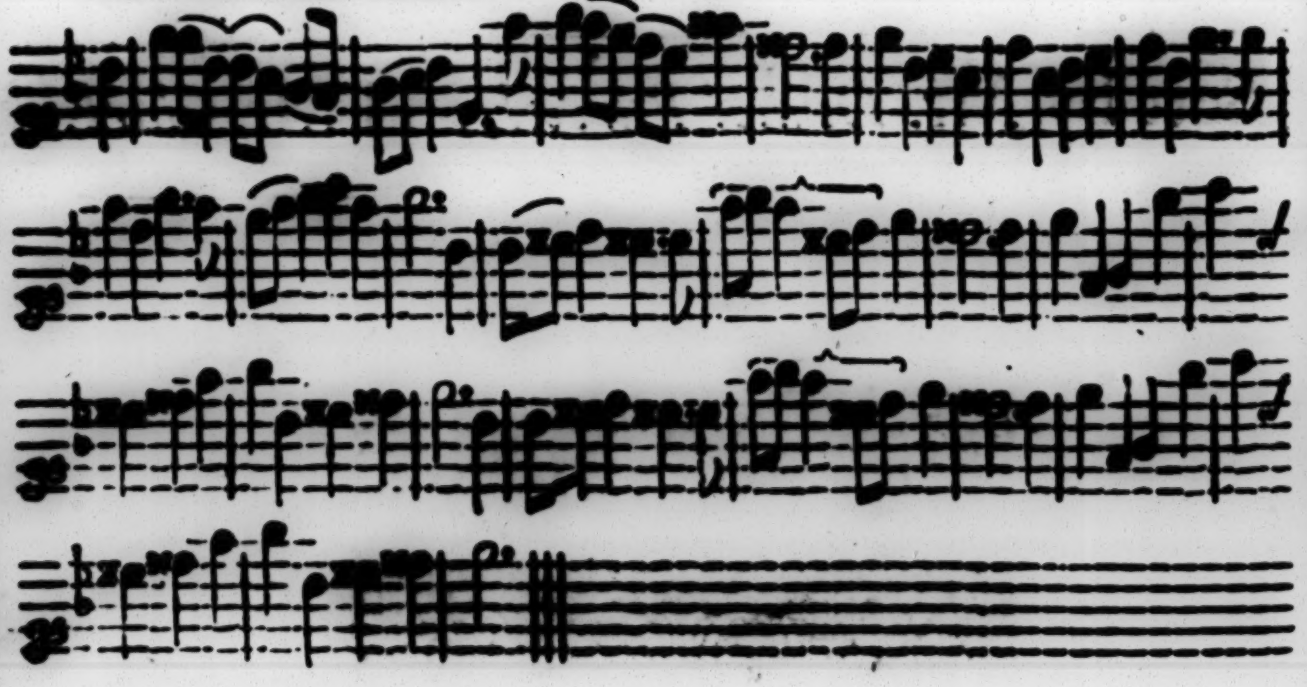
Some of the Song-Tunes Tranſpos'd for the *Flute*.



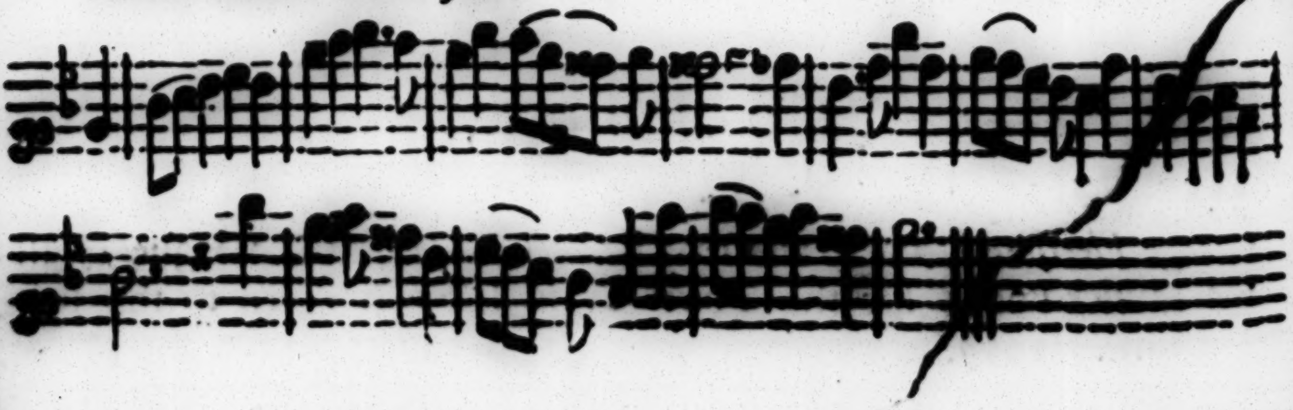
Come Strephon, Phillis,

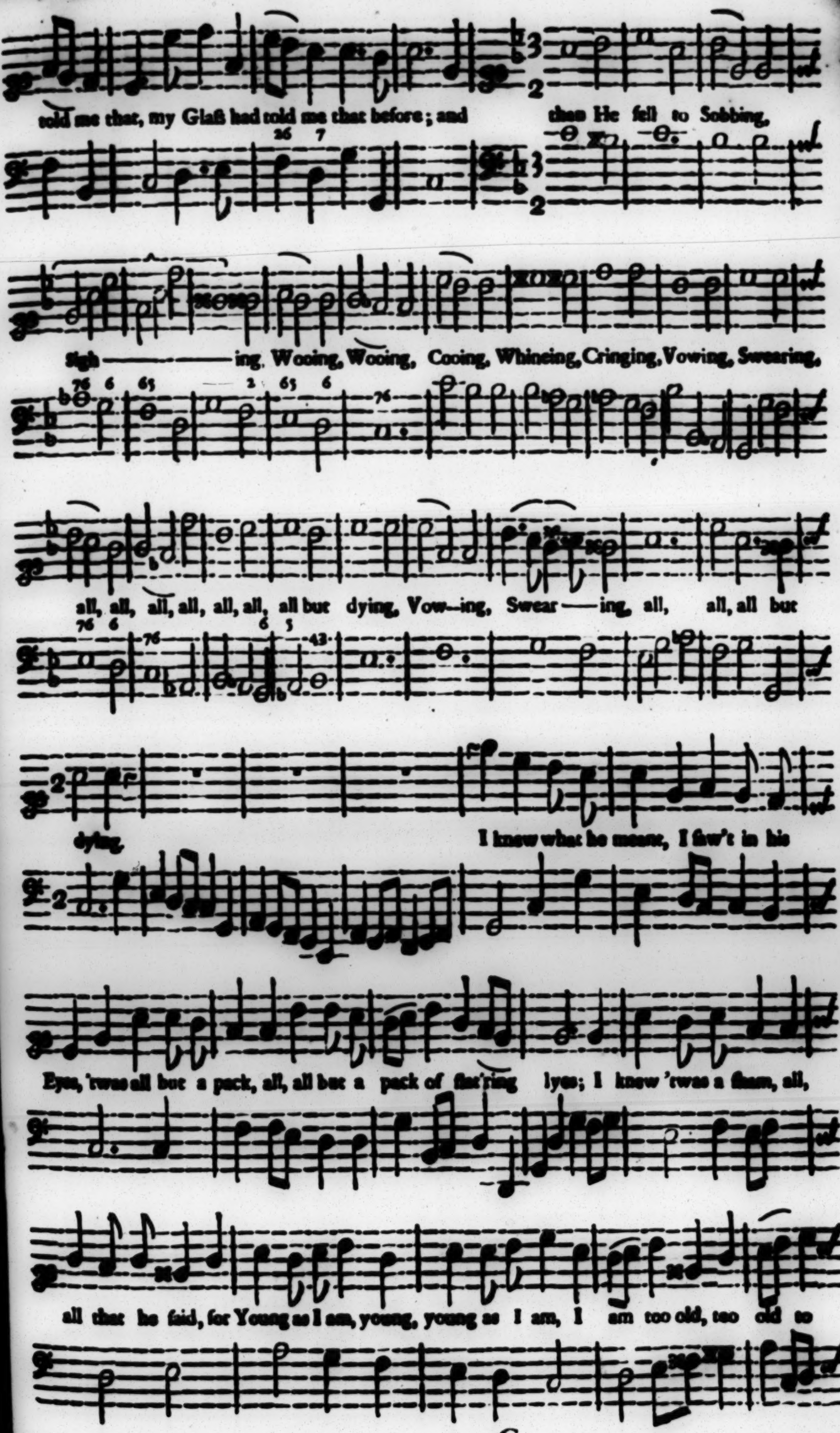


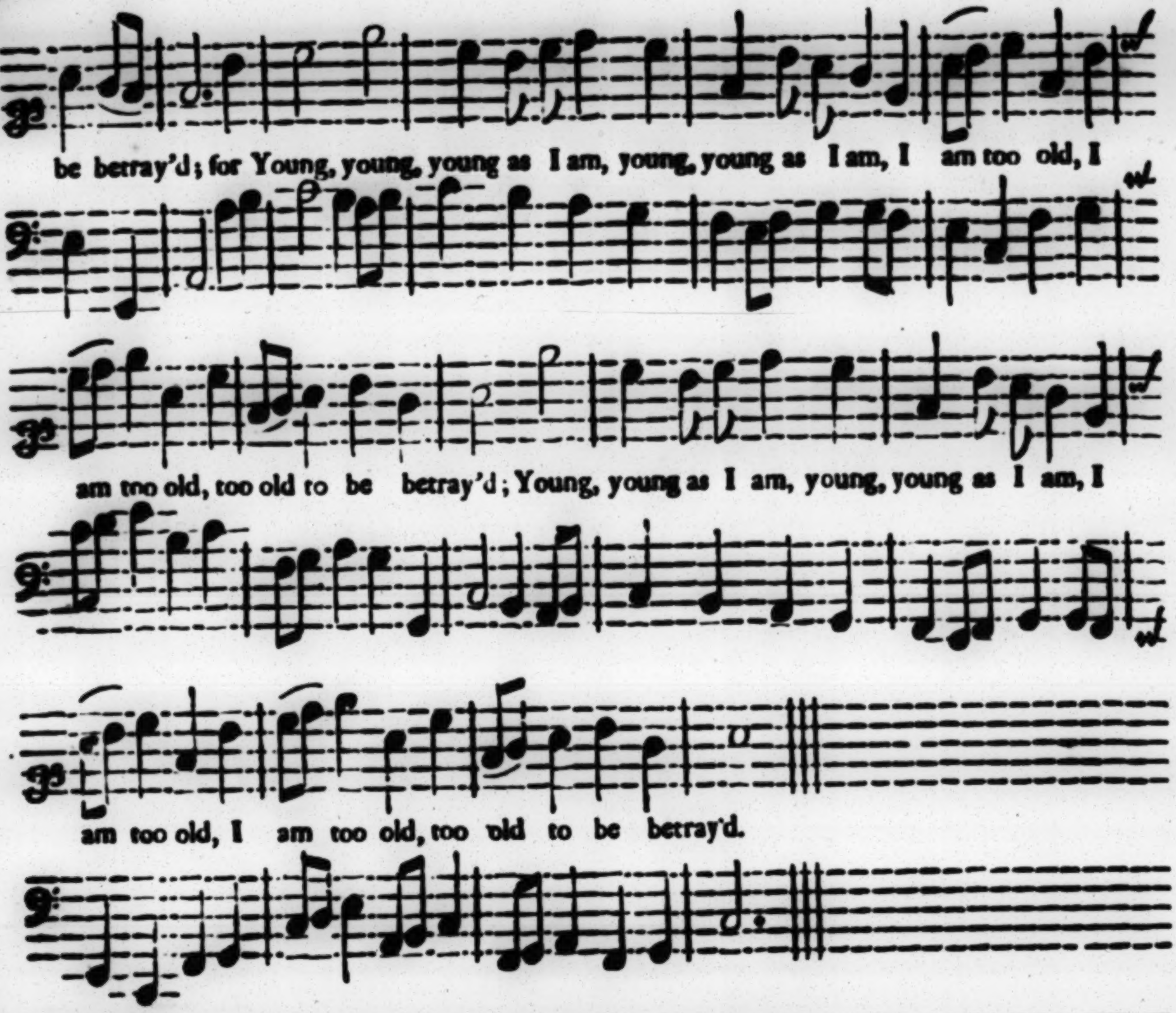
Then come kind Damon,



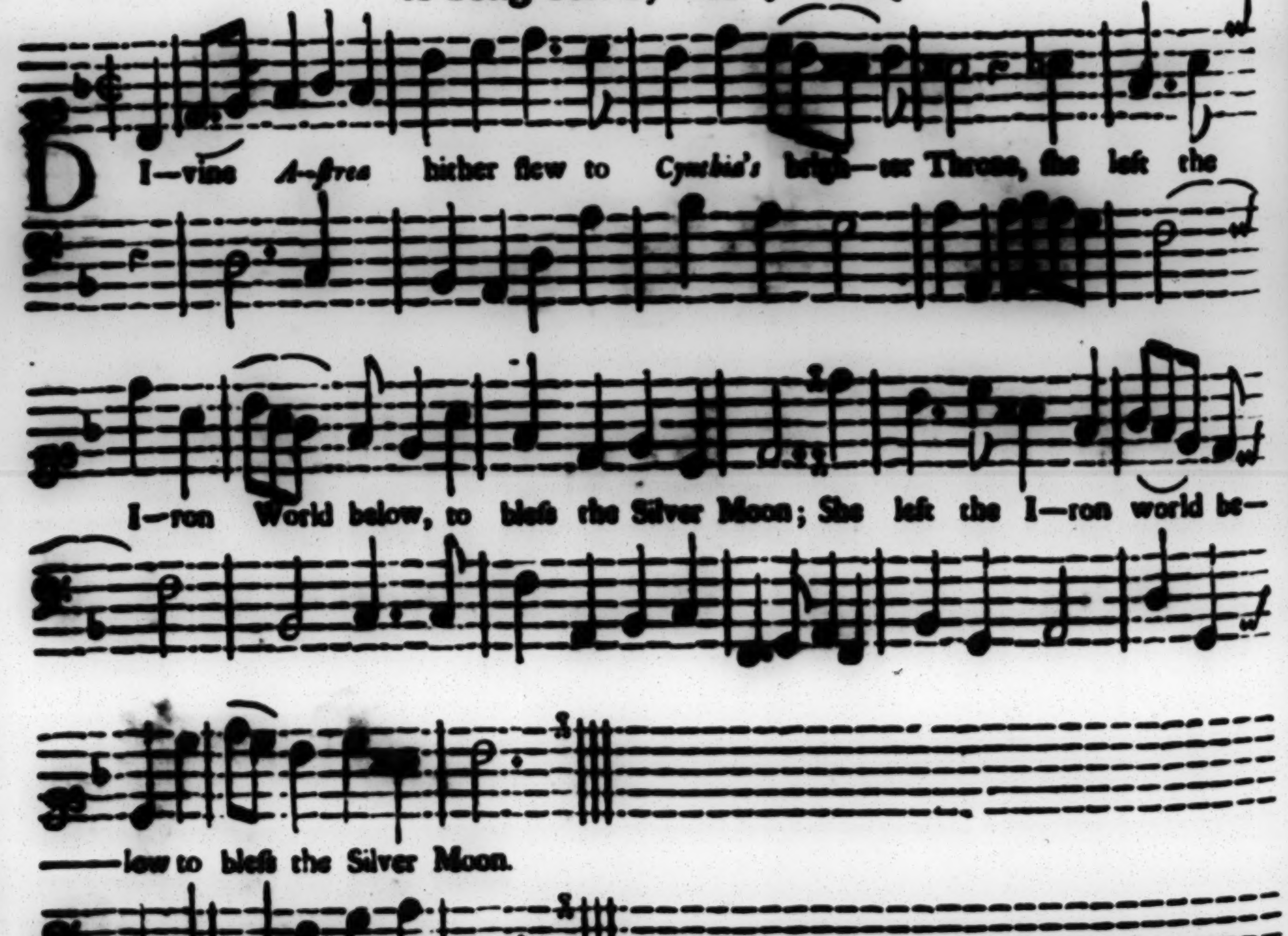
Divine Aſtrea *hither flow,*



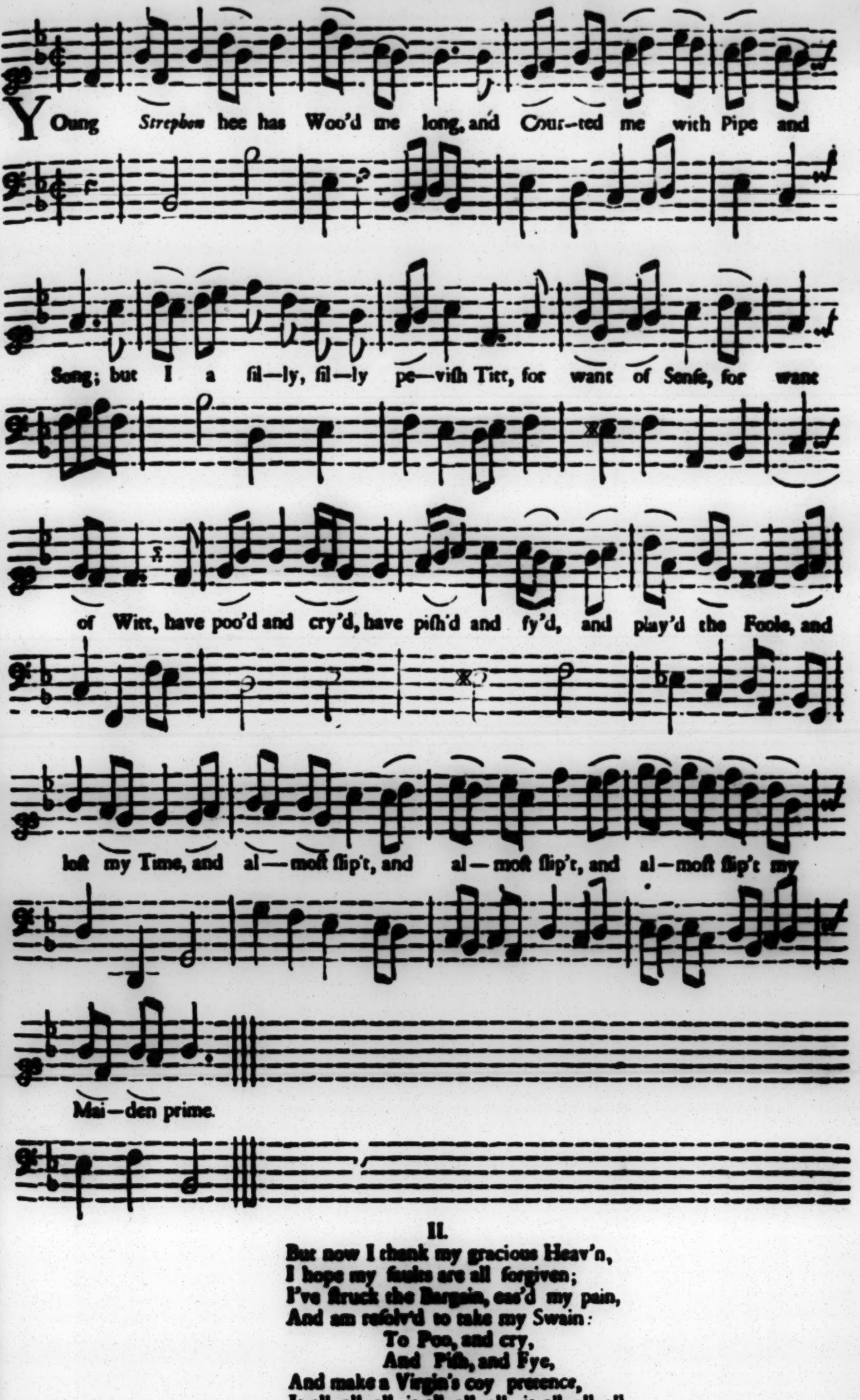

told me that, my Glaſs had told me that before; and than He fell to Sobbing,
Sigh————ing, Wooing, Wooing, Cooing, Whineing, Cringing, Vowing, Swearing,
all, all, all, all, all, all, all but dying, Vow--ing, Swear——ing, all, all, all but
dying. I knew what he meant, I ſaw't in his
Eyes, 'twas all but a pack, all, all but a pack of flat'ring lyes; I knew 'twas a ſham, all,
all that he ſaid, for Young as I am, young, young as I am, I am too old, too old to


be betray'd; for Young, young, young as I am, young, young as I am, I am too old, I
am too old, too old to be betray'd; Young, young as I am, young, young as I am, I
am too old, I am too old, too old to be betray'd.

A Song Sett by Mr. *J. Clark.*


D I—vine *A—ſtrea* hither flew to *Cynthia's* brigh—ter Throne, ſhe left the
I—ron World below, to bleſs the Silver Moon; She left the I—ron world be—
—low to bleſs the Silver Moon.

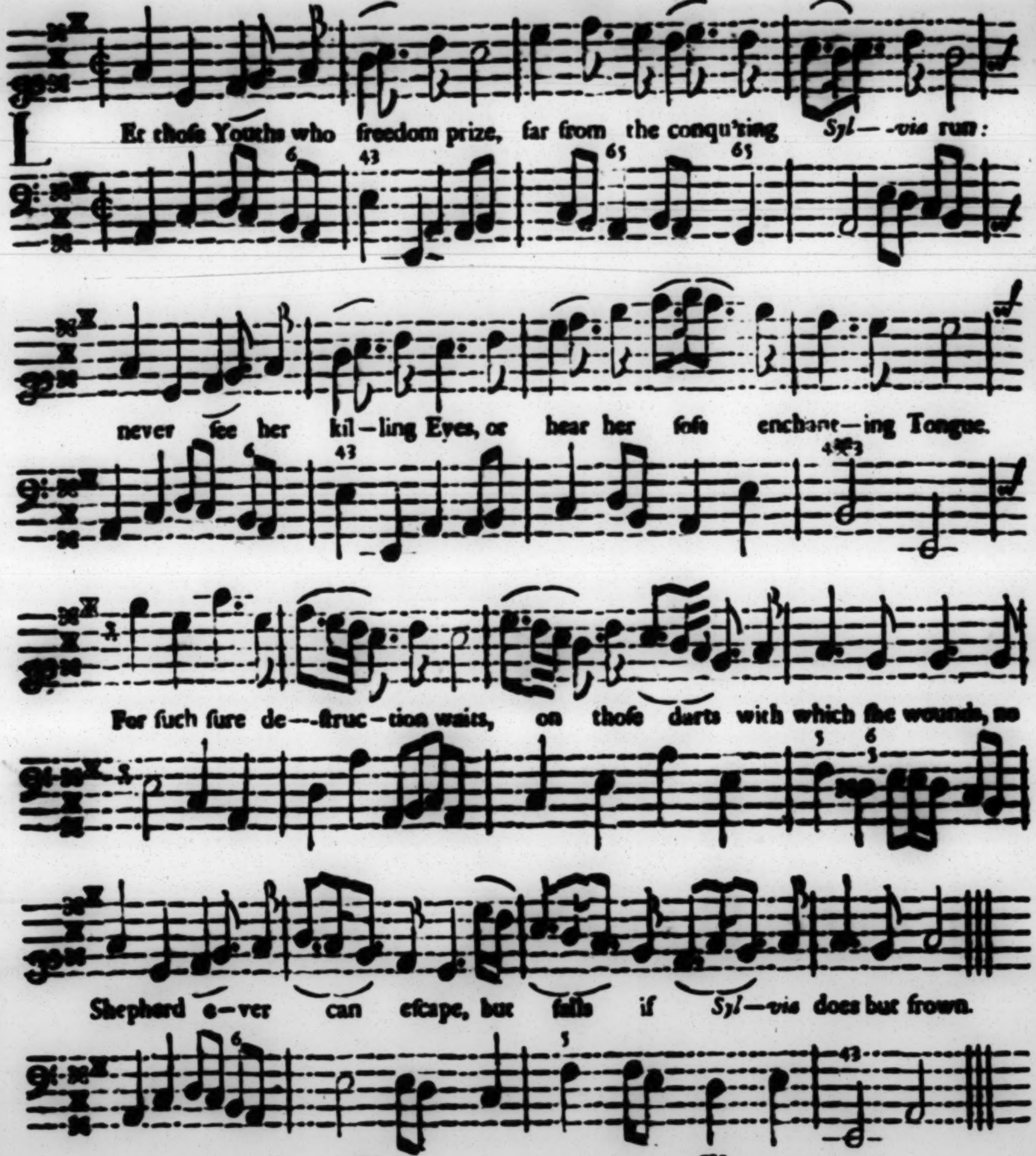
A Song Sett by Mr. *Daniel Purcell*.


YOung *Strephon* hee has Woo'd me long, and Cour—ted me with Pipe and
Song; but I a ſil—ly, ſil—ly pe—viſh Titt, for want of Senſe, for want
of Witt, have poo'd and cry'd, have piſh'd and fy'd, and play'd the Foole, and
loſt my Time, and al—moſt ſlip't, and al—moſt ſlip't, and al—moſt ſlip't my
Mai—den prime.

II.

But now I thank my gracious Heav'n,
I hope my faults are all forgiven;
I've ſtruck the Bargain, eas'd my pain,
And am reſolv'd to take my Swain:
To Poo, and cry,
And Piſh, and Fye,
And make a Virgin's coy pretence,
Is all, all, all, is all, all, all, is all, all, all
For want of Senſe.

A New Song.


Let thoſe Youths who freedom prize, far from the conqu'ring Syl—via run:
never ſee her kil-ling Eyes, or hear her ſoft enchant—ing Tongue.
For ſuch ſure de—ſtruc—tion waits, on thoſe darts with which ſhe wounds, no
Shepherd e—ver can eſcape, but falls if Syl—via does but frown.
6
43
65
65
6
43
4♯3
5
6
5
6
5
43

III.

Damon, to his coſt has prov'd,
All reſiſtance is but vain:
Heav'n has form'd her to be lov'd,
And made her Queen of all the plain.

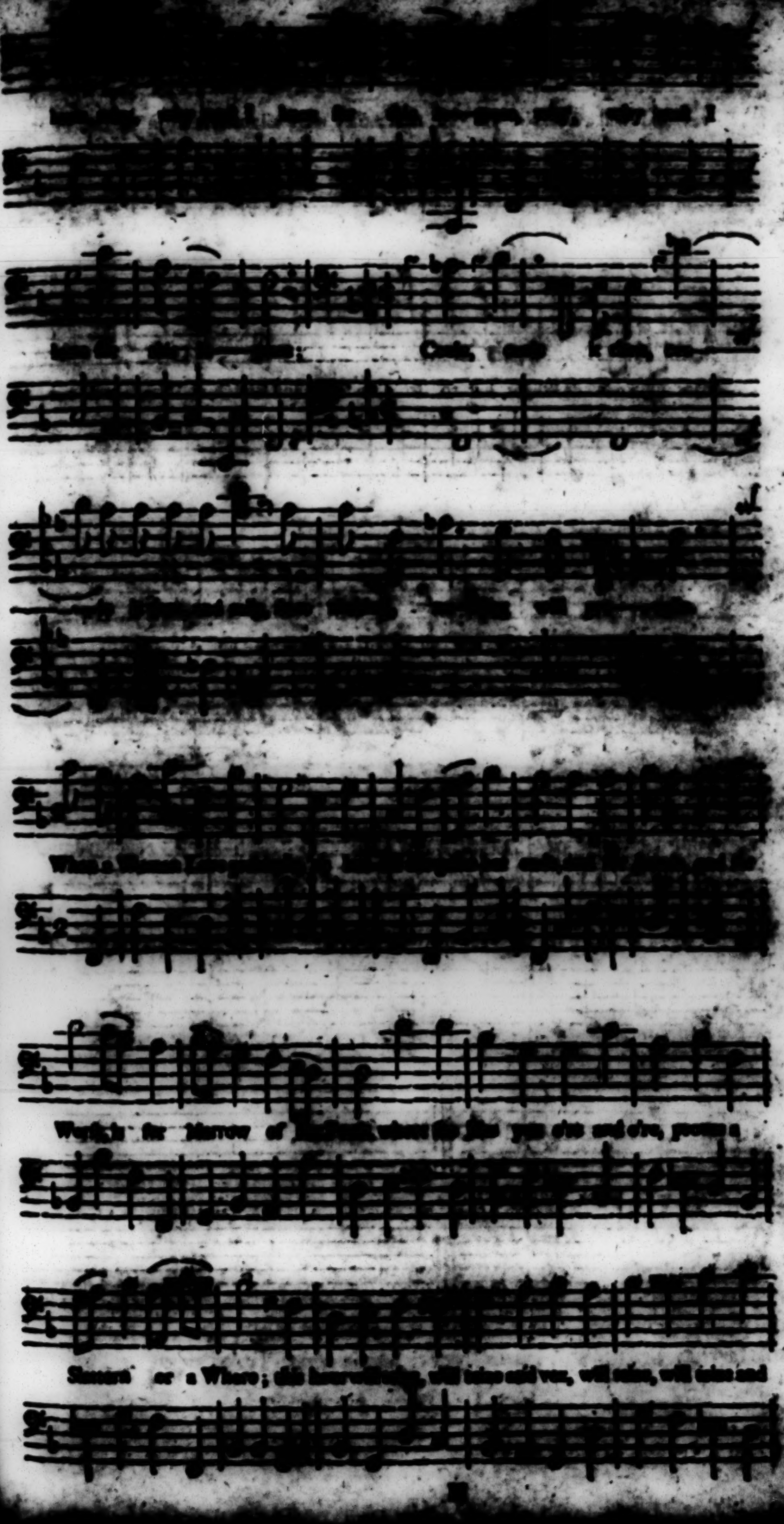
IV.

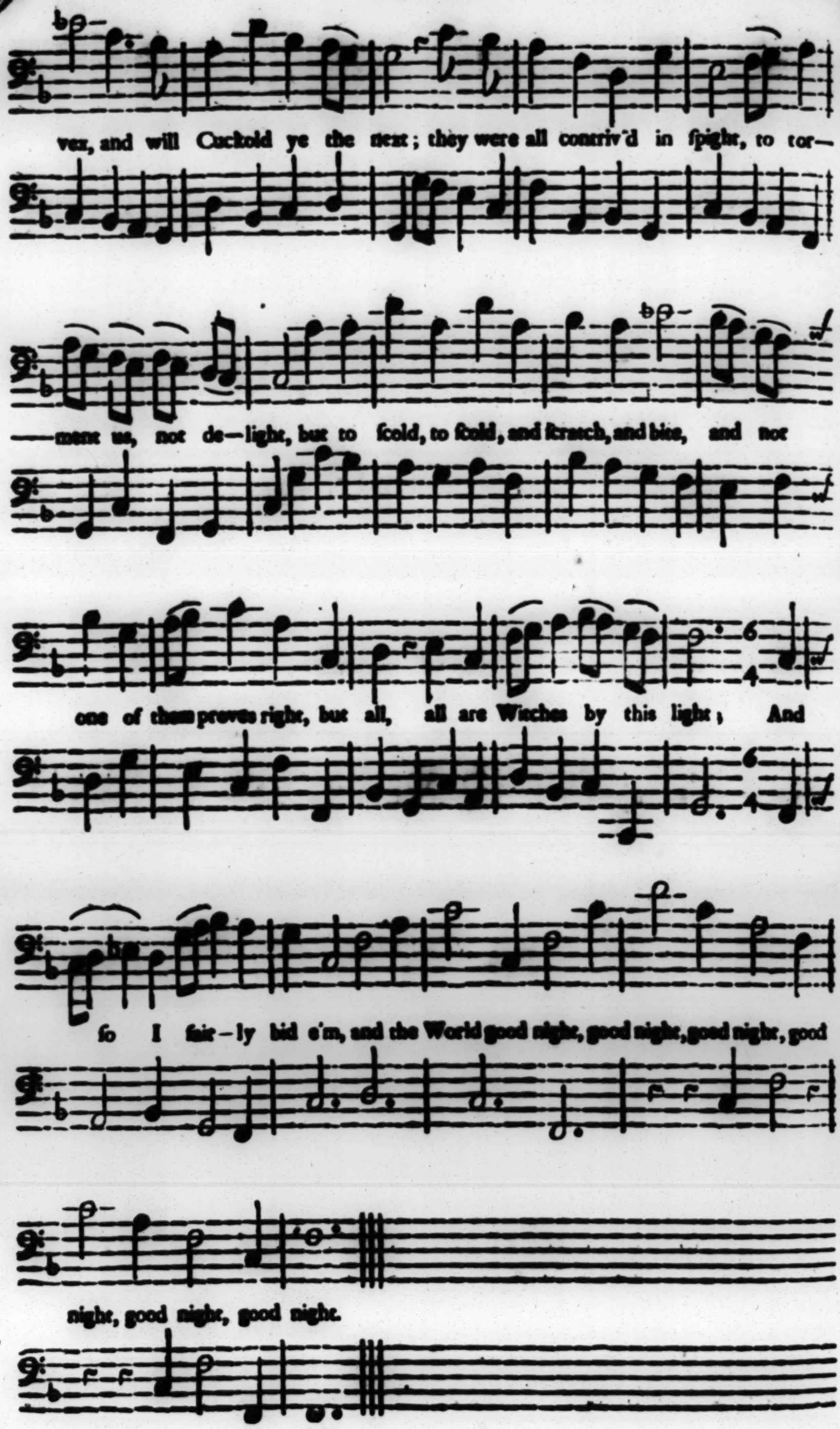
Damon, when he ſaw her face,
From her beauty wou'd have fled;
But the Charmer turn'd her voice,
And with a Song ſhe ſtruck him dead.

Advertiſement.

BY Reaſon Madam *Purcell's* AYRES and SONATA'S coming out this *Trinity* Term, the Preſs could not compleat the Collection of Choice SONGS of Mr. *Henry Purcell's*; for which, ſeveral Gentlemen have Subſcrib'd; and alſo a greater Number of SONGS than was Propoſed, will be Added. Therefore all Gentlemen and Ladys, that intend to Subſcribe, are deſired to doe it before the 25*th.* of *July*; and the Books, without farther delay, will be deliver'd *Michaelmas*-Term next.

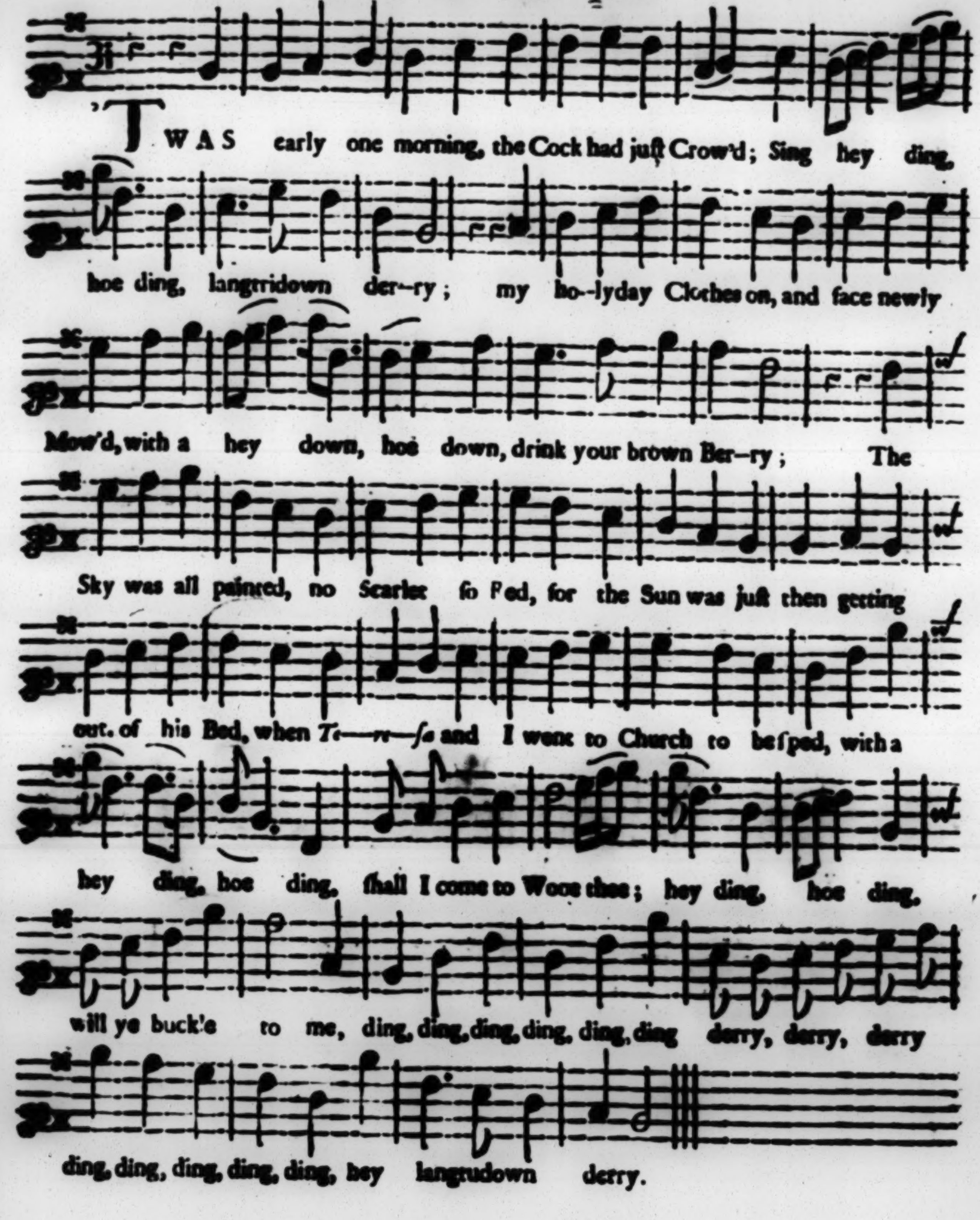
FINIS.


Coda
When a Woman
Worth for Marrow of
Sincere or a Whore; will take and
will take, will take and


vex, and will Cuckold ye the next; they were all contriv'd in ſpight, to tor—
—ment us, not de—light, but to ſcold, to ſcold, and ſcratch, and bite, and not
one of them proves right, but all, all are Witches by this light, And
ſo I fair—ly bid e'm, and the World good night, good night, good night, good
night, good night, good night.
6
4
6
4

The *6th*. Song for *Sancho* in the *4th*. Act.

Set by Mr. *John Eccles*.


'TWAS early one morning, the Cock had juſt Crow'd; Sing hey ding,
hoe ding, langtridown der--ry; my ho--lyday Clothes on, and face newly
Mow'd, with a hey down, hoe down, drink your brown Ber--ry; The
Sky was all painted, no Scarlet ſo Red, for the Sun was juſt then getting
out of his Bed, when Te--re--ſa and I went to Church to beſped, with a
hey ding, hoe ding, ſhall I come to Wooe thee; hey ding, hoe ding,
will ye buckle to me, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding derry, derry, derry
ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, hey langtrudown derry.

II.

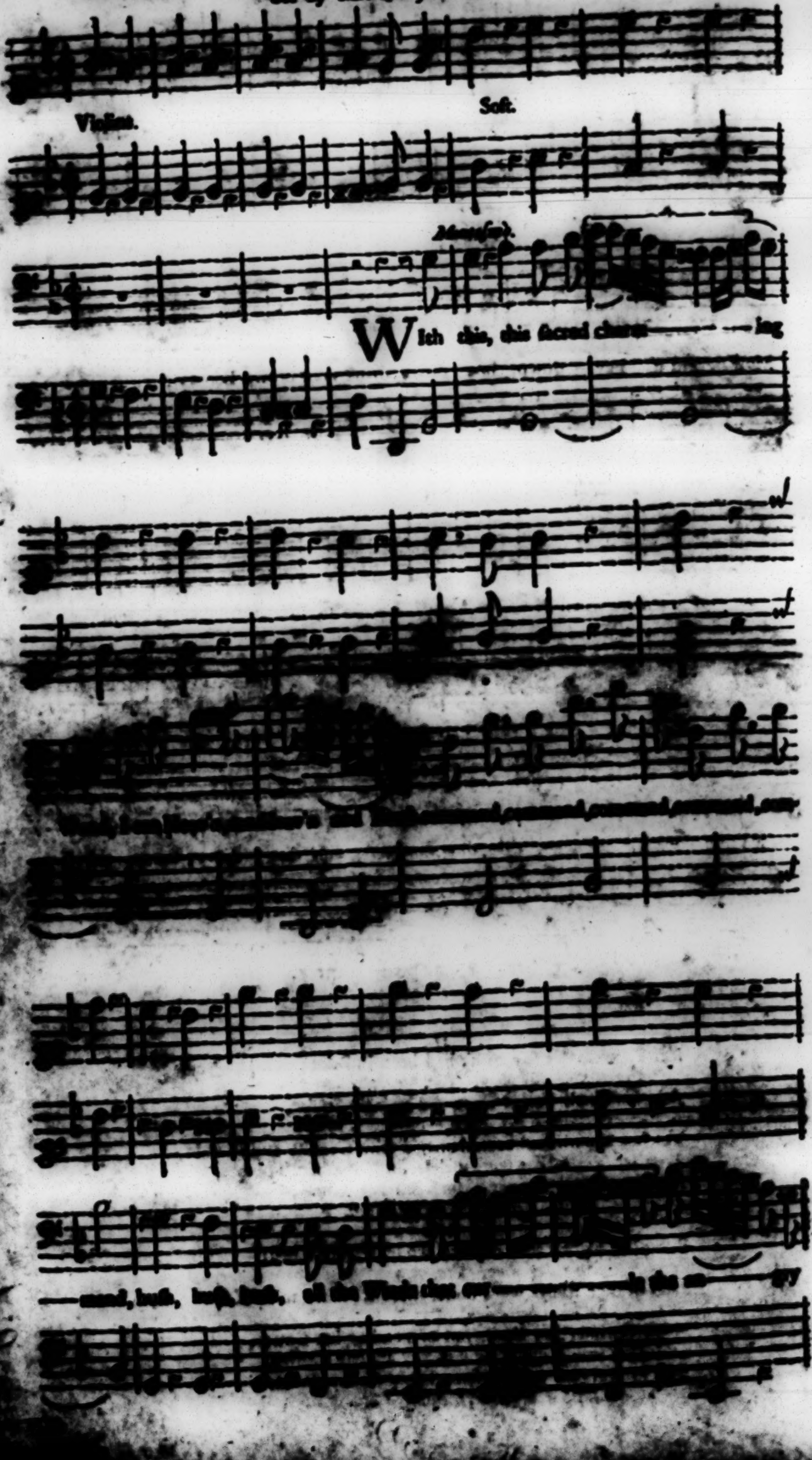
Her Face was as fair, as if't had been in Print;
Sing hey ding, &c.
And her ſmall Ferret Eyes, did lovingly Squint,
With a hey down, &c.
Yet her Mouth had been damag'd with Comfits and Plumbs,
And her Teeth that were uſeleſs, for biting her Thumbs,
Had late like ill Tennants, forſaken her Gums;
With a hey ding, hoe ding, &c.

III.

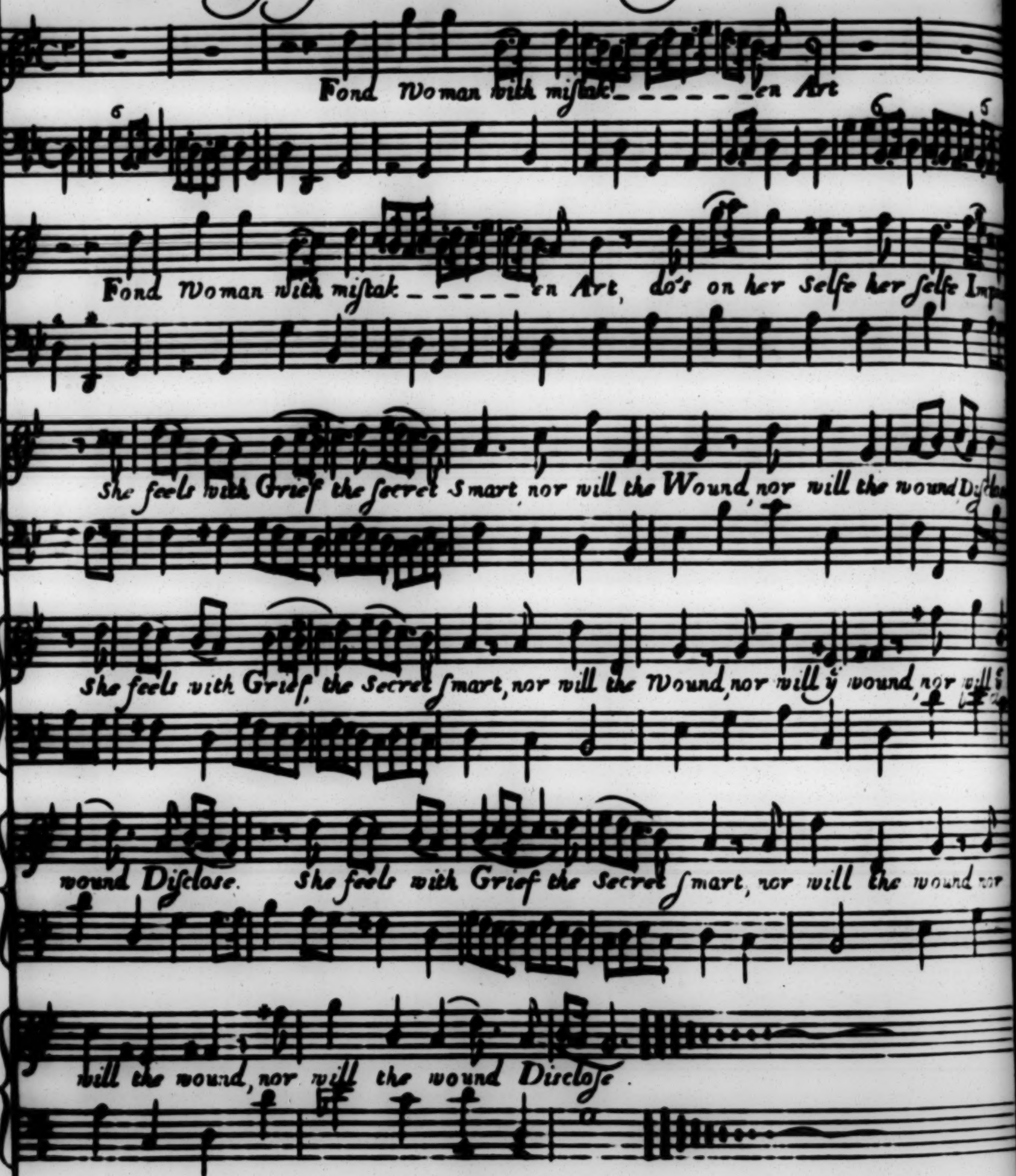
But when night came on, and we both were a bed;
Sing hey ding, &c.
Such ſtrange things were done, ther's no more to be ſaid,
With a hey down, &c.
Next Morning her hand, ran of mending her Gown;
And mine was plagu'd, how to pay Piper a Crown,
And ſo we roſe up, the ſame Fools we lay down;
With a hey ding, hoe ding, &c.

The 7th Song for [illegible] an Inchanter, and [illegible] Instruments. Sung in the 5th Act of the first Part of Don Quixote.

Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

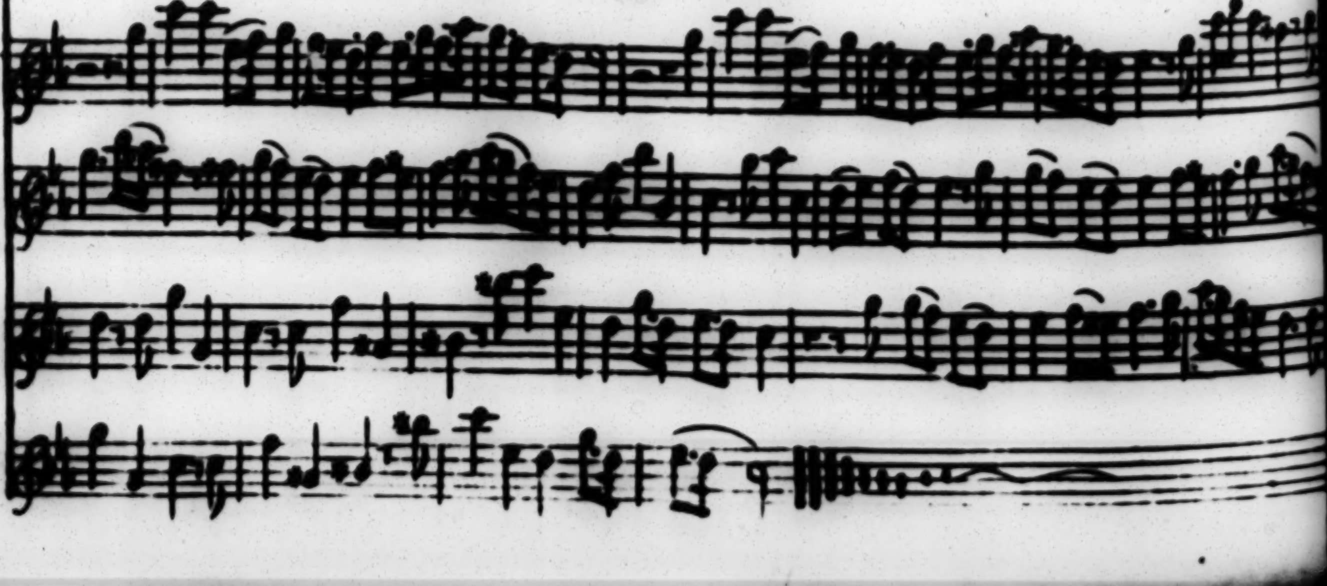

Violins.
Soft.
With this, this sacred charming wand
Which from Nature's self I had command, command, command, com-
—mand, hush, hush, hush, all the Winds that cry — in the air-y

A SONG in the REFORMD WIFE or the LADYS CURE Sung by Mrs ERWIN Set by Mr D: PURCELL

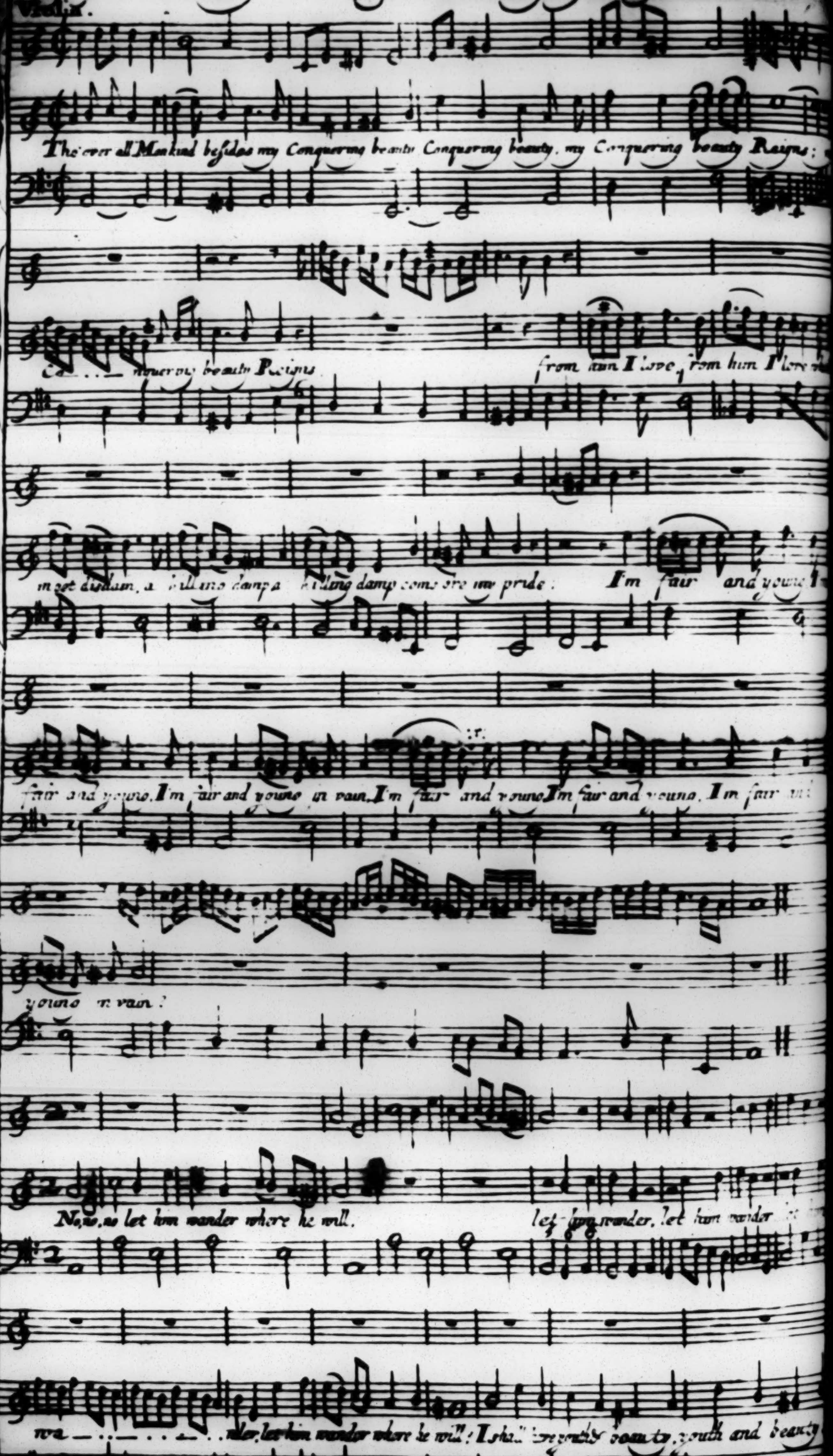

Fond Woman with mistak------en Art
Fond Woman with mistak-----en Art, do's on her Selfe her Selfe Imp
She feels with Grief the ſecret Smart, nor will the Wound, nor will the wound Diſclo
She feels with Grief, the Secret ſmart, nor will the Wound, nor will y wound, nor will
wound Diſclose. She feels with Grief the Secret ſmart, nor will the wound nor
will the wound, nor will the wound Diſcloſe.

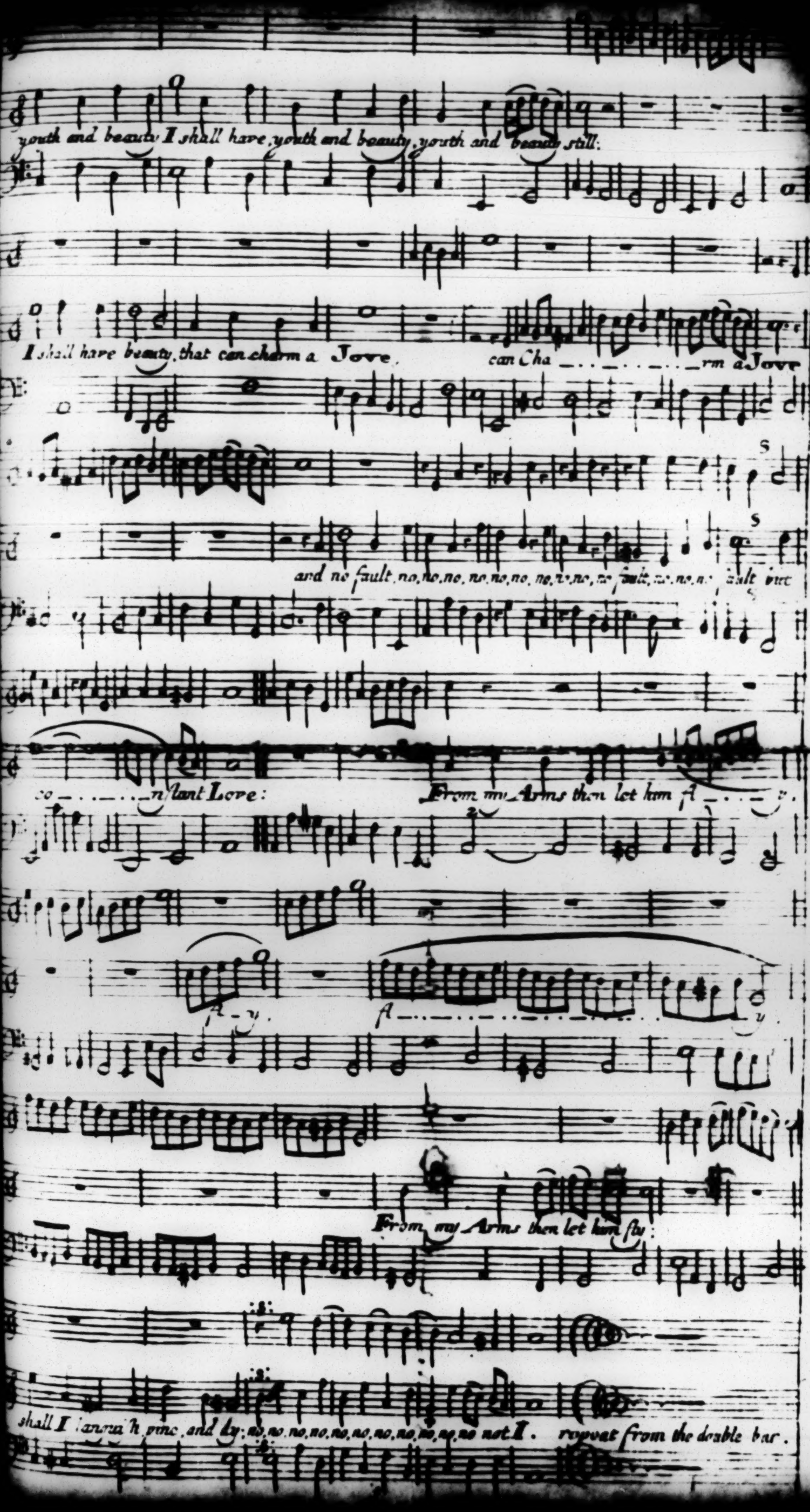
2

Wee Sigh wee Burn wee Rage wee dye
Yet muſt the Curſe Endure
To See the Lov'd Phiſician nigh
And dare not aſk the Cure



by Mrs Lindſey in Caligula; and exactly


Violin.
Tho' ever all Mankind beſides my Conquering beauty Conquering beauty, my Conquering beauty Reigns;
Co— — nquering beauty Reigns
from him I love, from him I love th
most disdain, a killing damp a killing damp comes ore my pride:
I'm fair and young I
fair and young, I'm fair and young in vain, I'm fair and young I'm fair and young, I'm fair and
young in vain:
No, no, let him wander where he will.
let him wander, let him wander
wa— . . — . . — . . nder, let him wander where he will: I shall
youth and beauty


youth and beauty I shall have, youth and beauty, youth and beauty still:
I shall have beauty, that can charm a Jove, can Cha_ _ _ _ _rm a Jove
and no fault, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no fault, no, no, no fault but
co_ _ _ _nstant Love: From my Arms then let him fl_ _ _y.
A_y. A_ _ _ _ _ _y.
From my Arms then let him fly:
shall I languish, pine, and dy; no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no not I. repeat from the double bar.

4 7 3 - 2 1 -

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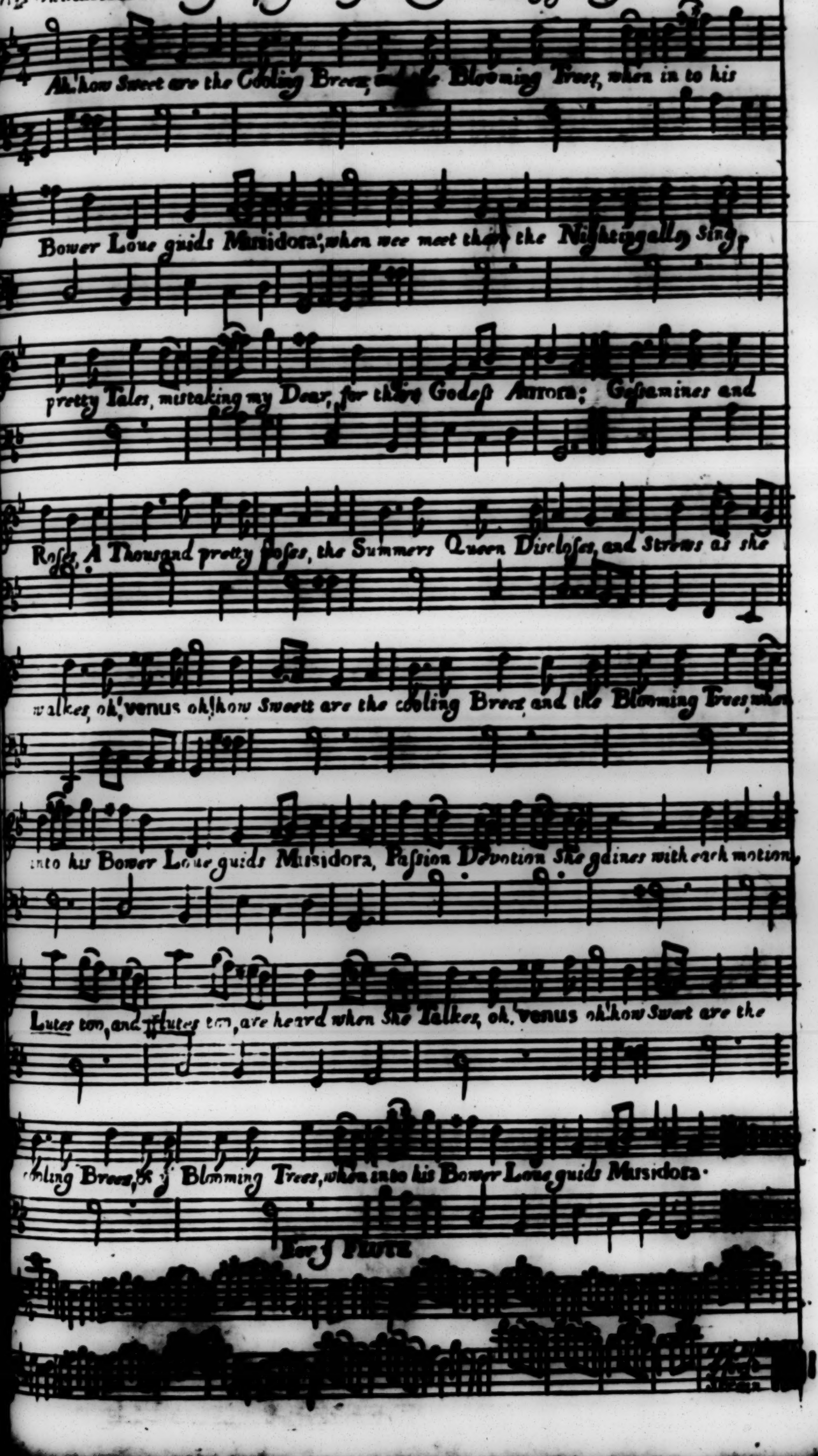
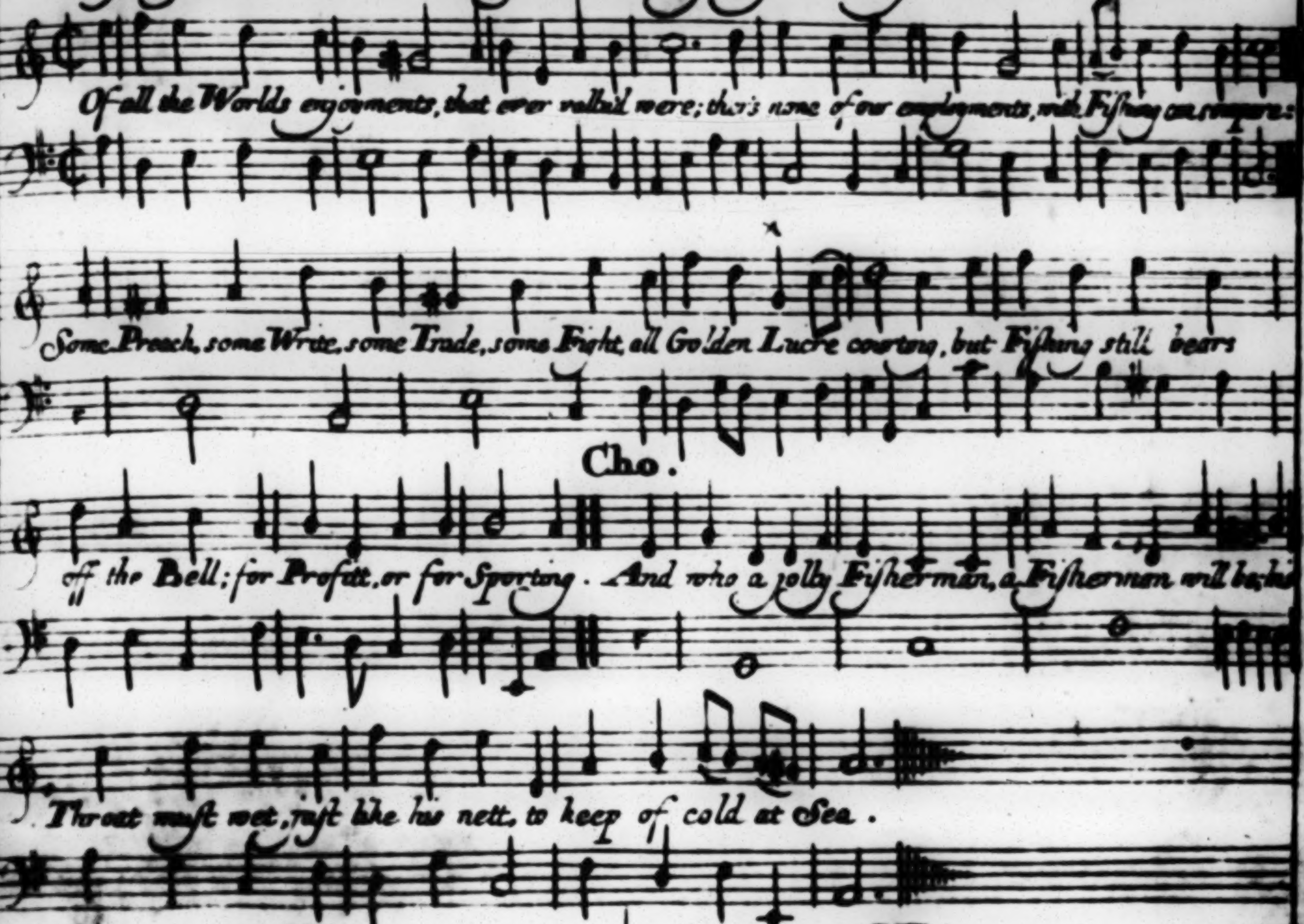
Thomas D'Urfey William

On Musidora Walking in Spring Garden ye Words by Mr Durfey ye Tune by Mr Croft.


Ah! how Sweet are the Cooling Breez, and the Blooming Trees, when in to his
Bower Love guids Musidora; when wee meet there the Nightingalls Sing
pretty Tales, mistaking my Dear, for theire Godess Aurora; Gessamines and
Roses, A Thousand pretty Poses, the Summers Queen Discloses, and Strows as she
walkes, oh! venus oh! how Sweett are the cooling Breez, and the Blooming Trees, when
into his Bower Love guids Musidora, Passion Devotion She gaines with each motion,
Lutes too, and Flutes too, are heard when She Talkes, oh! venus oh! how Sweet are the
cooling Breez, & ye Blooming Trees, when into his Bower Love guids Musidora.
For ye Flute

Set by Mr [illegible]. Eccles. and Sung
by Mr Bracegirdle and Mr Brow

The Fiſhermans Song in the Firſt Part of Maſſaniello, Set and Sung by Mr. Leveridge, and exactly engrav'd by Tho: Croſs.


Of all the Worlds enjoyments, that ever valu'd were; there's none of our employments, with Fiſhing can compare:
Some Preach, some Write, some Trade, some Fight, all Golden Lucre courting, but Fiſhing still bears
Cho.
off the Bell; for Profitt, or for Sporting. And who a jolly Fiſherman, a Fiſherman will be, his
Throat muſt wet, juſt like his nett, to keep of cold at Sea.

II.

The Country Squire loves Running,
  A Pack of well Mouth'd Hounds;
An other fancys Gunning,
  For Wild ducks in his Grounds:
This Hunts, that Fowls,
  That Hawks, that Bowls,
No greater Pleaſure wiſhing;
  But he that tells, what Sport excells,
Gives all the prize to Fiſhing.
Cho. And who a jolly &c.

III.

A good Weſtphalia Gammon,
  Is counted dainty fare:
But what is't to a Sammon,
  Juſt taken from the Ware;
Wheat Ears, and Quails,
  Cocks, Snipes, and Rayls,
Are good whilſt Seaſons laſting:
  But all muſt stoop, to Craw-fiſh soop,
Or I've no skill in Taſting.
Cho. And who a jolly &c.

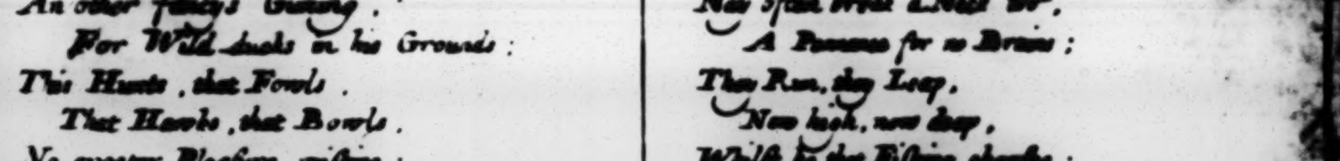
IV.

Keen Hunters always take too,
  Their Prey with too much Pains;
Nay often break a Neck too,
  A Penance for no Brains;
They Run, they Leap,
  Now high, now deep,
Whilſt he that Fiſhing chooſes;
  At eaſe may doe, nay more to boot,
May entertain the Muſes.
Cho. And who a jolly &c.

V.

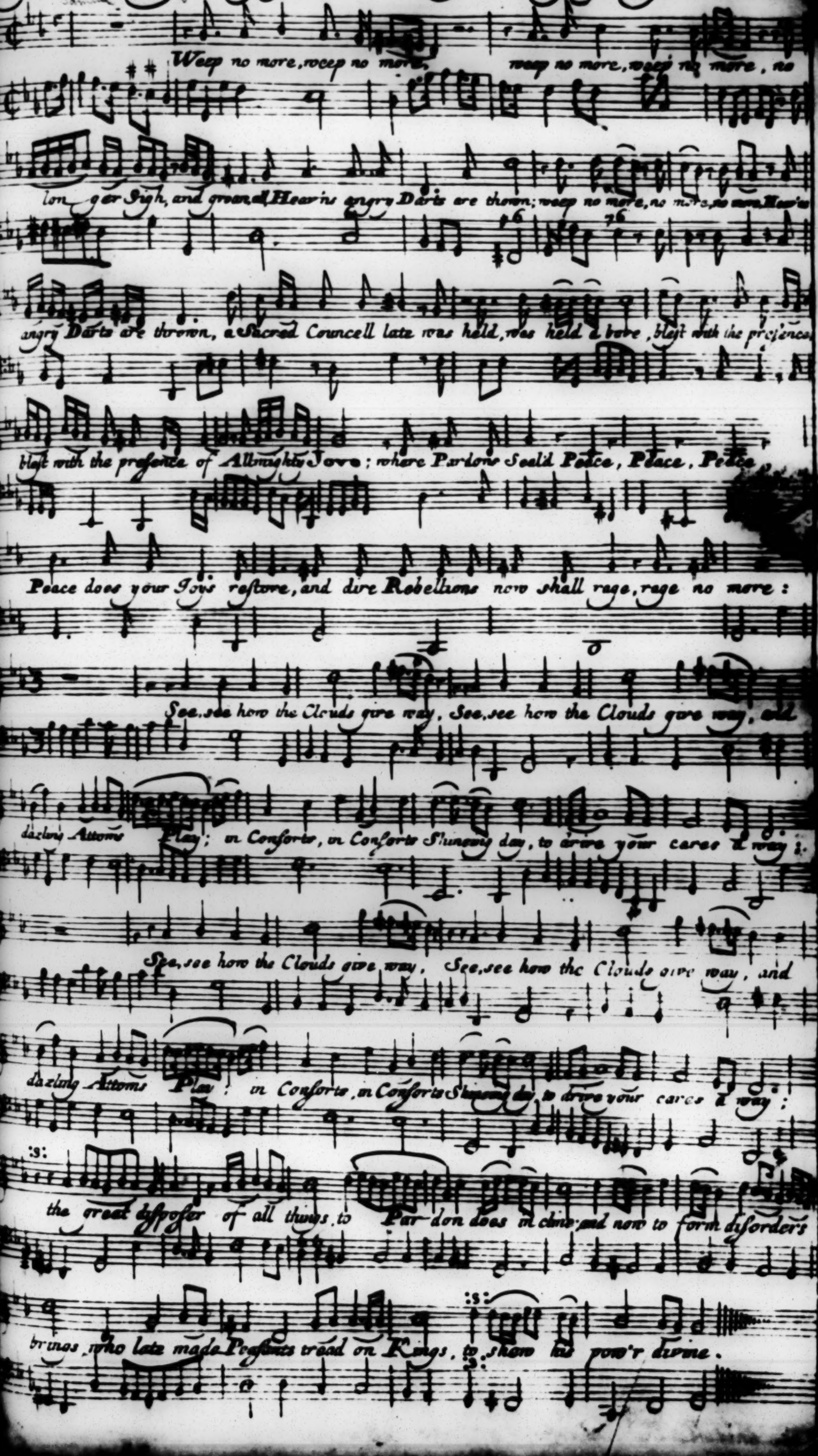
And tho some envious Wranglers,
  To jeer us will make bold;
And laugh at patient Anglers,
  Who stand so long ith Cold;
They wait on Miſs,
  We wait on this,
And count it eaſy Labour;
  And if you'd know, Fiſh Profit too,
Conſult our **Holland** Neighbour.
Cho. And who a jolly &c.

For the Flute.

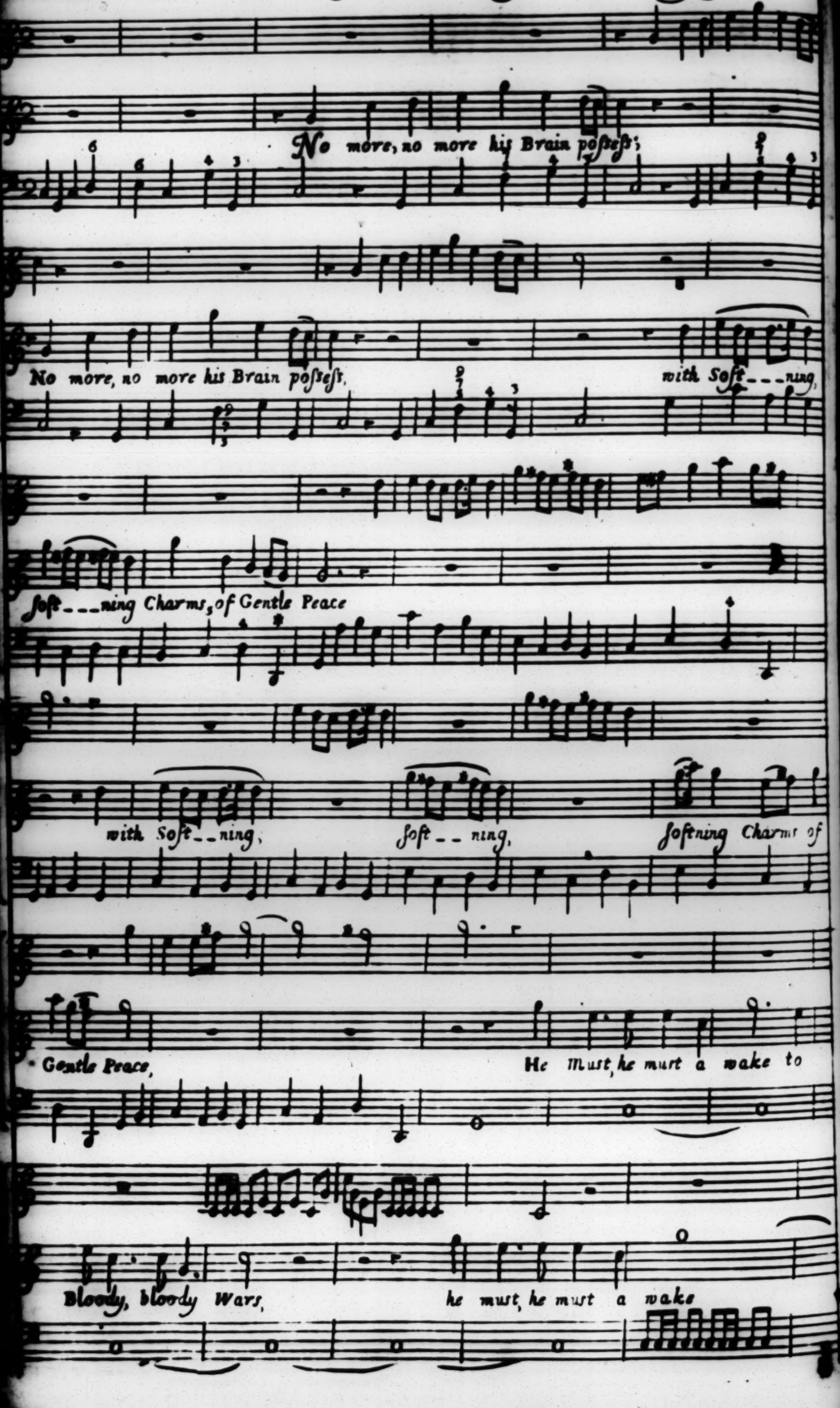


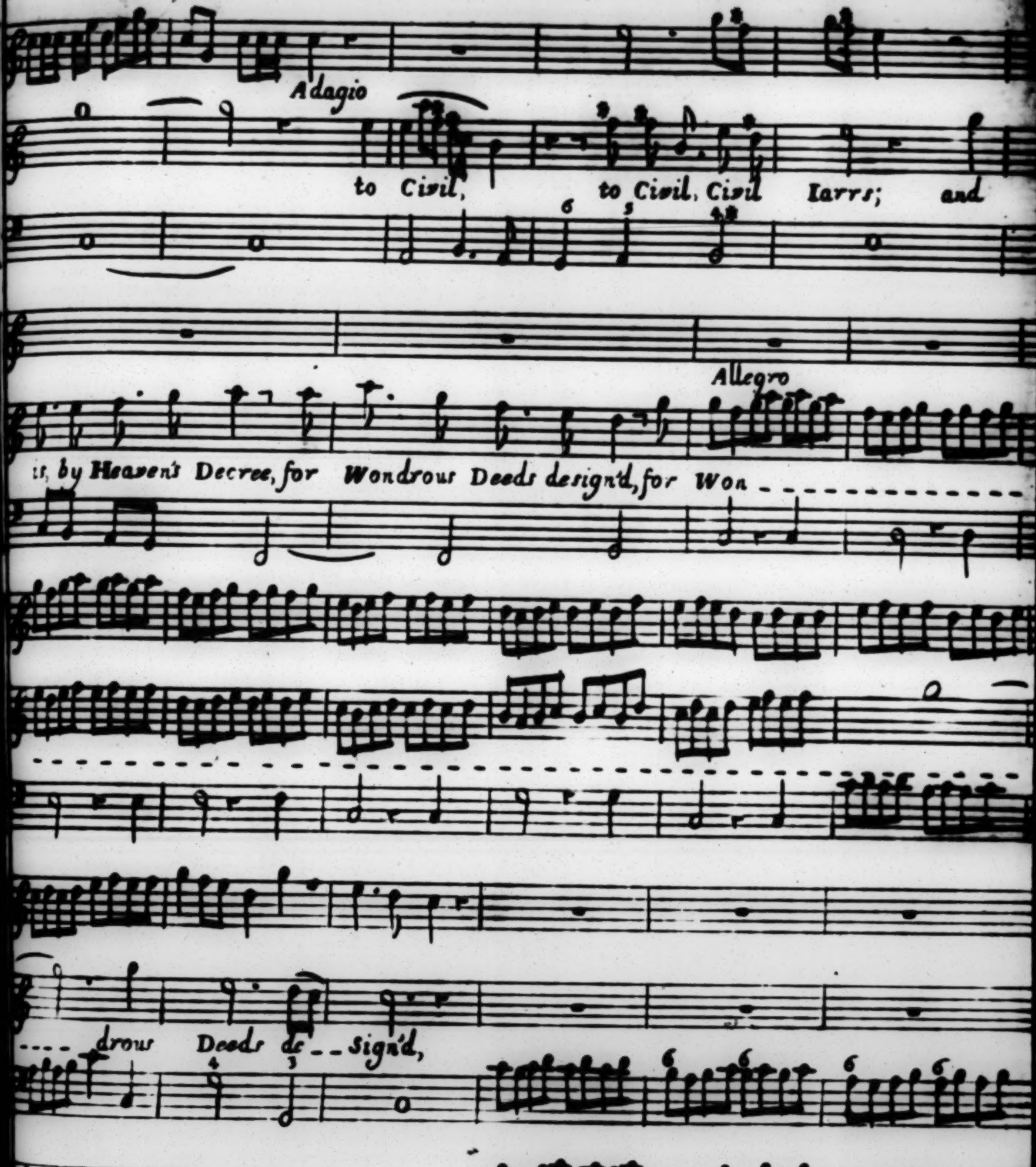
et by Mr. Ackroyd, Sung by Mr. Leveridge, and exactly engrav'd by Tho: C

Samuel


Weep no more, weep no more, weep no more, weep no more, no
longer Sigh, and groan, all Heav'ns angry Darts are thrown; weep no more, no more, no more, Heav'ns
angry Darts are thrown, a Sacred Councell late was held, was held above, blest with the presence
blest with the presence of Allmighty Jove; where Pardons Seal'd Peace, Peace, Peace
Peace does your Joys restore, and dire Rebellions now shall rage, rage no more:
See, see how the Clouds give way, See, see how the Clouds give way, and
dazling Attoms Play; in Consorts, in Consorts Shineing day, to drive your cares away;
See, see how the Clouds give way, See, see how the Clouds give way, and
dazling Attoms Play; in Consorts, in Consorts Shineing day, to drive your cares away;
the great disposer of all things to Par don does in cline; and now to form disorders
brings, who late made Peasants tread on Kings, to show his pow'r divine.

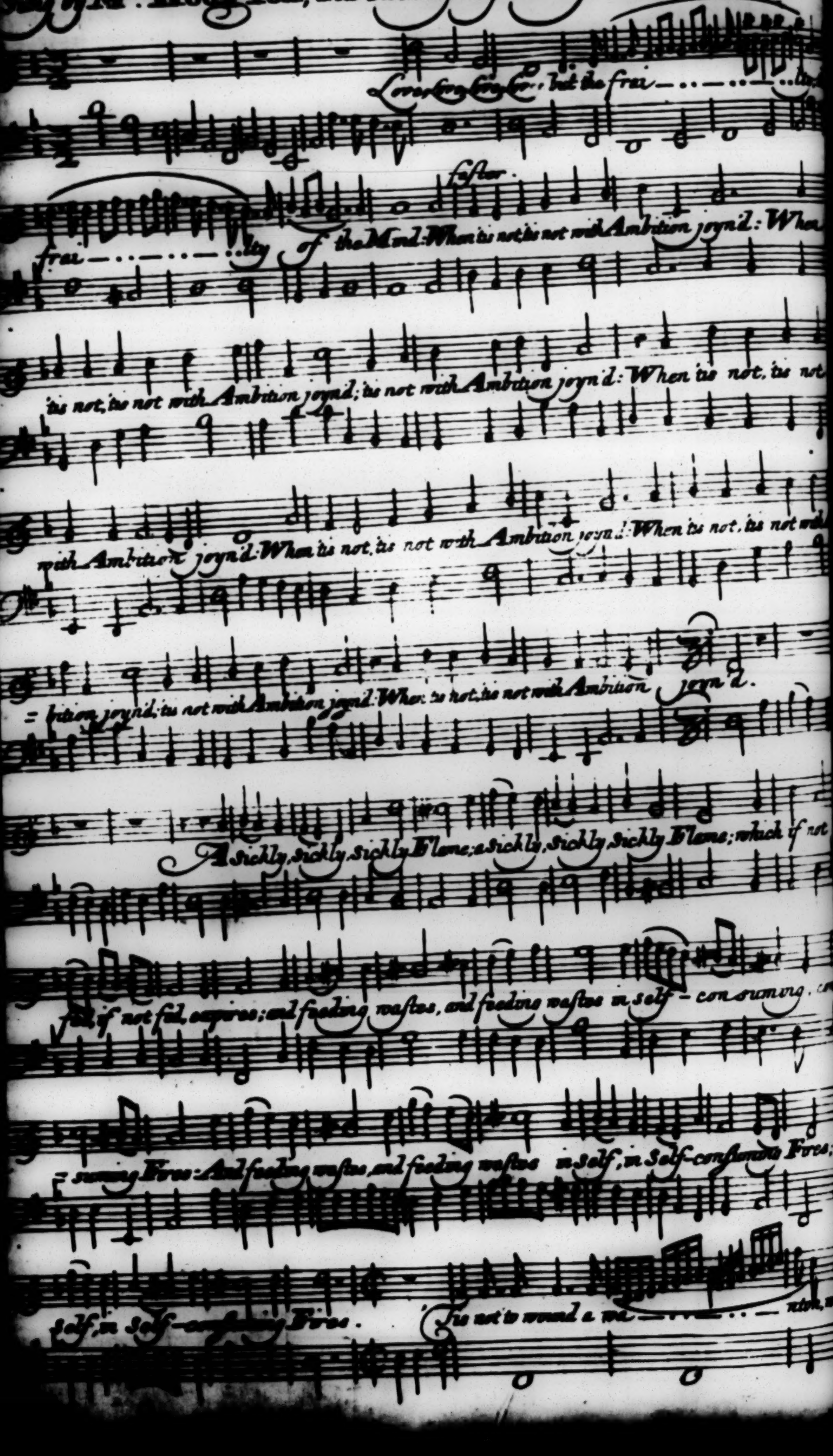
Trumpet SONG in the Firſt Part of Maſsaniello Set by Mr D. Purcell Sung by Mr Pate

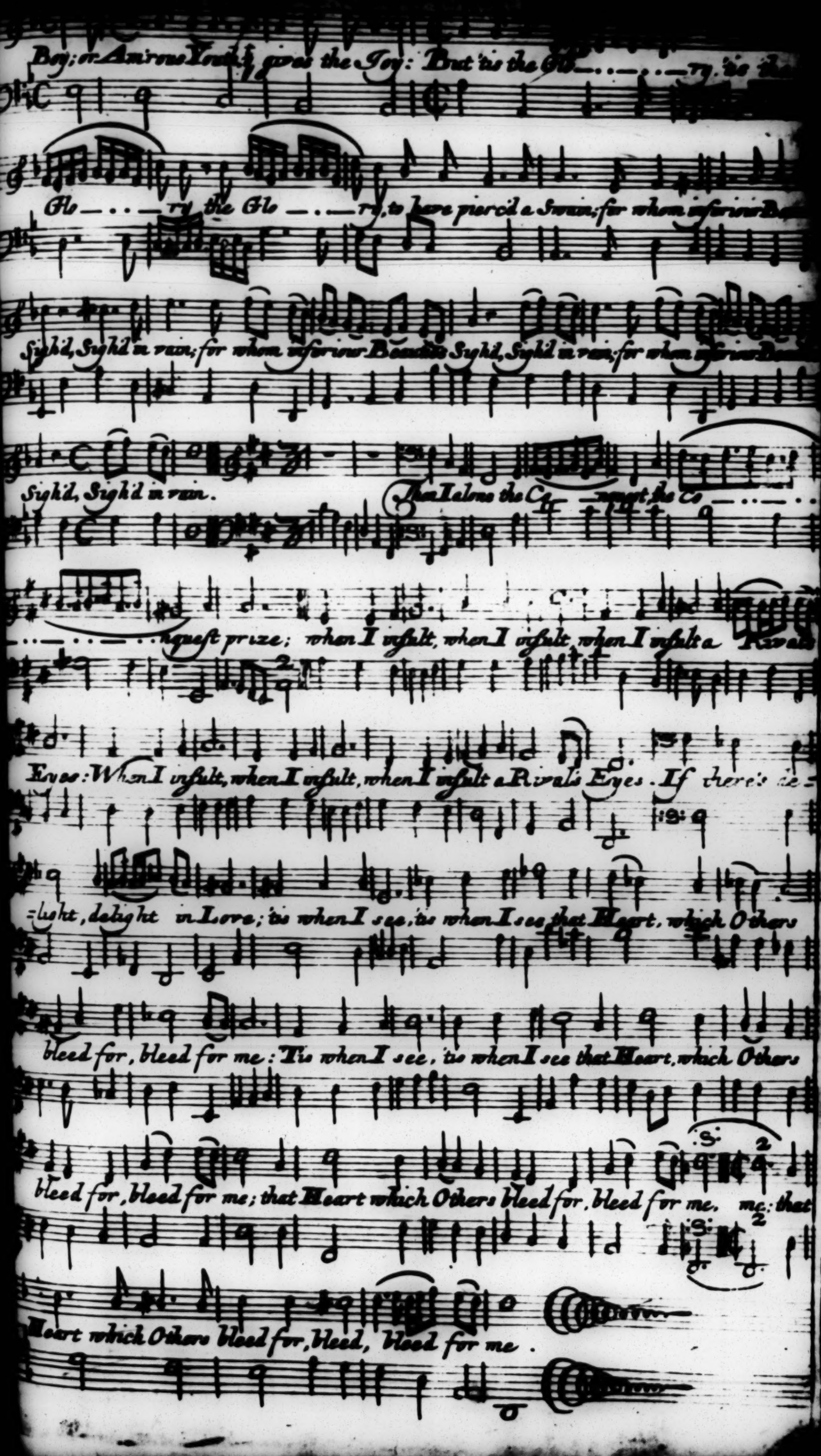

No more, no more his Brain poſseſt;
6 6 4 3 6 4 3 6 4 3
No more, no more his Brain poſseſt,
with Soft---ning,
6 4 3 6 4 3
ſoft---ning Charms, of Gentle Peace
with Soft--ning,
ſoft--ning,
ſoftning Charms of
Gentle Peace,
He must, he must a wake to
Bloody, bloody Wars,
he must, he must a wake


Adagio
to Civil, to Civil, Civil Iarrs; and
Allegro
it, by Heaven's Decree, for Wondrous Deeds design'd, for Won - - - - - - - - - - - -
- - - - drous Deeds de - - sign'd,
for Won -
drous Deeds de sign'd.

rds by Mr. Congreve, Set to Musick by Mr. John Eccles;

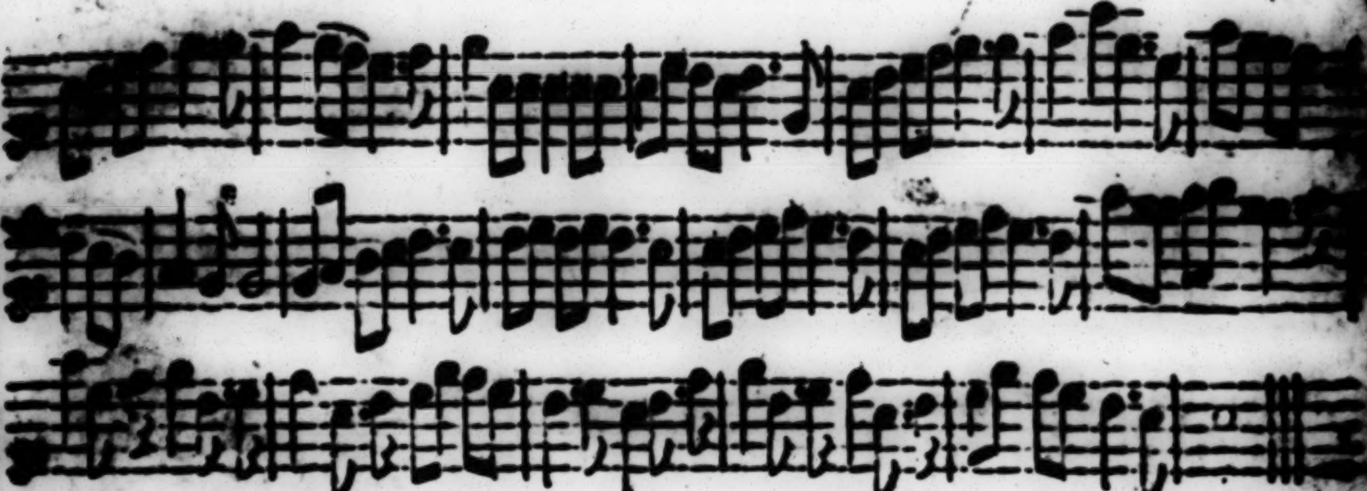
Sung by Mrs. Hodgson, and exactly engrav'd by Tho: Cross.


Love's but the frai - - - - - - - lty
frai - - - - - - lty of the Mind: When 'tis not, 'tis not with Ambition joyn'd: When
faster
'tis not, 'tis not with Ambition joyn'd; 'tis not with Ambition joyn'd: When 'tis not, 'tis not
with Ambition joyn'd: When 'tis not, 'tis not with Ambition joyn'd: When 'tis not, 'tis not with
=bition joyn'd; 'tis not with Ambition joyn'd: When 'tis not, 'tis not with Ambition joyn'd.
A sickly, sickly, sickly Flame; a sickly, sickly, sickly Flame; which if not
fed, if not fed, expires; and feeding wastes, and feeding wastes in self-consuming, co
=suming Fires: And feeding wastes, and feeding wastes in Self, in Self-consuming Fires;
Self, in Self-consuming Fires.
'Tis not to wound a wa - - - - - nton


Boy; or Am'rous Youth, gives the Joy: But 'tis the Glo—.—.—ry, 'tis the
Glo—.—.—ry the Glo—.—ry, to have pierc'd a Swain; for whom inferiour Beau
Sigh'd, Sigh'd in vain; for whom inferiour Beauties Sigh'd, Sigh'd in vain; for whom inferiour Beau
Sigh'd, Sigh'd in vain.
That I alone the Co—nquest the Co—.—.—
.—.—.—nquest prize; when I inſult, when I inſult, when I inſult a Rival's
Eyes: When I inſult, when I inſult, when I inſult a Rival's Eyes. If there's de-
-light, delight in Love; 'tis when I see, 'tis when I see that Heart, which Others
bleed for, bleed for me: 'Tis when I see, 'tis when I see that Heart, which Others
bleed for, bleed for me; that Heart which Others bleed for, bleed for me. me: that
Heart which Others bleed for, bleed, bleed for me.

3rd line

Admiral Ruſſel's Scowering
The French Fleet:
OR,
The Battle at SEA.



Thurſday in the Morn the Ides of May,
Recorded for ever the famous Ninety-Two,
Brave Ruſſel did diſcern by dawn of day,
The lofty Sails of France advancing now:
All hands aloft, aloft, let Engliſh Valour ſhine,
Let fly a Culverin, the Signal of the Line;
Let ev'ry-hand ſupply his Gun,
Follow me, and you'll ſee
That the Battle will be ſoon begun, &c.

Turvil o'er the Main triumphant rowl'd,
To meet the gallant Ruſſel in Combat on the Deep;
He led the noble Train of Heroes bold,
To ſink the Engliſh Admiral at his Feet.
Now ev'ry Valiant Mind to Victory does aſpire,
The bloudy Fights begun, the Sea it ſelf on fire,
And mighty Fate ſtood looking on,
Whilſt a flood all of Blood,
Fill'd the Port-holes of the Royal Sun.

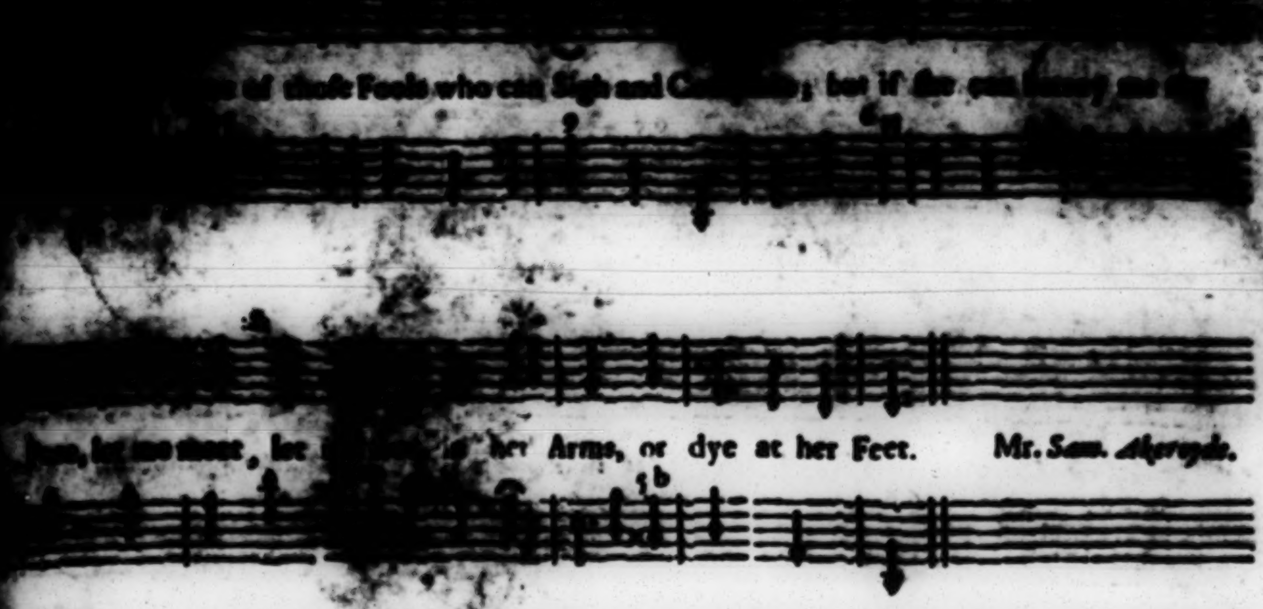
Sulphur, Smoak and Fire diſturb'd the Air,
With Thunder and Wonder t'affright the Gallic Shore,
Their regulated Bands ſtood trembling near,
To ſee their lofty Streamers now no more:
At ſix a Clock the Red, the ſmiling Victor led,
To give a ſecond blow, the total overthrow;
Now Death and Horrour equal Reign,
Now they cry, run or dye,
Britiſh Colours ride the vanquiſh'd Main.

See they run amaz'd through Rocks and Sands,
One danger they graſp at to ſhun a greater Fate,
In vain they cry for Aid to weeping Lands,
The Nymphs and Sea Gods mourn their loſt Eſtate,
For ever-more adieu thou Royal dazling Sun,
From thy untimely End thy Maſter's Fate begun;
Enough thou mighty God of VVar,
Now we ſing, Bleſs the King,
Let us drink to ev'ry Engliſh Tar.

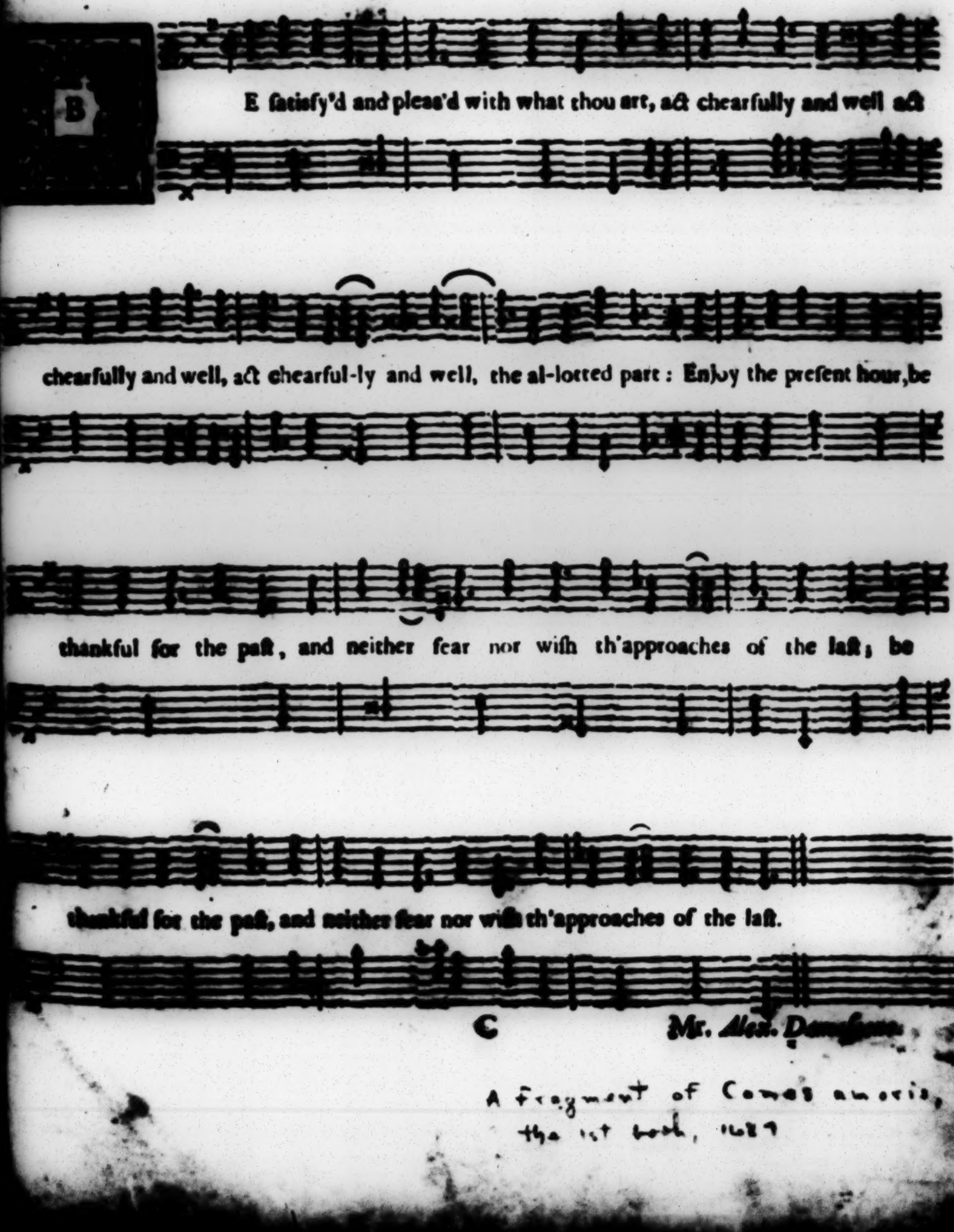
Come jolly Seamen all with Ruſſel go,
And ſail on the Main proud Monſieur for to greet,
And give our Enemy a ſecond Blow,
And fight Turvil if that he dare to meet,
Come Brother Tar, what chear? let each his Gun
And thump them off this year, or make Mounſ. to
VVhile we do range the Ocean round,
Day or Night we will fight,
VVhen our Enemy is to be found.

Let it ne'er be ſaid that Engliſh [illegible]
Should ere ſtay behind when our Admiral does go,
But let each honeſt Lad cry with one Voice,
Brave Ruſſel leads us on to fight the Foe,
We'l give them Gun for Gun, ſome ſink, and others
Broad-ſides we'll give them too, till Monſieur cryes
Dee Engleteers vill kill us all,
VVhilſt they ſcower, we will pour,
Thick as Hail amongſt them Cannon-Ball.

Printed and Sold by T. Moore, 1695.


of those Fools who can Sigh and Complain; but if she can
hope, let me shout, let [illegible] her Arms, or dye at her Feet.

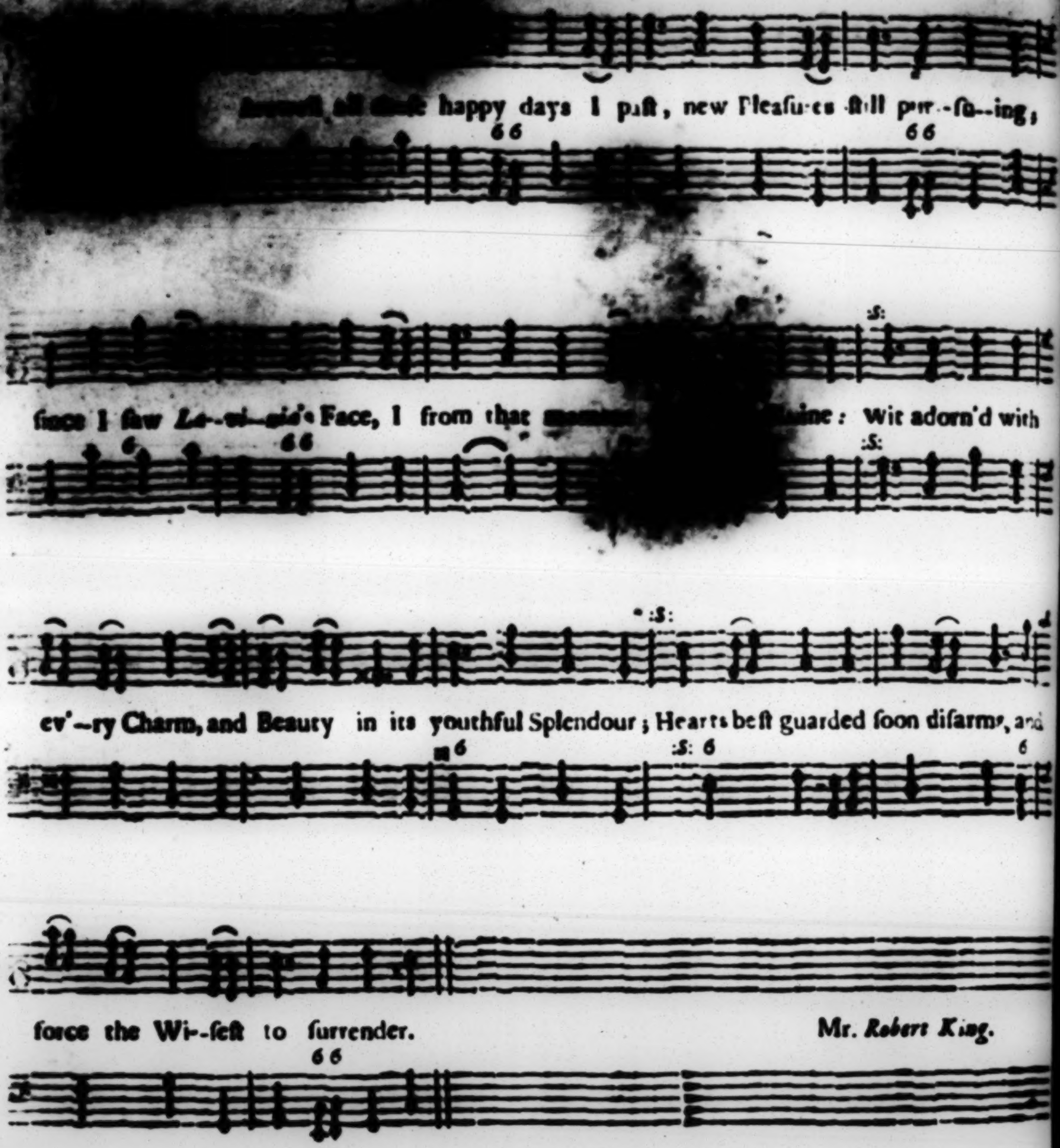
Mr. *Sam. Akeroyde.*


B
E satisfy'd and pleas'd with what thou art, act chearfully and well act
chearfully and well, act chearful-ly and well, the al-lotted part: Enjoy the present hour, be
thankful for the past, and neither fear nor wish th'approaches of the last; be
thankful for the past, and neither fear nor wish th'approaches of the last.

C

Mr. *Alex. Damascene.*

A fragment of Comes amoris,
the 1st book, 1687

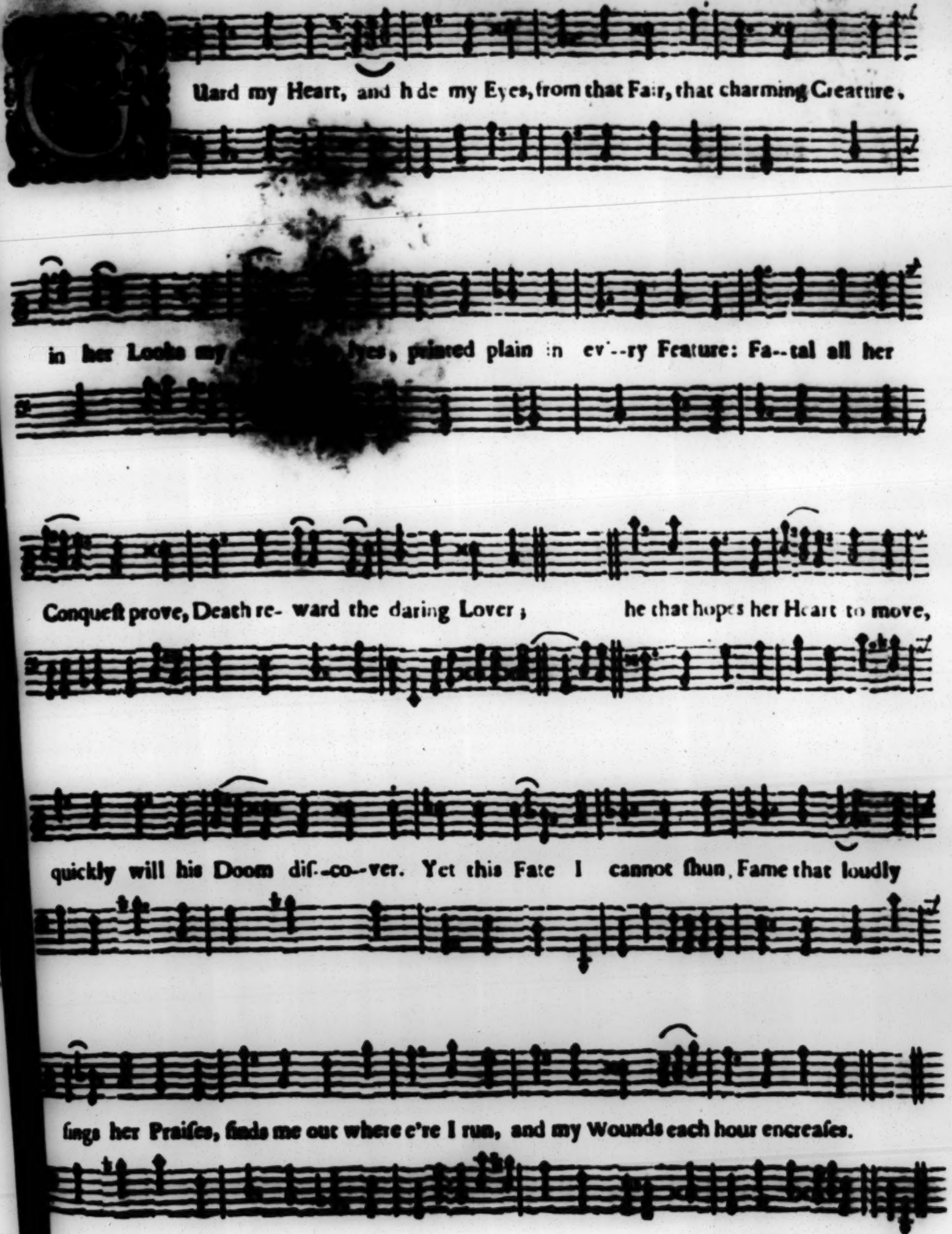

[illegible] all [illegible] happy days I paſt, new Pleaſures ſtill pur--ſu--ing;
ſince I ſaw Le--vi--nia's Face, I from that [illegible] aine: Wit adorn'd with
ev'--ry Charm, and Beauty in its youthful Splendour; Hearts beſt guarded ſoon diſarms, and
force the Wi--ſeſt to ſurrender.

Mr. *Robert King.*

II.

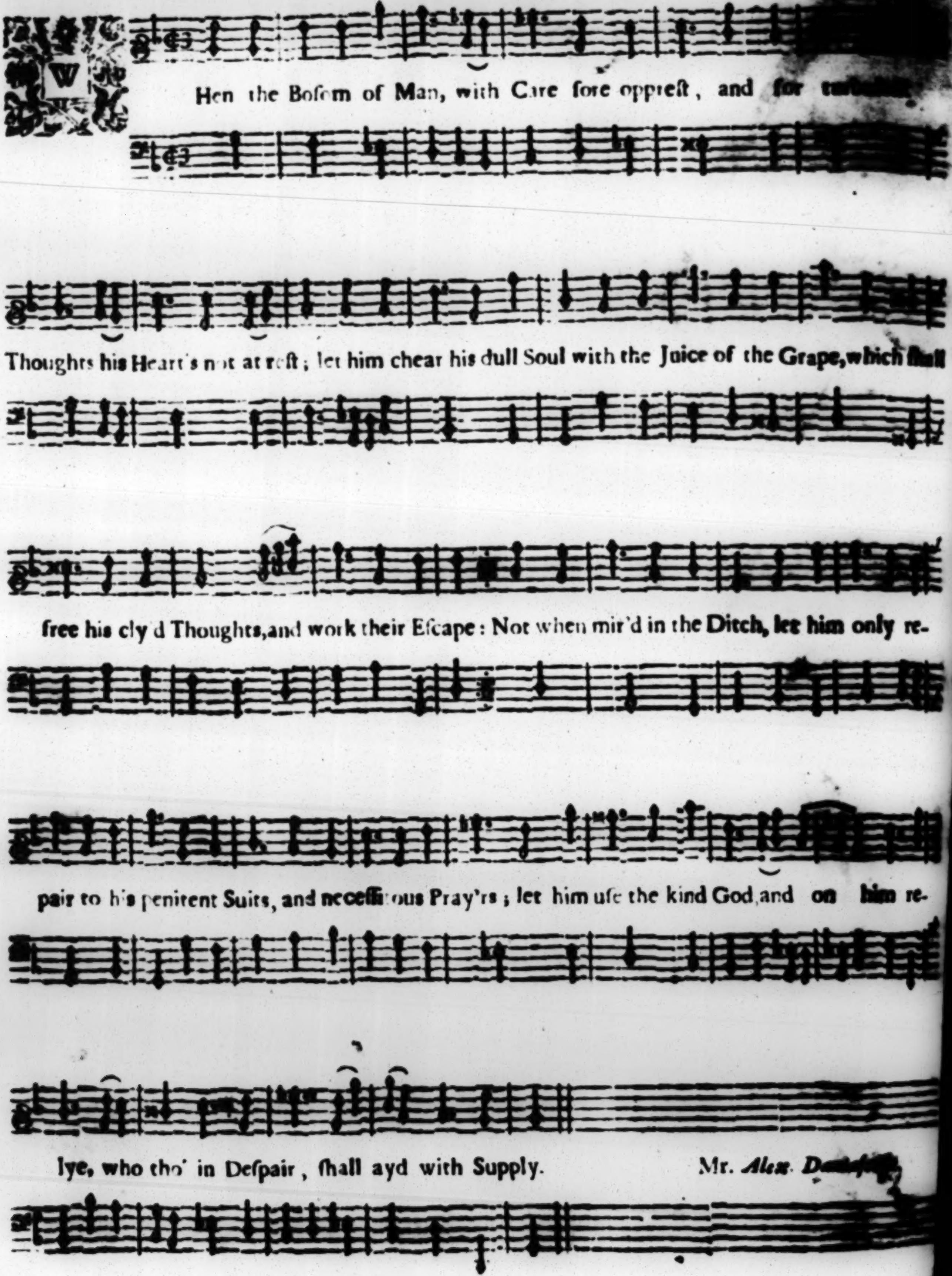
While her looks ſo Awful are,
  My Pain I never dare diſcover;
But the Love ſhe gives, I fear,
  Will ſoon betray their hopeleſs Lover:
You who from whoſe Chains are free,
  Avoid her Preſents ſo enſnaring;
And in time be warn'd by me,
  From Love that muſt end in deſpairing.

Damt.


G
Uard my Heart, and hide my Eyes, from that Fair, that charming Creature,
in her Looks my [illegible] Eyes, printed plain in ev'-ry Feature: Fa-tal all her
Conqueſt prove, Death re- ward the daring Lover; he that hopes her Heart to move,
quickly will his Doom diſ-co-ver. Yet this Fate I cannot ſhun, Fame that loudly
ſings her Praiſes, finds me out where e're I run, and my Wounds each hour encreaſes.

Mr. *Alex. Damaſcene.*

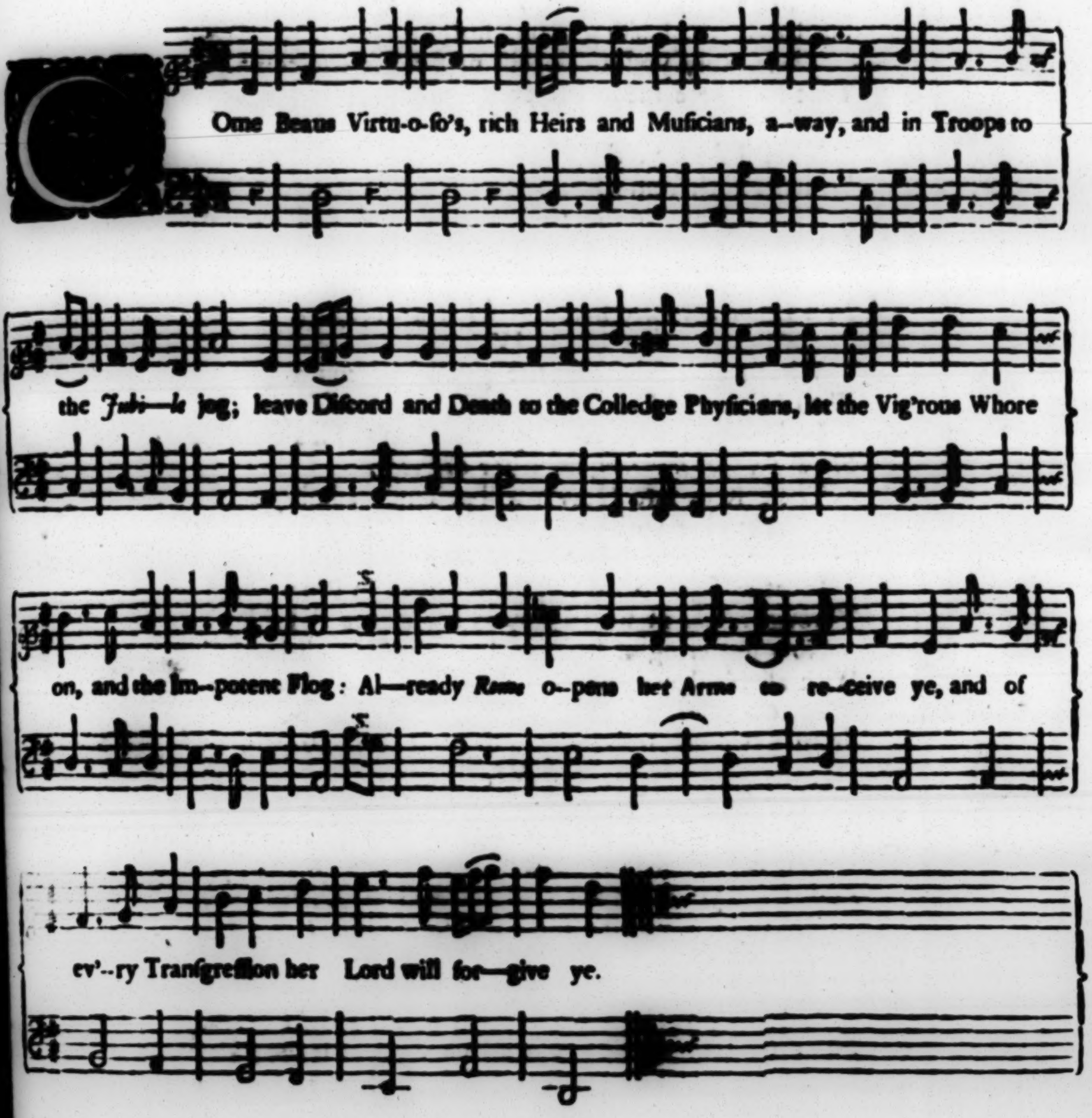
In praiſe of Wine.


WHen the Boſom of Man, with Care ſore oppreſt, and for turbulent
Thoughts his Heart's not at reſt; let him chear his dull Soul with the Juice of the Grape, which ſhall
free his cly'd Thoughts, and work their Eſcape: Not when mir'd in the Ditch, let him only re-
pair to his penitent Suits, and neceſſitous Pray'rs; let him uſe the kind God, and on him re-
lye, who tho' in Deſpair, ſhall ayd with Supply.
Mr. *Alex.* Da

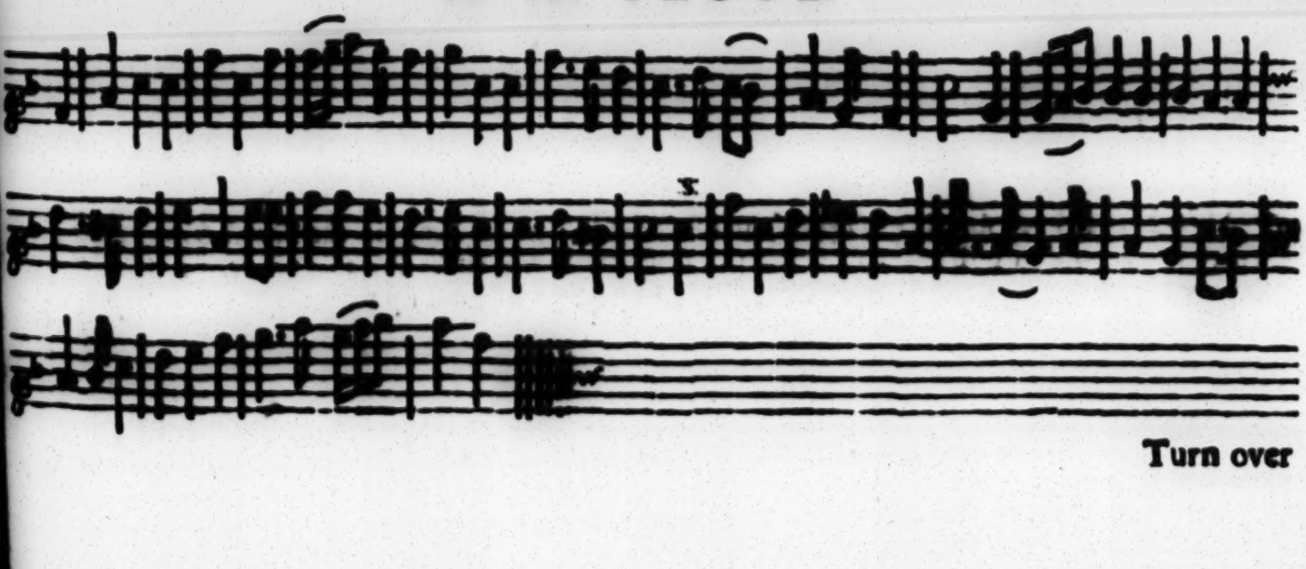
II.

He old Age recruits, and makes Men look young.
Adds Strength to the Weak, and Life to the Strong ;
Nay, in the winter of Life he makes my Blood boyl,
And Nature's deep Sorrows he turns to a Smile :
With *Ceres* he feaſts, and *Venus* he ſports,
Nay, there's none of the Gods but his Company courts ;
His Nature's [illegible] free, there's [illegible] where he goes,
He is true to his Friends, and laughs at his Foes.

A SONG on the JUBILE.


Come Beaus Virtu-o-ſo's, rich Heirs and Muſicians, a--way, and in Troops to
the *Jubi—le* jog; leave Diſcord and Death to the Colledge Phyſicians, let the Vig'rous Whore
on, and the Im--potent Flog: Al—ready *Rome* o--pens her Arms to re--ceive ye, and of
ev'--ry Tranſgreſſion her Lord will for—give ye.

For The FLUTE.



Turn over

II.

Indulgences, Pardons, and ſuch Holy Lumber,
As cheap there is now as our Cabbages grown ;
While muſty old Reliques of Saints without number,
For barely the looking upon, ſhall be ſhown.
Theſe, were you an Atheiſt muſt needs overcome ye,
That firſt were made Martyrs, and aftewards Mummy.

III.

They'll ſhew ye the River, ſo Sung by the Poets,
With the Rock from whence Mortals were knockt o'th' head ;
They'll ſhew ye the place too, as ſome will avow it,
Where once a She Pope was brought fairly to Bed.
For which, ever ſince, to prevent Interloping,
In a Chair her Succeſſors ſtill ſuffer a Groaping.

IV.

What a ſight 'tis to ſee the gay Idol accoutred,
With Mitre and Cap, and two Keys by his ſide ;
Be his inſide what 'twill, yet the Pomp of his outward,
Show *Servus ſervorum*, no hater of Pride.
Theſe Keys into Heav'n will as ſurely admit ye,
As Clerks of a Pariſh to a Pew in the City.

V.

What a ſight 'tis to ſee, the old man in Proceſſion,
Through *Rome* in ſuch Pomp as her *Cæſars* did ride;
Now ſcattering of Pardons, here Croſſing, their Bleſſing,
With all his ſhav'd Spiritual Train'd-Bands by his ſide ;
As, Confeſſors, Cardinals, Monks fat as Bacons,
From Rev'rend *Arch-Biſhops*, to Roſie *Arch-Deacons.*

VI.

Then for your Divertion the more to regale ye,
Fine Muſick you'll hear, and high Dancing you'll ſee ;
Men who much ſhall out warble your famous *Fideli*,
And make ye meer Fools, of *Baloon* and *L'Abbe* ;
And to ſhew ye how fond they're to Kiſs *Veſtre Manos*,
Each *Padre* turns Pimp, all *Nuns* Courtezans's.

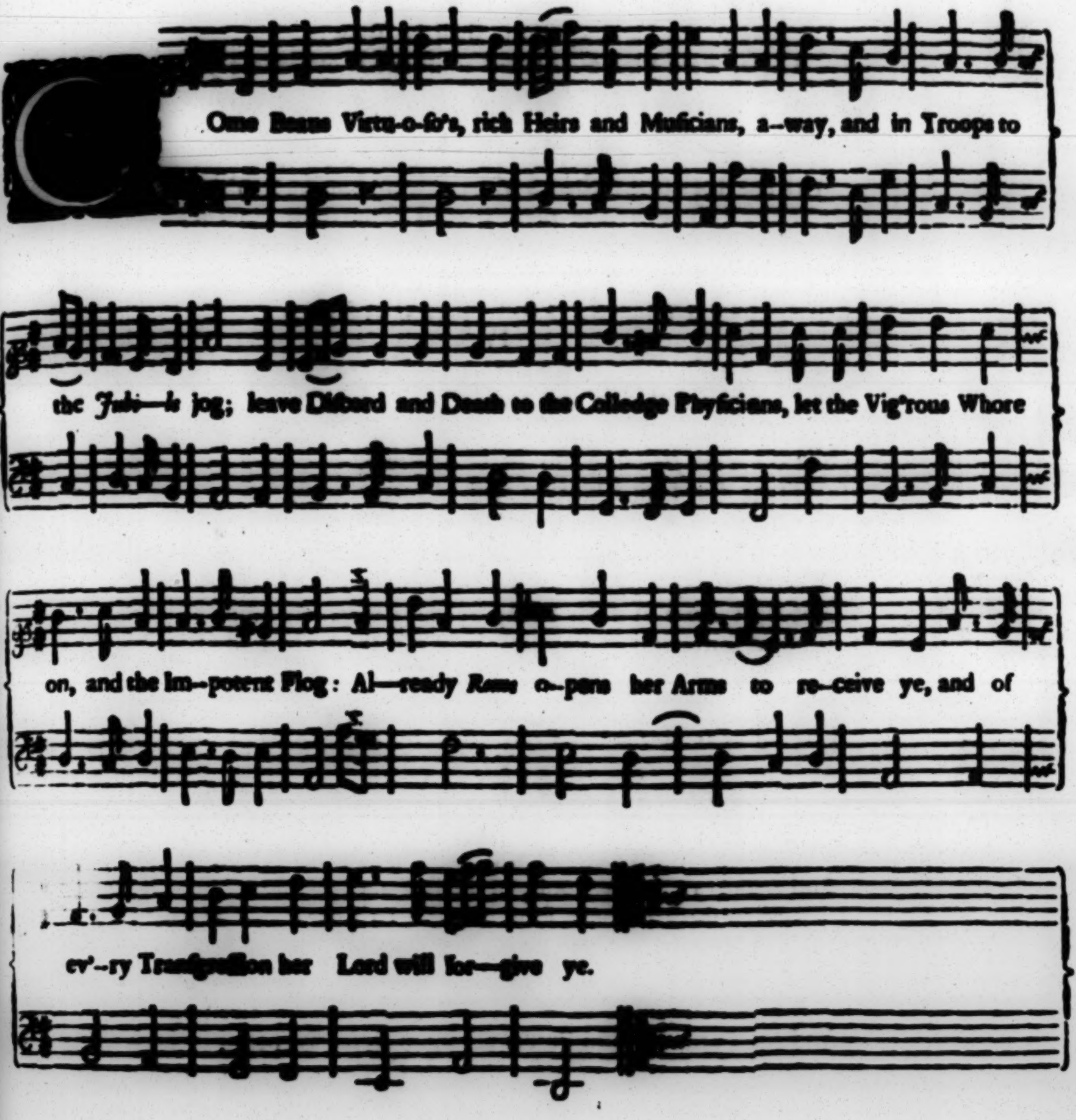
VII.

And when you've ſome Months at old *Babylon* been-a,
And on Pardons and Punks all your *Rhino* is ſpent ;
And when you have ſeen all, that's there to be ſeen-a,
You'll return not ſo Rich, tho' as Wiſe as you went:
And 'twill be but ſmall Comfort after ſo much Expence-a,
That your Heirs will do juſt ſo an hundred Years hence-a.

FINIS.

LONDON, Printed for *Henry Playford*, and Sold by him at his Shop in the *Temple-Change Fleet-ſtreet.*
Where is likewiſe to be had, a Collection of Original *Scotch* Tunes Price Sixpence. A Collection of
Twenty Four New Country Dances. Price ſingle Sixpence, or Bound up with the *Dancing-Maſter*, at 3s.

A SONG on the JUBILE.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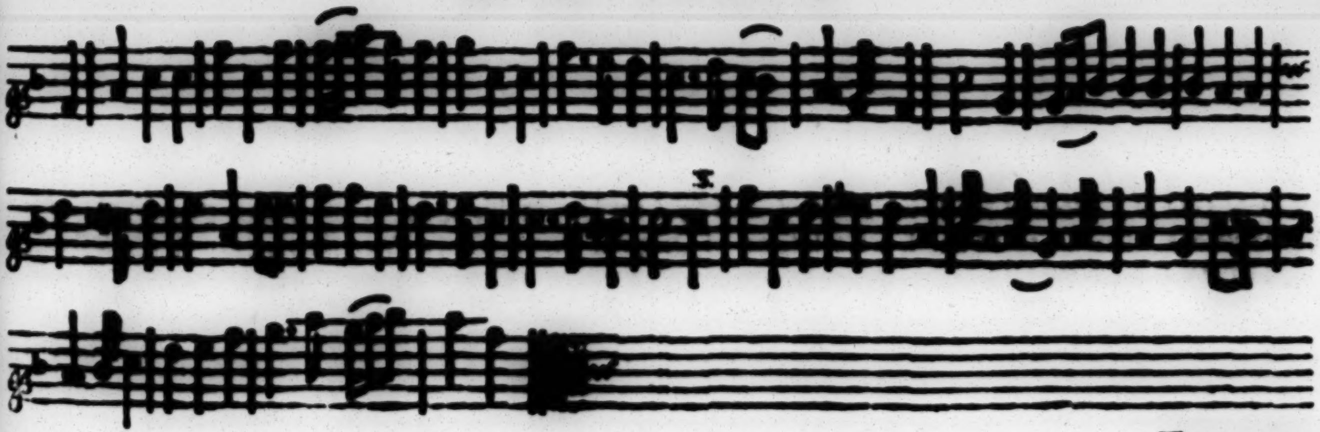
For The FLUTE.



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As cheap there is now as our Cabbages grown;
While muſty old Reliques of Saints without number,
For barely the looking upon, ſell at [illegible].
Theſe, were you an *Atheiſt* muſt needs convince ye,
That firſt were made Martyrs, and afterwards Mummy.

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For which, ever ſince, to prevent Interloping,
In a Chair her Succeſſors ſtill ſuffer a Groping.

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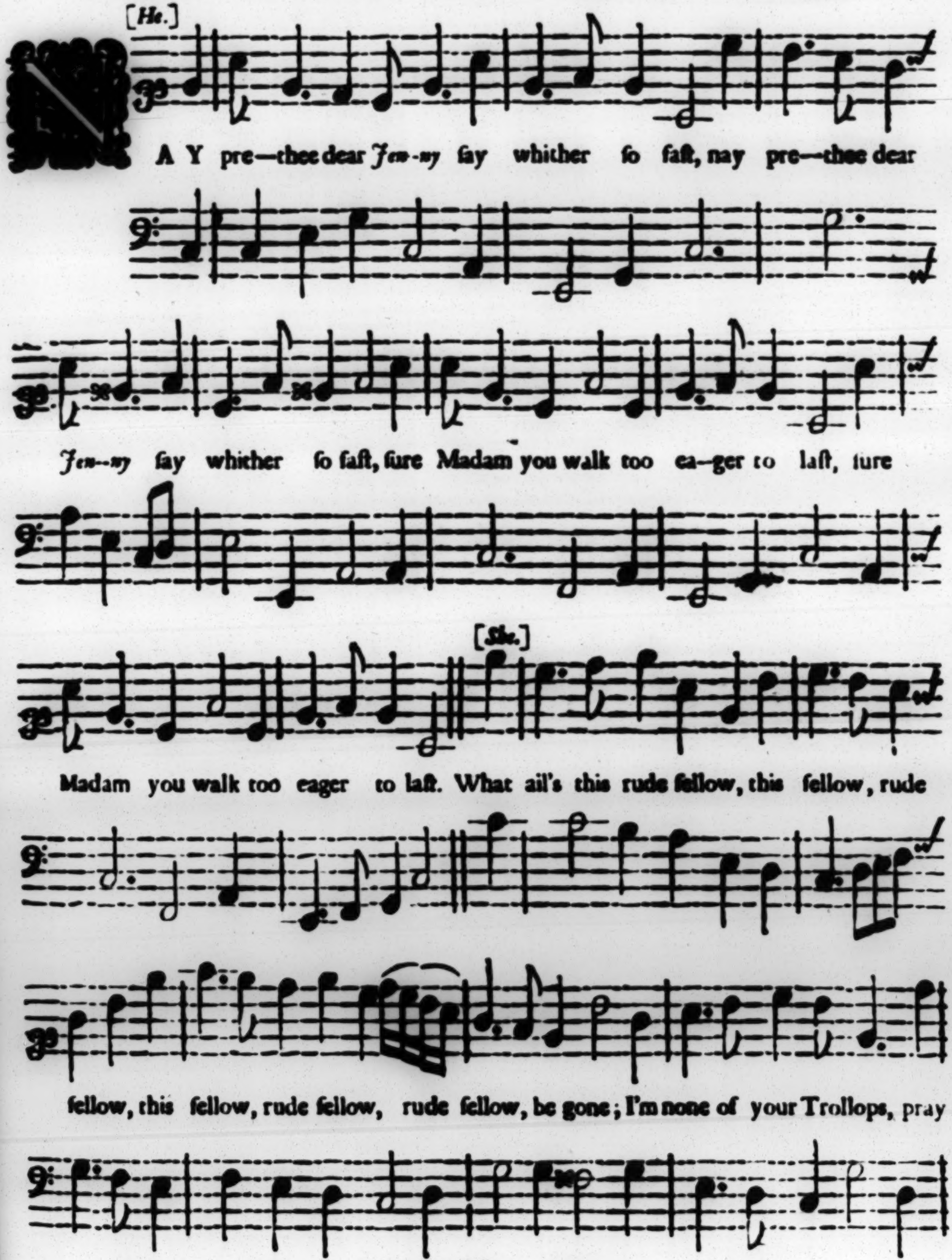
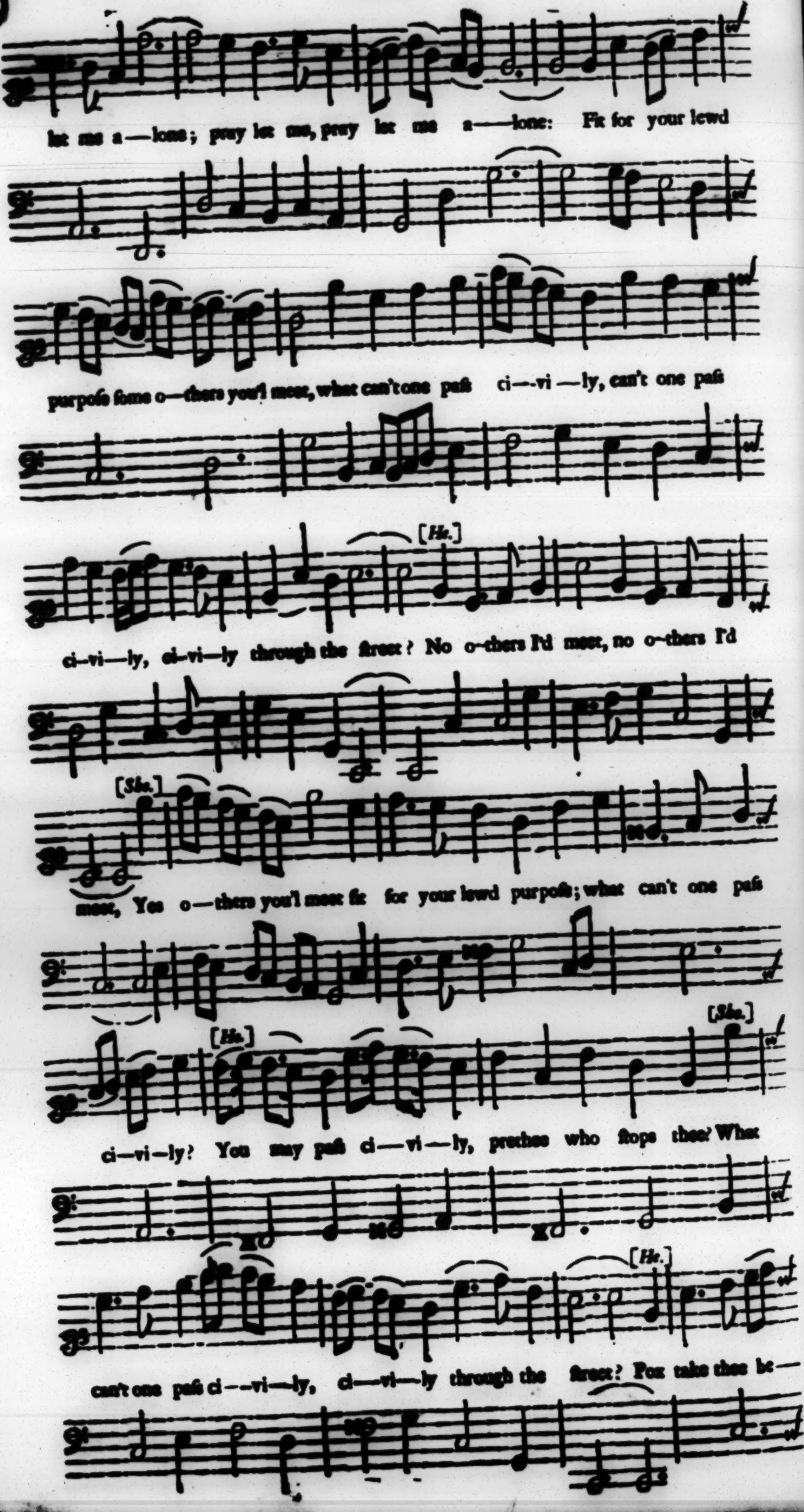
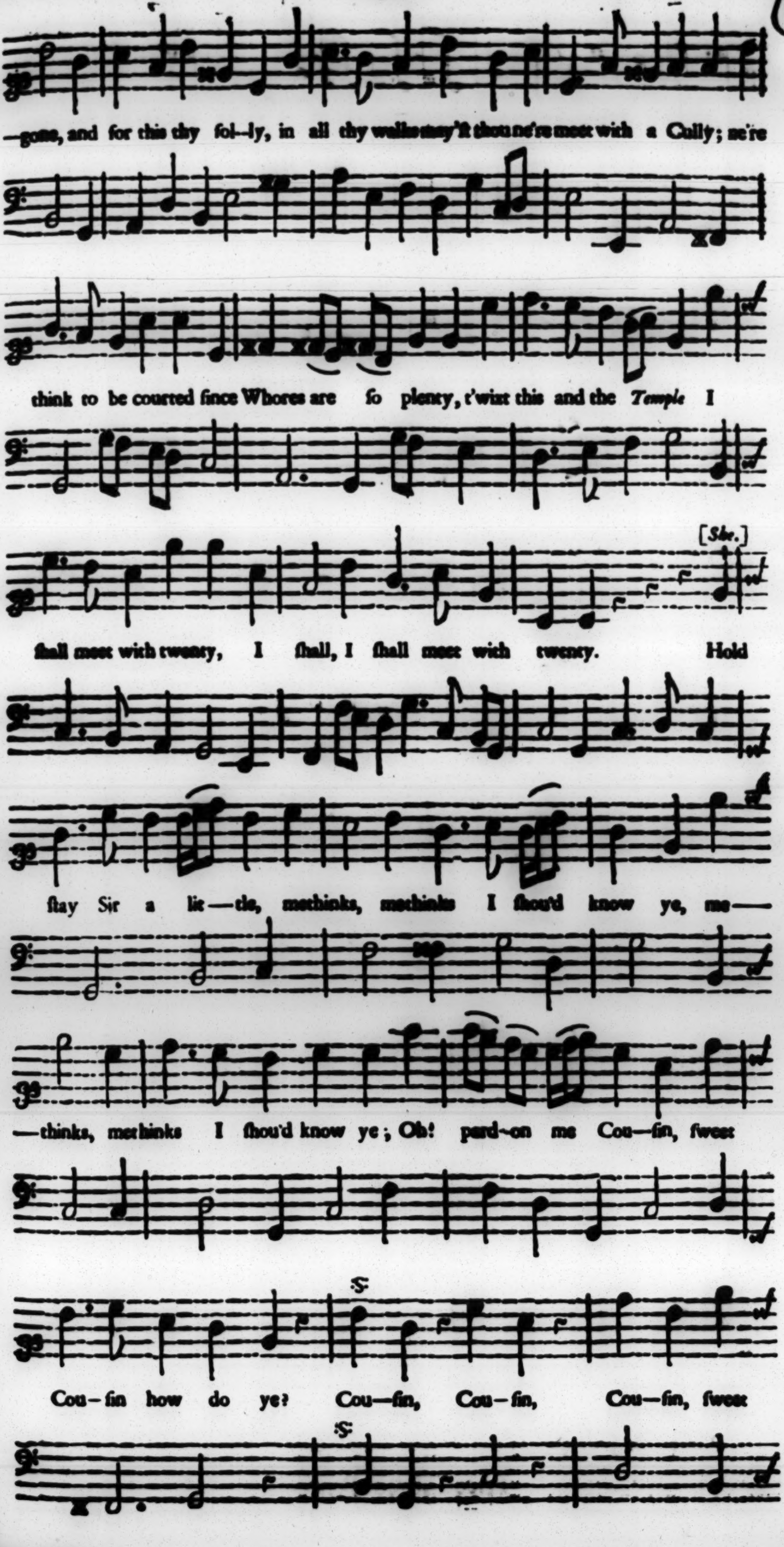
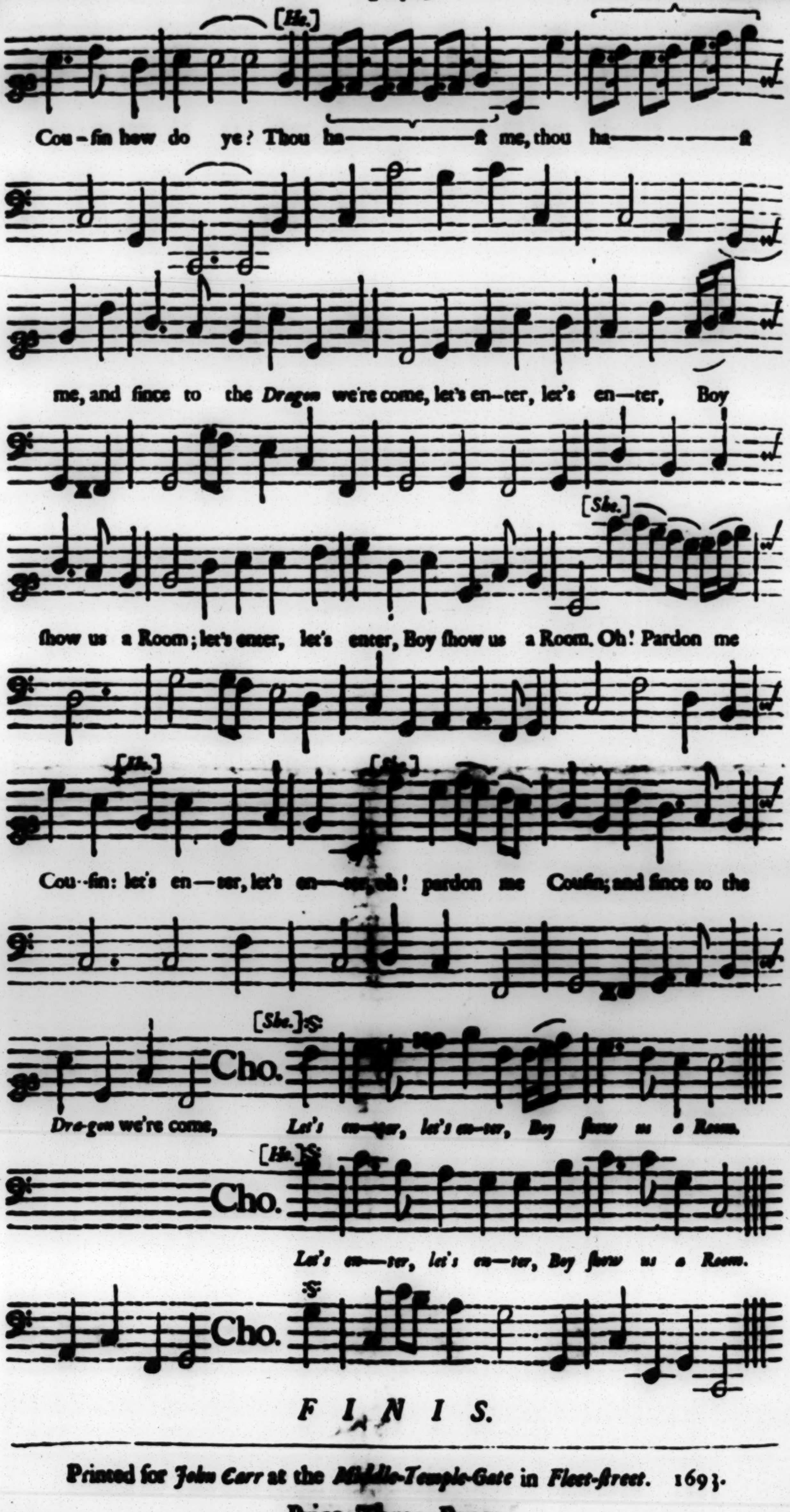
The *Fleetſtreet* Dialogue, being a Mock Song, to, *Now the Maids and the Men.* Set by a Maſter.


[He.]
NAY pre—thee dear Jen-ny ſay whither ſo faſt, nay pre—thee dear
Jen--ny ſay whither ſo faſt, ſure Madam you walk too ea—ger to laſt, ſure
Madam you walk too eager to laſt.
[She.]
What ail's this rude fellow, this fellow, rude
fellow, this fellow, rude fellow, rude fellow, be gone; I'm none of your Trollops, pray
let me a—lone, I'm none of your Trollops, your Trollops, your Trollops, pray


let me a—lone; pray let me, pray let me a——lone: Fit for your lewd
purpoſe ſome o—thers you'l meet, what can't one paſs ci—vi—ly, can't one paſs
[He.]
ci—vi—ly, ci—vi—ly through the ſtreet? No o—thers I'd meet, no o—thers I'd
[She.]
meet, Yes o—thers you'l meet fit for your lewd purpoſe; what can't one paſs
[He.]
[She.]
ci—vi—ly? You may paſs ci—vi—ly, prethee who ſtops thee? What
[He.]
can't one paſs ci—-vi—ly, ci—vi—ly through the ſtreet? Pox take thee be—


—gone, and for this thy fol—ly, in all thy walks may'ſt thou ne're meet with a Cully; ne're
think to be courted ſince Whores are ſo plenty, t'wixt this and the *Temple* I
[*She.*]
ſhall meet with twenty, I ſhall, I ſhall meet with twenty. Hold
ſtay Sir a lit—tle, methinks, methinks I ſhou'd know ye, me—
—thinks, methinks I ſhou'd know ye; Oh! pard-on me Cou—ſin, ſweet
Cou—ſin how do ye? Cou—ſin, Cou—ſin, Cou—ſin, ſweet


[He.]
Cou-ſin how do ye? Thou ha———ſt me, thou ha———ſt
me, and ſince to the *Dragon* we're come, let's en-ter, let's en-ter, Boy
[She.]
ſhow us a Room; let's enter, let's enter, Boy ſhow us a Room. Oh! Pardon me
[He.]
[She.]
Cou-ſin: let's en—ter, let's en—ter, oh! pardon me Couſin; and ſince to the
Dra-gon we're come,
Cho.
[She.]
Let's en-ter, let's en-ter, Boy ſhow us a Room.
Cho.
[He.]
Let's en—ter, let's en—ter, Boy ſhow us a Room.
Cho.

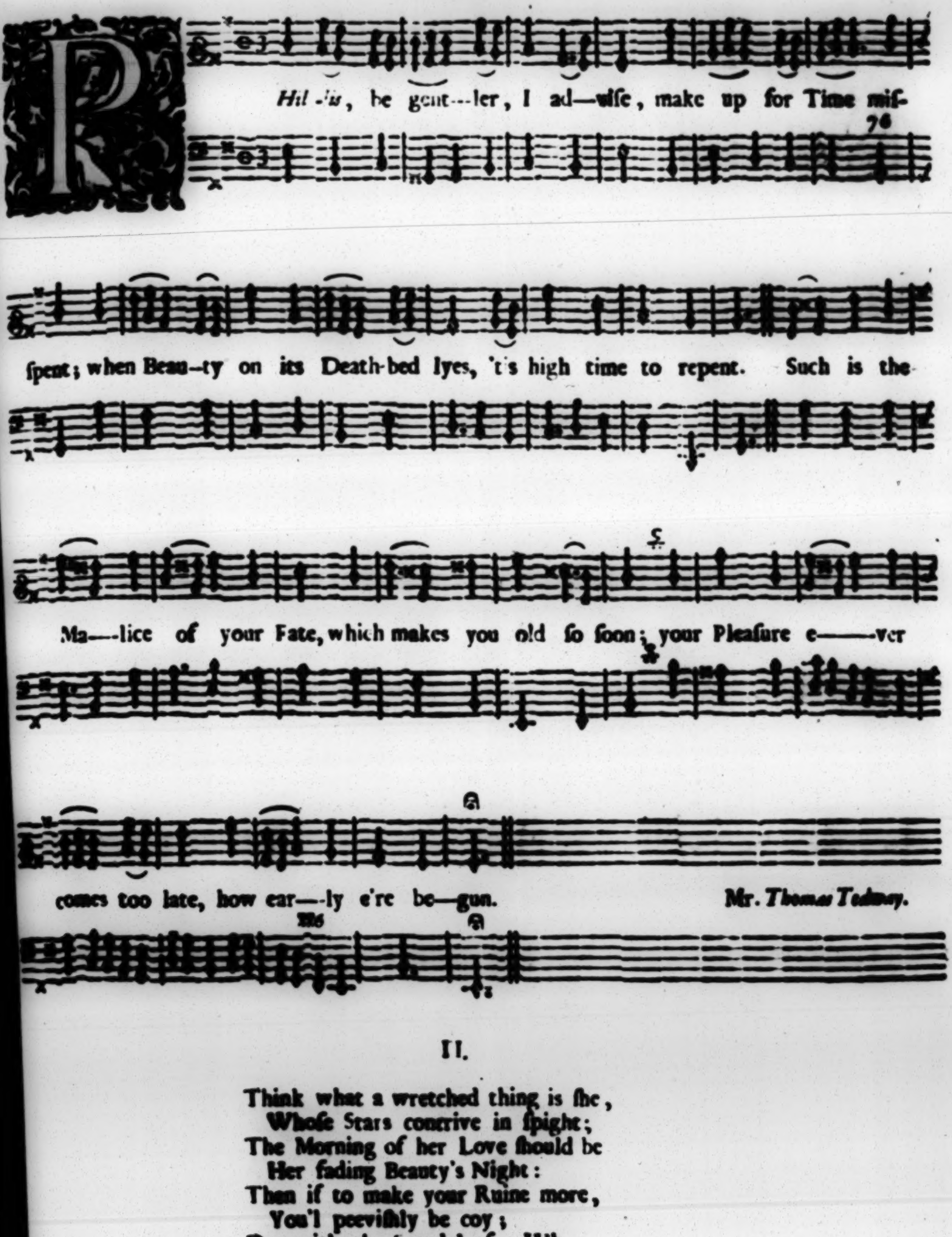
F I N I S.

Printed for *John Carr* at the *Middle-Temple-Gate* in *Fleet-ſtreet*. 1693.

Price Three Pence.

Not entered

9

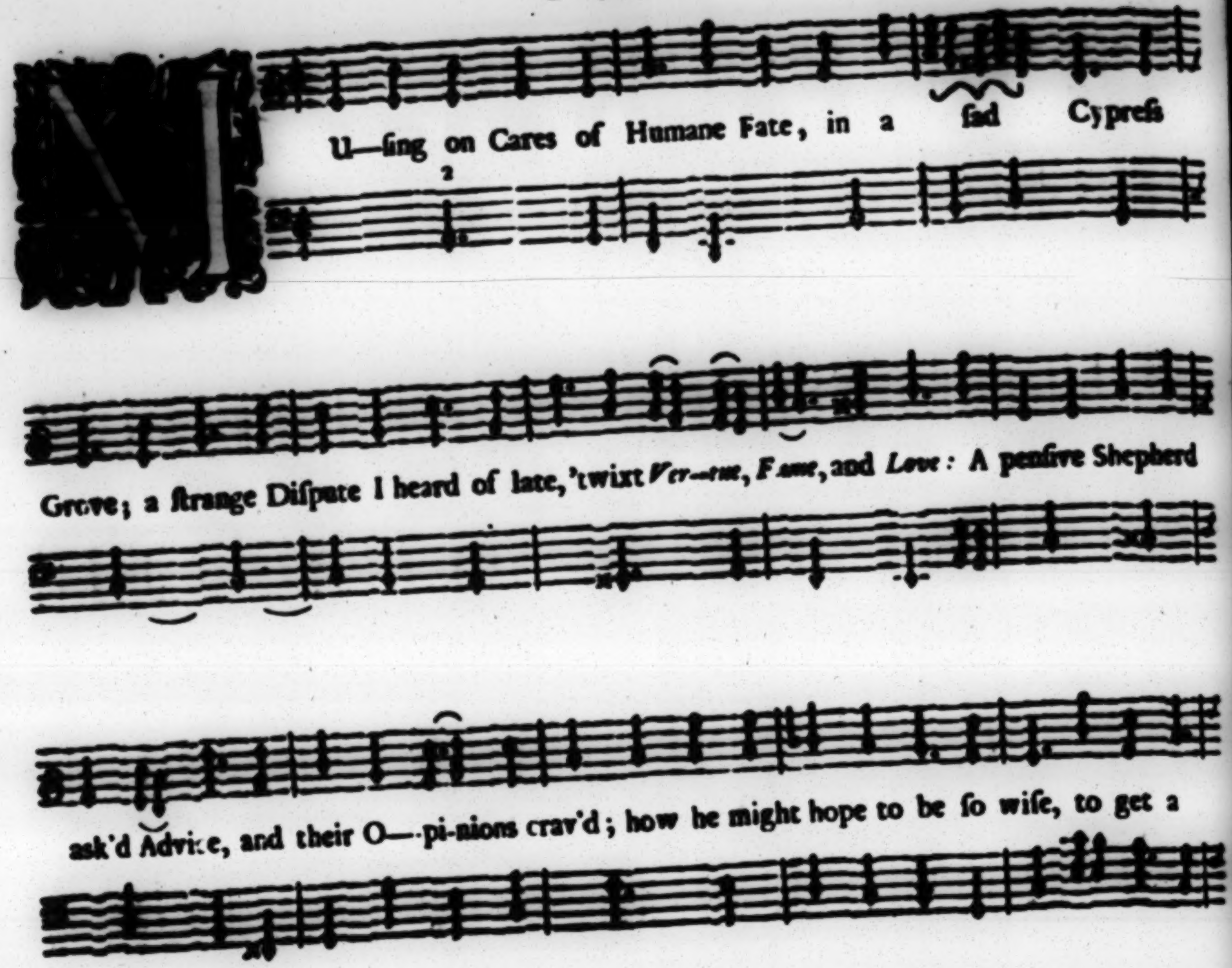

Hil-lis, be gent-ler, I ad-viſe, make up for Time miſ-
ſpent; when Beau-ty on its Death-bed lyes, 't is high time to repent. Such is the
Ma-lice of your Fate, which makes you old ſo ſoon; your Pleaſure e-ver
comes too late, how ear-ly e're be-gun.

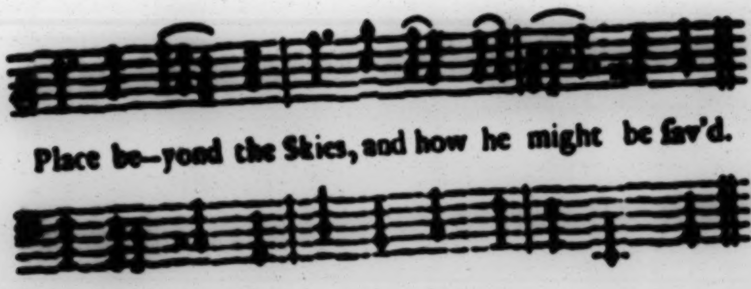
Mr. *Thomas Tudway.*

II.

Think what a wretched thing is ſhe,
Whoſe Stars contrive in ſpight;
The Morning of her Love ſhould be
Her fading Beauty's Night:
Then if to make your Ruine more,
You'l peeviſhly be coy;
Dye with the Scandal of a Wh——
And never know the Joy.

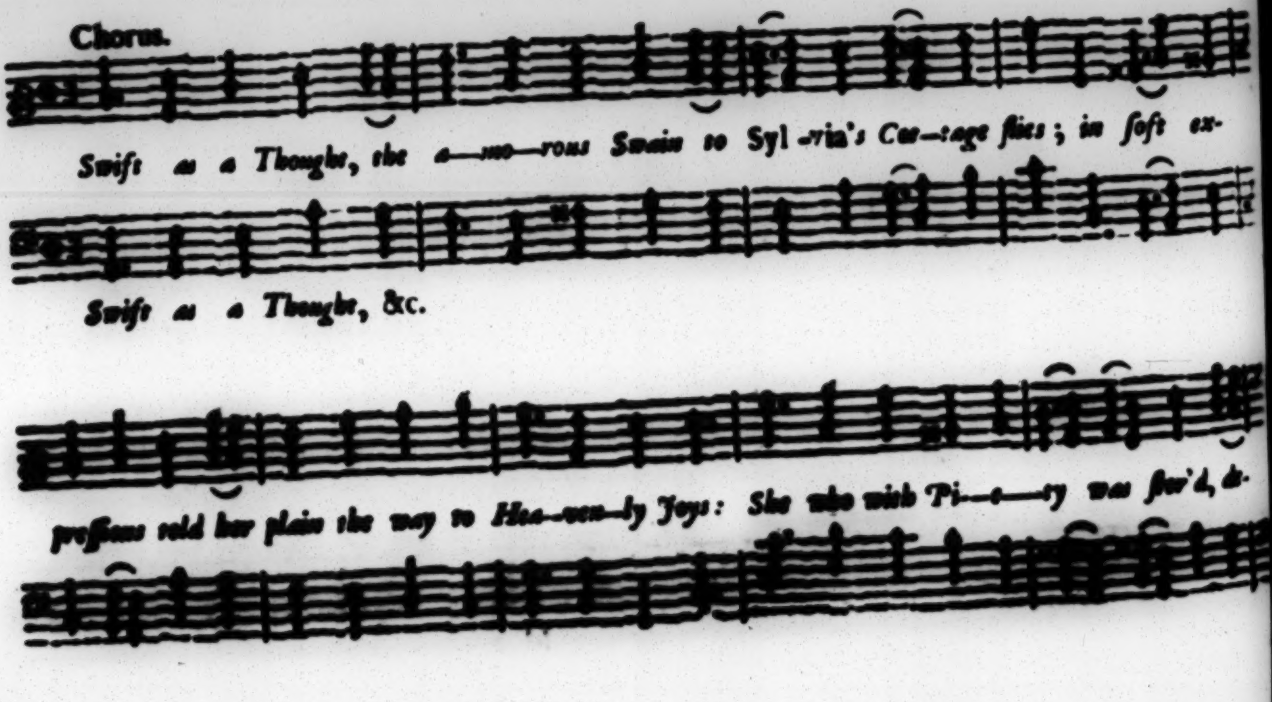
A fragment from The Theater of Music, 168
(Book 2)


M
U—ſing on Cares of Humane Fate, in a ſad Cypreſs
2
Grove; a ſtrange Diſpute I heard of late, 'twixt Ver—tue, Fame, and Love: A penſive Shepherd
ask'd Advice, and their O—pi-nions crav'd; how he might hope to be ſo wiſe, to get a

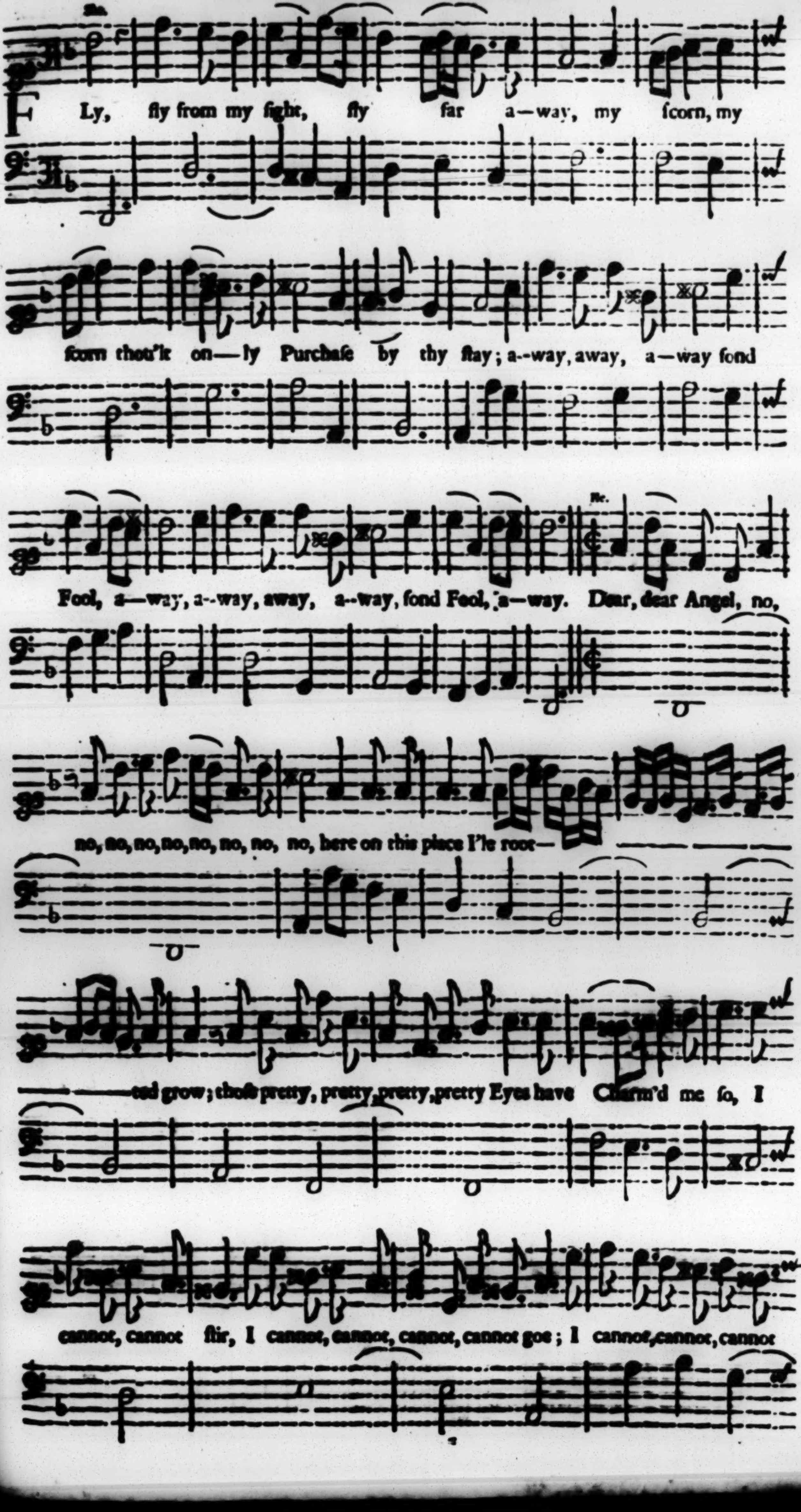

Place be—yond the Skies, and how he might be ſav'd.

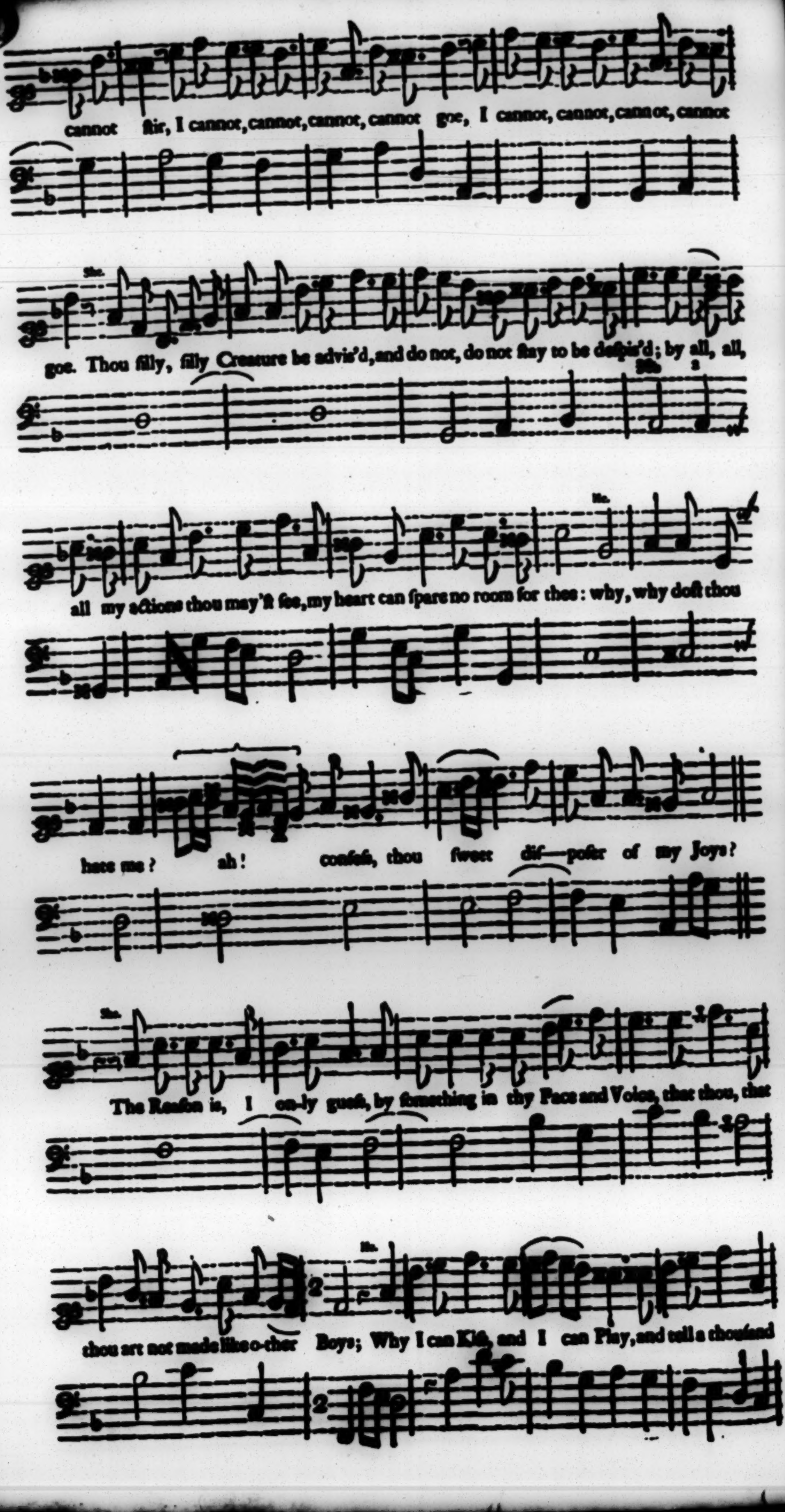
Nice *Vertue* preach'd Religion's Laws,
Paths to Eternal Reſt;
To fight his King's and Country's Cauſe,
Fame councell'd him was beſt:
But *Love* oppos'd their noiſy Tongues,
And thus their Votes out-brav'd;
Get, get a Miſtreſs, Fair and Young,
Love fiercely, conſtantly, and long,
And then thou ſhalt be ſav'd.

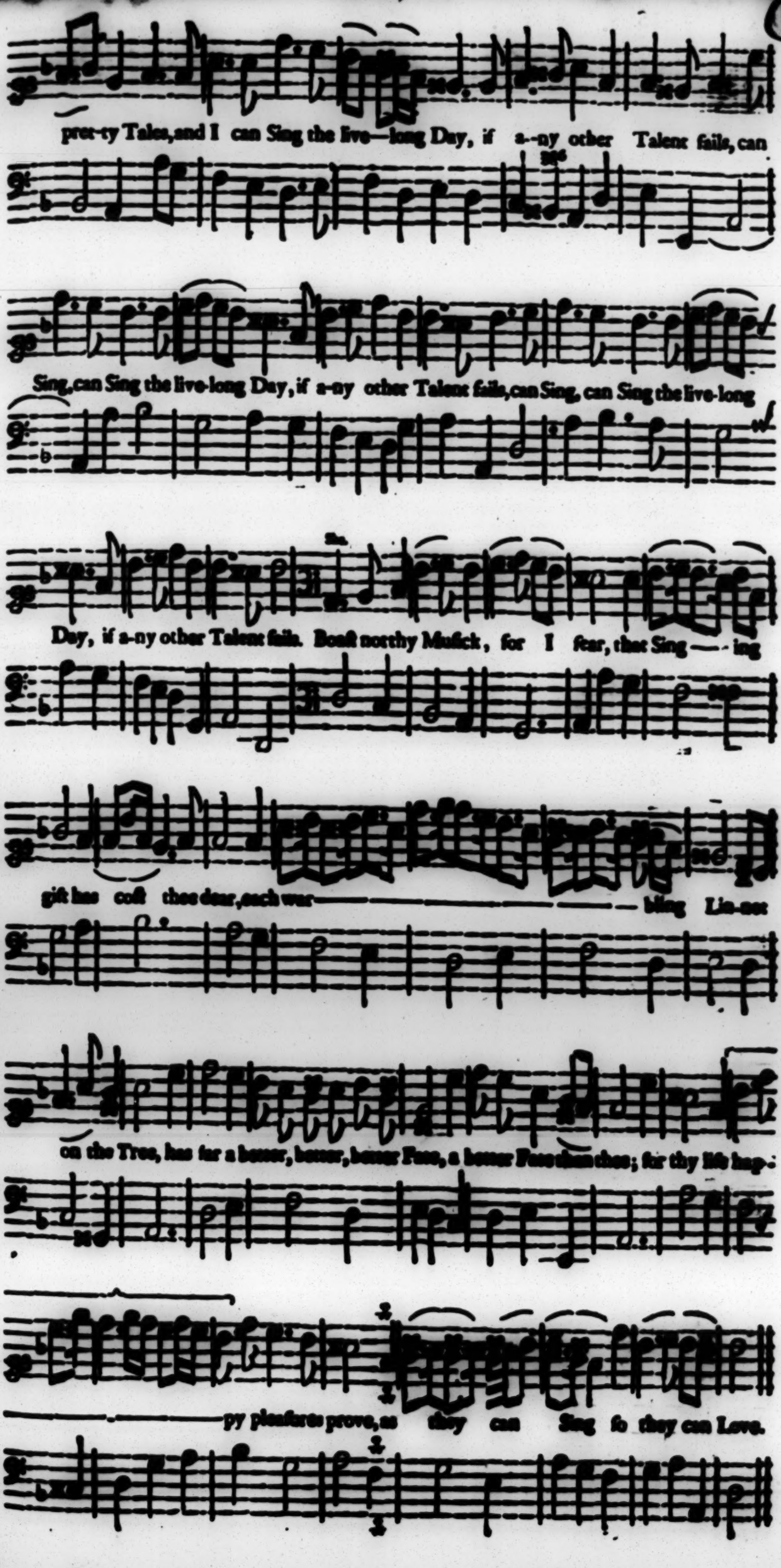
Chorus.


Swift as a Thought, the a—mo—rous Swain to Syl—via's Cot—tage flies; in ſoft ex-
Swift as a Thought, &c.
preſſions told her plain the way to Hea—ven—ly Joys: She who with Pi—e—ty was ſtor'd, di-

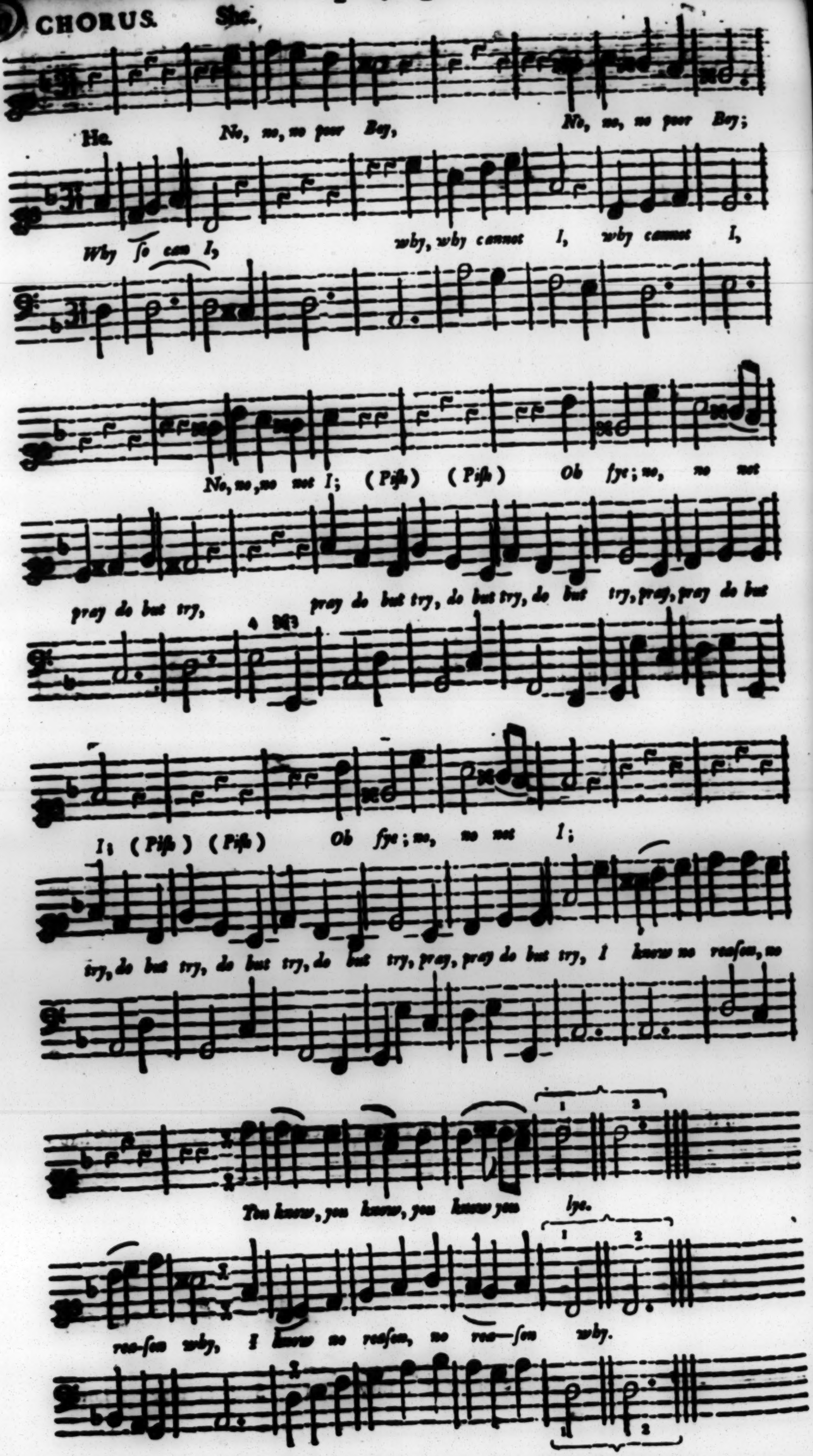
A Dialogue ſuppos'd to be between a *Eunuch* Boy, and a Virgin. Sung by *Bowen* and Mrs. *Croſs* in a New Play call'd *Ibrahim*. Sett to Muſick by Mr. *Daniel Purcell*.


She.
Fly, fly from my ſight, fly far a—way, my ſcorn, my
ſcorn thou'lt on—ly Purchaſe by thy ſtay; a--way, away, a—way fond
Fool, a—way, a--way, away, a--way, fond Fool, a—way.
He.
Dear, dear Angel, no,
no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, here on this place I'le root—
—ed grow; thoſe pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty Eyes have Charm'd me ſo, I
cannot, cannot ſtir, I cannot, cannot, cannot, cannot goe; I cannot, cannot, cannot


cannot ſtir, I cannot, cannot, cannot, cannot goe, I cannot, cannot, cannot, cannot
She.
goe. Thou ſilly, ſilly Creature be adviſ'd, and do not, do not ſtay to be deſpiſ'd; by all, all,
He.
all my actions thou may'ſt ſee, my heart can ſpare no room for thee: why, why doſt thou
hate me? ah! confeſs, thou ſweet diſ—poſer of my Joys?
She.
The Reaſon is, I on-ly gueſs, by ſomething in thy Face and Voice, that thou, that
thou art not made like o-ther Boys;
He.
Why I can Kiſs, and I can Play, and tell a thouſand

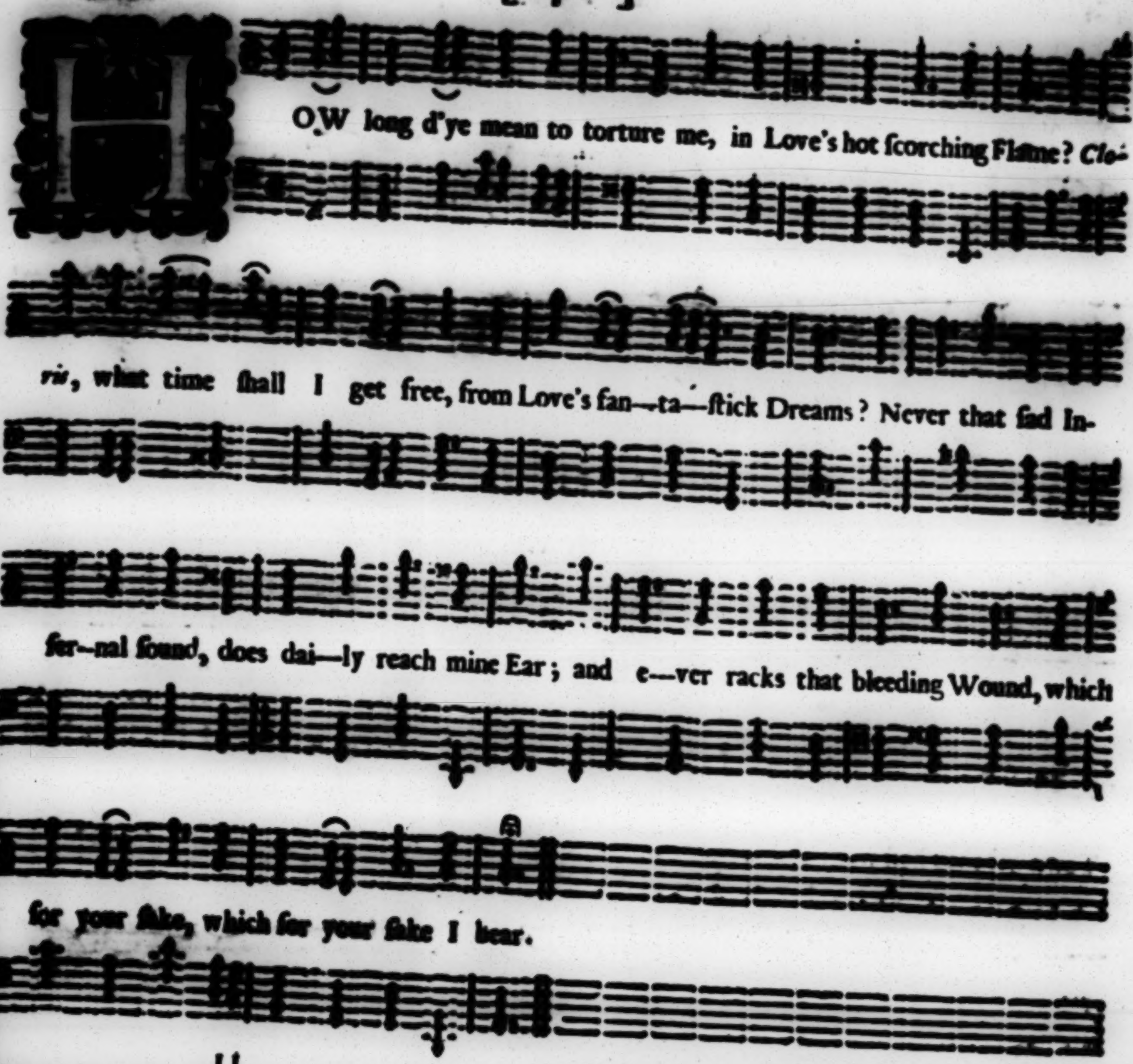

pret-ty Tales, and I can Sing the live—long Day, if a-ny other Talent fails, can
Sing, can Sing the live-long Day, if a-ny other Talent fails, can Sing, can Sing the live-long
Day, if a-ny other Talent fails. Boast not thy Musick, for I fear, that Sing—-ing
gift has cost thee dear, each war————————————bling Lin-net
on the Tree, has far a better, better, better Fate, a better Fate than thee; for thy life hap-
————py pleasures prove, as they can Sing so they can Love.

CHORUS.


She.
He.
No, no, no poor Boy, No, no, no poor Boy;
Why ſo can I, why, why cannot I, why cannot I,
No, no, no not I; (Piſh) (Piſh) Oh fye; no, no not
pray do but try, pray do but try, do but try, do but try, pray, pray do but
4 ♯3
I; (Piſh) (Piſh) Oh fye; no, no not I;
try, do but try, do but try, do but try, pray, pray do but try, I know no reaſon, no
1
2
You know, you know, you know you lye.
1
2
reaſon why, I know no reaſon, no rea-ſon why.
1
2

London, Printed for *Henry Playford*, and ſold at his Shop in the *Temple-Change*, *Fleetſtreet*. 1696.

Omit


HOW long d'ye mean to torture me, in Love's hot ſcorching Flame? Clo-
ris, what time ſhall I get free, from Love's fan--ta--ſtick Dreams? Never that ſad In-
fer--nal ſound, does dai--ly reach mine Ear; and e---ver racks that bleeding Wound, which
for your ſake, which for your ſake I bear.

II.
That I do love, *Cloris*, you know,
My Grief to you I tell;
My over-fondneſs of you, ſhows
That I have lov'd too well:
And in requital of my Love,
You blaſt me with a breath;
The wounds you gave will fatal prove,
Each frown pronounce, each frown pronouncing Death.

III.
It grieves my Heart to ſee you chuſe
My Rival in my room;
And unconcern'd tell him the news,
On me you've paſt your Doom.
My injur'd Ghoſt when e're I dye,
Shall never let you reſt;
But hovering in the Air ſhall fly,
And ſteal, and ſteal into your Breaſt.

IV.
Thus I torment my ſelf, and doubt,
That you unconſtant are;
You know true Love is ne're without
Great Jealouſies and Fears.
Then pardon the diſtracted Thoughts,
Of one you know is true;
One Love has in ſubjection brought,
And made a Slave, and made a Slave to you.

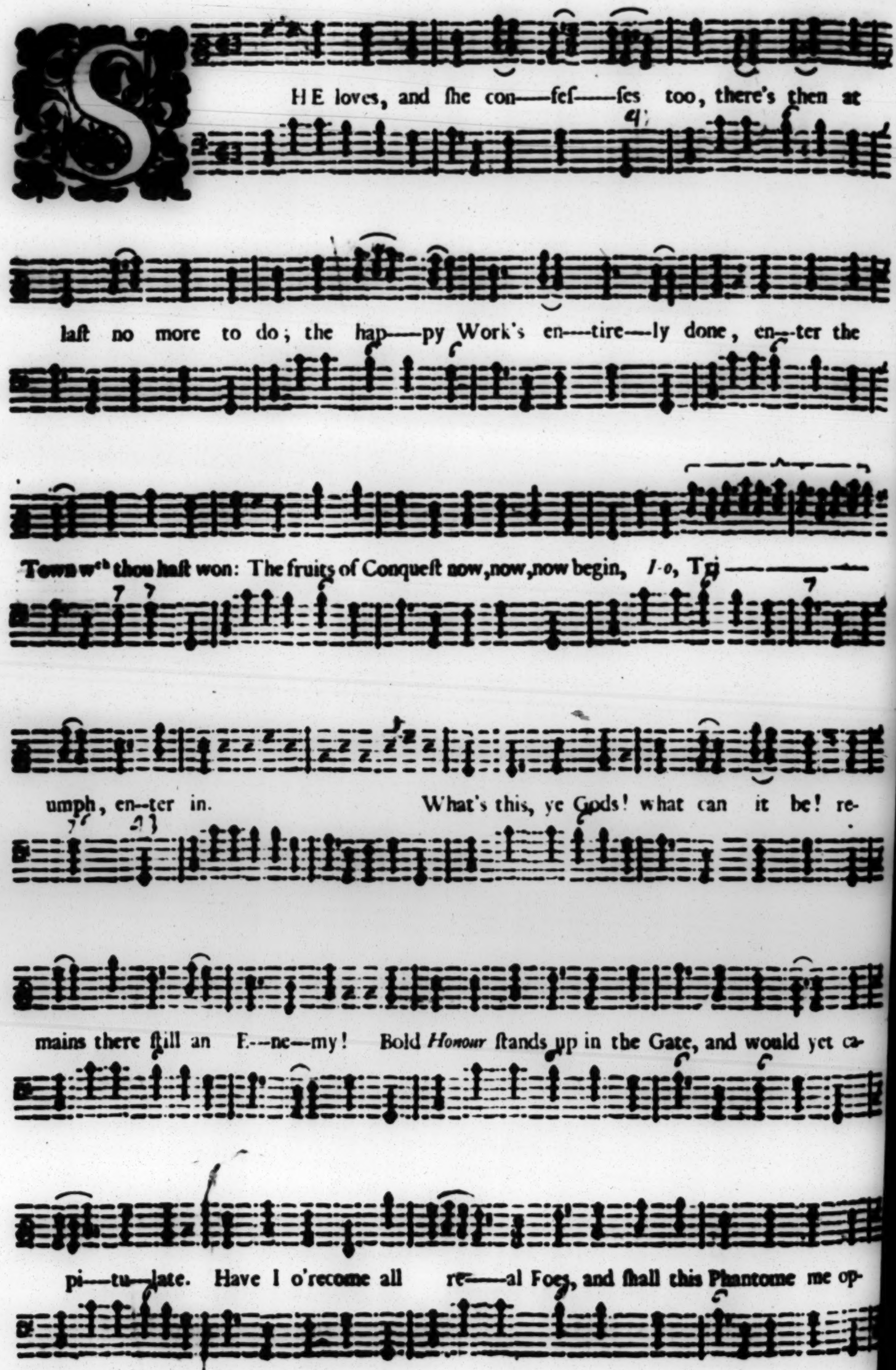
V.
If you have any pity left,
Then ſhew it now, and ſave
Him who deſpairs of finding reſt,
And do'nt you dig my Grave:
For if I dye through your neglect,
Pray write this on my Tomb;
My Judge being fair, I did expect
A favourable, a favourable Doom.

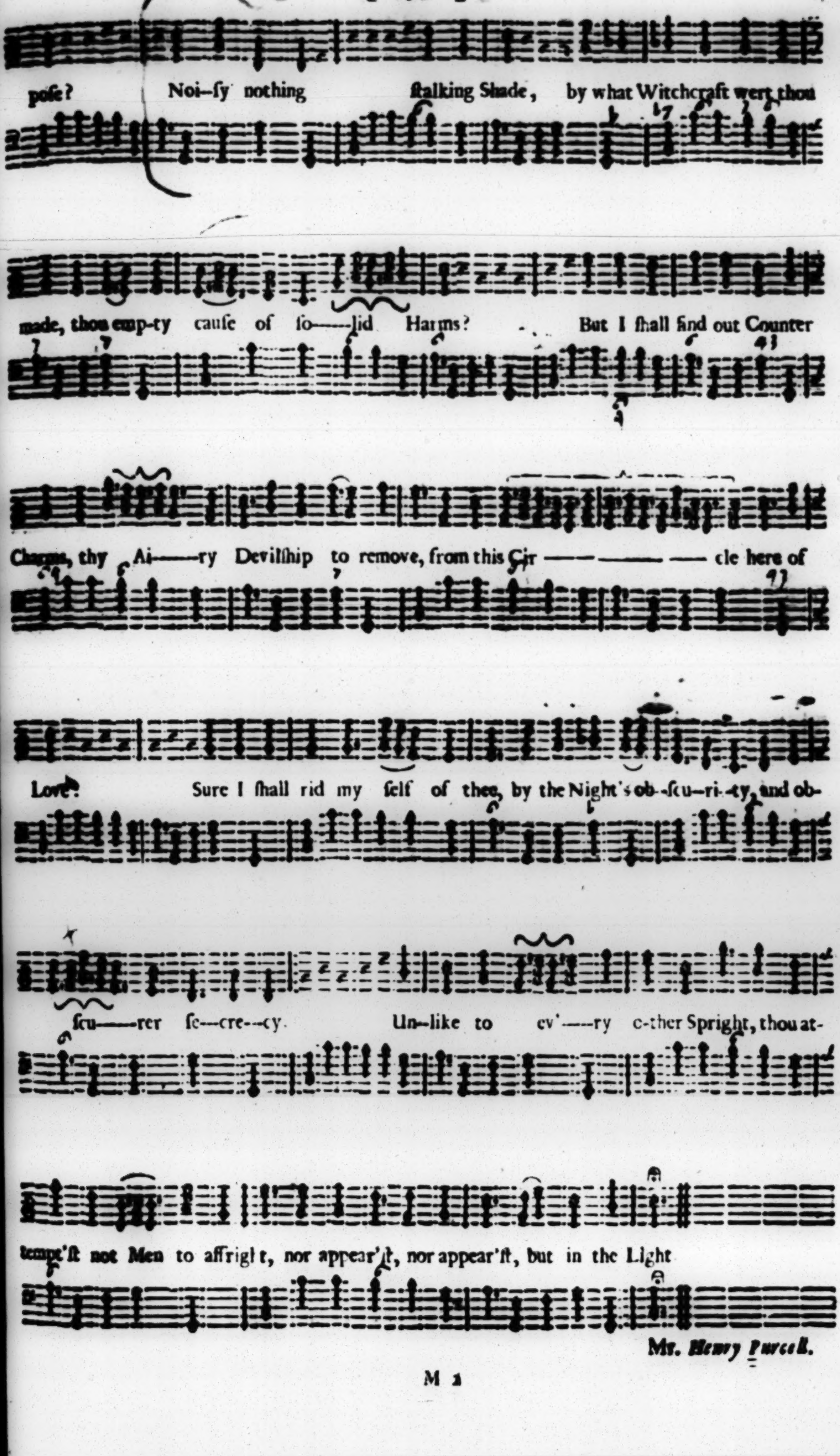
VI.
And ſince you did my Woes procure,
I'le try if Torments can
Increaſe my Flame, or help to cure
A Love-diſtracted Man.
I'le find ſome ſure, yet ſpeedy way,
To end my Miſery;
Too long my Ruine I delay,
And yet ſeem loth, and yet ſeem loth to dye.

VII.
I'le place my ſelf on *Caucaſus*,
And there I'le lend ſuch Groans,
Shall ſcare the damn'd *Prometheus*,
With my ſad frightful Tones.
I'le make the Vultures quit their Prey,
And feed upon my Breaſt;
For through this means perhaps I may
Find hopes of having, find hopes of having Reſt.

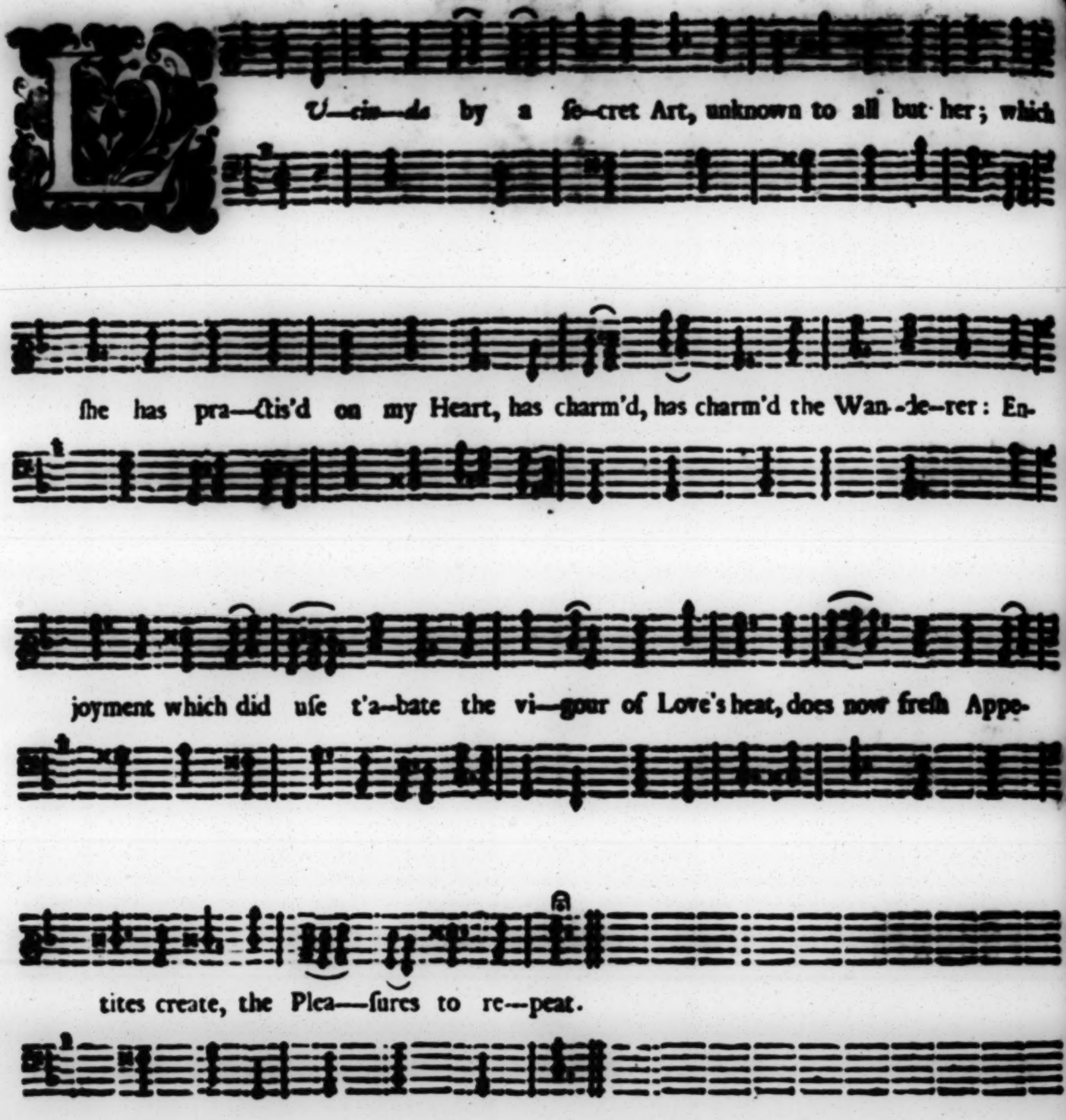
A fragment from Choice ayres and
songs ... The fourth book.
1683.

A SONG upon a Ground.


S
HE loves, and ſhe con——feſ——ſes too, there's then at
laſt no more to do; the hap——py Work's en——tire——ly done, en—ter the
Town wth thou haſt won: The fruits of Conqueſt now, now, now begin, I-o, Tri——
umph, en—ter in. What's this, ye Gods! what can it be! re-
mains there ſtill an E—ne—my! Bold Honour ſtands up in the Gate, and would yet ca-
pi—tu—late. Have I o'recome all re——al Foes, and ſhall this Phantome me op-


poſe? Noi--ſy nothing ſtalking Shade, by what Witchcraft wert thou
made, thou emp-ty cauſe of ſo-----lid Harms? But I ſhall find out Counter
Charms, thy Ai-----ry Deviliſhip to remove, from this Cir ——— ——— —— cle here of
Love. Sure I ſhall rid my ſelf of thee, by the Night's ob--ſcu--ri--ty, and ob-
ſcu-----rer ſe---cre---cy. Un--like to ev'----ry o-ther Spright, thou at-
tempt'ſt not Men to affright, nor appear'ſt, nor appear'ſt, but in the Light

Mr. *Henry Purcell.*


L
U—cin—da by a ſe—cret Art, unknown to all but her; which
ſhe has pra—ctis'd on my Heart, has charm'd, has charm'd the Wan-—de—rer: En-
joyment which did uſe t'a—bate the vi—gour of Love's heat, does now freſh Appe-
tites create, the Plea—ſures to re—peat.

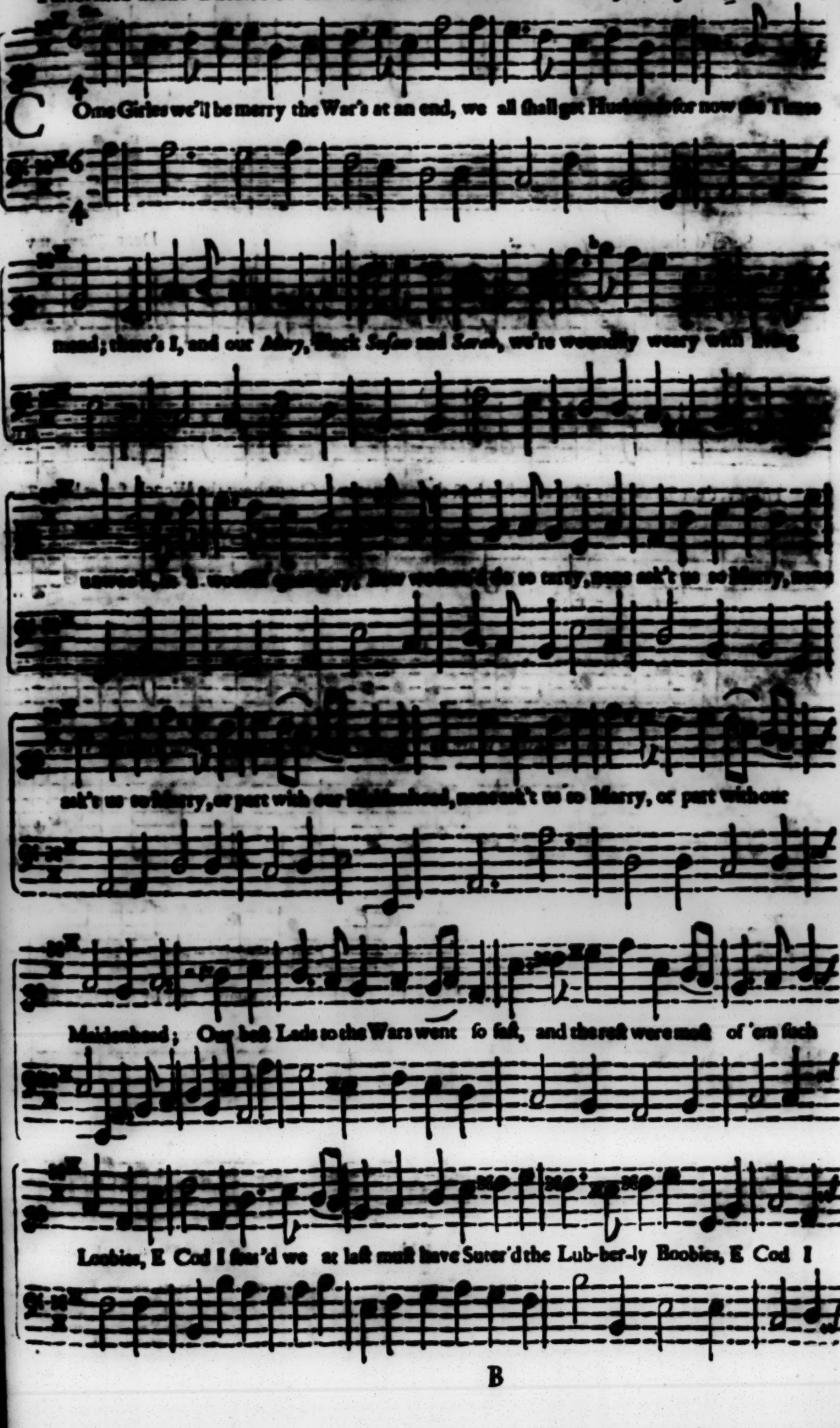
II

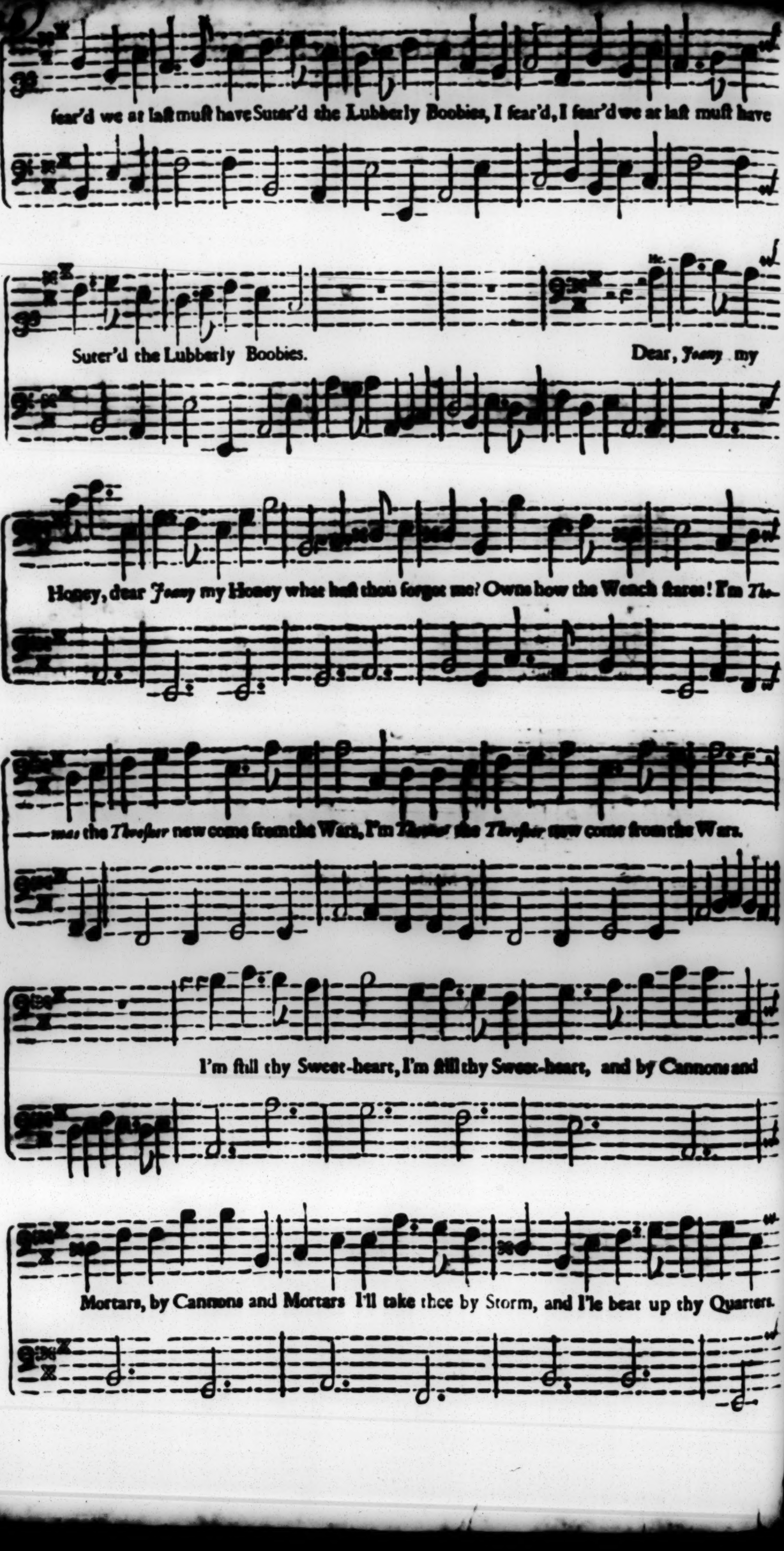
So fares it with the Bird that's took,
And into Bondage brought;
At firſt his Priſon how to brook,
With difficulty's taught:
But with kind tender uſage bred,
Grows pleas'd with his Abode:
And with more Delicates is fed,
Than e're he found abroad.

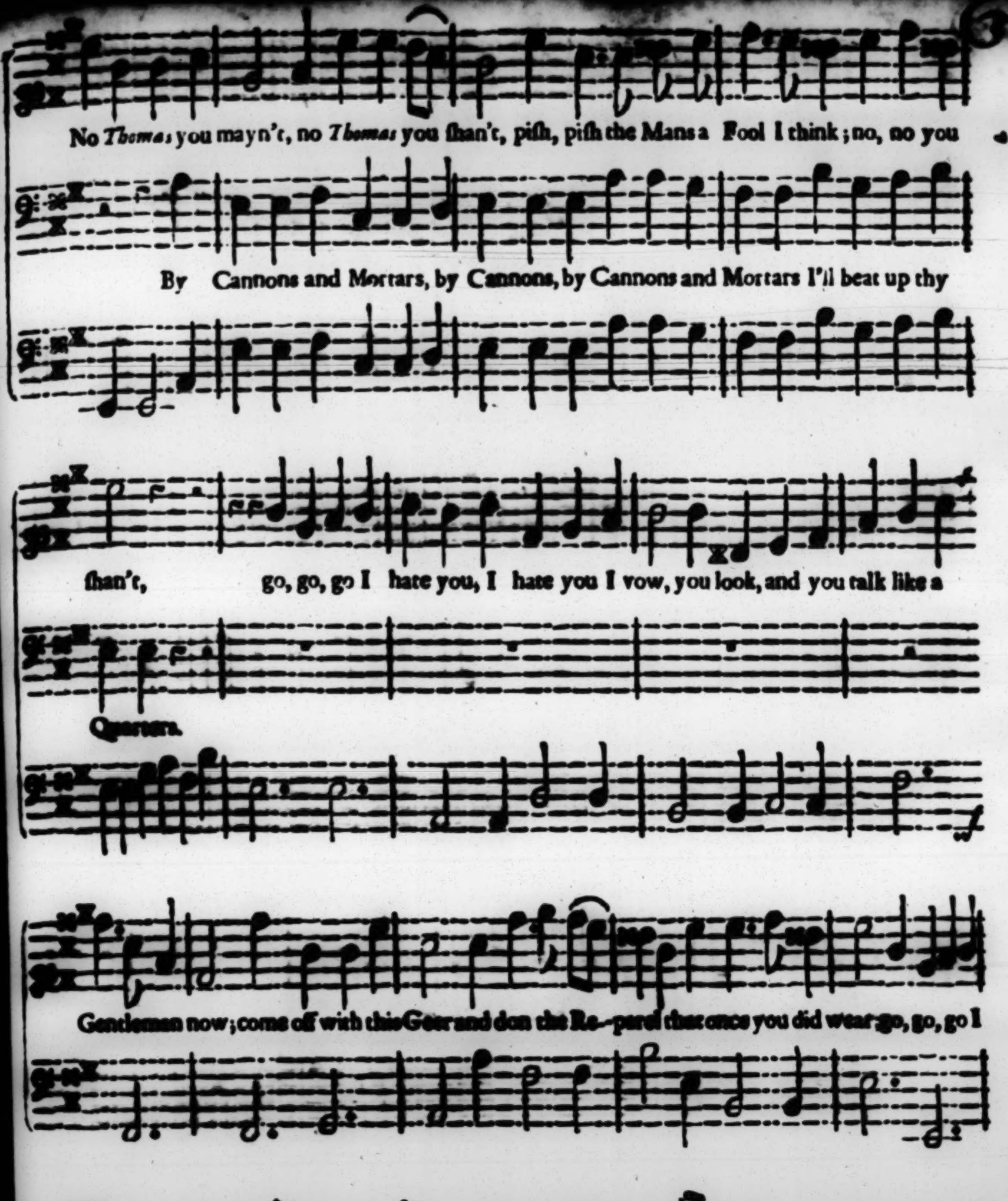
[illegible] *Wapping*, and

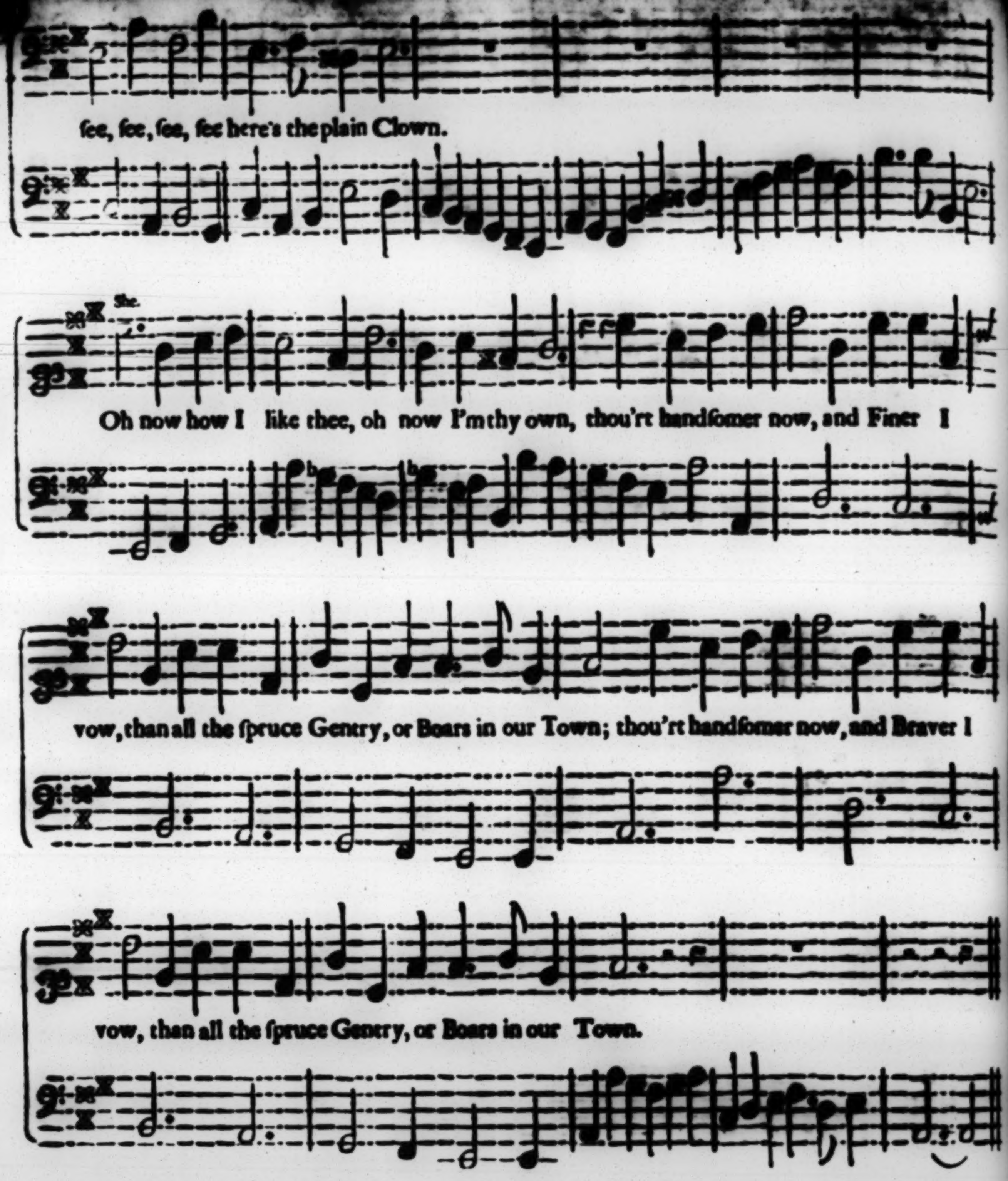
The Two following SONGS in the Musical Interlude for the Peace,

Performed at the Theatre in *Little Lincolns-Inn-Fields.* Set by Mr. *John Eccles.*

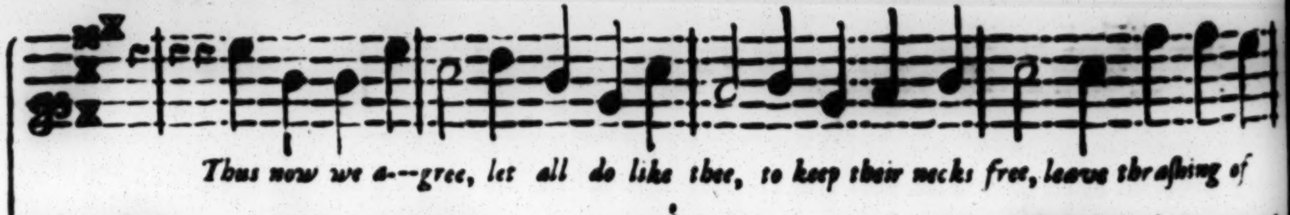

C
Ome Girles we'll be merry the War's at an end, we all ſhall get Husbands for now the Times
mend; there's I, and our *Mary*, Black *Suſan* and *Sarah*, we're woundily weary with living
unwed, in a woeful quandary, how wou'd we do to tarry, none aſk't us to Marry, none
aſk't us to Marry, or part with our Maidenhead, none aſk't us to Marry, or part with our
Maidenhead; Our beſt Lads to the Wars went ſo faſt, and the reſt were moſt of 'em such
Loobies, E Cod I fear'd we at laſt muſt have Suter'd the Lub-ber-ly Boobies, E Cod I

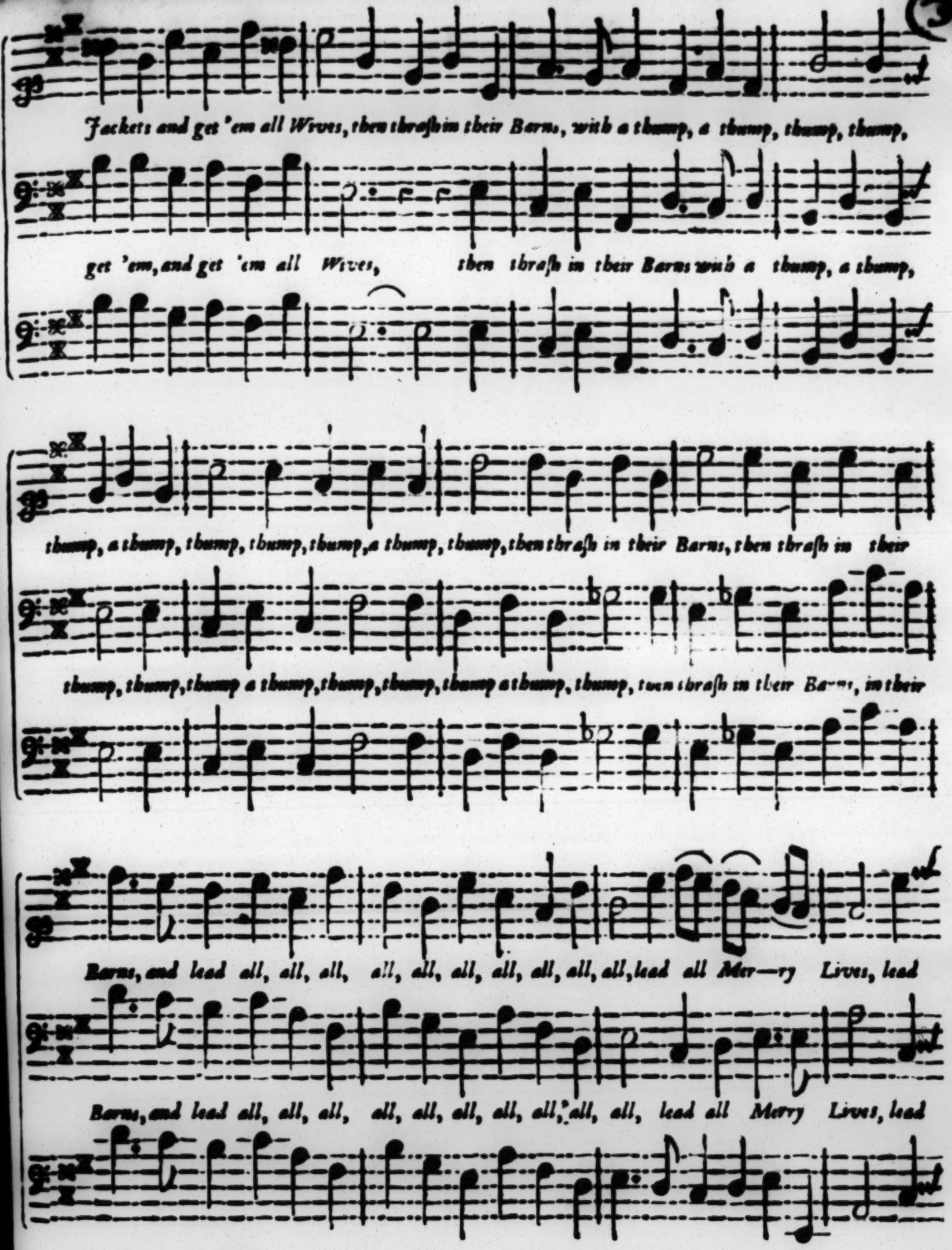

fear'd we at laſt muſt have Suter'd the Lubberly Boobies, I fear'd, I fear'd we at laſt muſt have
Suter'd the Lubberly Boobies.
Dear, *Joany* my
Honey, dear *Joany* my Honey what haſt thou forgot me? Owns how the Wench ſtares! I'm *Tho-*
mas the *Threſher* new come from the Wars, I'm *Thomas* the *Threſher* new come from the Wars.
I'm ſtill thy Sweet-heart, I'm ſtill thy Sweet-heart, and by Cannons and
Mortars, by Cannons and Mortars I'll take thee by Storm, and I'le beat up thy Quarters.


No Thomas you mayn't, no Thomas you shan't, pish, pish the Mans a Fool I think; no, no you
By Cannons and Mortars, by Cannons, by Cannons and Mortars I'll beat up thy
shan't, go, go, go I hate you, I hate you I vow, you look, and you talk like a
Quarters.
Gentleman now; come off with this Geer and don the Re-parel that once you did wear go, go, go I
hate you, I hate you I vow, you look and you talk like a Gentleman now.
He.
Well now the Wars over my Brav'ry shall down, off, off, off goes the brave Soldier and

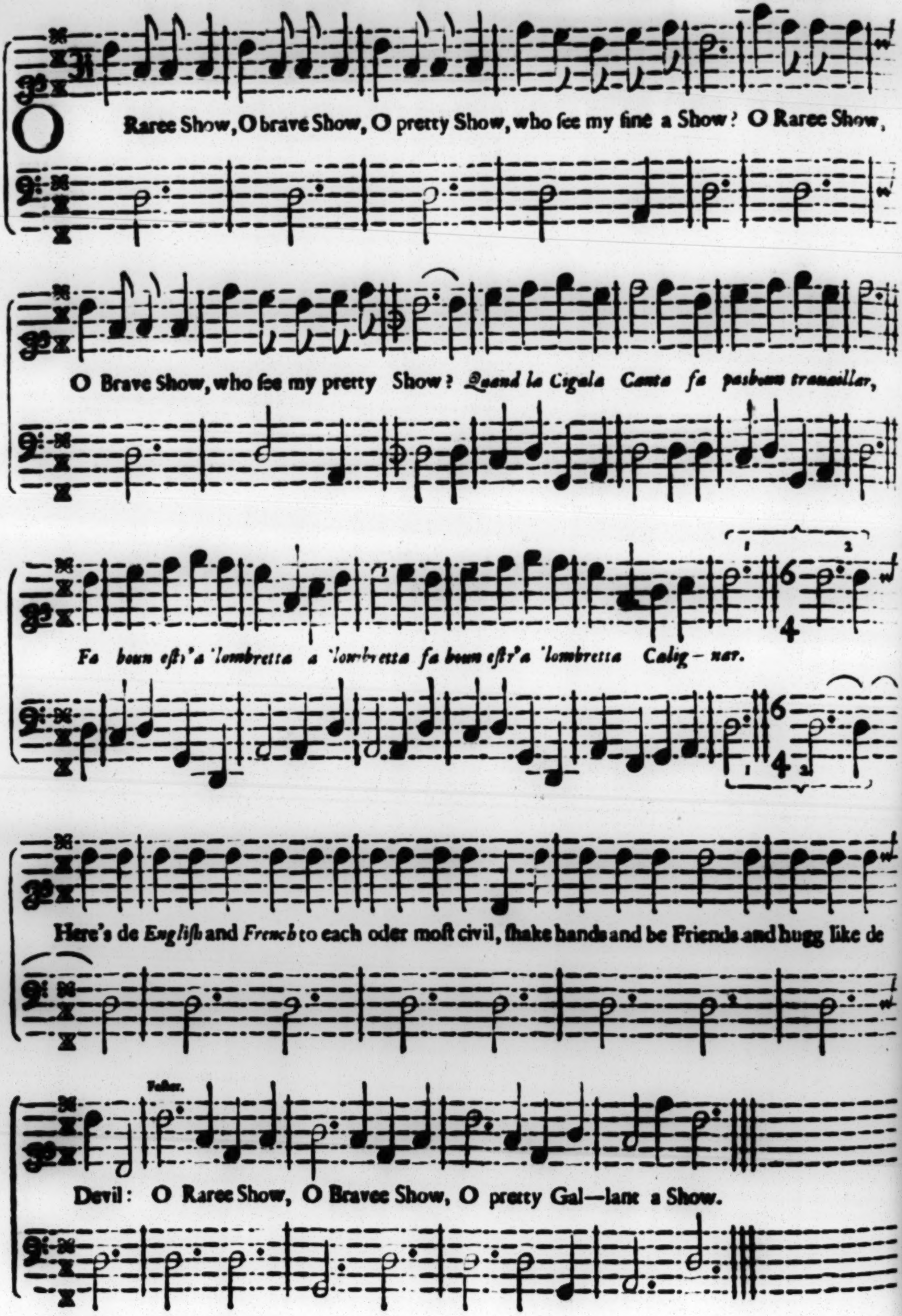

ſee, ſee, ſee, ſee here's the plain Clown.
She.
Oh now how I like thee, oh now I'm thy own, thou'rt handſomer now, and Finer I
vow, than all the ſpruce Gentry, or Boars in our Town; thou'rt handſomer now, and Braver I
vow, than all the ſpruce Gentry, or Boars in our Town.

CHORUS.


Thus now we a--gree, let all do like thee, to keep their necks free, leave thraſhing of
Thus now we a-gree, let all do like me, to keep their Necks free, leave thraſhing of Jackets and


Jackets and get 'em all Wives, then thraſh in their Barns, with a thump, a thump, thump, thump,
get 'em, and get 'em all Wives, then thraſh in their Barns with a thump, a thump,
thump, a thump, thump, thump, thump, a thump, thump, then thraſh in their Barns, then thraſh in their
thump, thump, thump a thump, thump, thump, thump a thump, thump, then thraſh in their Barns, in their
Barns, and lead all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all, lead all Mer—ry Lives, lead
Barns, and lead all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all, lead all Merry Lives, lead
all Mer—ry lives.
all Mer—ry lives.

The *Raree Show*, by *Jemy Laroch.* (*Numb.* 6)


O Raree Show, O brave Show, O pretty Show, who ſee my fine a Show? O Raree Show,
O Brave Show, who ſee my pretty Show? *Quand la Cigala Canta fa pasboun tranaillar,*
Fa boun eſt'a 'lombretta a 'lombretta fa boun eſt'a 'lombretta Calig- nar.
6
4
1
2
Here's de *English* and *French* to each oder moſt civil, ſhake hands and be Friends and hugg like de
Father.
Devil: O Raree Show, O Bravee Show, O pretty Gal—lant a Show.

(2.)

Here be de *Savoyards* a trudging thro' *France*,
To ſweep a de Shimney, to Sing and to Dance.
O *Raree Show*, &c.

(3.)

Here be de great *Turk*, and de Great King of no Land,
A Galloping bravely from *Hung'ry* and *Poland*.
O *Raree Show*, &c.

(4.)
Here's de brave *Engliſh Beau*, for de Packet Bot tarries,
To go make his Campain, vid his Taylor at *Paris*,
O Raree Show, &c.

(5.)
Here be de honeſt Capitain a curſing de Peace,
Here's anoder diſbanding his Coach and his Miſs.
O Raree Show, &c.

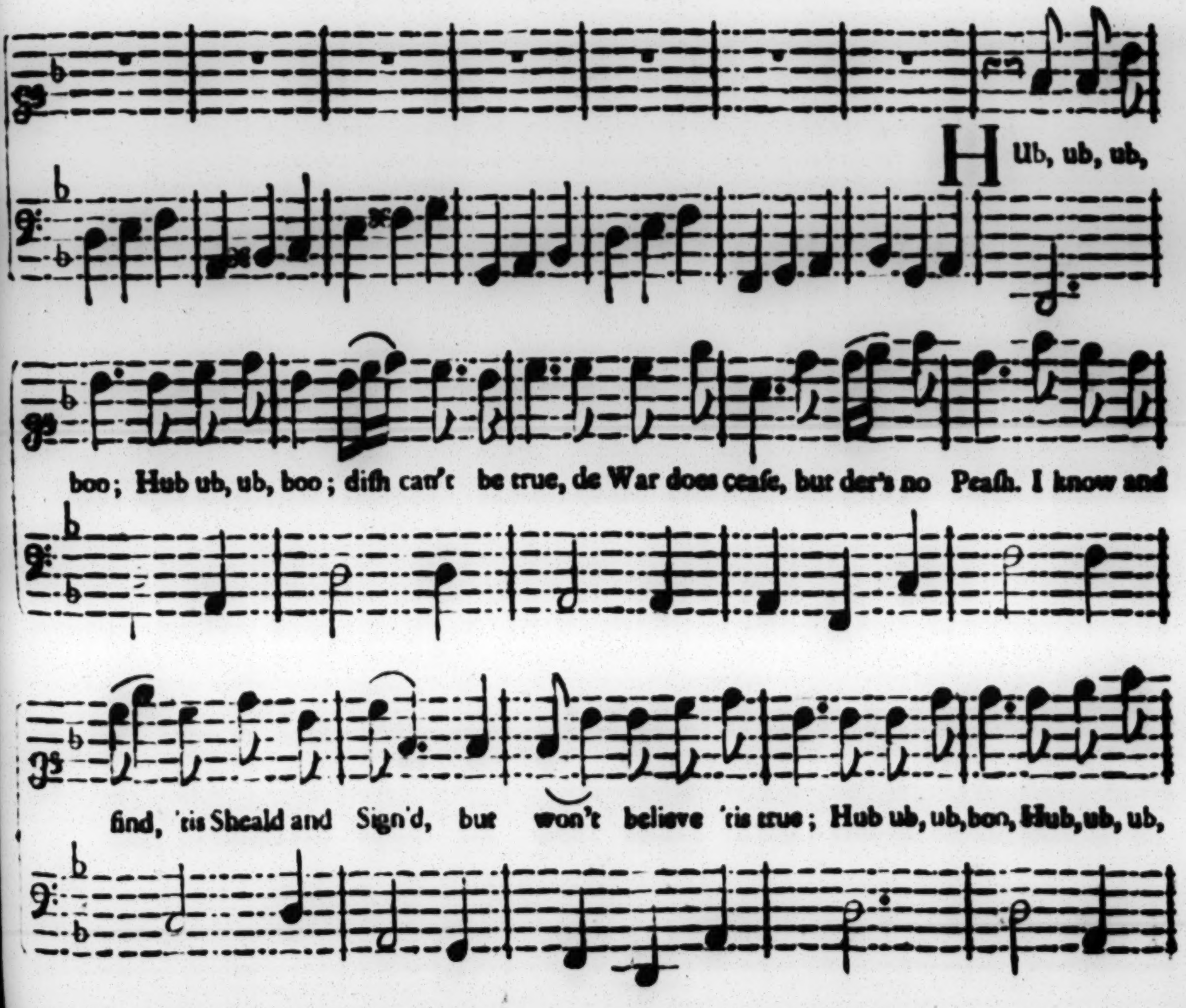
(6.)
Here be de *Engliſh* Ships bring Plenty and Riches,
And dere de *French* Caper a mending his Breeches.
O Raree Show, &c.

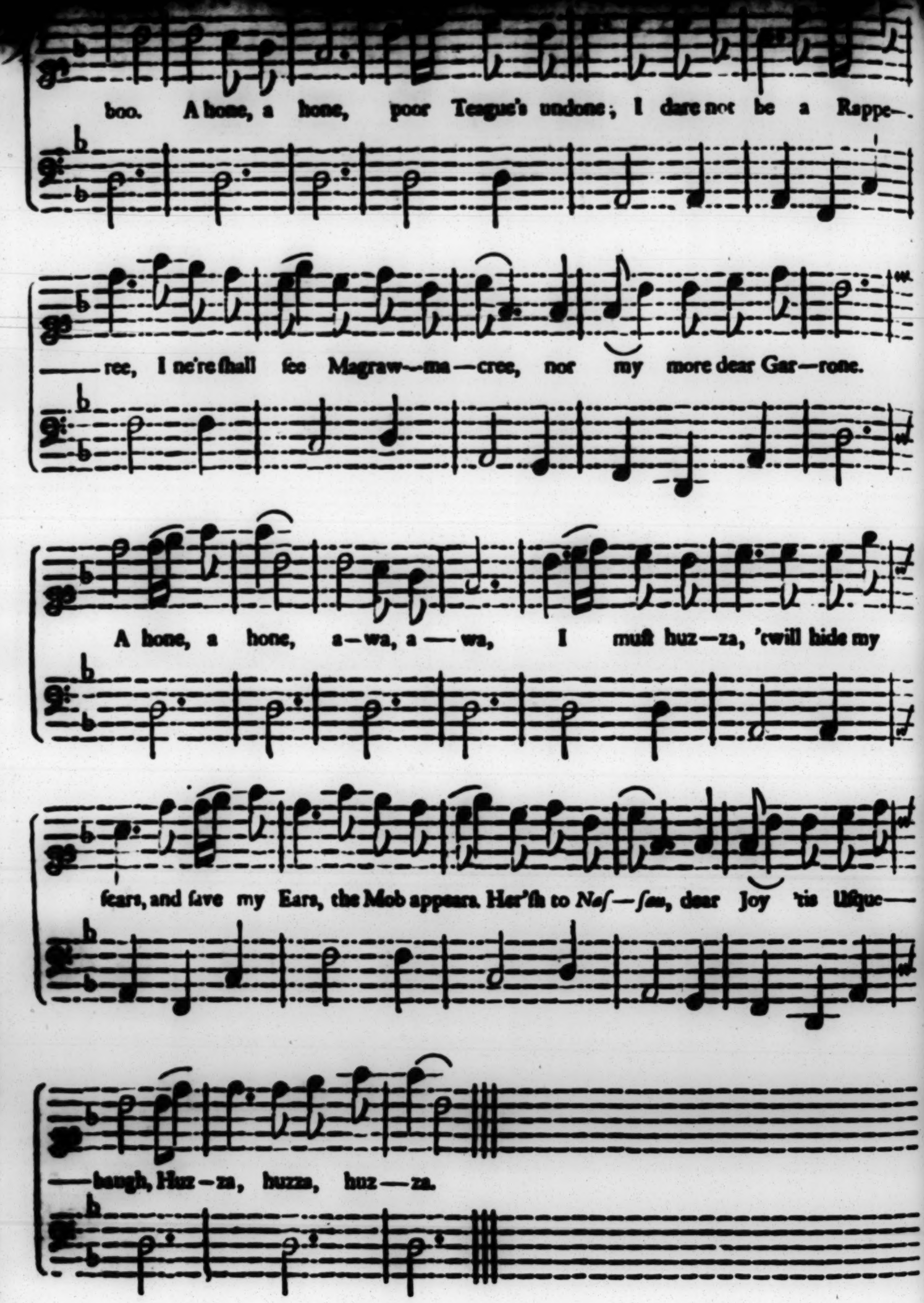
(7.)
Here be de Jacks ſet out Lights and diſſemble,
And here be de Mob make 'um ſquitter and tremble.
O Raree Show, &c.

(8.)
Here be de Sea Captain a reeling aſhore,
Here's one ſpend all his Pay, and boarding a Whore.
O Raree Show, &c.

(9.)
Here be de brave Trainbands a drinking Carouſes,
And here be de Soldiers a ſtorming deir Spouſes.
O Raree Show, bravee Show, who ſee my fine Show?

The *Iriſh* SONG, Sung by Mr. *Lee*. (*Numb.* 7)

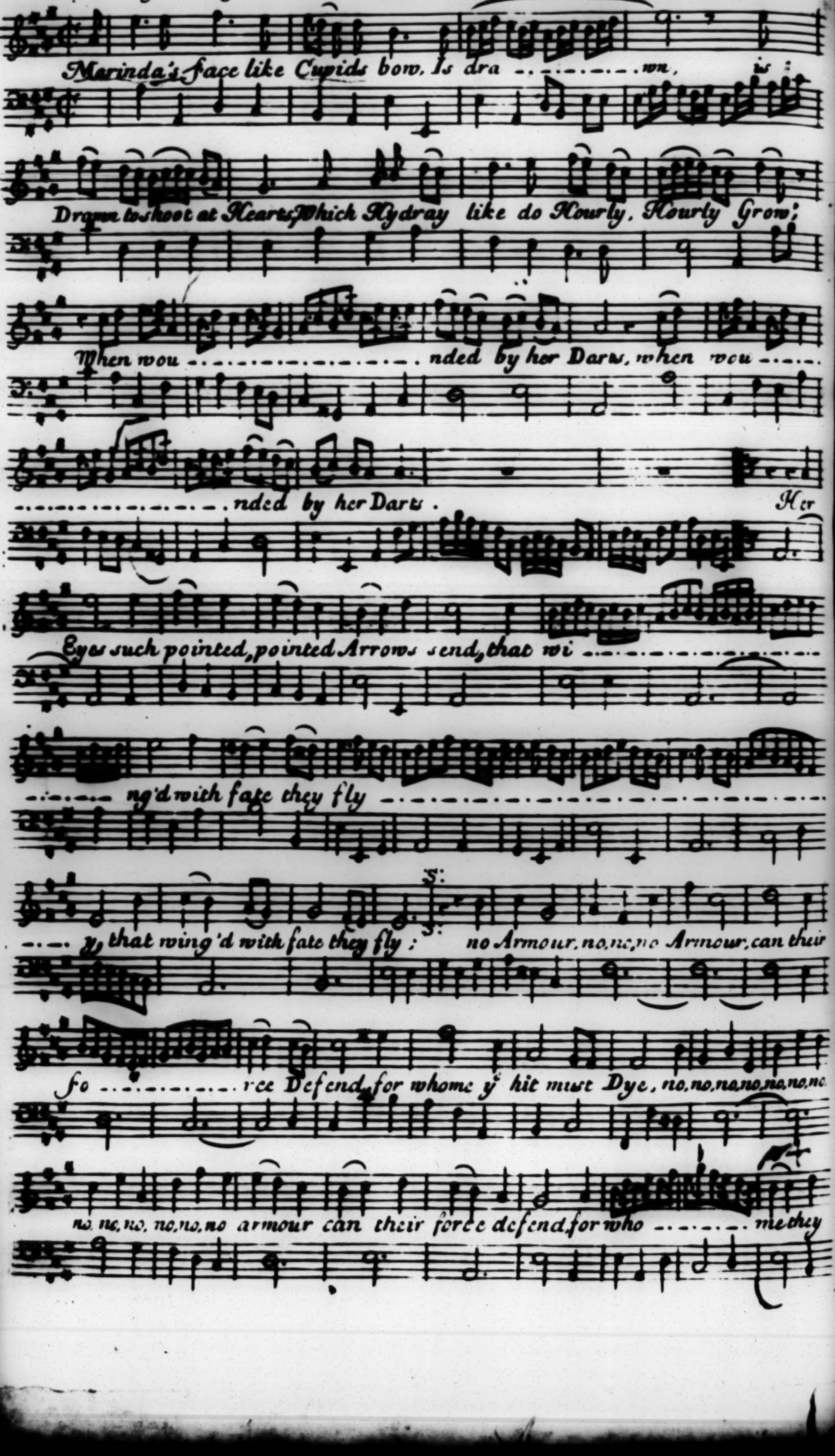

Hub, ub, ub,
boo; Hub ub, ub, boo; diſh can't be true, de War does ceaſe, but der's no Peaſh. I know and
find, 'tis Sheald and Sign'd, but won't believe 'tis true; Hub ub, ub, boo, Hub, ub, ub,

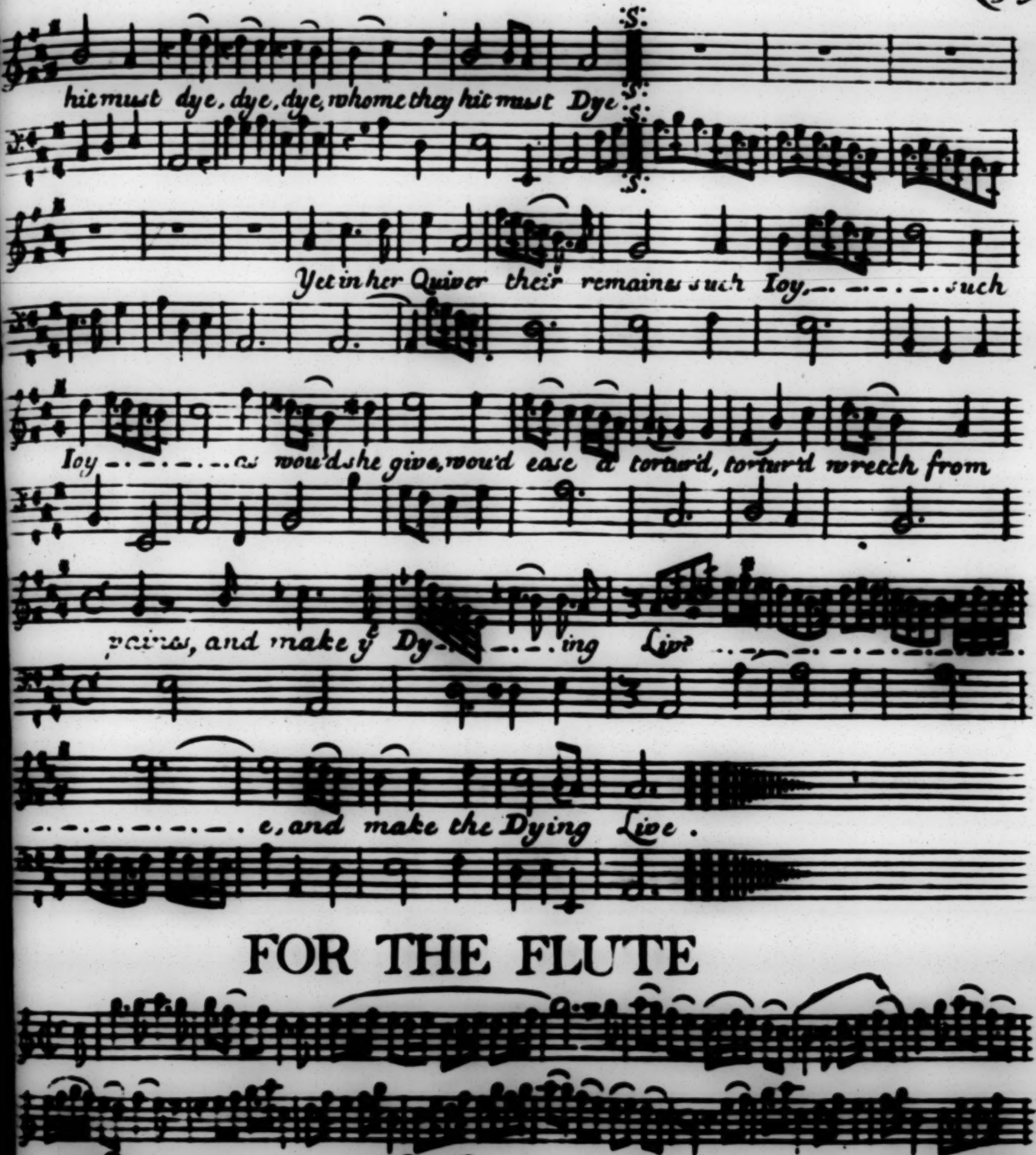

boo. A hone, a hone, poor Teague's undone; I dare not be a Rappe—
—ree, I ne're ſhall ſee Magraw—ma—cree, nor my more dear Gar—rone.
A hone, a hone, a—wa, a — wa, I muſt huz—za, 'twill hide my
fears, and ſave my Ears, the Mob appears. Her'ſh to *Naſ—ſau*, dear Joy 'tis Uſque—
—baugh, Huz—za, huzza, huz—za.

FINIS.

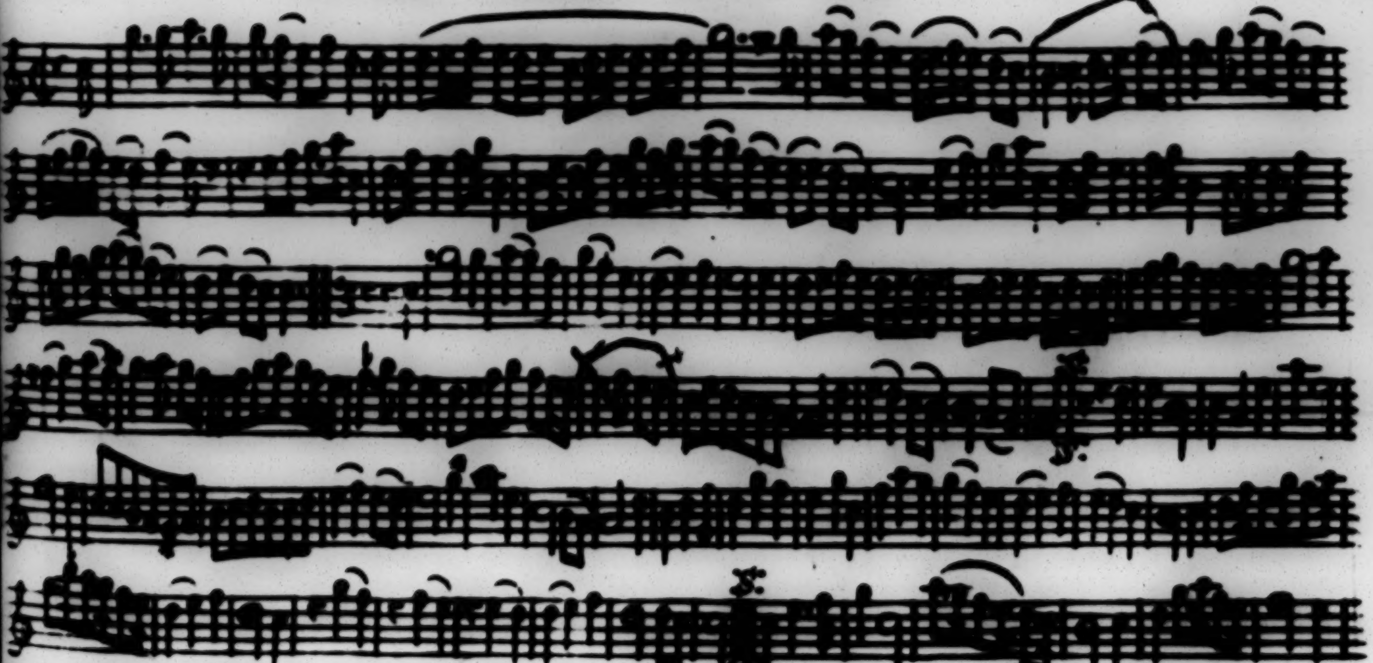
London Printed for *Henry Playford* at his Shop in the *Temple-Change*, where the other Numbers may be had; with a General Catalogue of the Muſick-Books Sold by him.

A new Song set by Mr. Leveridge, Sung att the Theater in Dublin.

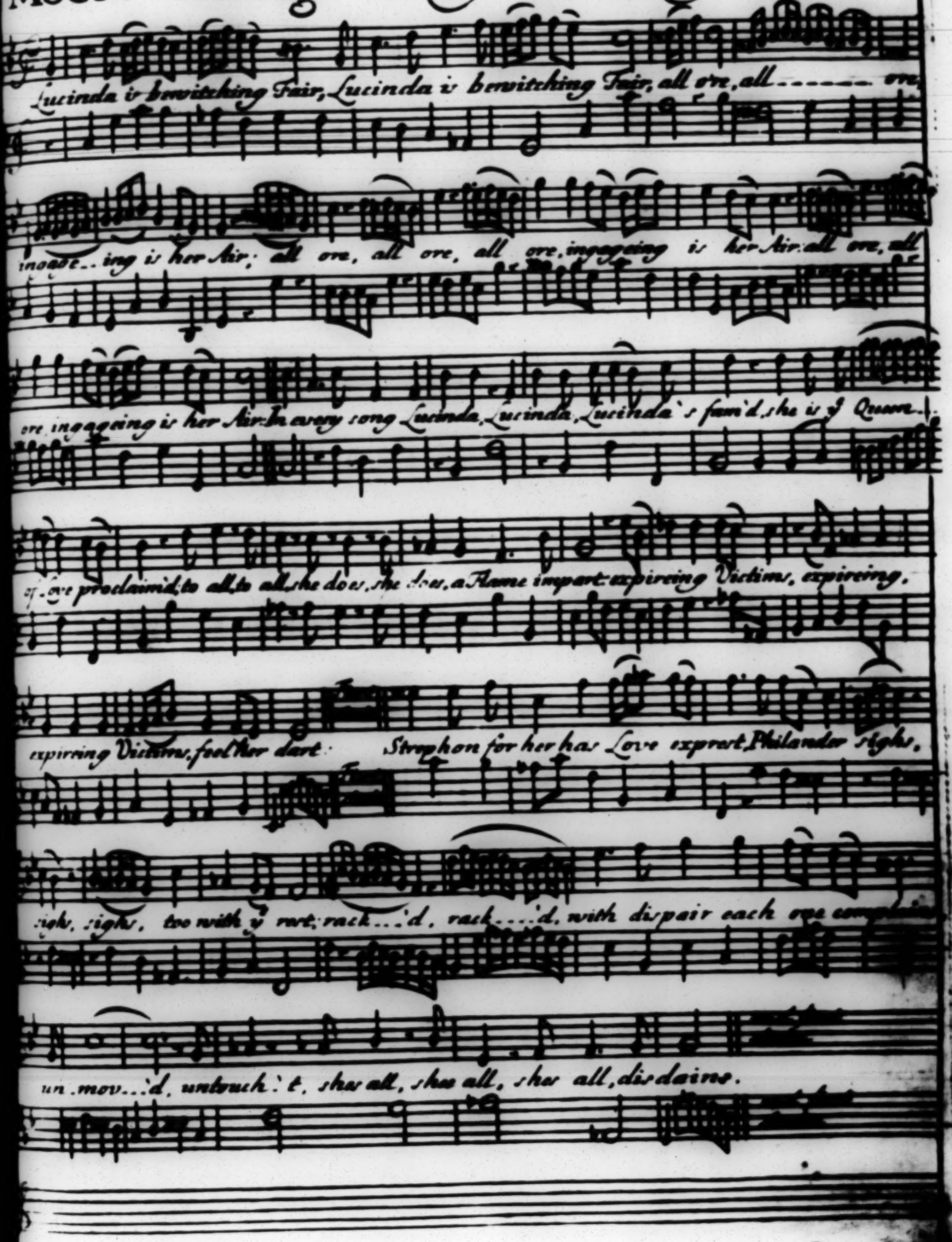

Marinda's face like Cupids bow, Is dra .... wn, is
Drawn to shoot at Hearts, Which Hydray like do Hourly, Hourly Grow;
When wou .... nded by her Darts, when wou ......
.... nded by her Darts. Her
Eyes such pointed, pointed Arrows send, that wi ....
.... ng'd with fate they fly ....
.... y, that wing'd with fate they fly; no Armour, no, no, no Armour, can their
Fo .... rce Defend, for whome yͤ hit must Dye, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,
no, no, no, no, no, no armour can their force defend, for who .... me they


hit must dye, dye, dye, whome they hit must Dye
Yet in her Quiver their remaines such Ioy,— — — — such
Ioy — — — — as wou'd she give, wou'd ease a tortur'd, tortur'd wretch from
paines, and make yͤ Dy — — — ing Live — — — — — — —
— — — — — — — e, and make the Dying Live.

FOR THE FLUTE



A new SONG Sung in Abdelazar or the Moor's reuenge set by Mr Henry Pursell


Lucinda is bewitching Fair, Lucinda is bewitching Fair, all ore, all ------ ore,
ingage..ing is her Air; all ore, all ore, all ore, ingageing is her Air: all ore, all
ore, ingageing is her Air: In every song Lucinda, Lucinda, Lucinda's fam'd she is ye Queen..
of Love proclaim'd; to all, to all, she does, she does, a Flame impart: expireing Victims, expireing,
expireing Victims, feel her dart: Strephon for her has Love exprest, Philander sighs,
sighs, sighs, too with ye rest; rack...'d, rack...'d, with dispair each one complains
un.mov...'d, untouch'd, she all, she all, she all, disdains.

(338)

THE SONGS IN THE Indian QUEEN:

by Sr Robert Howard and John Dryden

As it is now Compos'd into an

OPERA.

By Mr. *HENRY PURCELL*,
Compoſer in Ordinary to his Majeſty.
And one of the Organiſts of his Majeſty's Chapel-Royal.

[redacted]

LONDON,
Printed by *J. Heptinſtall*; and are to be Sold by *John May*, at his Shop under St. *Dunſtan's* Church: And for *John Hudgbutt* at *Tho. Dring's*, Bookſeller, at the *Harrow* at *Clifford's-lane-end* in *Fleetſtreet*. 1695.

The Publiſhers, to Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

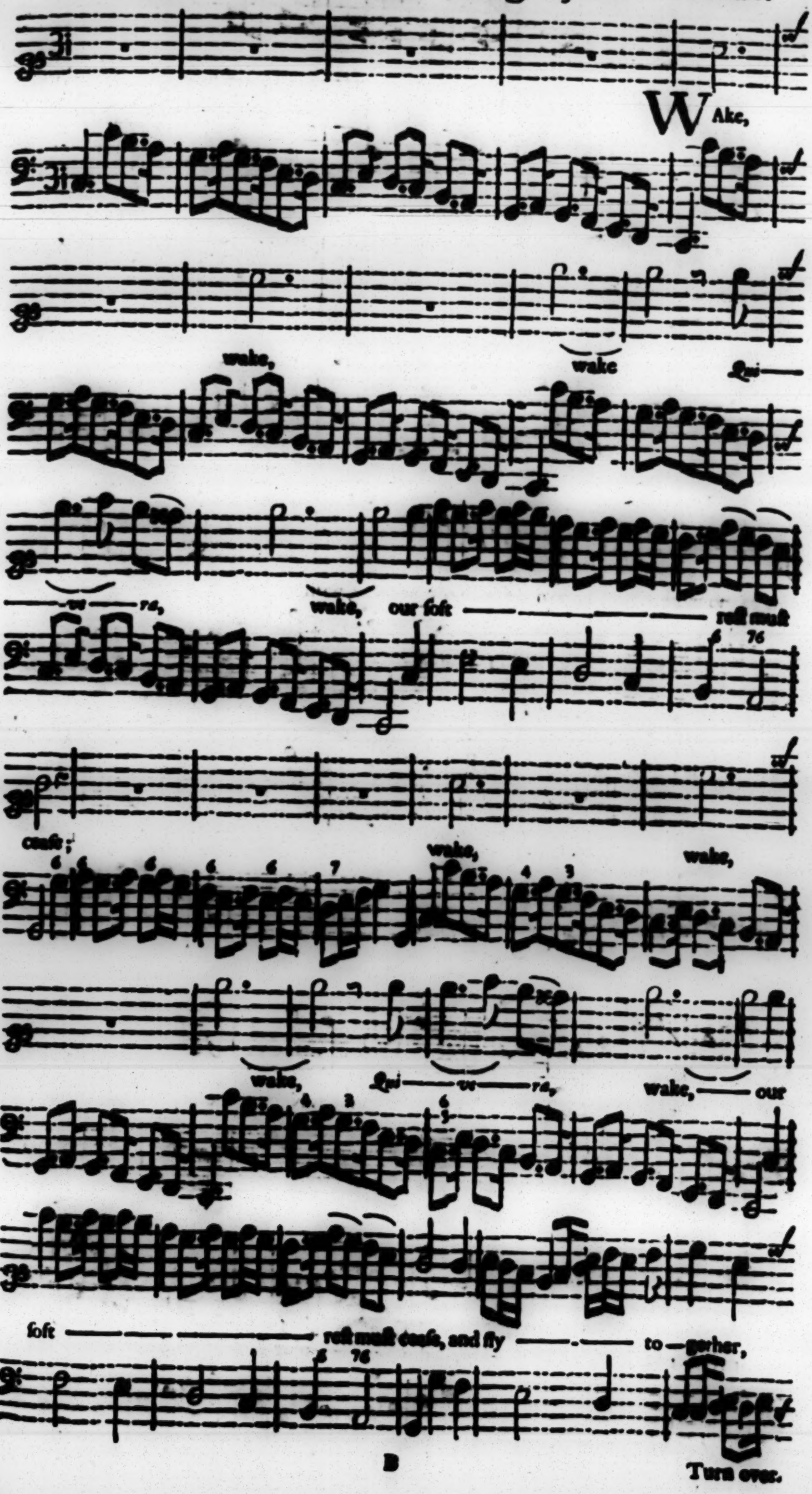
SIR,

H*Aving had the good Fortune to meet with the Score or Original Draught of your Incomparable Eſſay of Muſick compos'd for the Play, call'd* The Indian Queen. *It ſoon appear'd that we had found a Jewel of very great Value; on which account we were unwilling that ſo rich a Treaſure ſhould any longer lie bury'd in Oblivion; and that the Common-wealth of Muſick ſhould be depriv'd of ſo conſiderable a Benefit. Indeed we well knew your innate Modeſty to be ſuch, as not to be eaſily prevail'd upon to ſet forth any thing in Print, much leſs to Patronize your own Works, although in ſome reſpects Inimitable. But in regard that (the Preſs being now open) any one might print an imperfect Copy of theſe admirable Songs, or publiſh them in the nature of a Common Ballad, We were ſo much the more emboldned to make this Attempt, even without acquainting you with our Deſign; not doubting but your accuſtomed Candor and Generoſity will induce you to pardon this Preſumption: As for our parts, if you ſhall think fit to condeſcend ſo far, we ſhall always endeavour to approve our ſelves,*

Your Obedient Servants,

J. May,
J. Hudgebutt.

A Song in the first Act, Sung by Mr. *Freeman*.


WAke,
wake,
wake
Qui
ve
ra,
wake, our soft
rest must
cease;
wake,
wake,
wake,
Qui
ve
ra,
wake,
our
soft
rest must cease, and fly
to
gether,
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76
6
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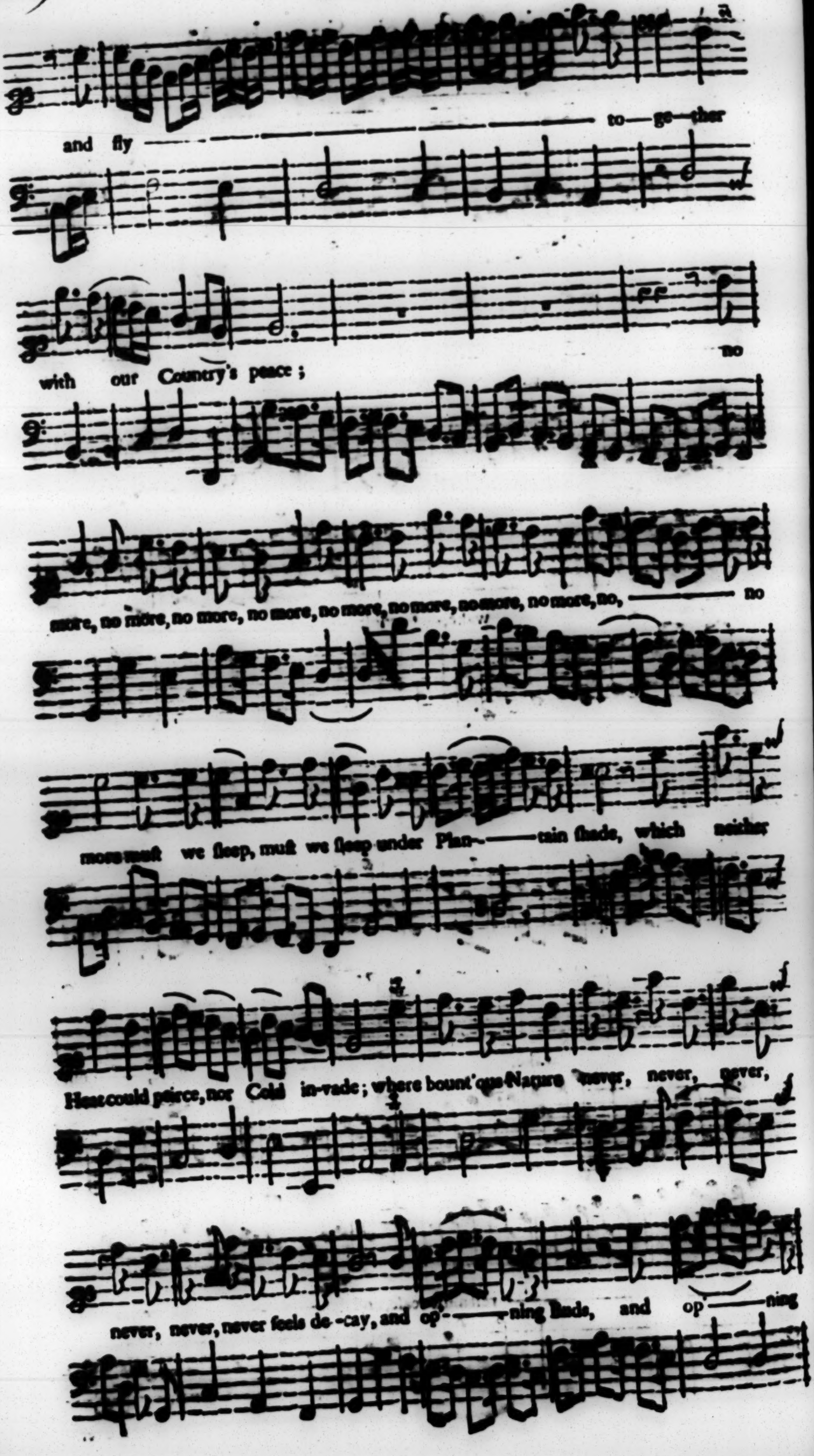
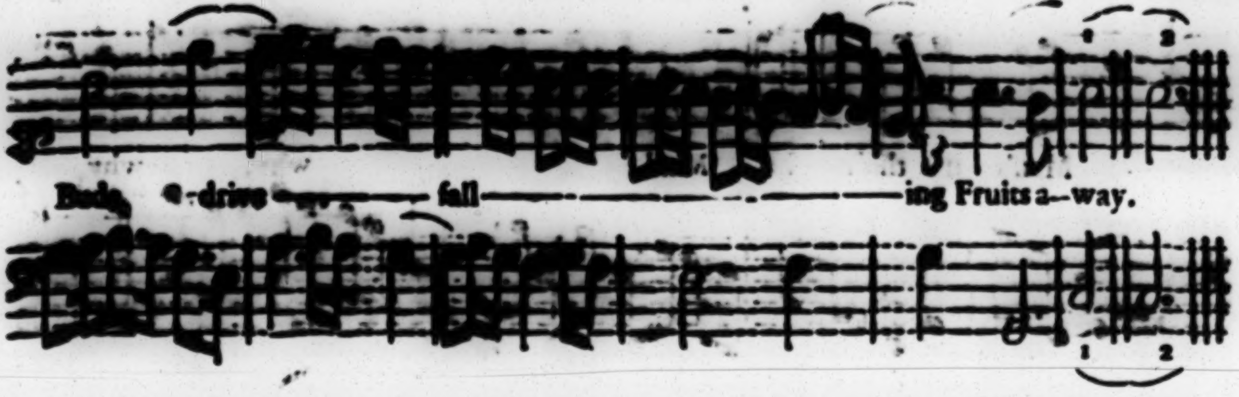
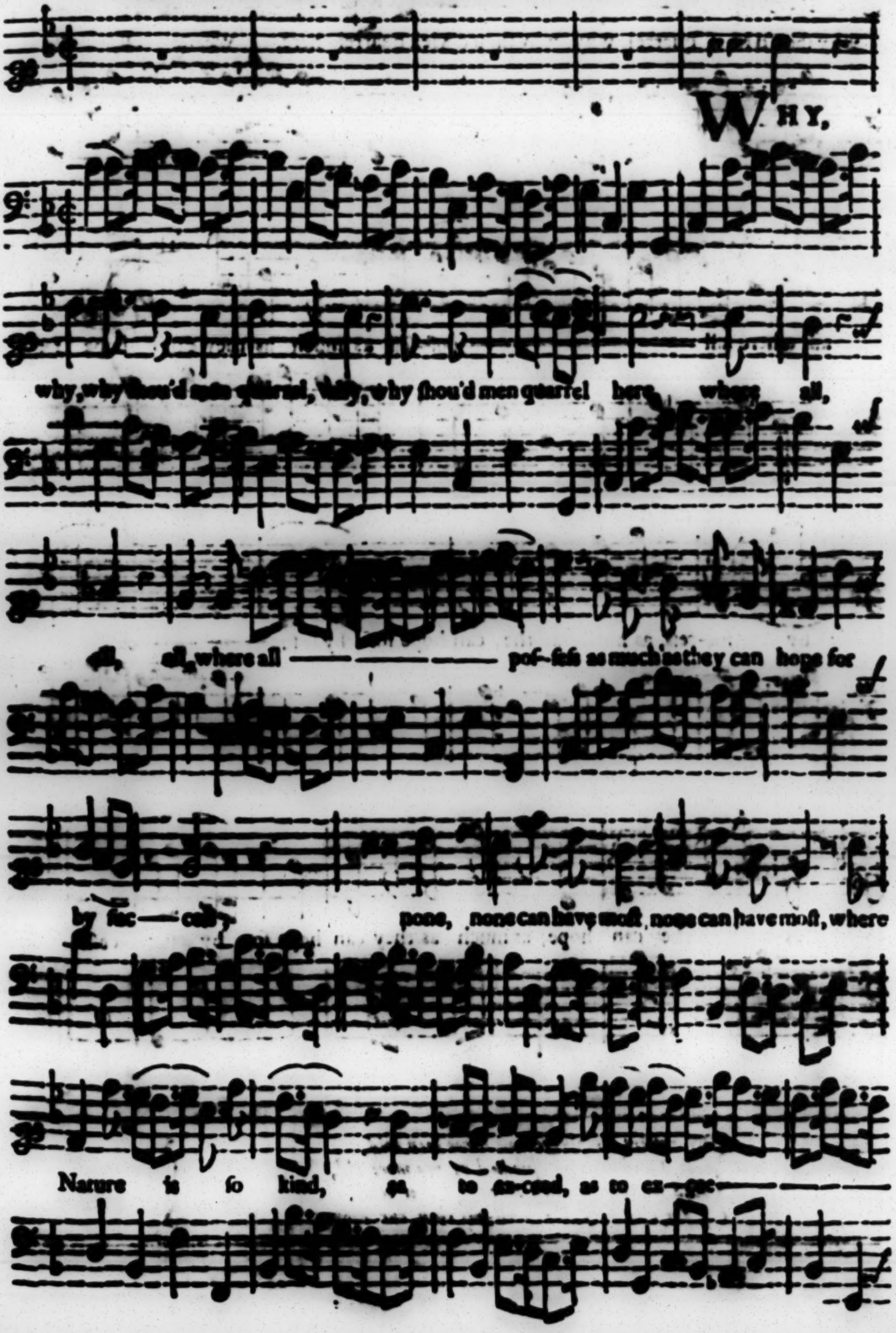
6
76

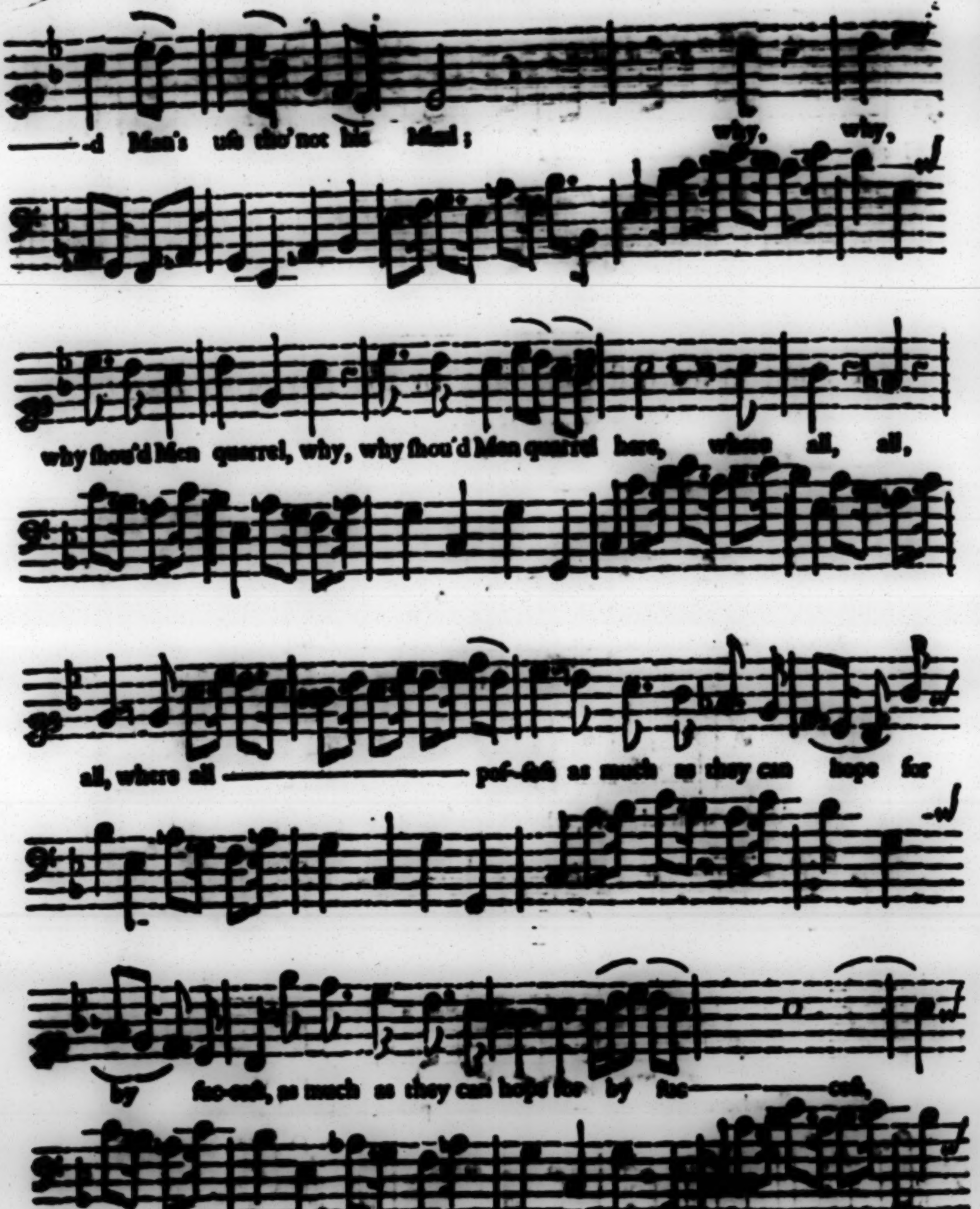
Turn over.


and fly —— to— ge— ther
with our Country's peace ; no
more, no more, no more, no more, no more, no more, no more, no more, no, —— no
more muſt we ſleep, muſt we ſleep under Plan- —— tain ſhade, which neither
Heat could peirce, nor Cold in-vade ; where bount'ous Nature never, never, never,
never, never, never feels de-cay, and op- —— ning buds, and op —— ning


Buds, drive ——— fall ——— ing Fruits a-way.
1
2

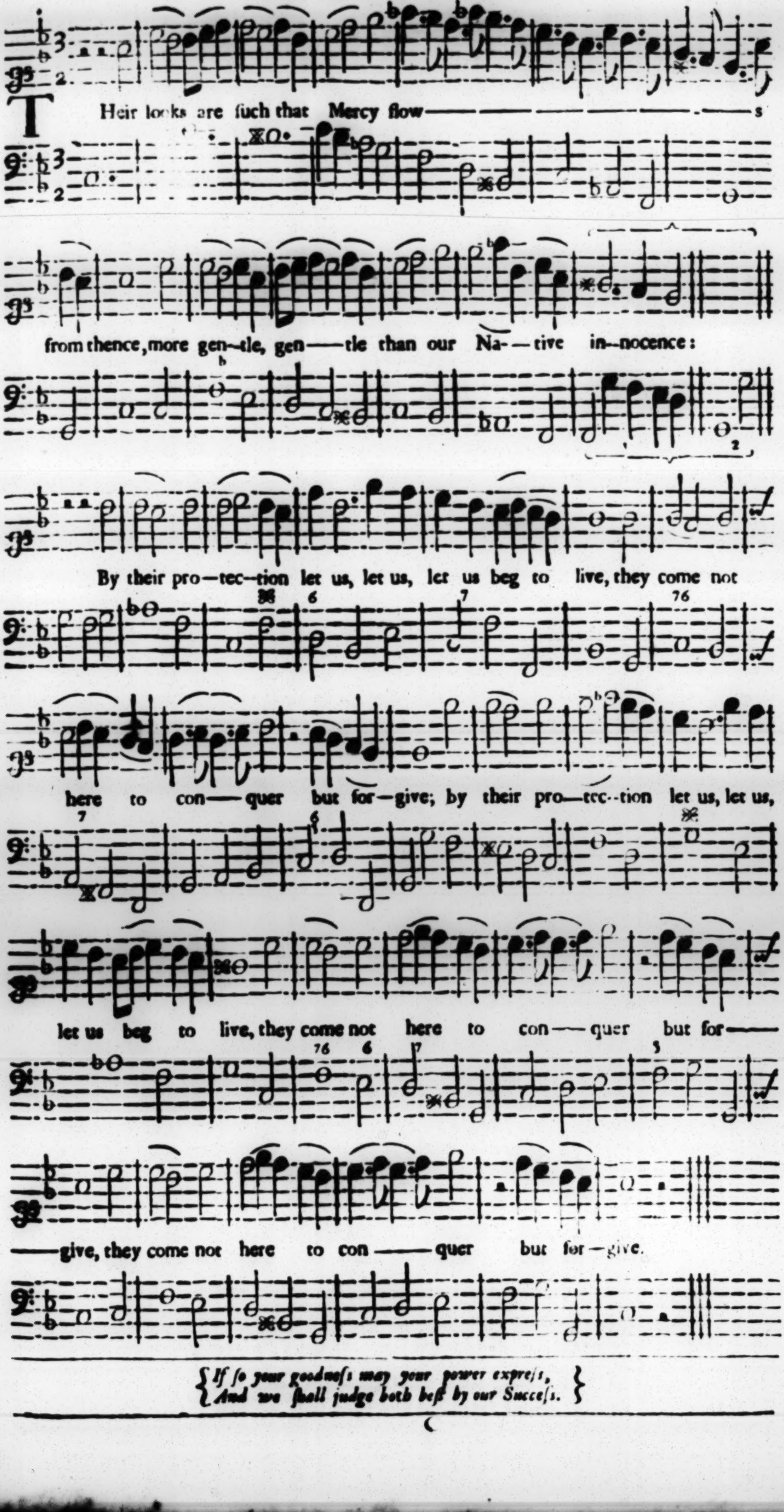
A Song in the first Act, Sung by the Boy with *Flutes*.


WHY,
why, why shou'd men quarrel, why, why shou'd men quarrel here, where all,
all, all, where all ——— pos-sess as much as they can hope for
by suc — cess,
none, none can have most, none can have most, where
Nature is so kind, as to ex-ceed, as to ex-cee———


——d Man's uſe tho' not his Mind; why, why,
why ſhou'd Men quarrel, why, why ſhou'd Men quarrel here, where all, all,
all, where all —————— poſ-ſeſs as much as they can hope for
by ſuc-ceſs, as much as they can hope for by ſuc——————ceſs,
as much as they can hope, as much as they can hope for by ſuc—ceſs.

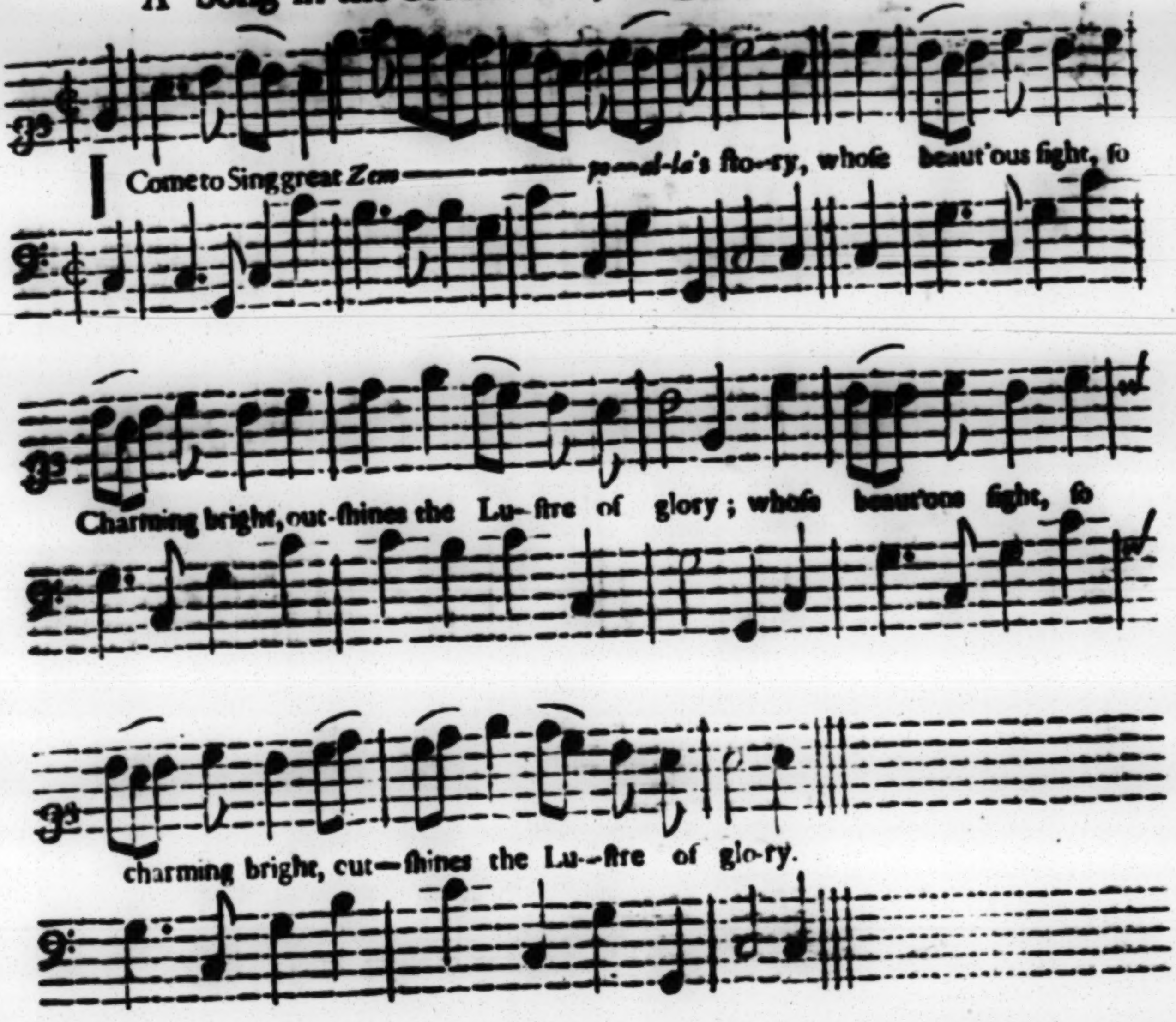
By antient Prophecyes we have been told,
Our Land ſhall be ſubdu'd by one more old,
And for that world's already hither come,
If theſe be they, we welcome then our doom.

A Song Sung by Mr. *Freeman*.


THeir looks are ſuch that Mercy flow————s
from thence, more gen-tle, gen——tle than our Na—tive in-nocence:
By their pro—tec-tion let us, let us, let us beg to live, they come not
here to con——quer but for—give; by their pro—tec-tion let us, let us,
let us beg to live, they come not here to con——quer but for——
——give, they come not here to con——quer but for—give.

If ſo your goodneſs may your power expreſs,
And we ſhall judge both beſt by our Succeſs.

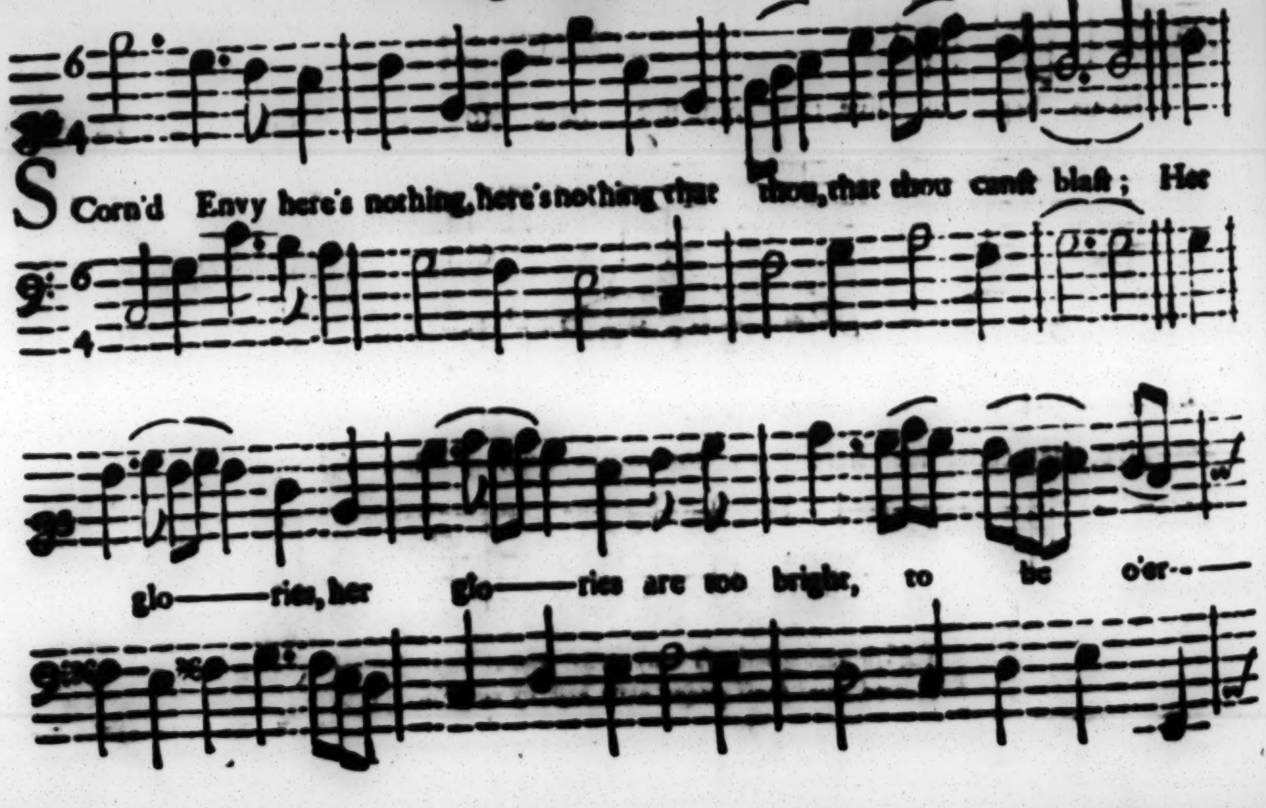
A Song in the Second Act, Sung by Mr. *Freeman.*

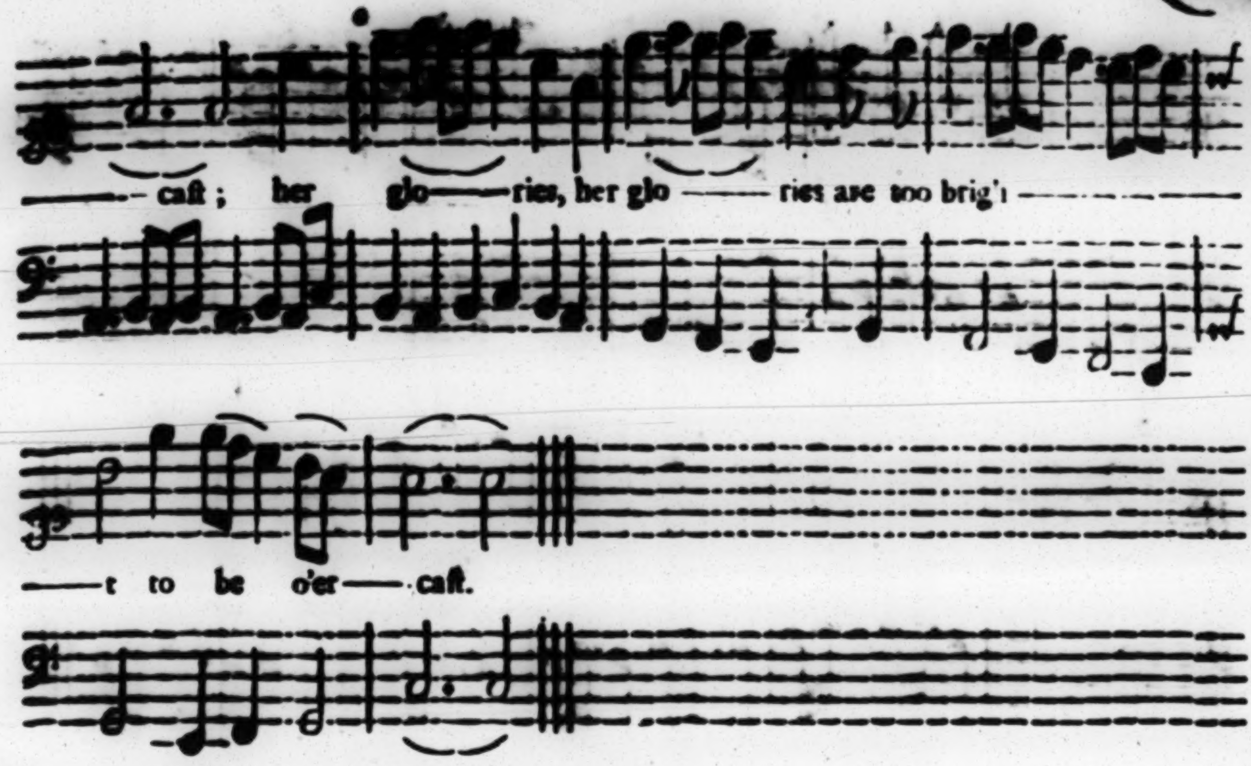

I Come to Sing great *Zen*——————*pe-al-la's* ſto-ry, whoſe beaut'ous ſight, ſo
Charming bright, out-ſhines the Lu-ſtre of glory; whoſe beaut'ous ſight, ſo
charming bright, out—ſhines the Lu--ſtre of glo-ry.

Sung by *Envy* and his followers with Inſtruments.

What Flat'ring noiſe is this,
At which my Snakes *all hiſs;*
I hate to ſee fond Tongues advance,
High as the Gods, the ſlaves of Chance.

A Song Sung by Mr. *Freeman.*

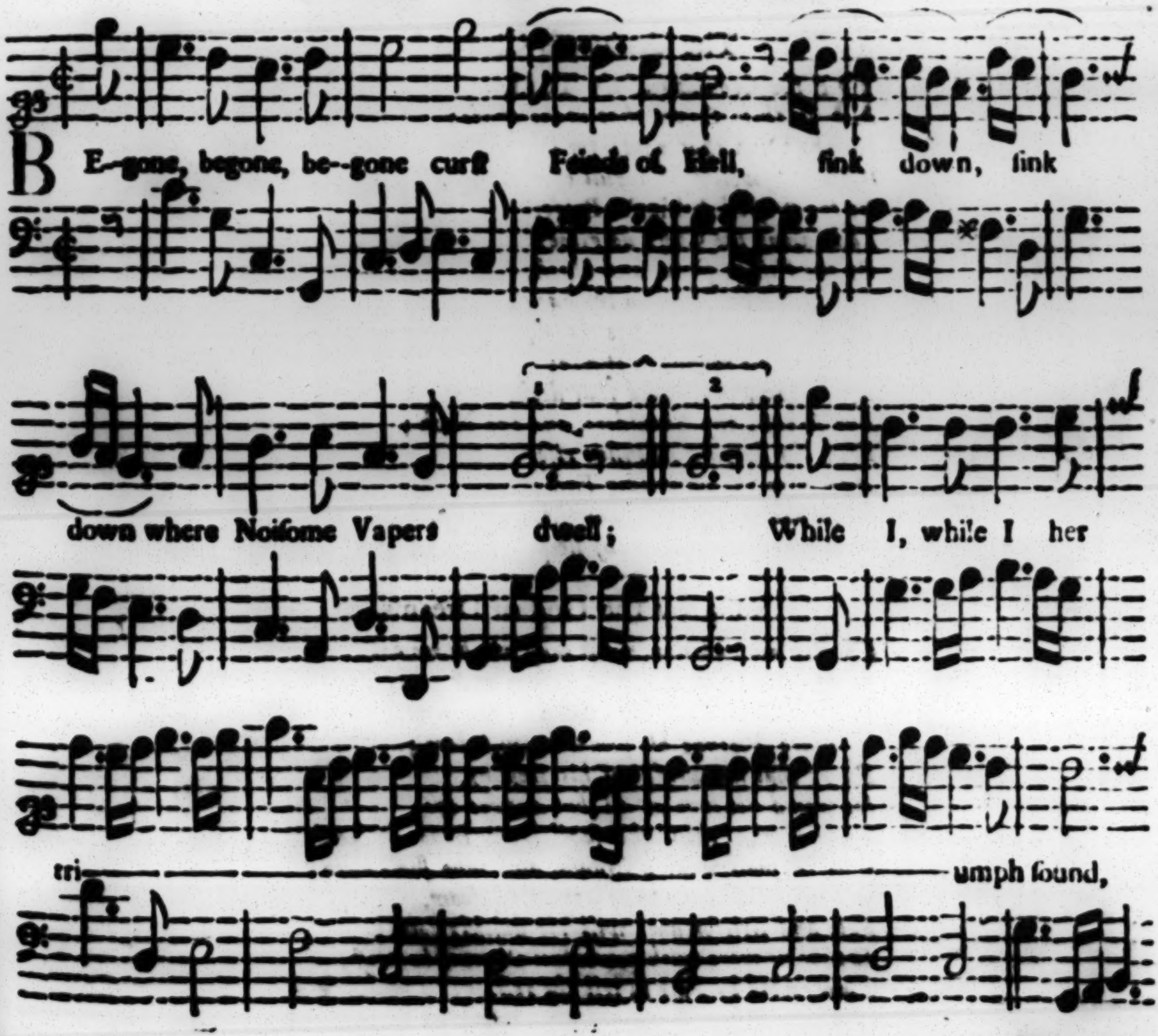

SCorn'd Envy here's nothing, here's nothing that thou, that thou canſt blaſt; Her
glo——ries, her glo——ries are too bright, to be o'er--——


caſt; her glo——ries, her glo —— ries are too brig't
t to be o'er——caſt.

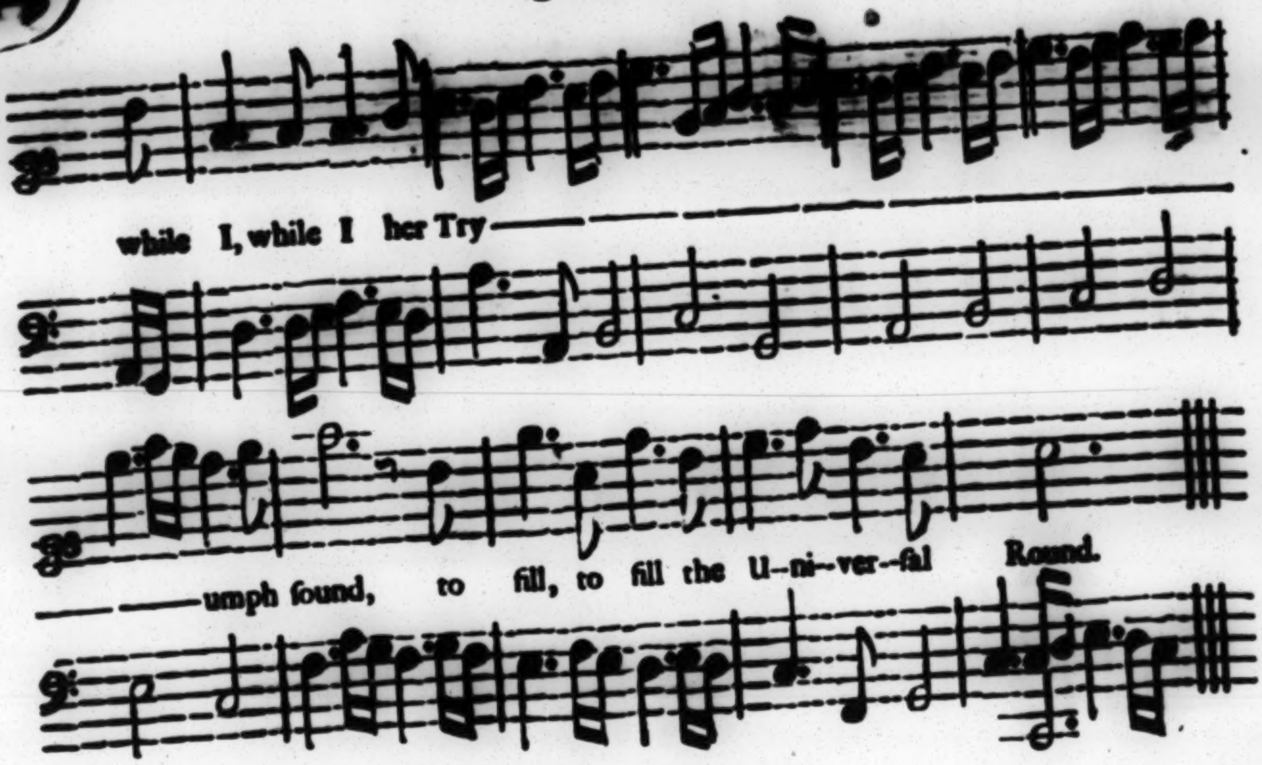
Sung by *Envy* and his followers with Inſtruments.

I fly from the place where Flaterry reigns,
See thoſe mighty things that before,
Such ſlaves like Gods did adore,
Contemn'd and unpitty'd in Chains.

A Song Sung by Mr. *Freeman*.


BE-gone, begone, be--gone curſt Feinds of Hell, ſink down, ſink
down where Noiſome Vapers dwell; While I, while I her
tri—— umph ſound,

Turn over.


while I, while I her Try——
——umph found, to fill, to fill the U-ni-ver-ſal Round.

Sung by a Conjurer.

Y*Ou twice ten hundred Deities,*
To whom we daily Sacrifice;
Ye Pow'r's that dwell with Fates below,
And ſee what Men are doom'd to doe;
Where Elements in Diſcord dwell,
Thou God of Sleep, ariſe, and tell,
Great Zempoalla *what ſtrange Fate,*
Muſt on her *diſmall Viſion wait.*

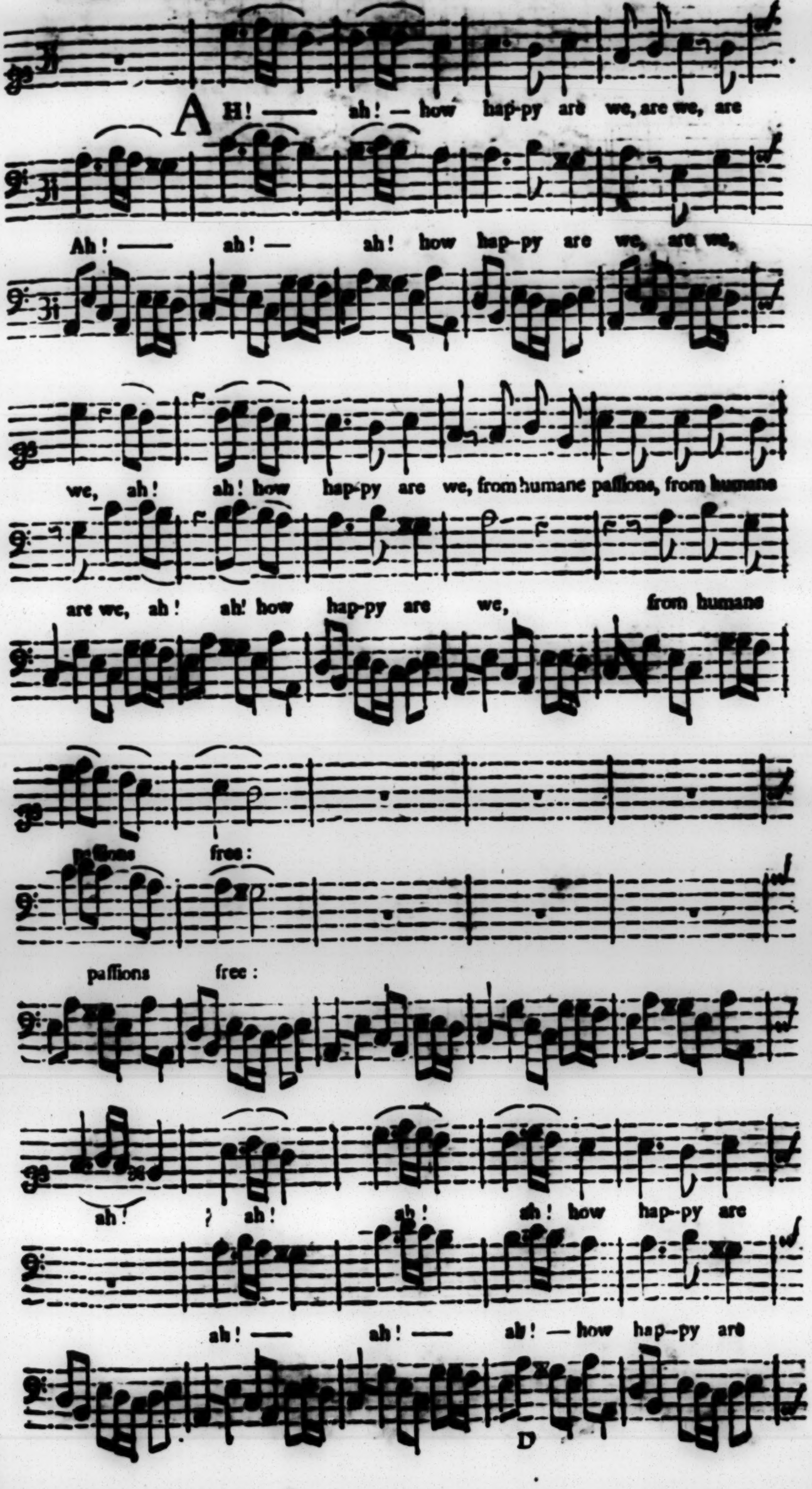
The Conjurer's Charm.

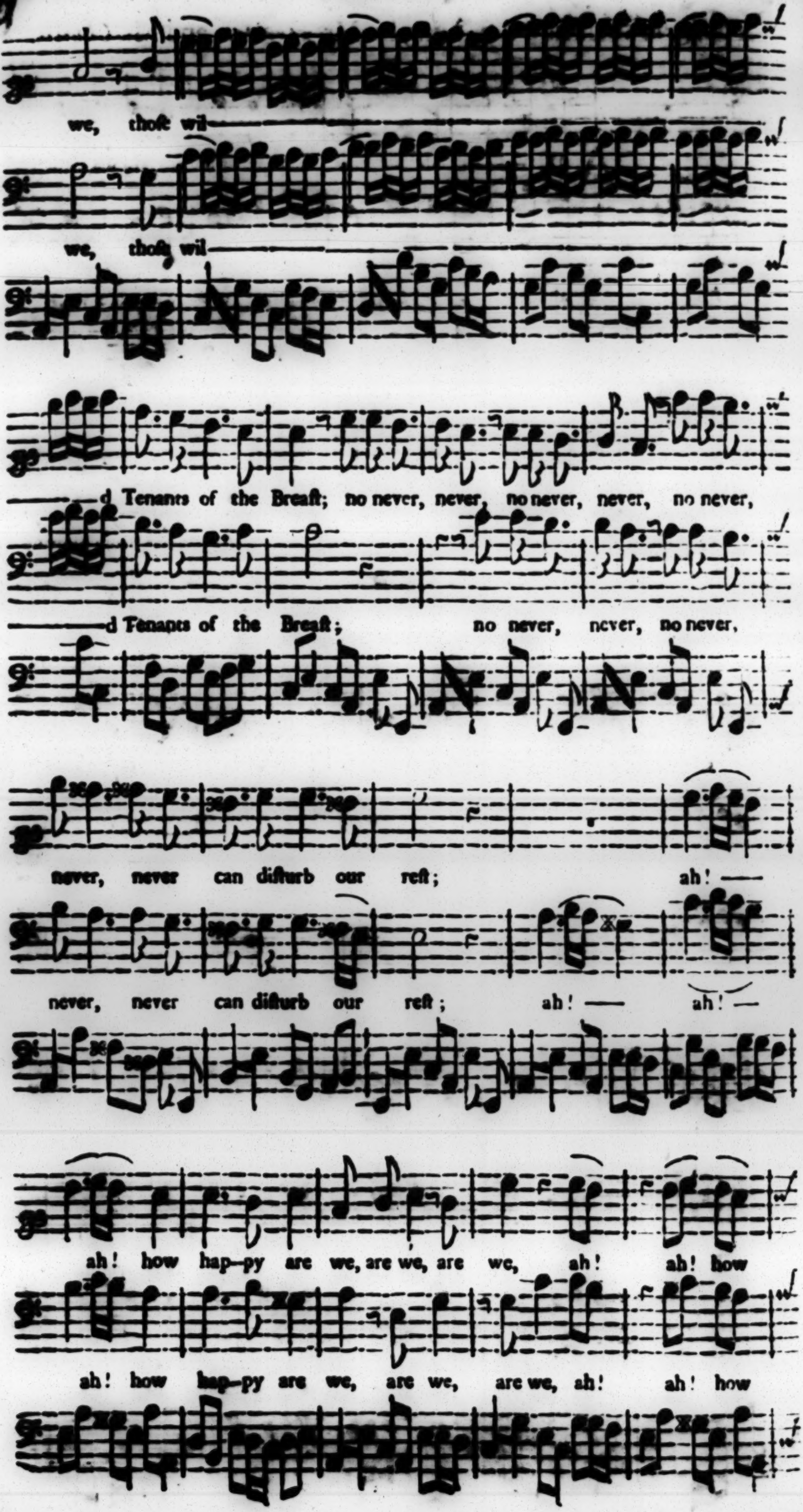
B*Y the Croaking of the* Toad,
In their Caves that make abode;
Earthy Dun *that pants for breath,*
With her ſwell'd ſides full of death;
By the creſted Adder's *Pride,*
That along the Cliffs do glide;
By the Viſage fierce and black,
By the death's Head on thy back;
By the twiſted Serpents *plac'd,*
For a Girdle round thy Waſte;
By the Hearts *of Gold that deck,*
Thy Breaſt, thy Shoulders, and thy Neck;
From thy ſleeping Manſion riſe,
And open thy unwilling Eyes;
While bubling Springs their Muſick keep,
That uſe to lull thee in thy ſleep.

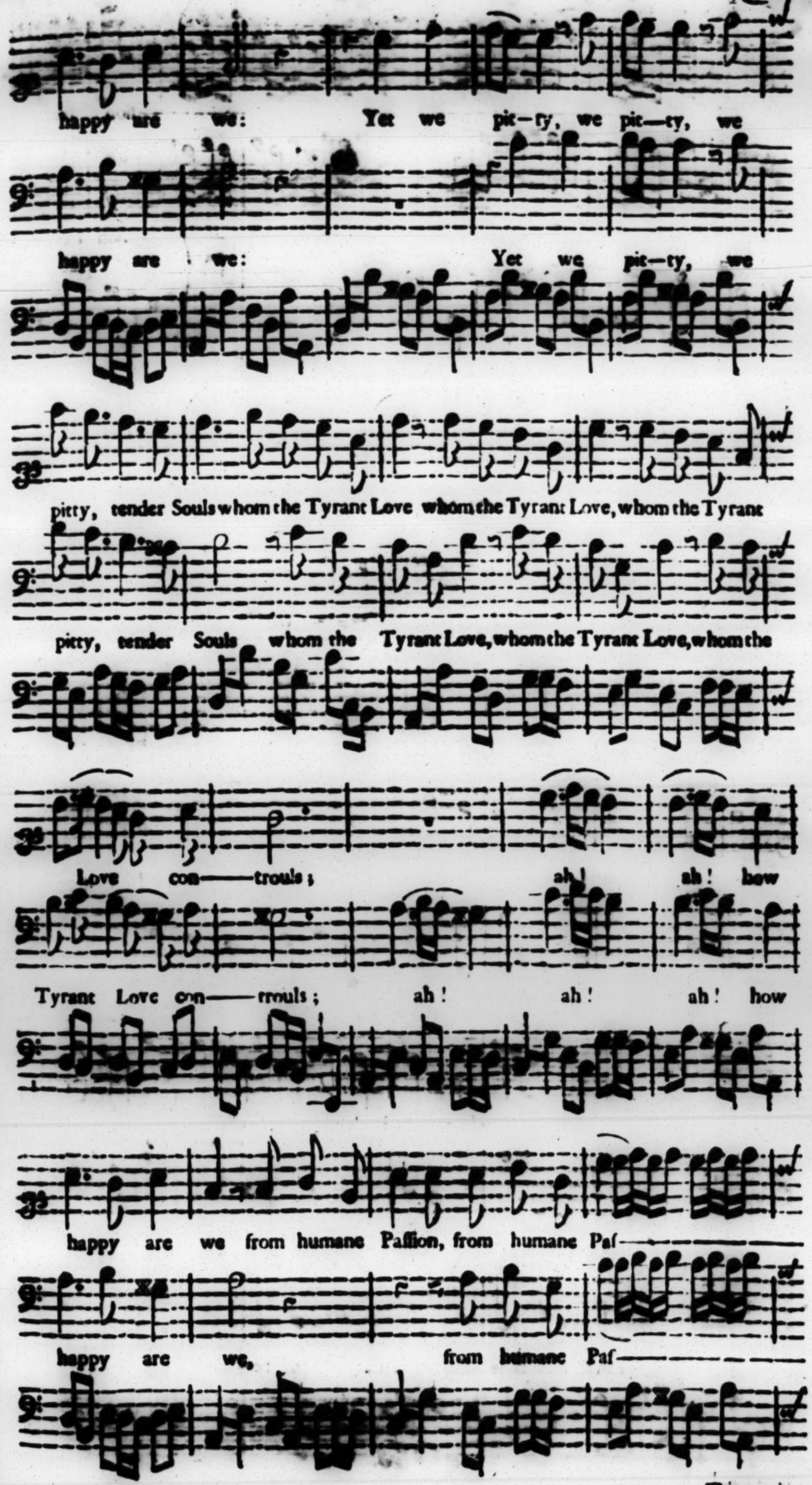
Sung by the God of Dreams.

S*Eek not to know, what muſt not be reveal'd,*
Joys only flow where Fate is moſt conceal'd;
Too buſy Man would find his Sorrows more,
If future Fortune He ſhou'd know before;
For by that knowledge of his Deſtiny,
He wou'd not live at all, but always dye;
Enquire not then who ſhall from Bonds be freed,
Who 'tis ſhall wear a Crown, and who ſhall bleed;
All muſt ſubmit to their appointed doom,
Fate and Miſfortunes will too quickly come;
Let me no more with powerfull Charms be preſt,
I am forbid by Fate to tell the reſt.

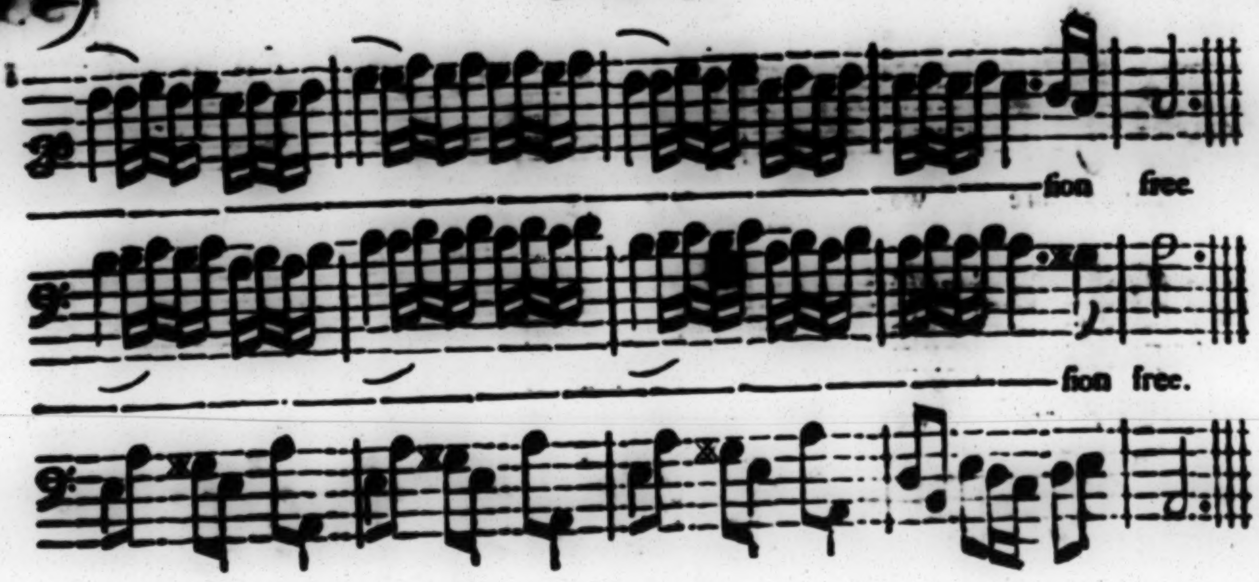
A Song in the Third Act, Sung by Mr. *Freeman*, and Mr. *Church*.


A H! —— ah! — how hap-py are we, are we, are
Ah! —— ah! — ah! how hap-py are we, are we,
we, ah! ah! how hap-py are we, from humane paſſions, from humane
are we, ah! ah! how hap-py are we, from humane
paſſions free:
paſſions free:
ah! ah! ah! ah! how hap--py are
ah! —— ah! —— ah! — how hap--py are

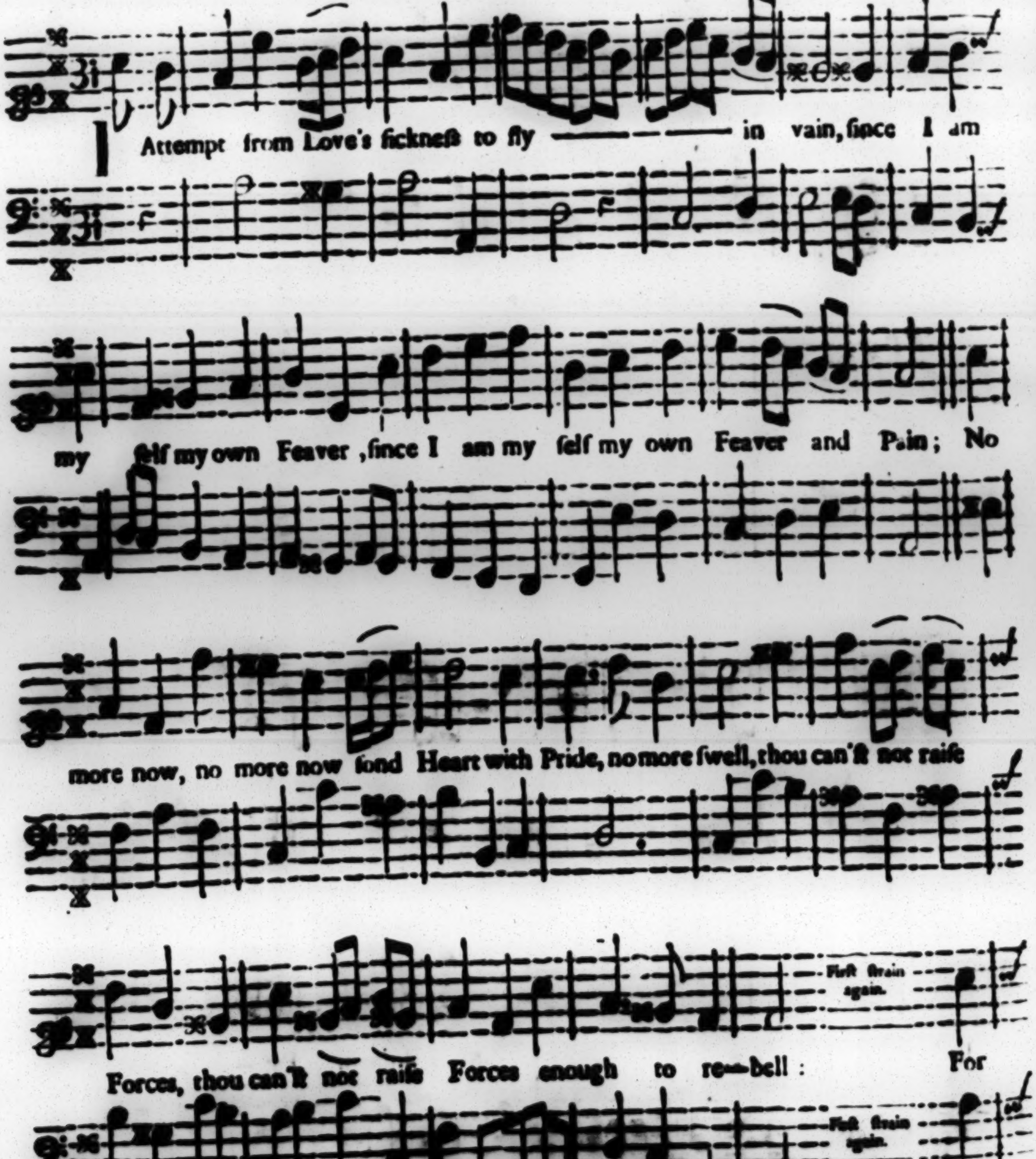

we, thoſe wil
we, thoſe wil
d Tenants of the Breaſt; no never, never, no never, never, no never,
d Tenants of the Breaſt; no never, never, no never,
never, never can diſturb our reſt; ah!
never, never can diſturb our reſt; ah! ah!
ah! how hap-py are we, are we, are we, ah! ah! how
ah! how hap-py are we, are we, are we, ah! ah! how

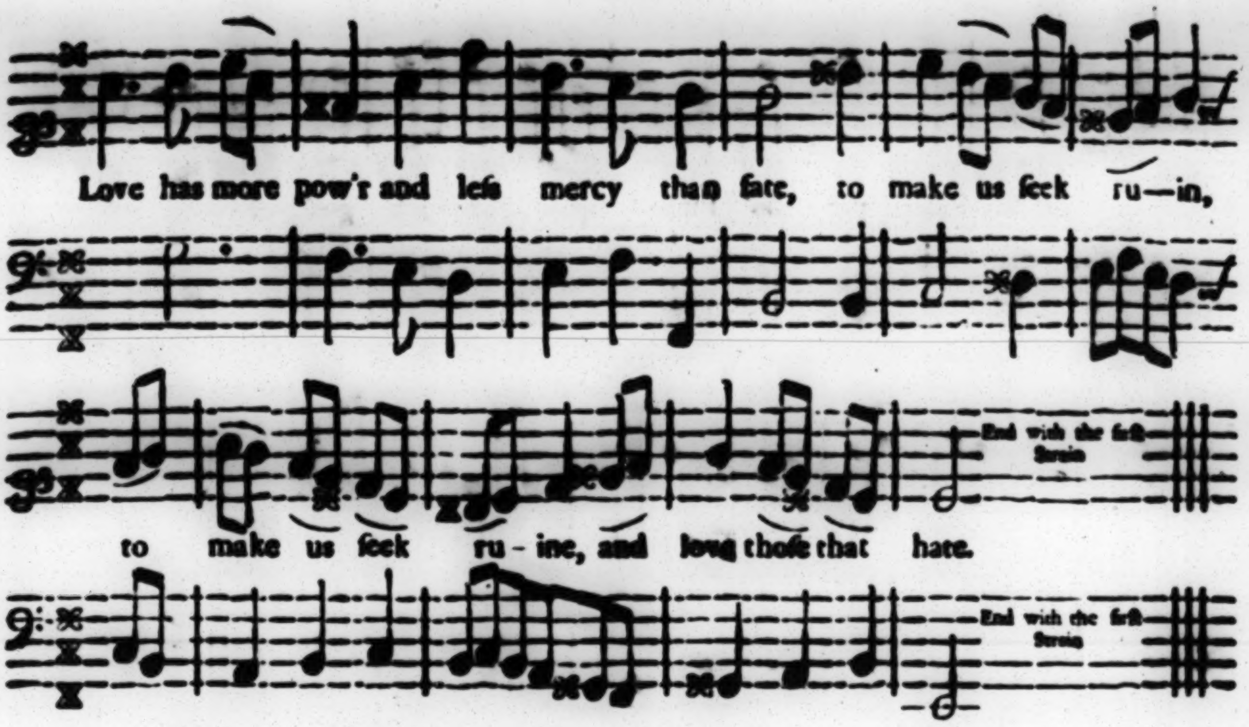

happy are we: Yet we pit—ty, we pit—ty, we
happy are we: Yet we pit—ty, we
pitty, tender Souls whom the Tyrant Love whom the Tyrant Love, whom the Tyrant
pitty, tender Souls whom the Tyrant Love, whom the Tyrant Love, whom the
Love con——trouls; ah! ah! how
Tyrant Love con——trouls; ah! ah! ah! how
happy are we from humane Paſsion, from humane Paſ——
happy are we, from humane Paſ——

Turn over.


ſion free.
ſion free.

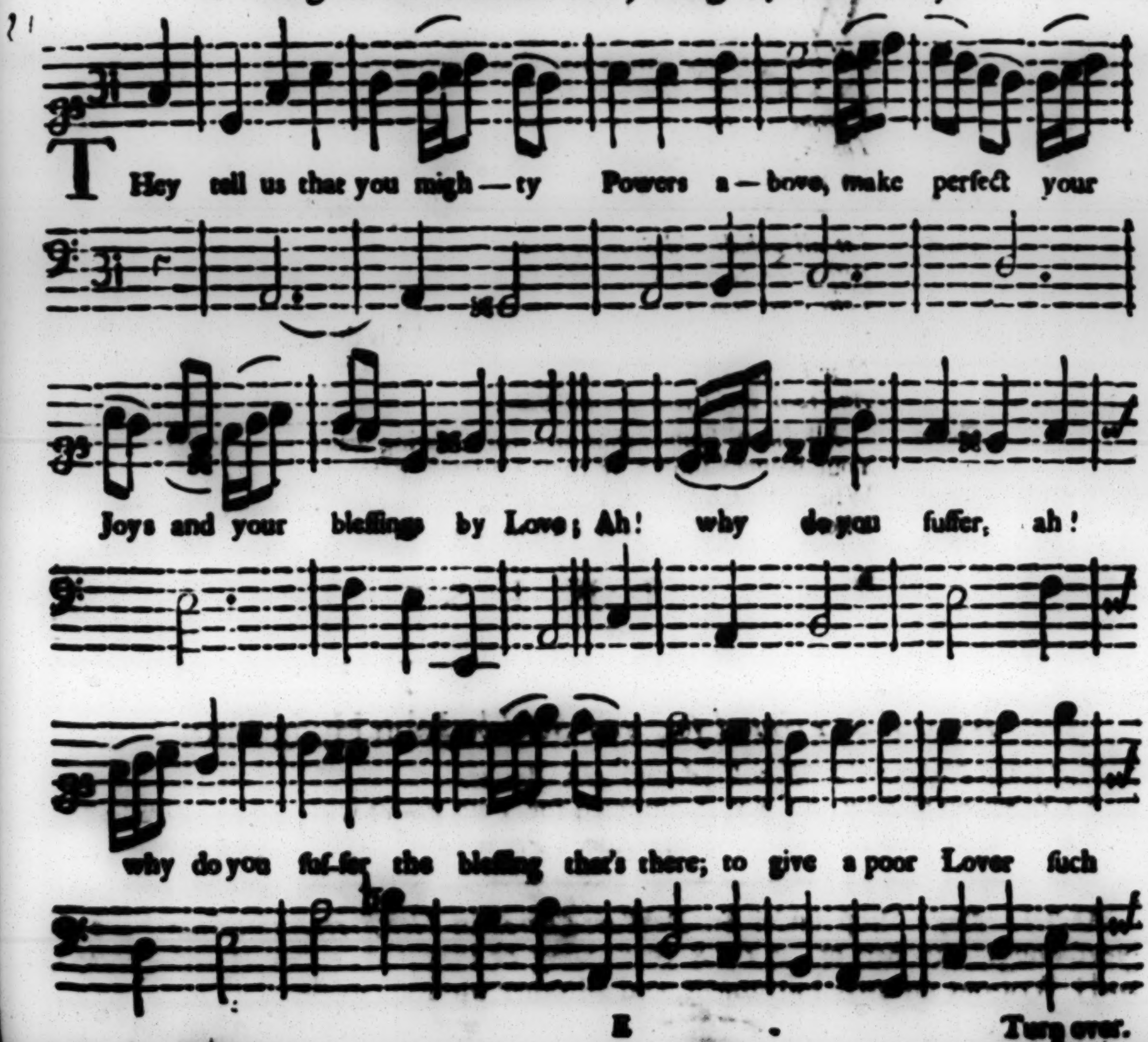
A Song Sung by Mrs. *Croſs.*

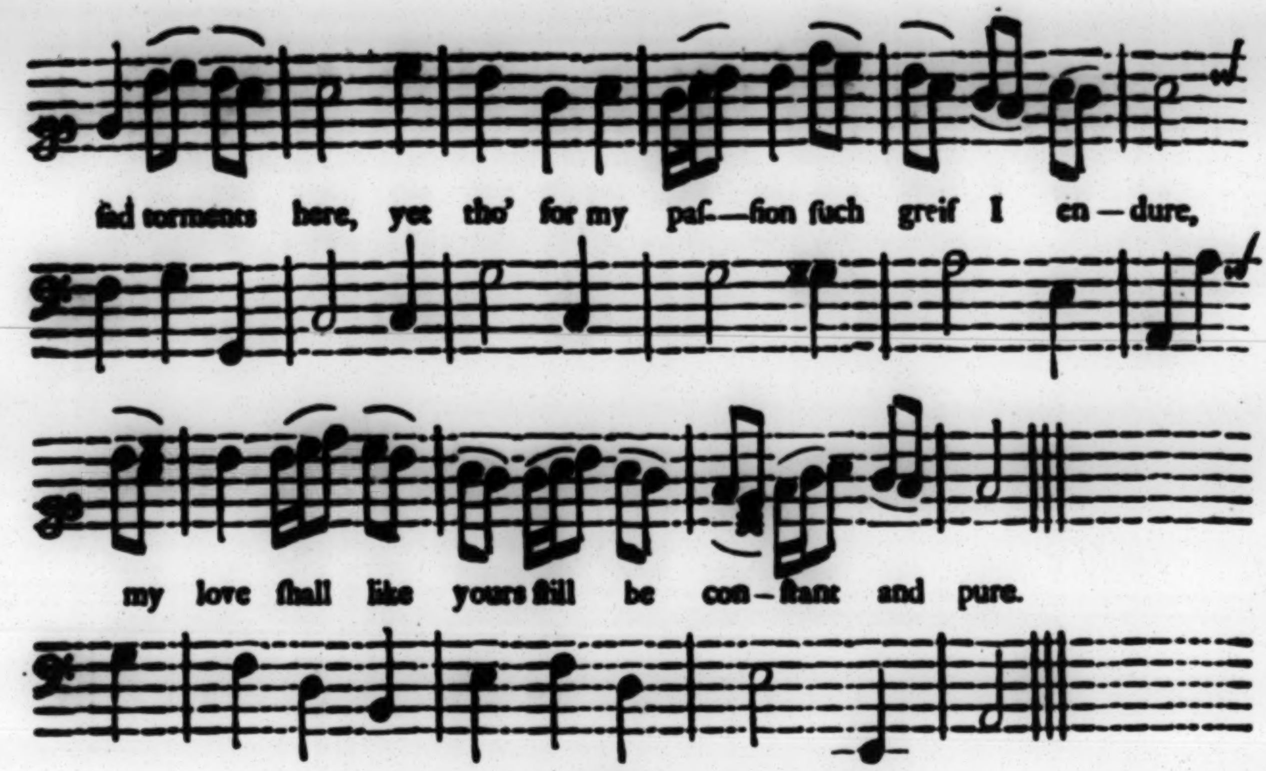

I Attempt from Love's ſickneſs to fly —— in vain, ſince I am
my ſelf my own Feaver, ſince I am my ſelf my own Feaver and Pain; No
more now, no more now fond Heart with Pride, no more ſwell, thou can'ſt not raiſe
Forces, thou can'ſt not raiſe Forces enough to re—bell: For
Firſt ſtrain again.
Firſt ſtrain again.


Love has more pow'r and leſs mercy than fate, to make us ſeek ru—in,
to make us ſeek ru - ine, and love thoſe that hate.
End with the firſt Strain
End with the firſt Strain

Vers. *We the Spirits of the Air,*
Then Cho. *That of Humane Things take Care,*
Out of Pity now deſcend,
To forewarn what Woes attend;
Vers. *Greatneſs clogg'd with Scorn decays,*
With the Slave no Empire ſtay's,
Cho. We the Spirits &c.
Vers. *Ceaſe to languiſh thus in vain,*
Since never to be lov'd again.
Cho. We the Spirits, &c.

A Song in the Fourth Act, Sung by Mrs. *Croſs.*


THey tell us that you migh—ty Powers a—bove, make perfect your
Joys and your bleſſings by Love; Ah! why do you ſuffer, ah!
why do you ſuf-fer the bleſſing that's there; to give a poor Lover ſuch


ſad torments here, yet tho' for my paſ—ſion ſuch greif I en—dure,
my love ſhall like yours ſtill be con—ſtant and pure.

II.

To ſuffer for him gives an eaſe to my pains,
There's joy in my grief, and there's freedom in Chains.
If I were divine he cou'd love me no more,
And I in return my adorer adore ;
Oh ! let his dear life then (kind Gods) be your care,
For I in your bleſſings have no other ſhare.

A Sacrifice, Sung by the Chief Prieſt.

While thus we bow before your Shrine,
That you may hear great Powers Divine,
All living things ſhall in your Praiſes joyne ;
You who at the Altars ſtand,
Waiting for the Dread command,
The fatal Word ſhall ſoon be hear'd,
Anſwer then is all prepar'd,
Chorus. ——————————— All's prepar'd.
Prieſt. *Let all unhallow'd Souls be gone,*
Before our Sacred Rites come on,
Take care that this be alſo done,
Chorus. ——————————— All is done.
Prieſt. *Now in proceſſion walk along,*
And then begin your ſolemn Song.
Chorus. All diſmal ſounds thus on this Offering wait,
Your power's ſhown by their untimely Fate ;
While by ſuch various Fate's we learn to know,
There's nothing to be truſted here below.

FINIS.

BOOKS Printed for, and Sold by John Hudgebutt.

Theſaurus Muſicus the 1ſt. 2d. 3d. and 4th. Books.

A Collection of New *AIRS*, Compoſed for Two *Flutes* with *Sonata's*, by ſeveral of the moſt Ingenious Maſters of this Age. Price One Shilling Sixpence.

At *John May's* Shop under *St. Dunſtans-Church* in *Fleetſtreet*, you may have all New Songs, and Sets of *AIRS* that's Sung or Play'd at either of the *Theatres*, fairly Writ-out for any Inſtrument, and all other Muſical-Goods.

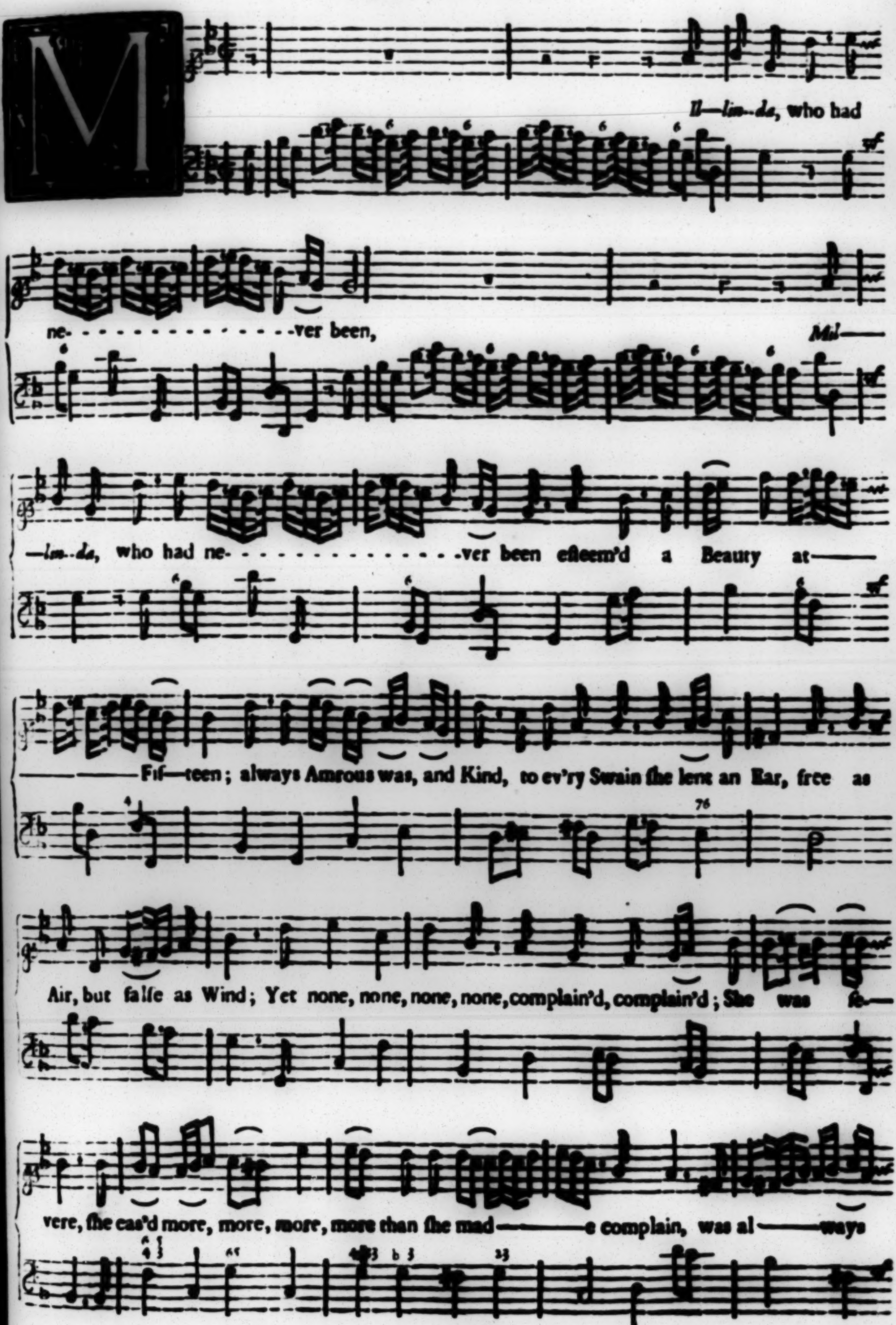
A
COLLECTION
OF NEW
SONGS,
For One, Two, and Three
VOICES.
Accompany'd vvith Inſtruments.

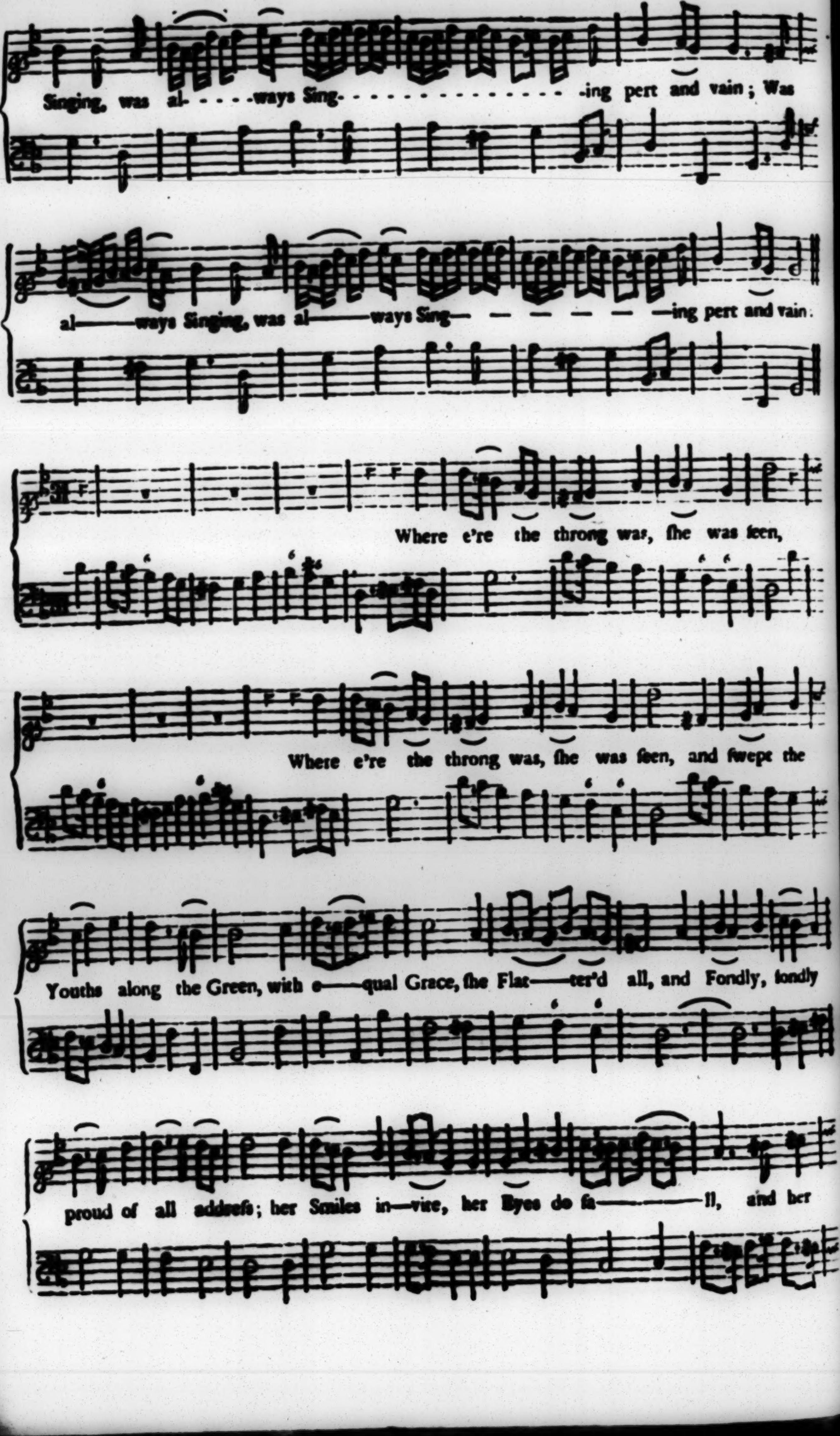
Compos'd by *Vaughan Richardſon* Organiſt of
the Cathedral-Church of *Winchester*.

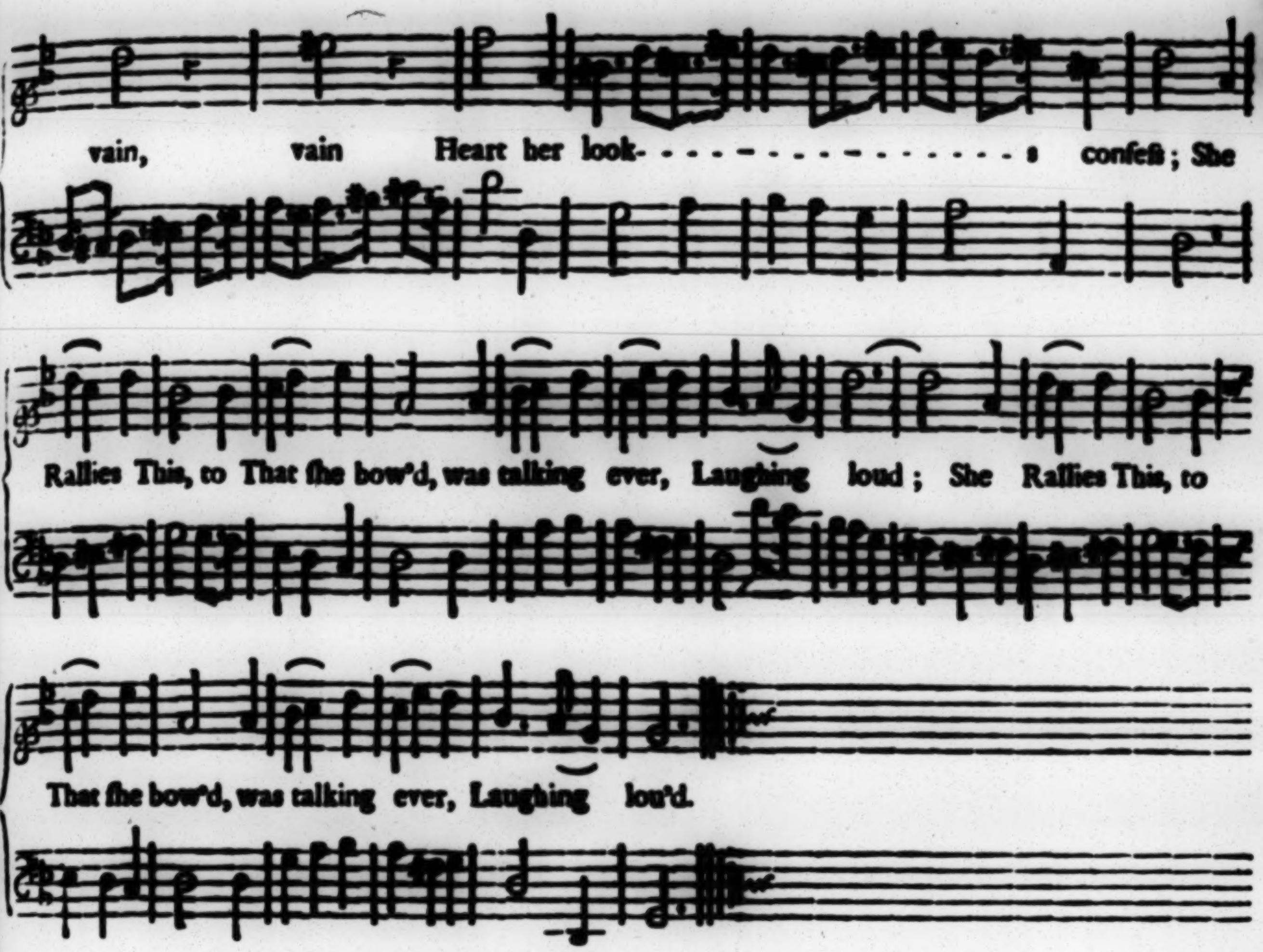
Several of the SONGS that are not in the Compaſs, are Tranſpos'd
for the FLUTE, at the end of the Book.

L O N D O N:
Printed by *William Pearſon*, for the Author, and Sold by Mr. *Playford*
at his Shop in the *Temple-Change Fleet ſtreet*; Mr. *Hare* at the Gol-
den *Viol* in St. *Paul's* Church Yard, and at his Shop, in *Freeman's*
Yard in *Cornhill*; and all other Muſick-Shops in Town 1701.

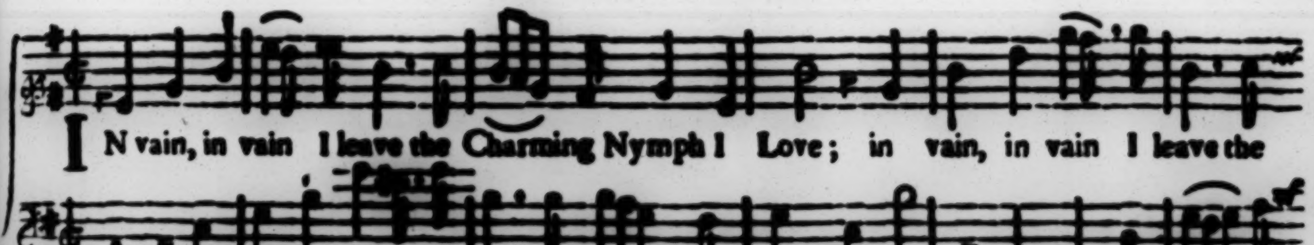
A ſingle SONG.

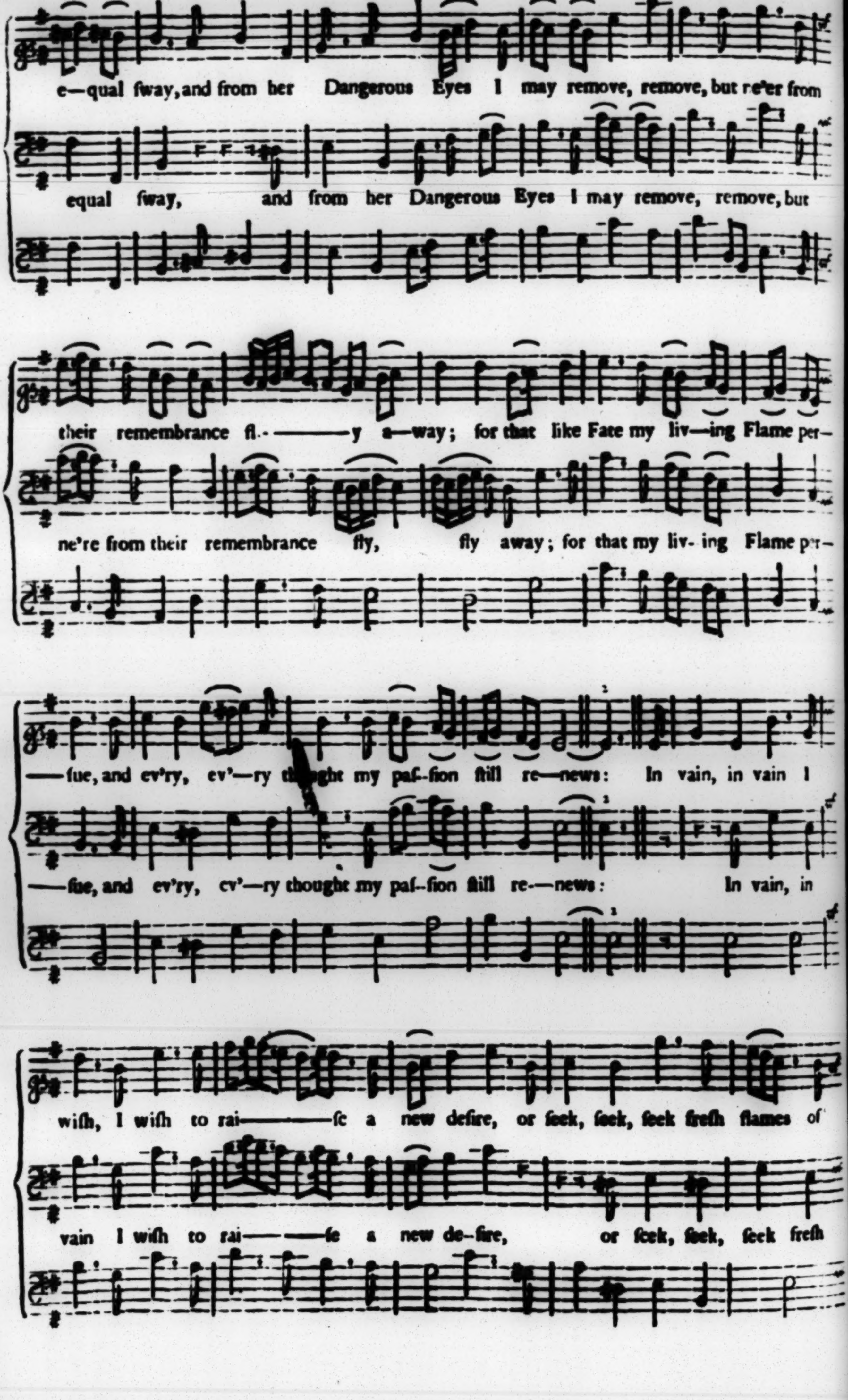

M
Il—lin-da, who had
ne- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -ver been, Mil—
—lin-da, who had ne- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -ver been eſteem'd a Beauty at—
—Fif—teen; always Amrous was, and Kind, to ev'ry Swain ſhe lent an Ear, free as
Air, but falſe as Wind; Yet none, none, none, none, complain'd, complain'd; She was ſe—
vere, ſhe eas'd more, more, more, more than ſhe mad— e complain, was al—ways

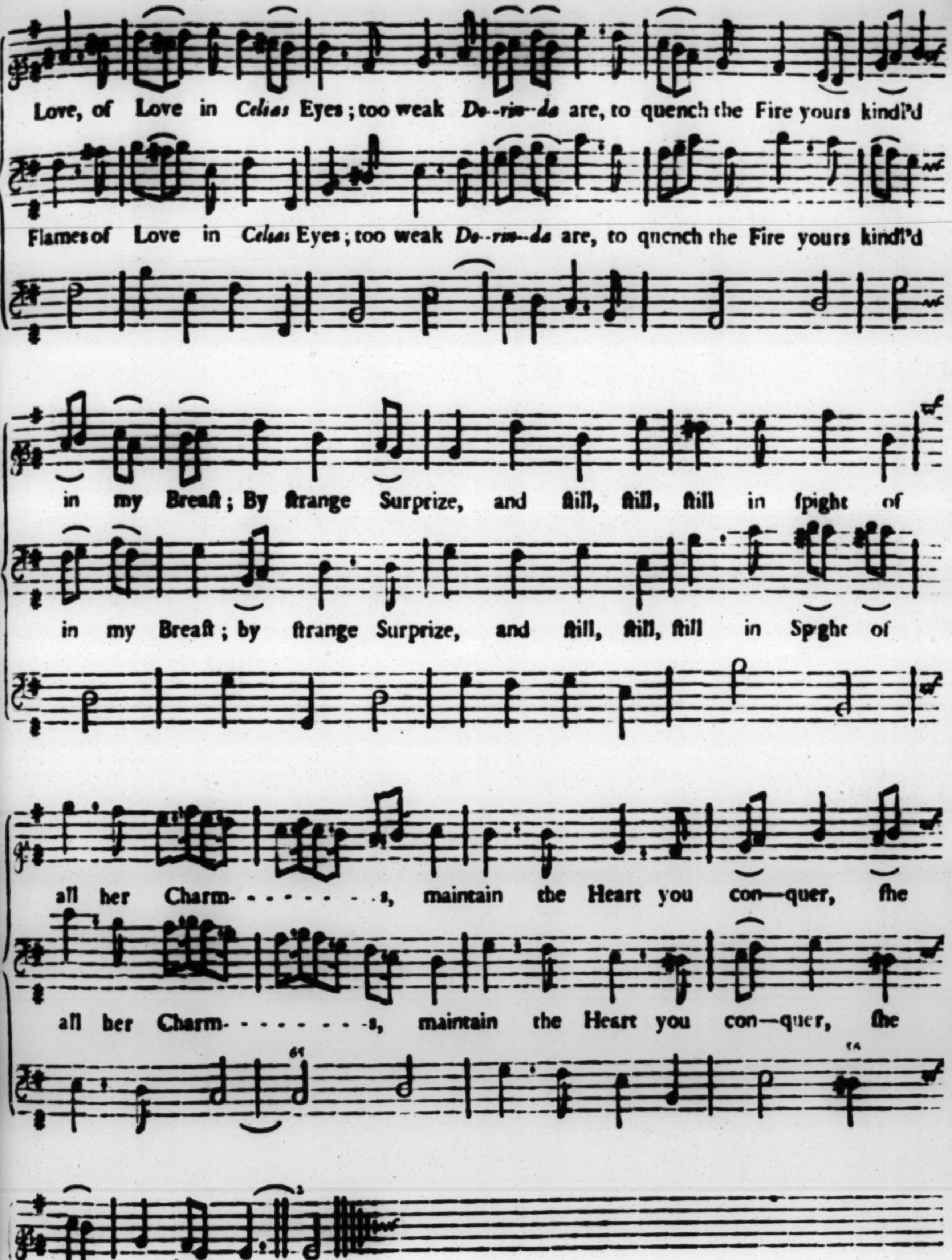

Singing, was al- - - - -ways Sing- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -ing pert and vain ; Was
al——ways Singing, was al——ways Sing— — — — — — —ing pert and vain.
Where e're the throng was, ſhe was ſeen,
Where e're the throng was, ſhe was ſeen, and ſwept the
Youths along the Green, with e——qual Grace, ſhe Flat——ter'd all, and Fondly, fondly
proud of all addreſs; her Smiles in—vite, her Eyes do fa———ll, and her


vain, vain Heart her look- - - - - - - - - - - - - - s confeſs; She
Rallies This, to That ſhe bow'd, was talking ever, Laughing loud; She Rallies This, to
That ſhe bow'd, was talking ever, Laughing lou'd.

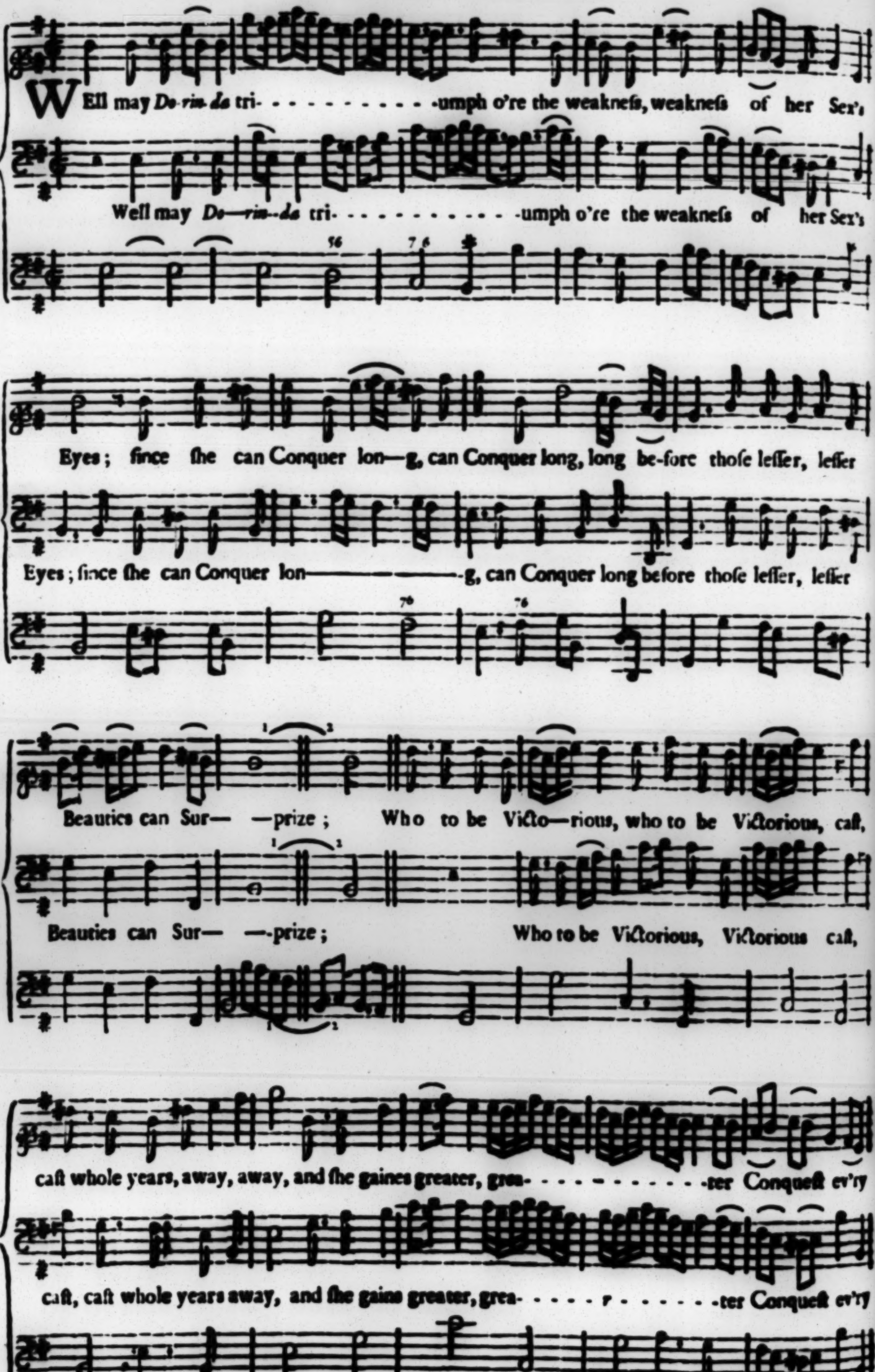
A Two Part SONG.

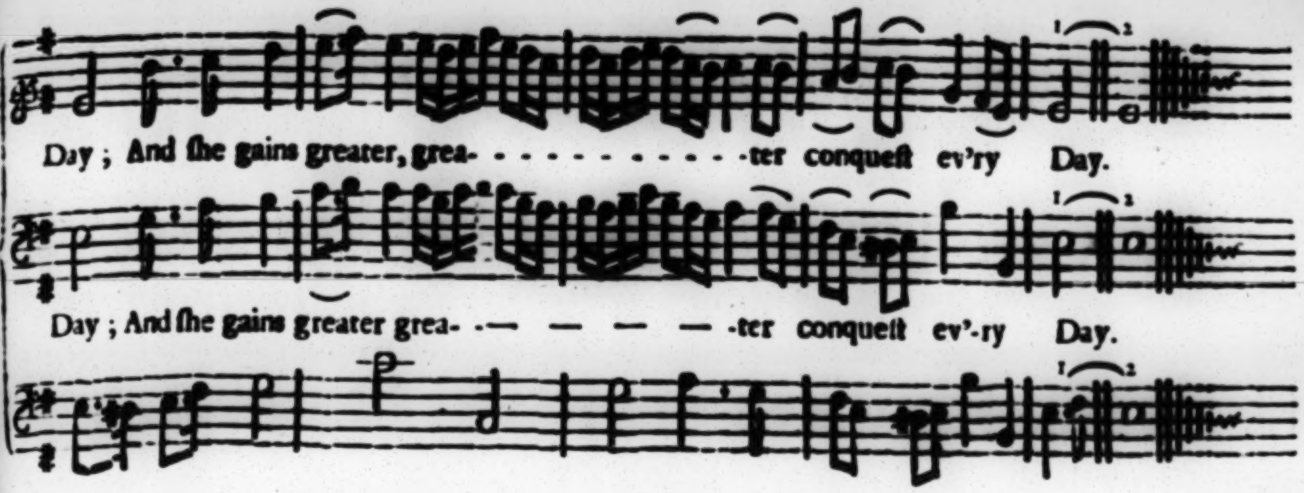

IN vain, in vain I leave the Charming Nymph I Love; in vain, in vain I leave the
In vain, in vain I leave the Charm--ing Nymph I Love; In vain, in vain I
Charm- - - - - - - - -ing Nymph I Love; for abſent, abſent, yet ſhe bears, ſhe bears an
leave the Charm——ing Nymph I Love; for abſent, yet ſhe bears, ſhe bears an


e—qual ſway, and from her Dangerous Eyes I may remove, remove, but ne'er from
equal ſway, and from her Dangerous Eyes I may remove, remove, but
their remembrance fl-————y a—way; for that like Fate my liv—ing Flame per-
ne're from their remembrance fly, fly away; for that my liv- ing Flame per-
—ſue, and ev'ry, ev'—ry thought my paſ-ſion ſtill re—news: In vain, in vain I
—ſue, and ev'ry, ev'—ry thought my paſ-ſion ſtill re—news: In vain, in
wiſh, I wiſh to rai————ſe a new deſire, or ſeek, ſeek, ſeek freſh flames of
vain I wiſh to rai———ſe a new de-ſire, or ſeek, ſeek, ſeek freſh

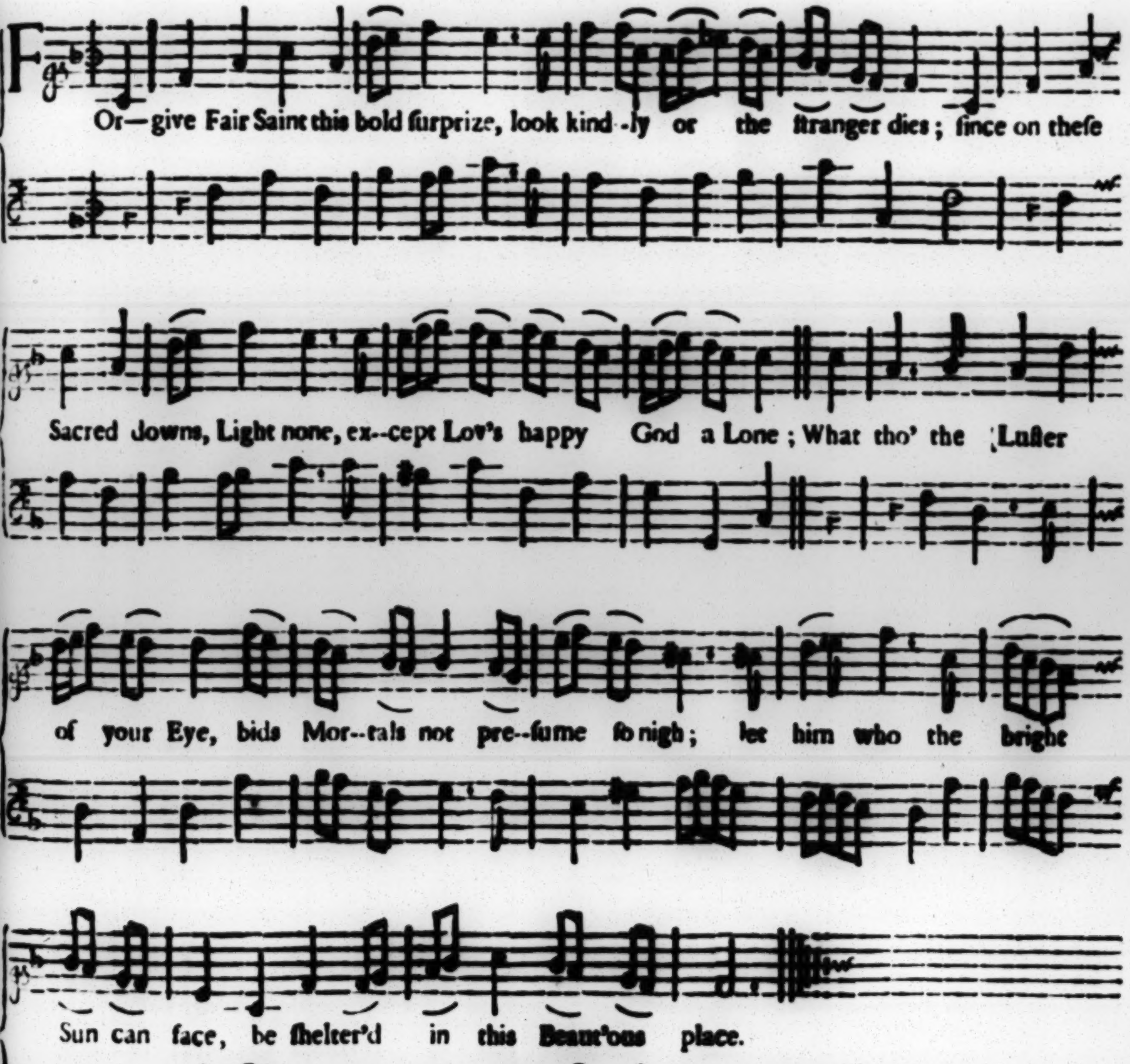

Love, of Love in Celias Eyes; too weak Do--rin--da are, to quench the Fire yours kindl'd
Flames of Love in Celias Eyes; too weak Do--rin--da are, to quench the Fire yours kindl'd
in my Breaſt; By ſtrange Surprize, and ſtill, ſtill, ſtill in ſpight of
in my Breaſt; by ſtrange Surprize, and ſtill, ſtill, ſtill in Spight of
all her Charm- - - - - - - - -s, maintain the Heart you con—quer, ſhe
all her Charm- - - - - - - - -s, maintain the Heart you con—quer, ſhe
can ne'er re——gain.
can ne'er re——gain.

A Two Part SONG.

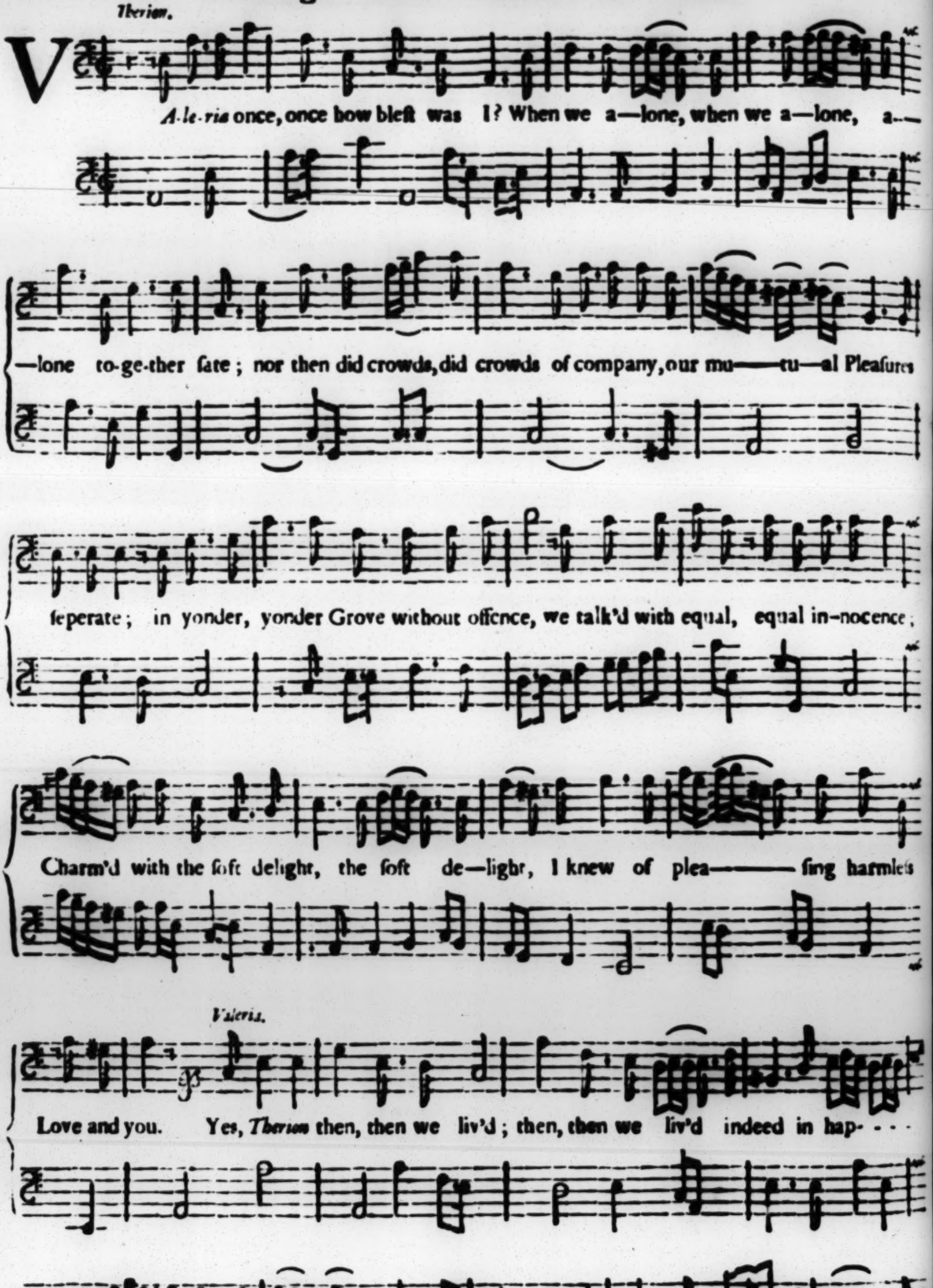

WEll may Do-rin-da tri- - - - - - - - - - - - -umph o're the weakneſs, weakneſs of her Sex's
Well may Do—rin-da tri- - - - - - - - - - - - - -umph o're the weakneſs of her Sex's
56
7 6
Eyes; ſince ſhe can Conquer lon—g, can Conquer long, long be-fore thoſe leſſer, leſſer
Eyes; ſince ſhe can Conquer lon——————-g, can Conquer long before thoſe leſſer, leſſer
76
76
Beauties can Sur— —prize; Who to be Victo—rious, who to be Victorious, caſt,
Beauties can Sur— —prize; Who to be Victorious, Victorious caſt,
caſt whole years, away, away, and ſhe gaines greater, grea- - - - - - - - - - - -ter Conqueſt ev'ry
caſt, caſt whole years away, and ſhe gains greater, grea- - - - - - - - - - - -ter Conqueſt ev'ry

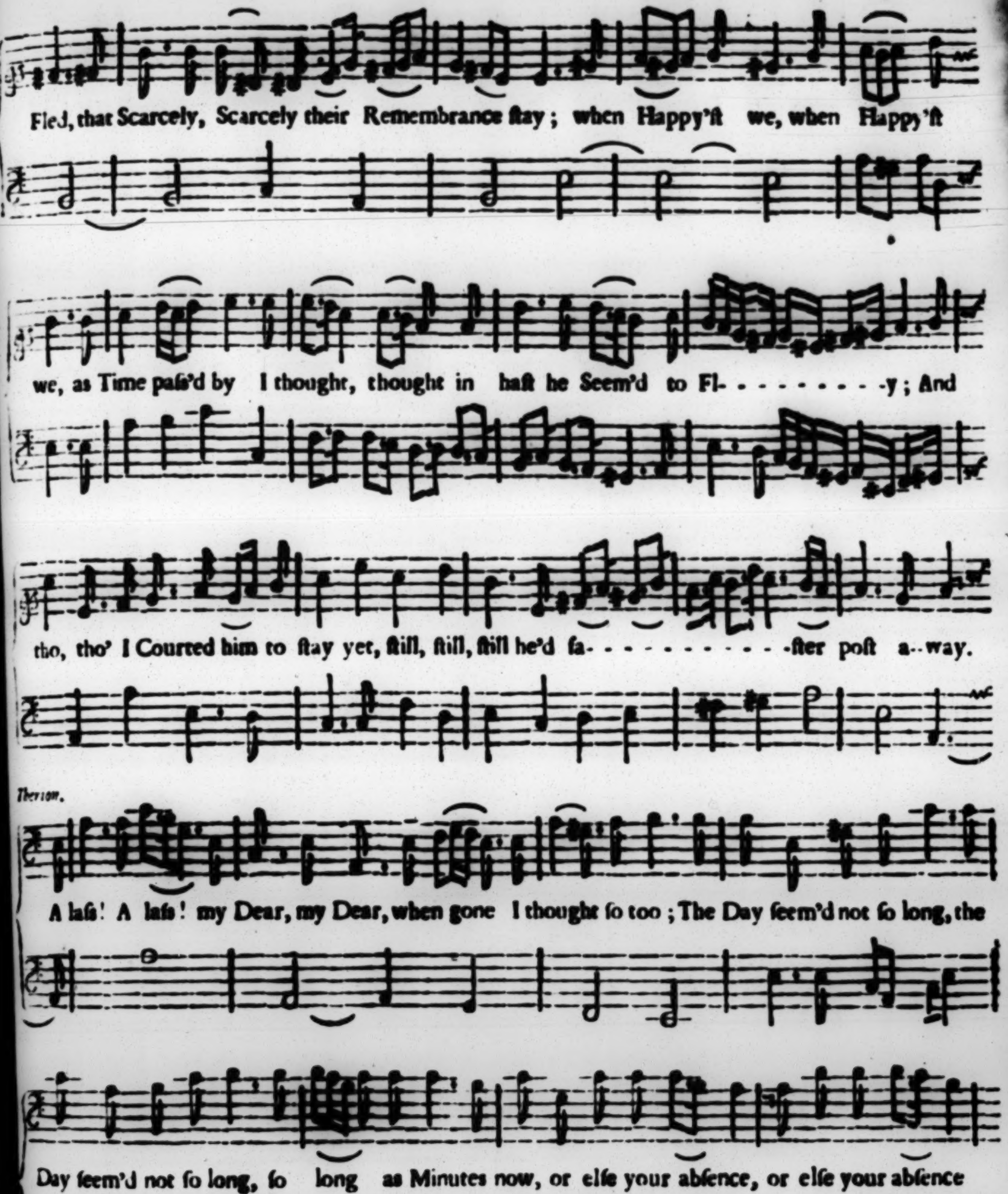

Day ; And ſhe gains greater, grea- - - - - - - - - - - - - -ter conqueſt ev'ry Day.
Day ; And ſhe gains greater grea- — — — — — -ter conqueſt ev'-ry Day.

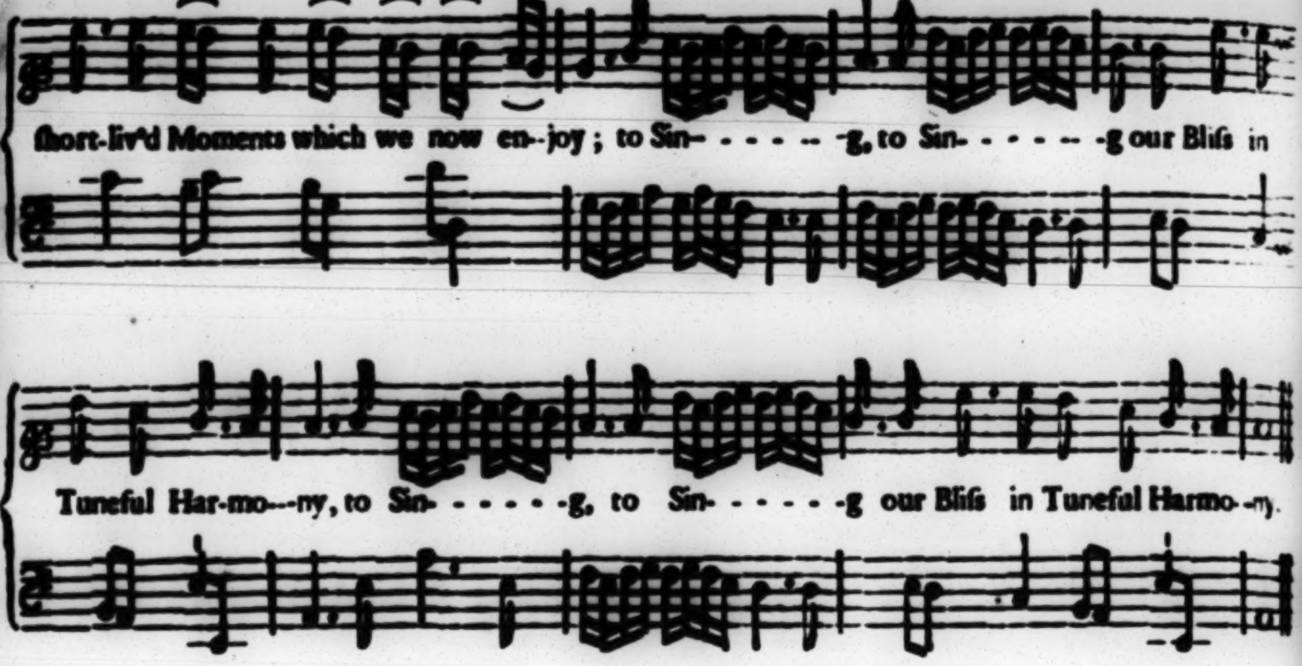
A ſingle SONG.


F
Or—give Fair Saint this bold ſurprize, look kind-ly or the ſtranger dies ; ſince on theſe
Sacred Jowns, Light none, ex--cept Lov's happy God a Lone ; What tho' the Luſter
of your Eye, bids Mor--tals not pre--ſume ſo nigh ; let him who the bright
Sun can face, be ſhelter'd in this Beaut'ous place.

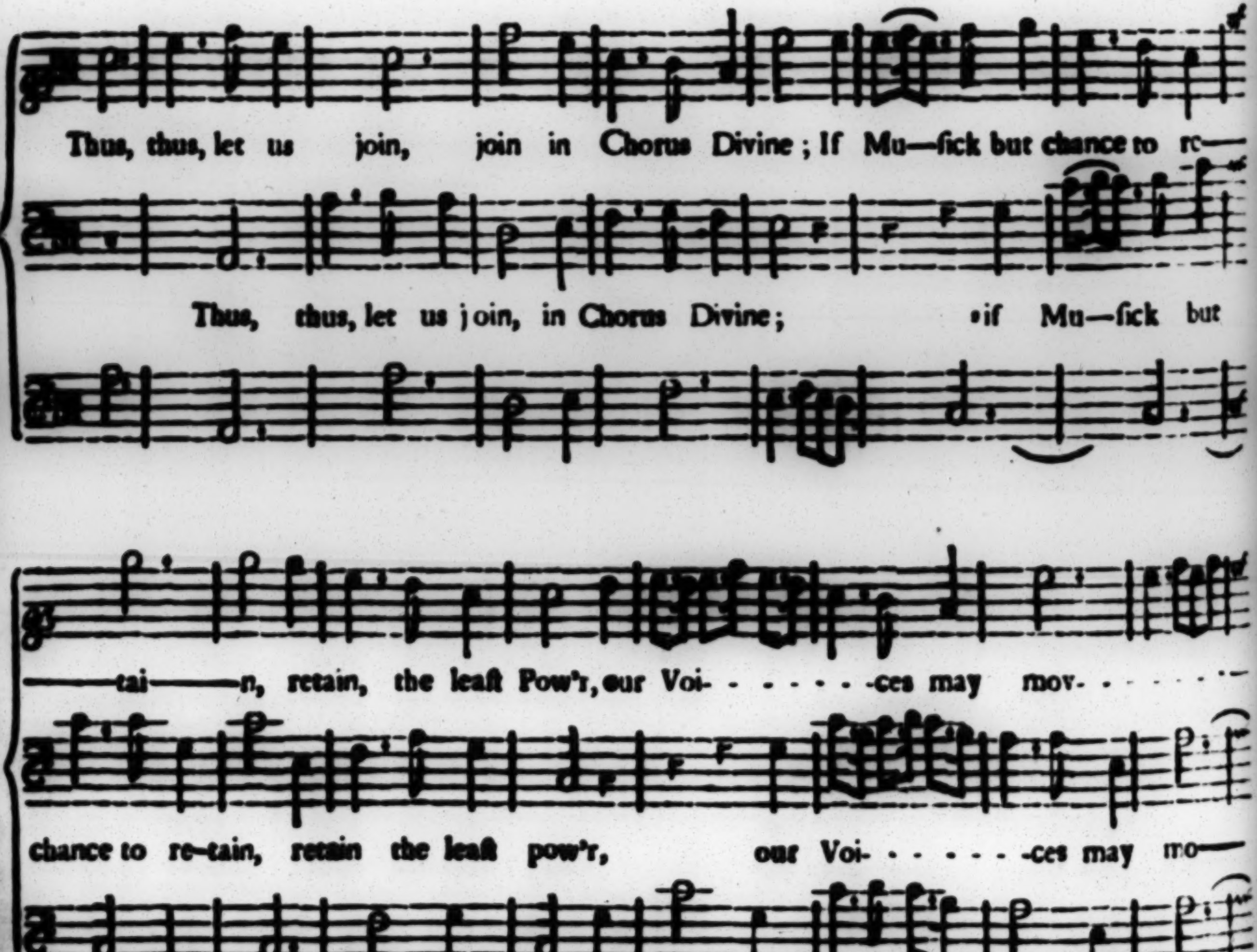
A Dialogue between Therion, *and* Valeria.

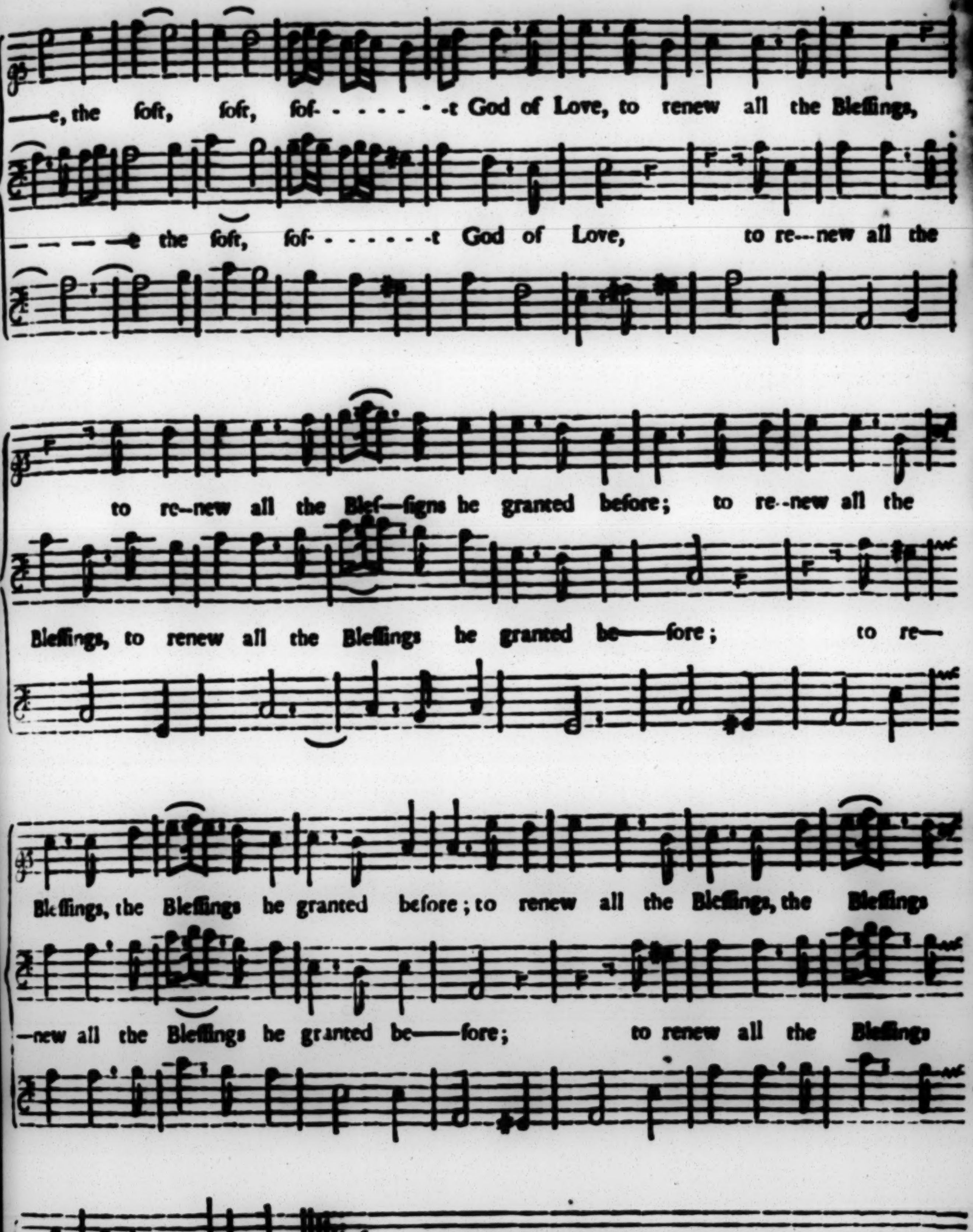

Therion.
V*A-le-ria* once, once how bleſt was I? When we a—lone, when we a—lone, a—
—lone to-ge-ther ſate; nor then did crowds, did crowds of company, our mu——tu—al Pleaſures
ſeperate; in yonder, yonder Grove without offence, we talk'd with equal, equal in-nocence;
Charm'd with the ſoft delight, the ſoft de—light, I knew of plea——ſing harmleſs
Valeria.
Love and you. Yes, *Therion* then, then we liv'd; then, then we liv'd indeed in hap- - - -
- - - - - - pineſs; more pure, more pure than day; but now, now thoſe joys ſo far are
]


Fled, that Scarcely, Scarcely their Remembrance ſtay; when Happy'ſt we, when Happy'ſt
we, as Time paſs'd by I thought, thought in haſt he Seem'd to Fl- - - - - - - - - -y; And
tho, tho' I Courted him to ſtay yet, ſtill, ſtill, ſtill he'd fa- - - - - - - - - - - -ſter poſt a--way.
Therion.
A laſs! A laſs! my Dear, my Dear, when gone I thought ſo too; The Day ſeem'd not ſo long, the
Day ſeem'd not ſo long, ſo long as Minutes now, or elſe your abſence, or elſe your abſence
Valeria.
Fa-
ſter
makes me think them ſo. But come, come my Skilful Shephard let's employ the

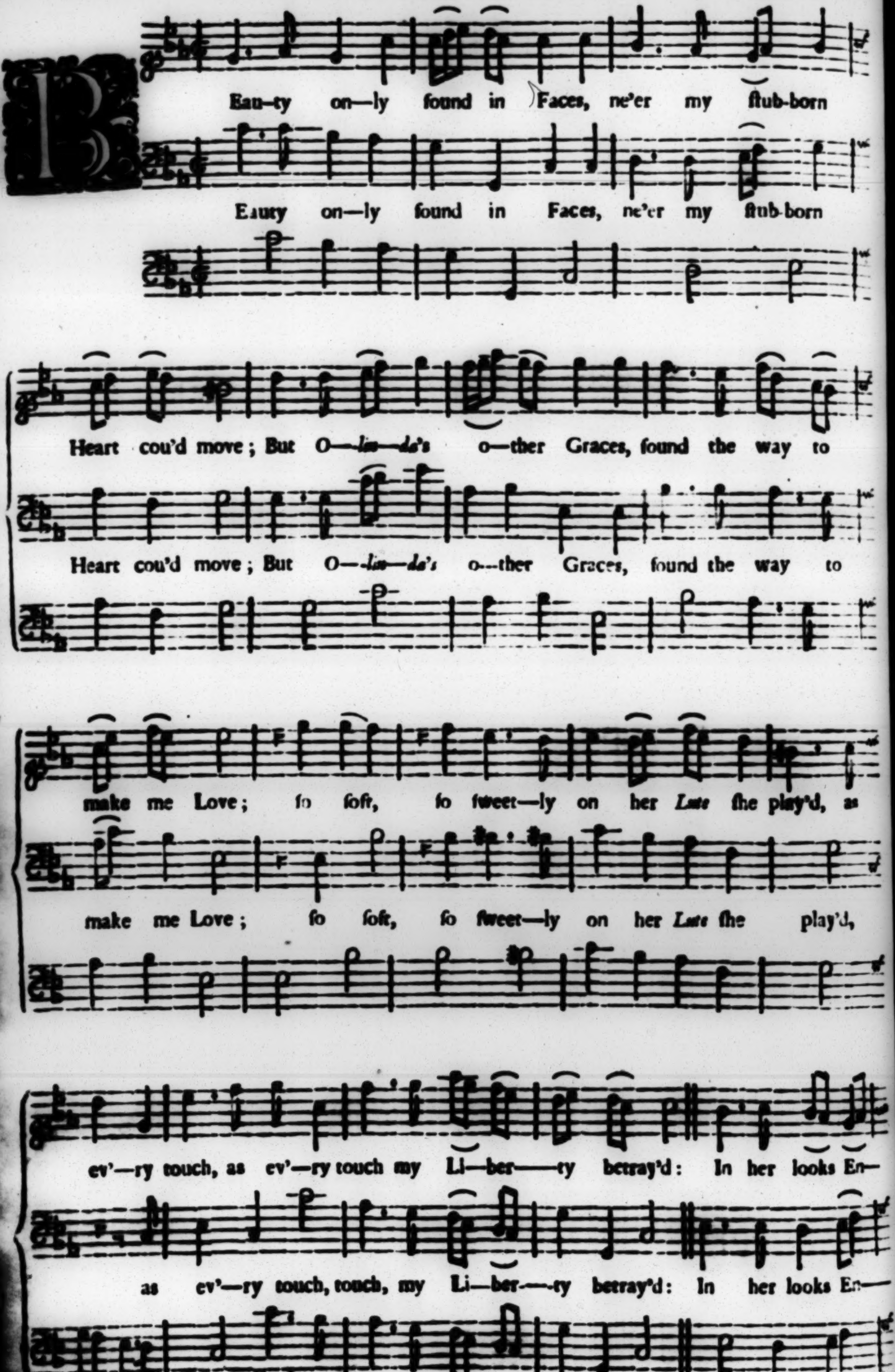

ſhort-liv'd Moments which we now en--joy ; to Sin- - - - - - -g, to Sin- - - - - - -g our Bliſs in
Tuneful Har-mo---ny, to Sin- - - - - -g, to Sin- - - - - -g our Bliſs in Tuneful Harmo-ny.

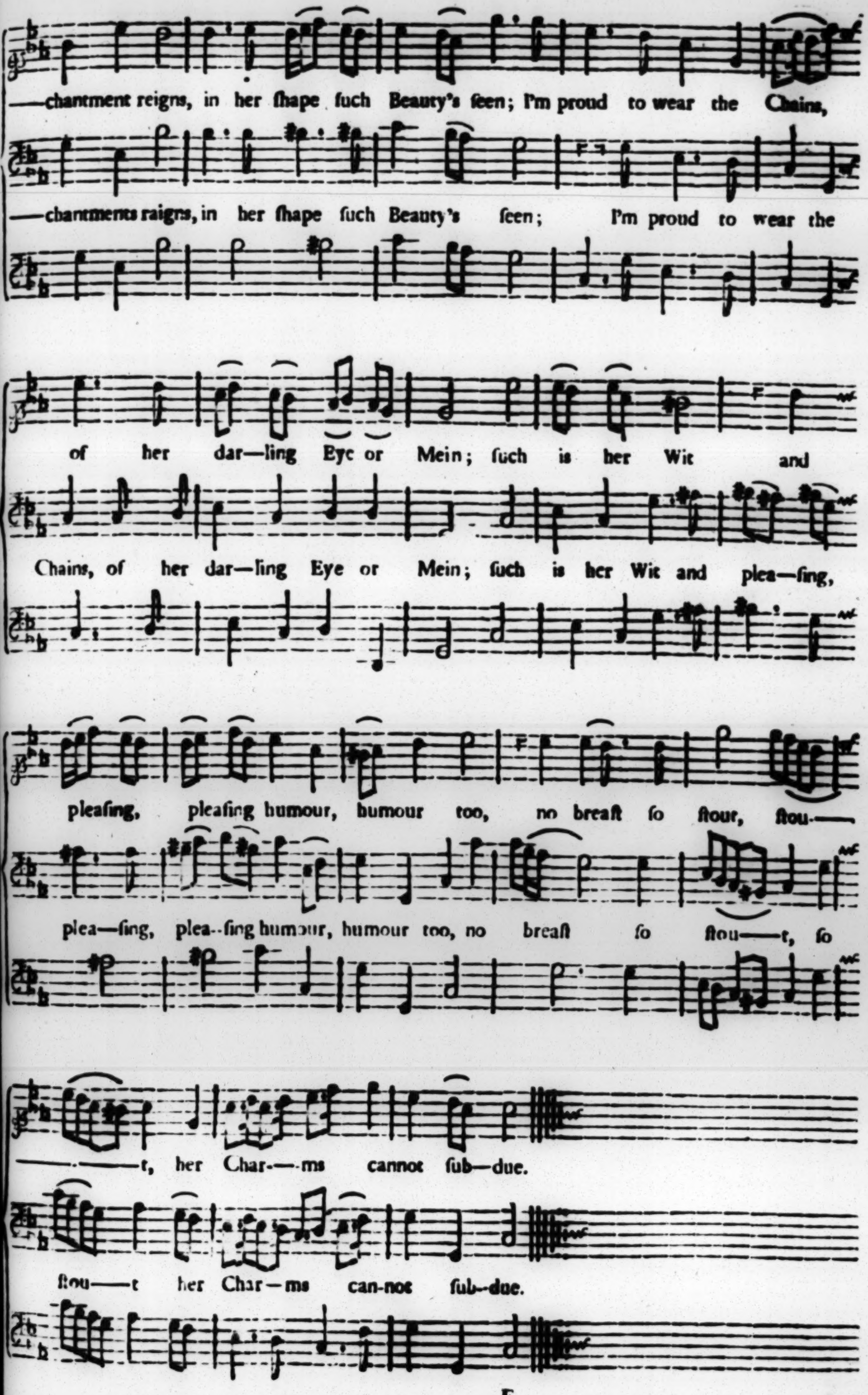
CHORUS.


Thus, thus, let us join, join in Chorus Divine ; If Mu—ſick but chance to re—
Thus, thus, let us join, in Chorus Divine ; if Mu—ſick but
—tai——n, retain, the leaſt Pow'r, our Voi- - - - - - - -ces may mov- - - - - -
chance to re-tain, retain the leaſt pow'r, our Voi- - - - - - -ces may mo—

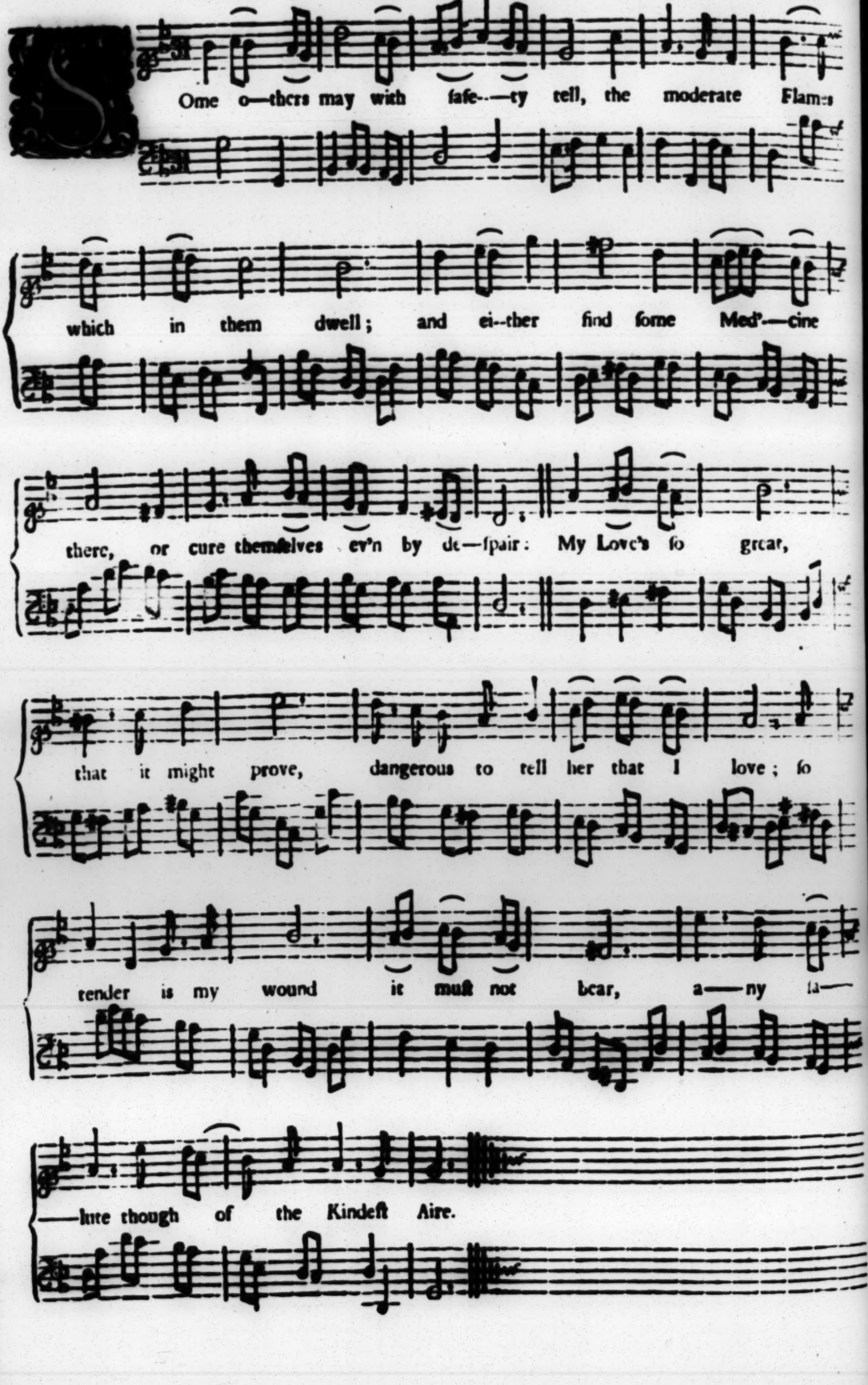

——e, the ſoft, ſoft, ſof- - - - - - - -t God of Love, to renew all the Bleſſings,
- - - - -e the ſoft, ſof- - - - - - - -t God of Love, to re--new all the
to re--new all the Bleſ—ſigns he granted before; to re--new all the
Bleſſings, to renew all the Bleſſings he granted be——fore; to re—
Bleſſings, the Bleſſings he granted before; to renew all the Bleſſings, the Bleſſings
—new all the Bleſſings he granted be——fore; to renew all the Bleſſings
he grant--ed be—fore.
he granted be—fore.

A Two Part SONG.


B
Eau-ty on—ly found in Faces, ne'er my ſtub-born
Eauty on—ly found in Faces, ne'er my ſtub-born
Heart cou'd move; But O—*lin*—*da's* o—ther Graces, found the way to
Heart cou'd move; But O—*lin*—*da's* o—ther Graces, found the way to
make me Love; ſo ſoft, ſo ſweet—ly on her *Lute* ſhe play'd, as
make me Love; ſo ſoft, ſo ſweet—ly on her *Lute* ſhe play'd,
ev'—ry touch, as ev'—ry touch my Li—ber——ty betray'd: In her looks En—
as ev'—ry touch, touch, my Li—ber-—ty betray'd: In her looks En—


—chantment reigns, in her ſhape ſuch Beauty's ſeen; I'm proud to wear the Chains,
—chantments raigns, in her ſhape ſuch Beauty's ſeen; I'm proud to wear the
of her dar—ling Eye or Mein; ſuch is her Wit and
Chains, of her dar—ling Eye or Mein; ſuch is her Wit and plea—ſing,
pleaſing, pleaſing humour, humour too, no breaſt ſo ſtout, ſtou——
plea—ſing, plea-ſing humour, humour too, no breaſt ſo ſtou——t, ſo
——t, her Char—ms cannot ſub—due.
ſtou——t her Char—ms can-not ſub-due.

A ſingle SONG.


S
Ome o—thers may with ſafe-—ty tell, the moderate Flames
which in them dwell; and ei--ther find ſome Med'—cine
there, or cure themſelves ev'n by de—ſpair: My Love's ſo great,
that it might prove, dangerous to tell her that I love; ſo
tender is my wound it muſt not bear, a—ny ſa—
—lute though of the Kindeſt Aire.

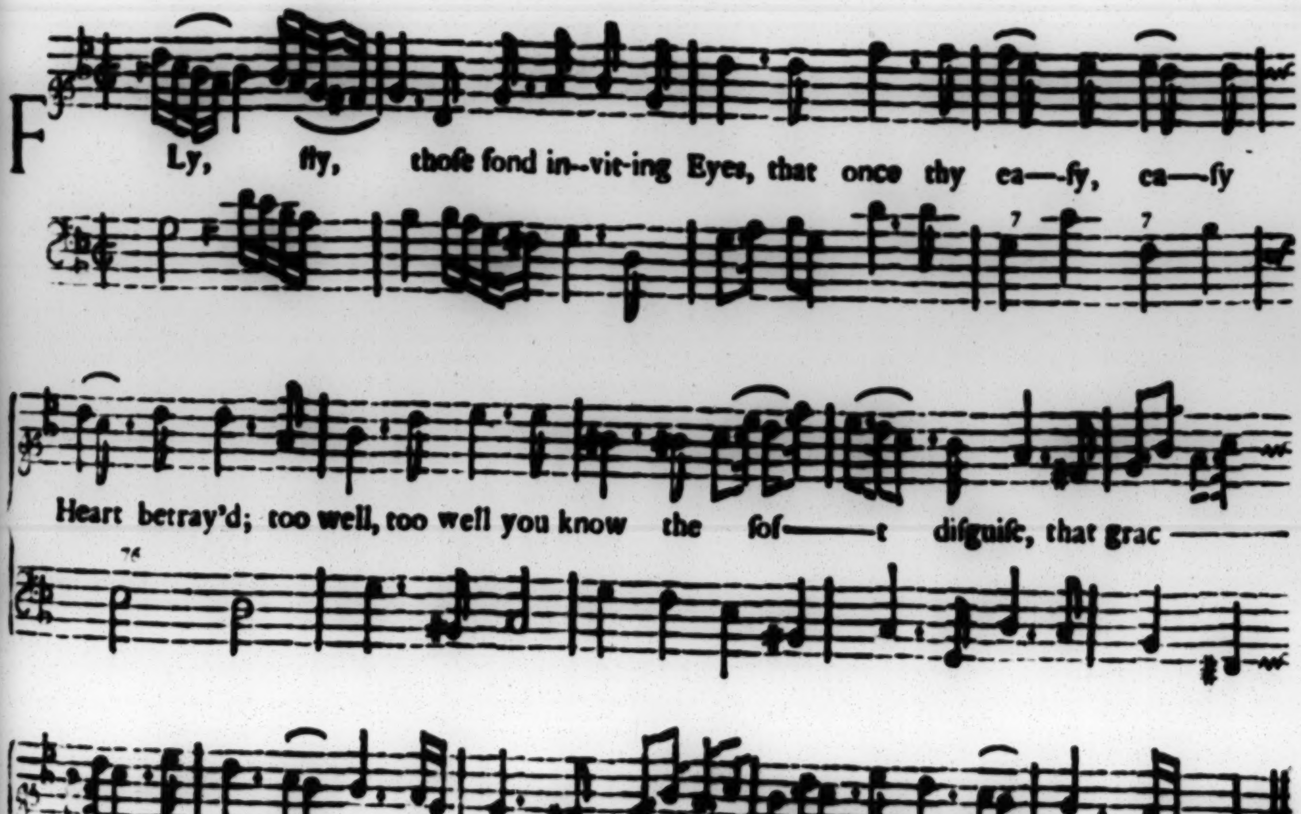
II.

I wou'd not have her know the Pain,
The Torment for her I ſuſtain;
Leſt too much Goodneſs make her throw,
Her Love upon a Fate too low:
Forbid it Heav'n, my life ſhou'd be,
Weigh'd with her leaſt conveniency;
No, let me periſh rather with my Grief,
Than to her diſadvantage find relief.

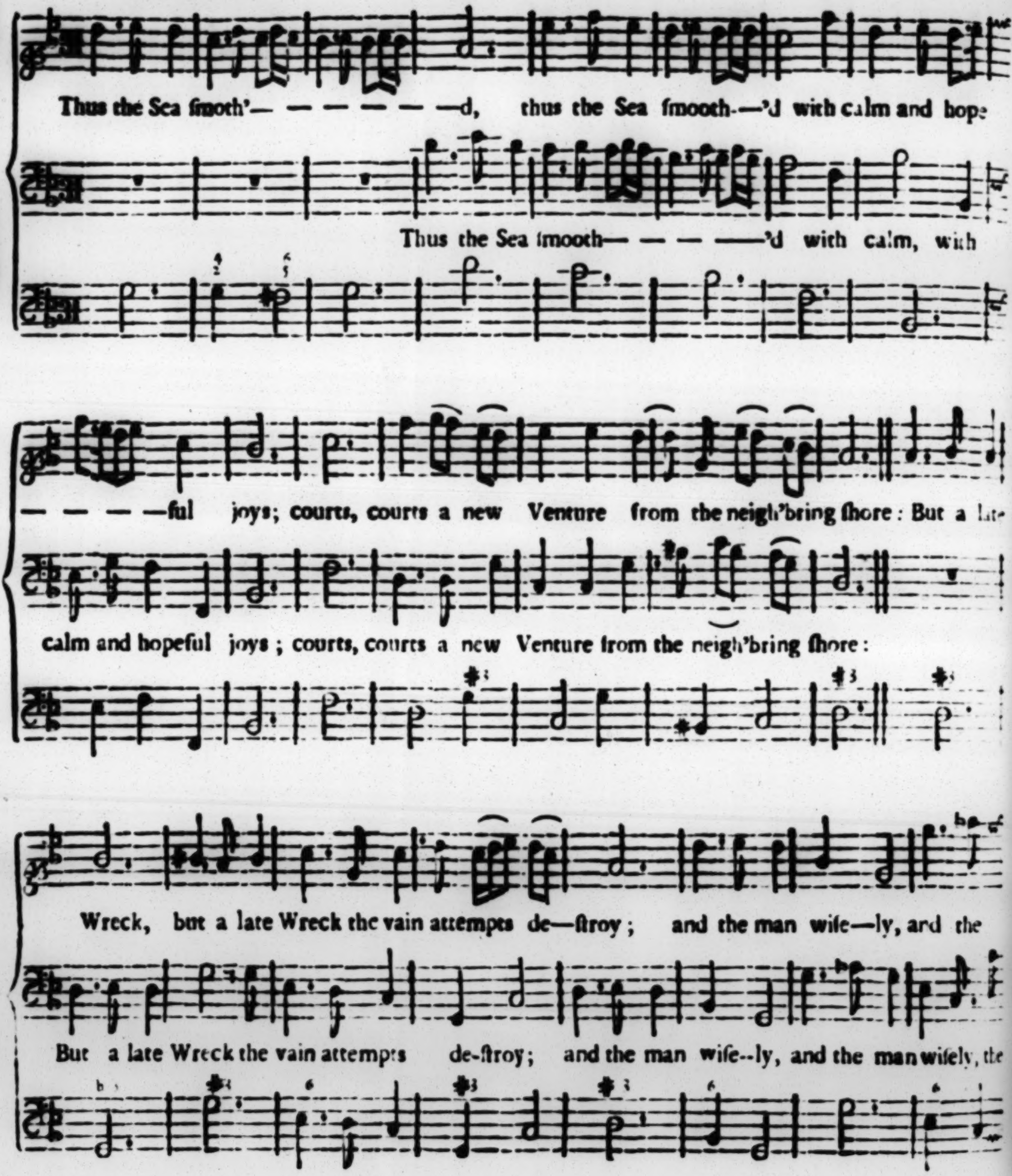
III.

Yet when I die my laſt breath ſhall,
Grow bold and plainly tell her all;
Like covetus Men, who ne'er deſcry,
Their dear hid Treaſure till they die:
Ah! Faireſt Maid how will it Cheer,
My Ghoſt, to get from thee a Tear?
But take heed, for if me, you pity then,
Twenty to one, but I ſhall Live a-gen.

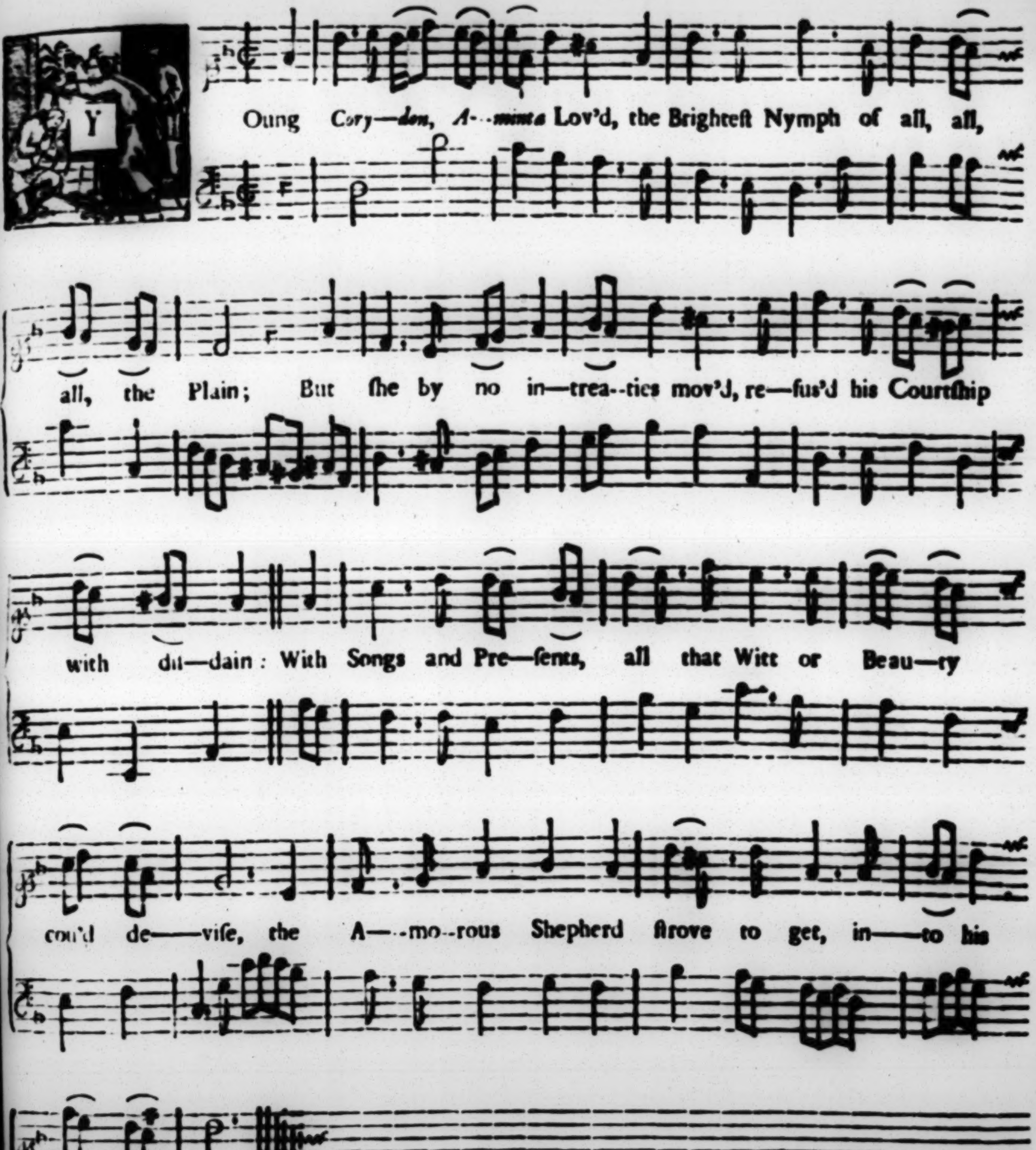
A Two Part SONG.


F Ly, ſly, thoſe fond in--vit-ing Eyes, that once thy ea—ſy, ea—ſy
Heart betray'd; too well, too well you know the ſof——t diſguiſe, that grac——
——'d the love--ly faithleſs Maid, that grac——'d the love--ly faith—leſs maid:

CHORUS.


Thus the Sea ſmoth'— — — — — — — —d, thus the Sea ſmooth-—'d with calm and hope
Thus the Sea ſmooth— — — — —'d with calm, with
— — — — —ful joys; courts, courts a new Venture from the neigh'bring ſhore: But a late
calm and hopeful joys; courts, courts a new Venture from the neigh'bring ſhore:
Wreck, but a late Wreck the vain attempts de—ſtroy; and the man wiſe—ly, and the
But a late Wreck the vain attempts de-ſtroy; and the man wiſe--ly, and the man wiſely, the
man wiſely thinks ſhe ſmiles for more; the man wiſely, the man wiſely thinks ſhe ſmiles for more.
man wiſely thinks ſhe ſmiles for more; the man wiſe——ly, wiſely thinks ſhe ſmiles for more.

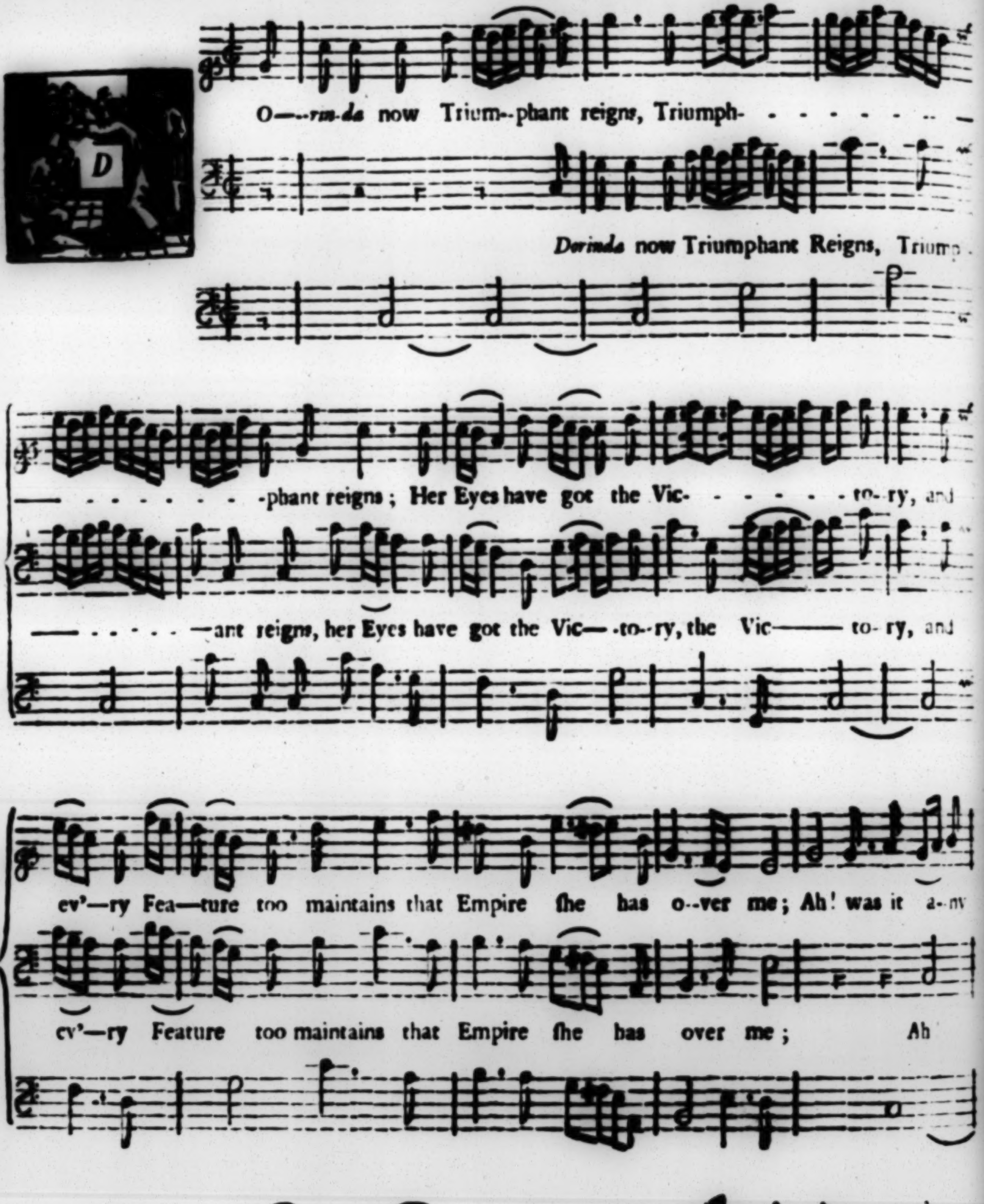
A *ſingle* SONG.

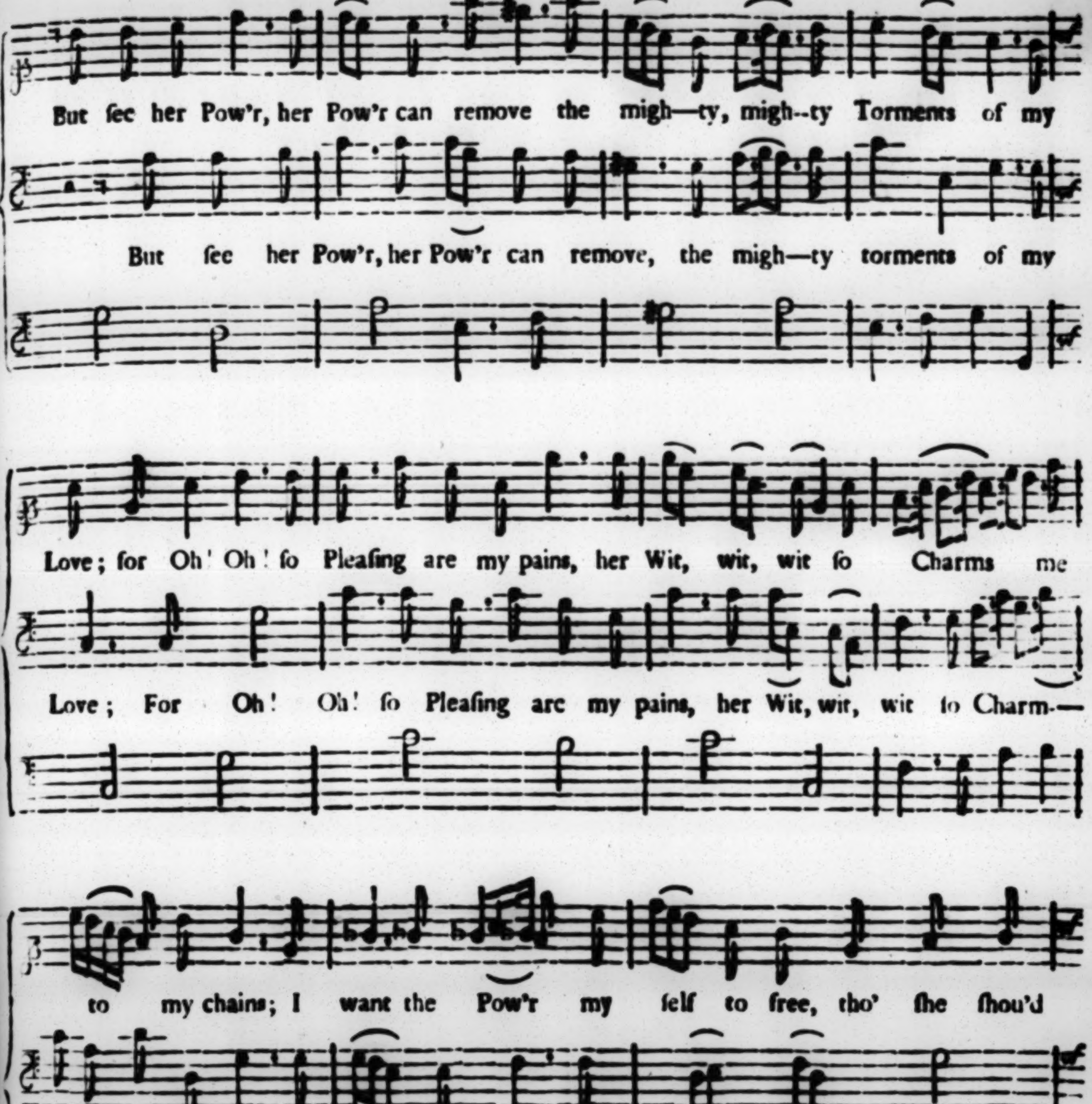

Y
Oung *Cory—don*, *A-‑minta* Lov'd, the Brighteſt Nymph of all, all,
all, the Plain; But ſhe by no in—trea-‑ties mov'd, re—fus'd his Courtſhip
with diſ—dain: With Songs and Pre—ſents, all that Witt or Beau—ty
cou'd de—viſe, the A—-mo-‑rous Shepherd ſtrove to get, in—to his
Hands the Prize.

II.

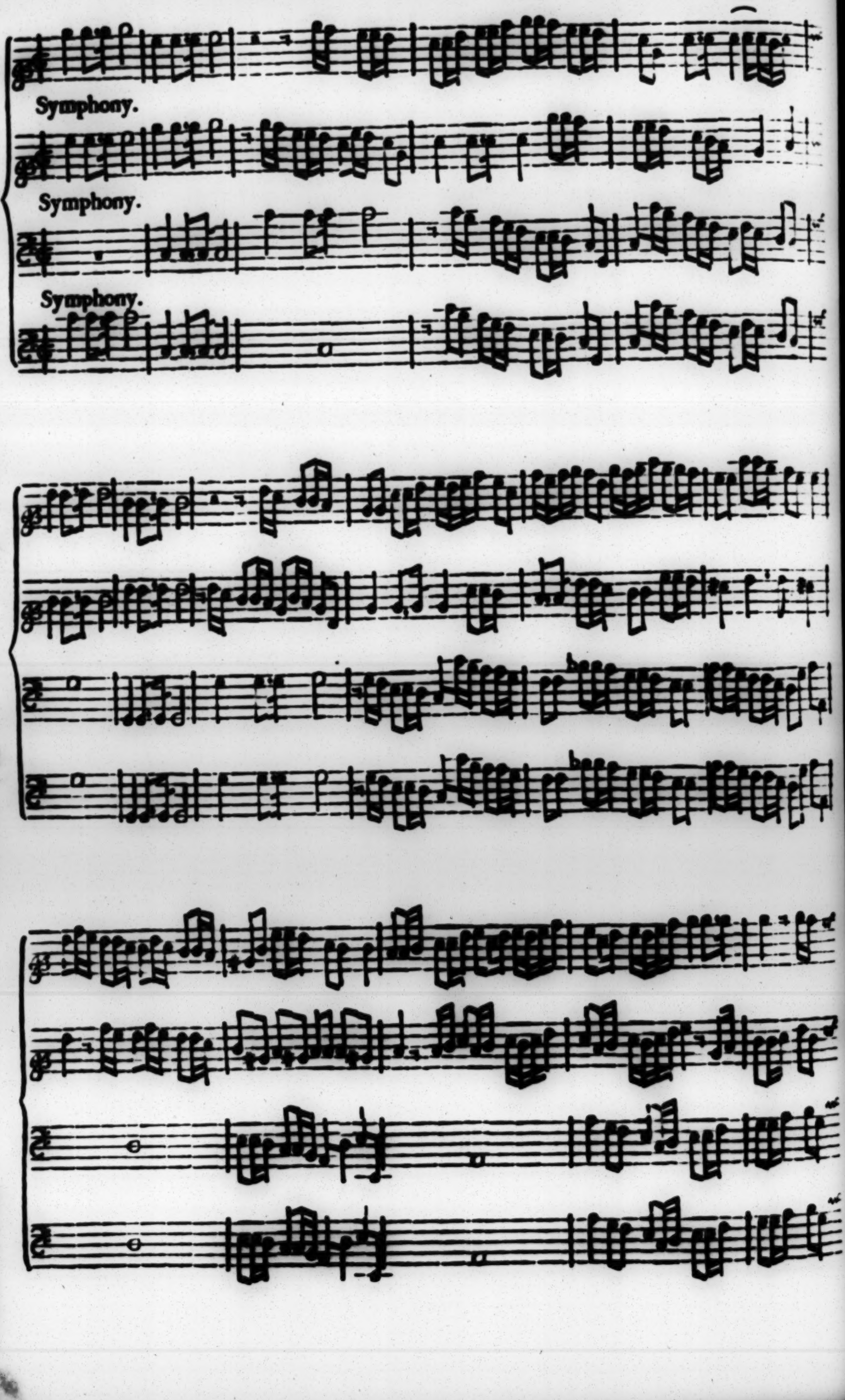
He try'd in vain, all Arts he knew,
To eaſe his wretched, wretched, wretched State;
Then running to thick Woods ſhe flew,
And curs'd her Beauty and his Fate:
But ſoon return'd, for then his pains
Grew faſter than before;
Yet ſtill Obdurate ſhe remains,
And bid him never ſee her more.

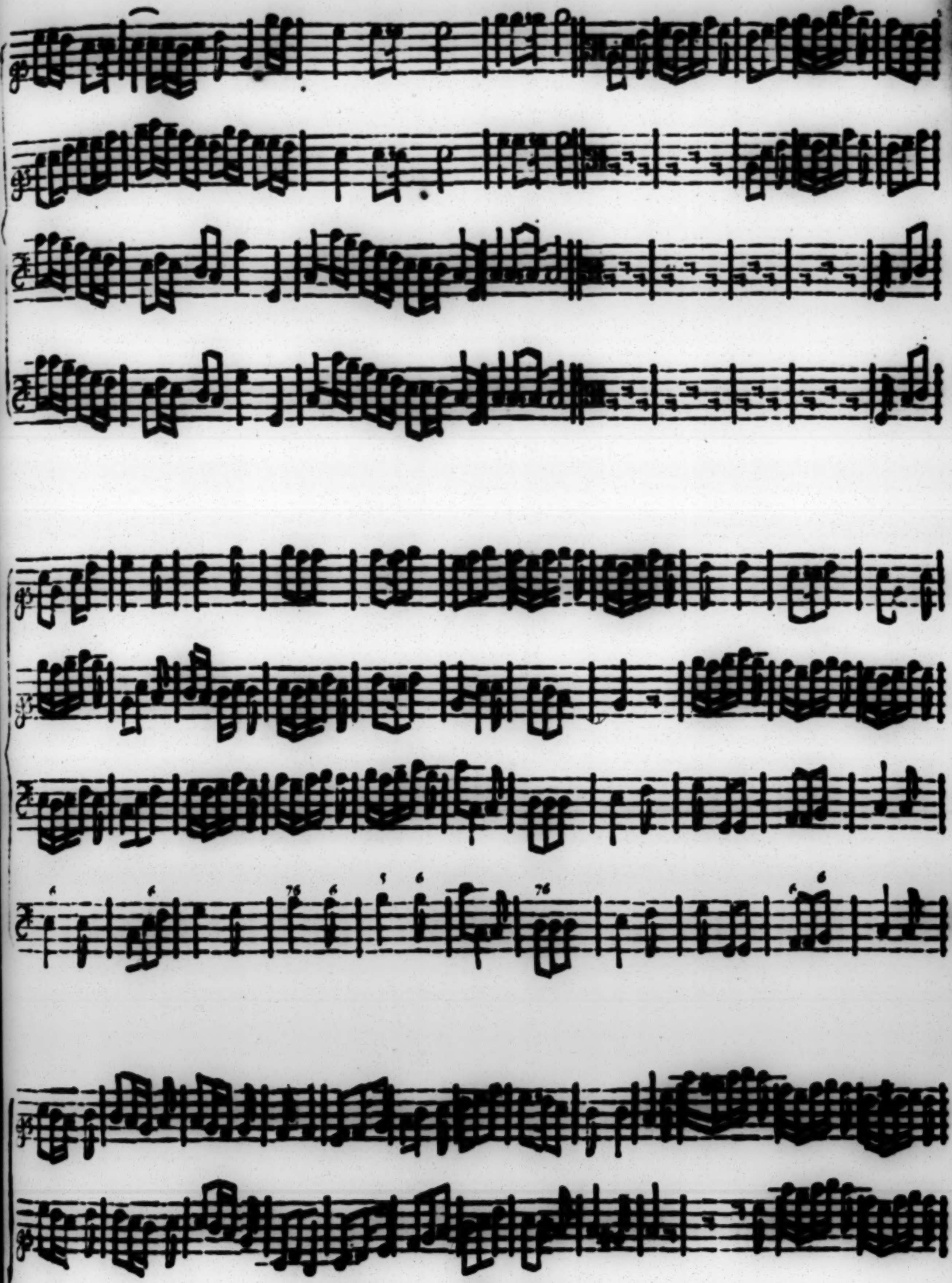
A *Two Part* SONG.

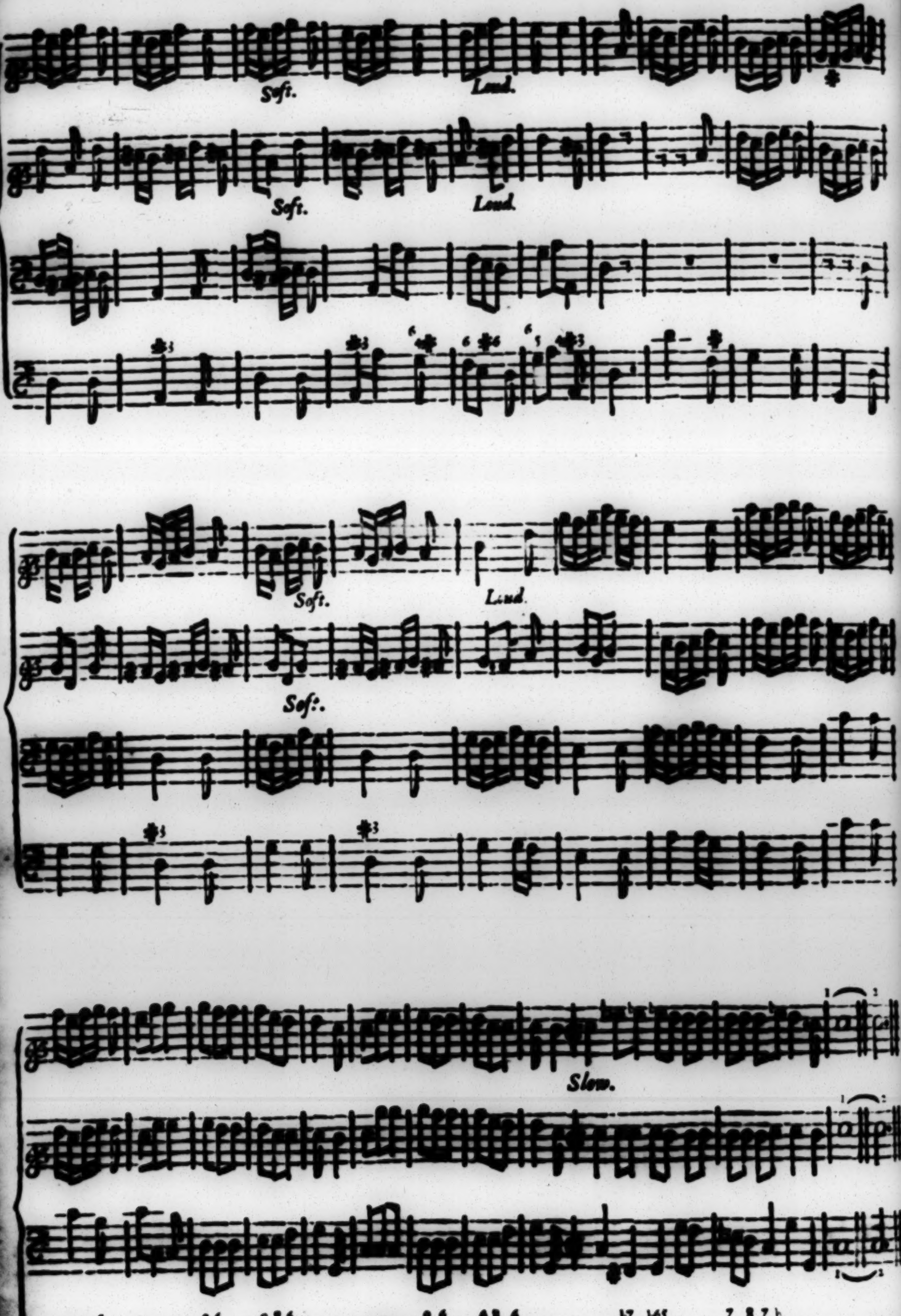

D
O—rin-da now Trium-phant reigns, Triumph- - - - - - - - -
Dorinda now Triumphant Reigns, Triump
- - - - - - - -phant reigns; Her Eyes have got the Vic- - - - - - to-ry, and
— - - - - - -ant reigns, her Eyes have got the Vic—-to-ry, the Vic— to-ry, and
ev'—ry Fea—ture too maintains that Empire ſhe has o-ver me; Ah! was it a-ny
ev'—ry Feature too maintains that Empire ſhe has over me; Ah
o-ther, o-ther Swain, he'd ſeek his Cap— — —tive Heart a—gain:
was it a—ny other, other Swain he'd ſeek his Cap— — —tive Heart a—gain:

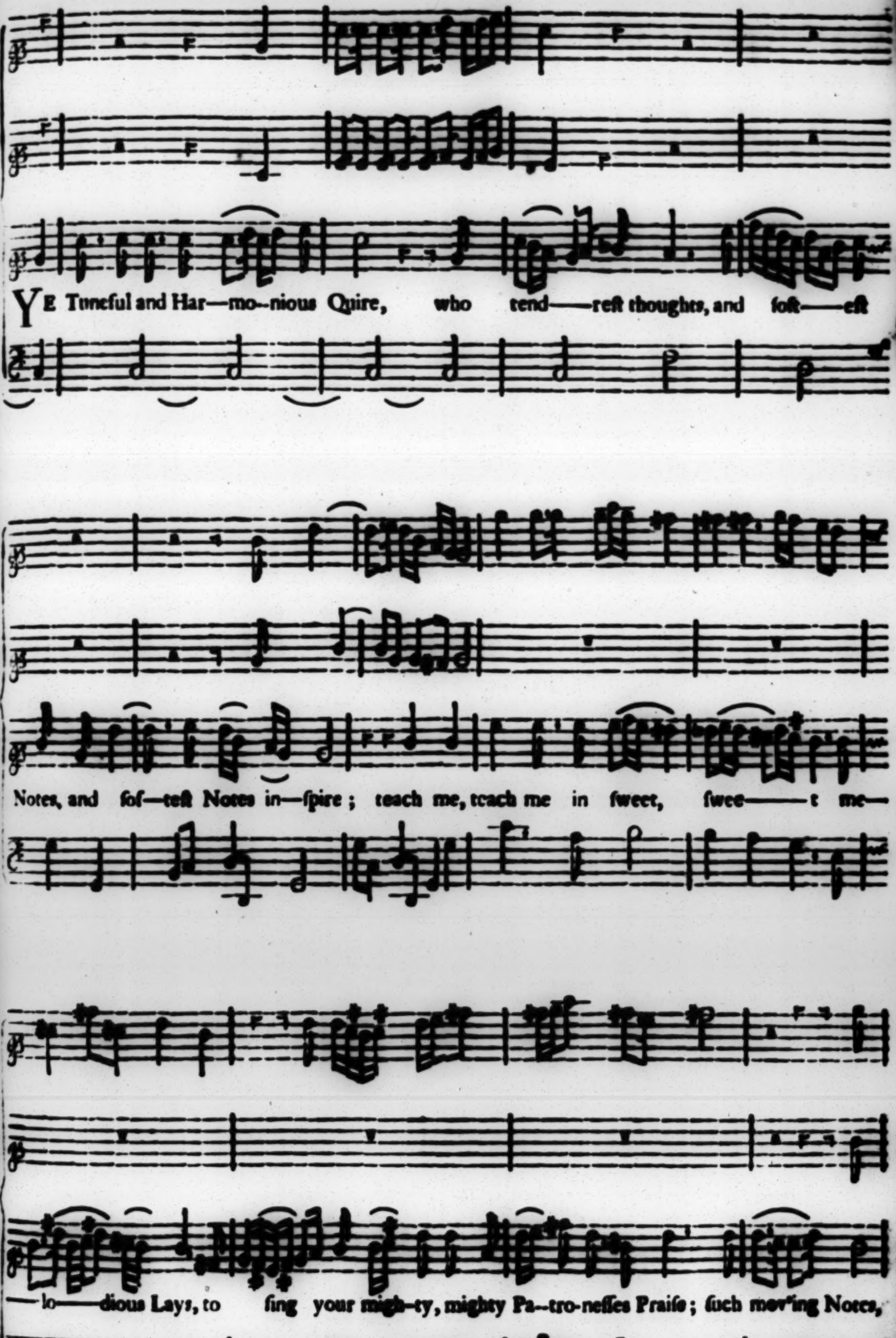

But ſee her Pow'r, her Pow'r can remove the migh—ty, migh--ty Torments of my
But ſee her Pow'r, her Pow'r can remove, the migh—ty torments of my
Love; for Oh! Oh! ſo Pleaſing are my pains, her Wit, wit, wit ſo Charms me
Love; For Oh! Oh! ſo Pleaſing are my pains, her Wit, wit, wit ſo Charm—
to my chains; I want the Pow'r my ſelf to free, tho' ſhe ſhou'd
—s me to my chains; I want the Pow'r my ſelf to free,
grant, ſhou'd grant me Li-ber--ty.
tho' ſhe ſhou'd grant me Li--ber-ty.

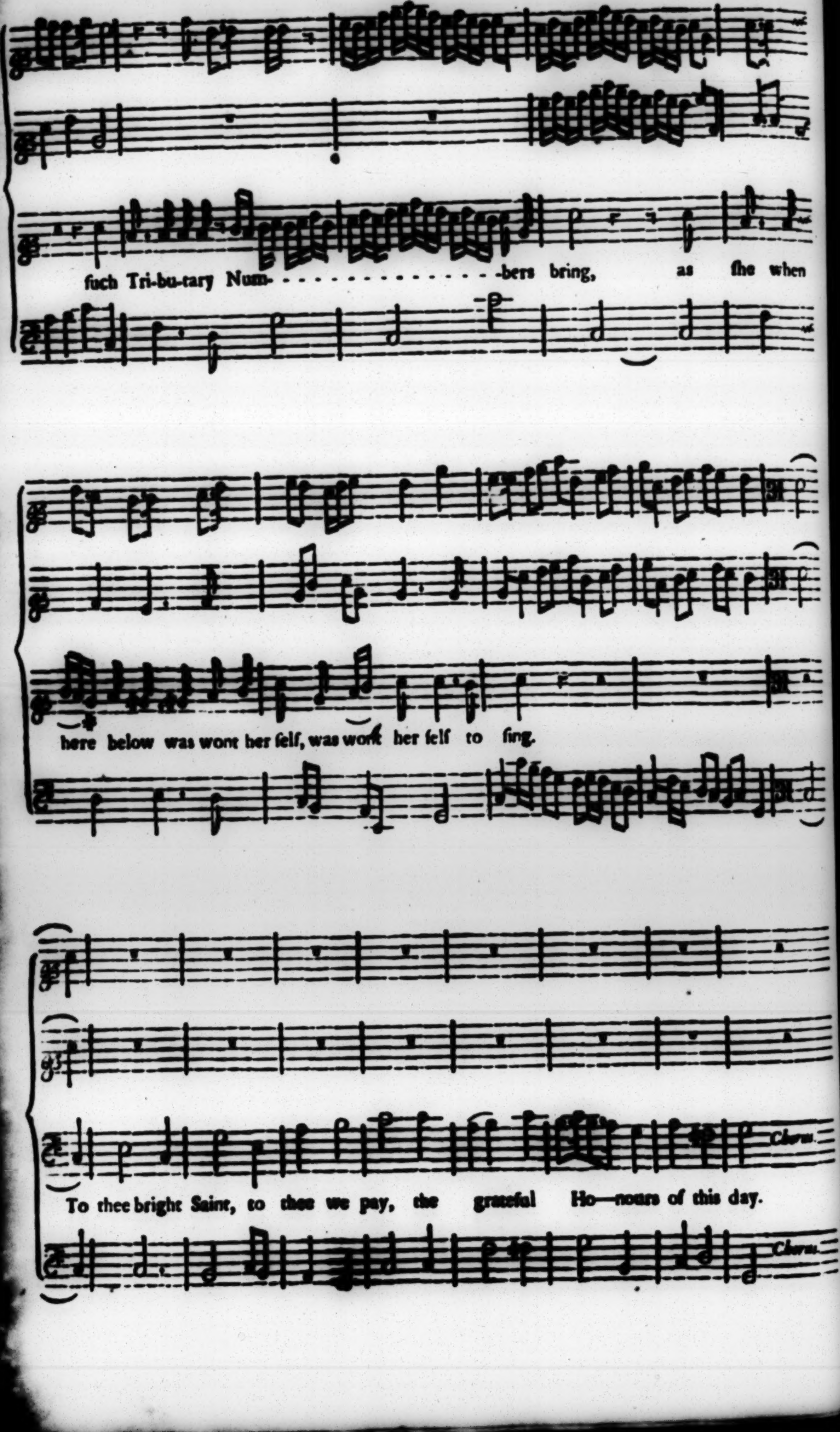
A SONG *in Praiſe of St.* Cecilia.


Symphony.
Symphony.
Symphony.

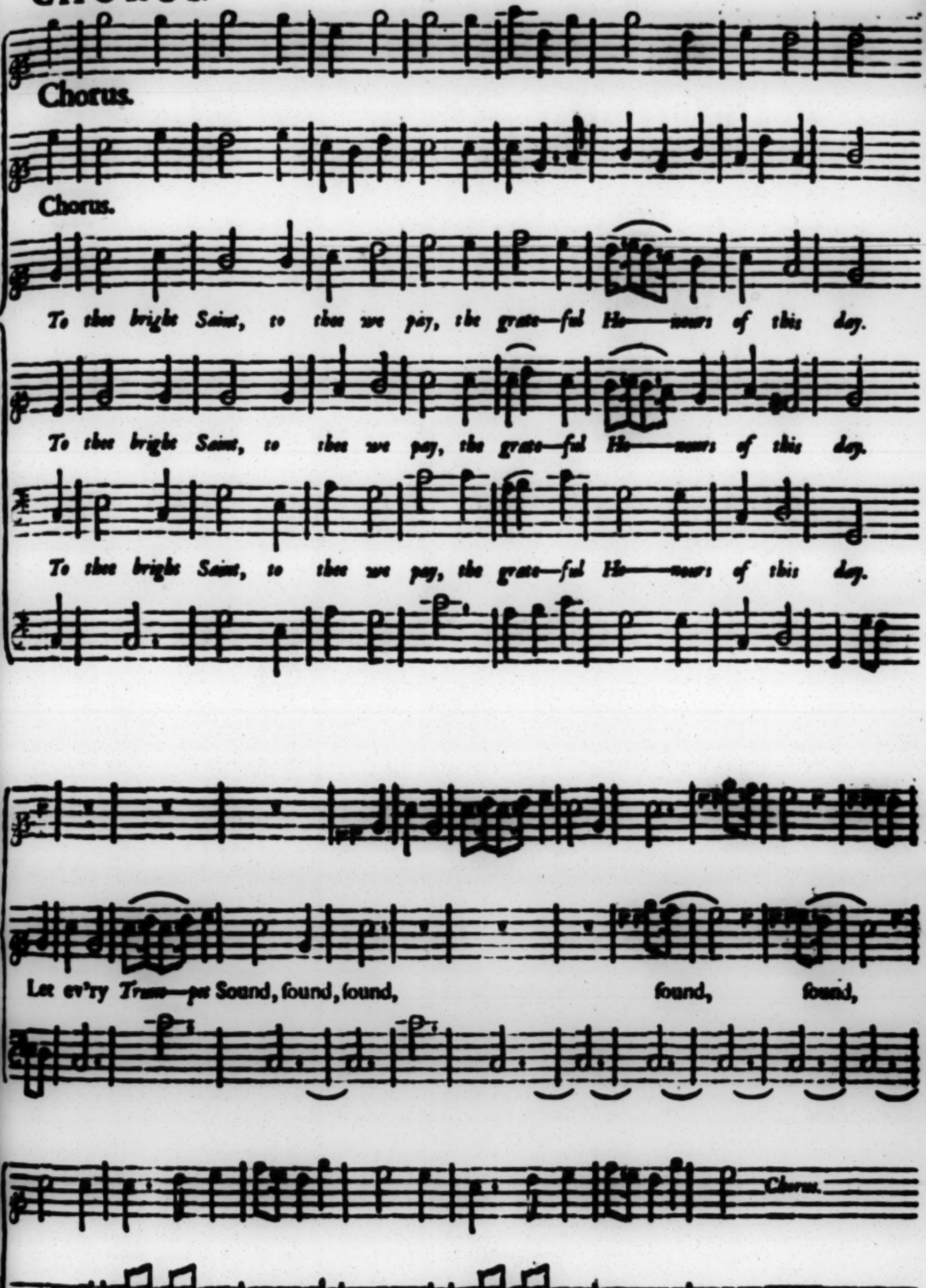



Soft.
Loud
Soft.
Loud
Soft.
Loud
Soft.
Slow.

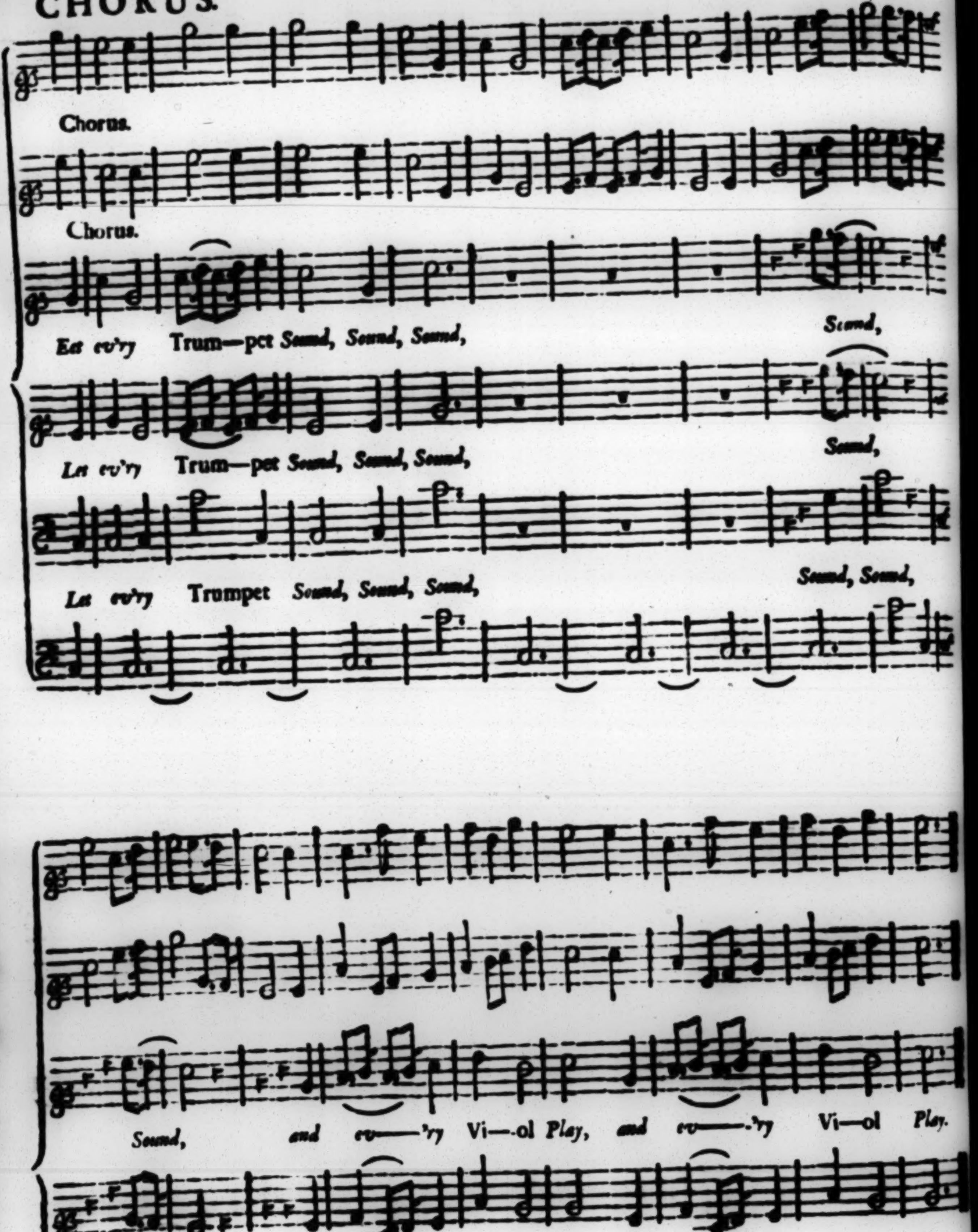

YE Tuneful and Har—mo--nious Quire, who tend——reſt thoughts, and ſoft——eſt
Notes, and ſoſ—teſt Notes in—ſpire; teach me, teach me in ſweet, ſwee——t me—
—lo——dious Lays, to ſing your migh--ty, mighty Pa--tro-neſſes Praiſe; ſuch mov'ing Notes,


ſuch Tri-bu-tary Num- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -bers bring, as ſhe when
here below was wont her ſelf, was wont her ſelf to ſing.
To thee bright Saint, to thee we pay, the grateful Ho—nours of this day.
Chorus.
Chorus.

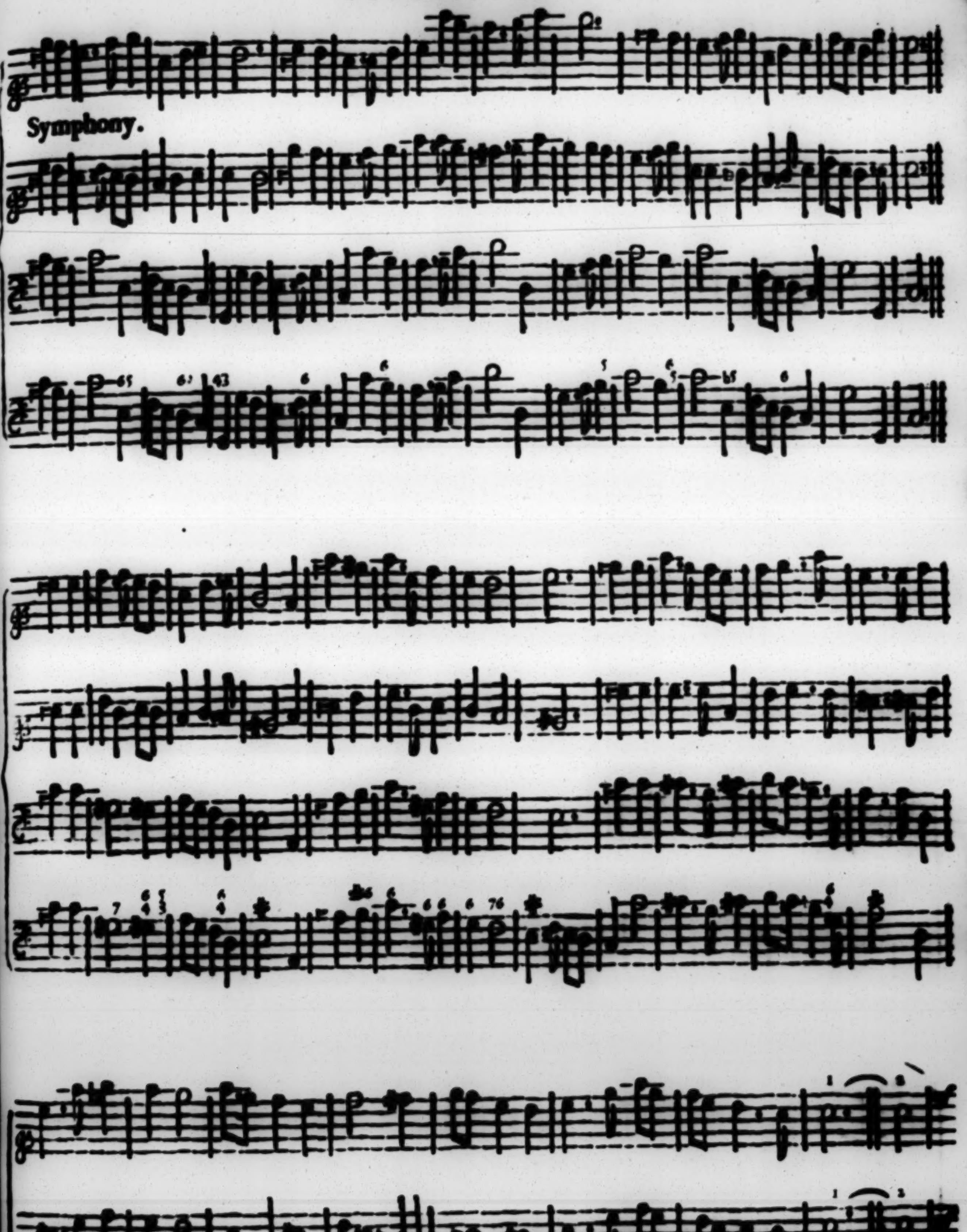
CHORUS.


Chorus.
Chorus.
To thee bright Saint, to thee we pay, the grate—ful Ho——nours of this day.
To thee bright Saint, to thee we pay, the grate—ful Ho——nours of this day.
To thee bright Saint, to thee we pay, the grate—ful Ho——nours of this day.
Let ev'ry Trum—pet Sound, sound, sound, sound, sound,
and ev'——ry, Vi—ol Play, and ev'——ry Vi—ol Play.
Chorus.
Chorus.
Chorus.

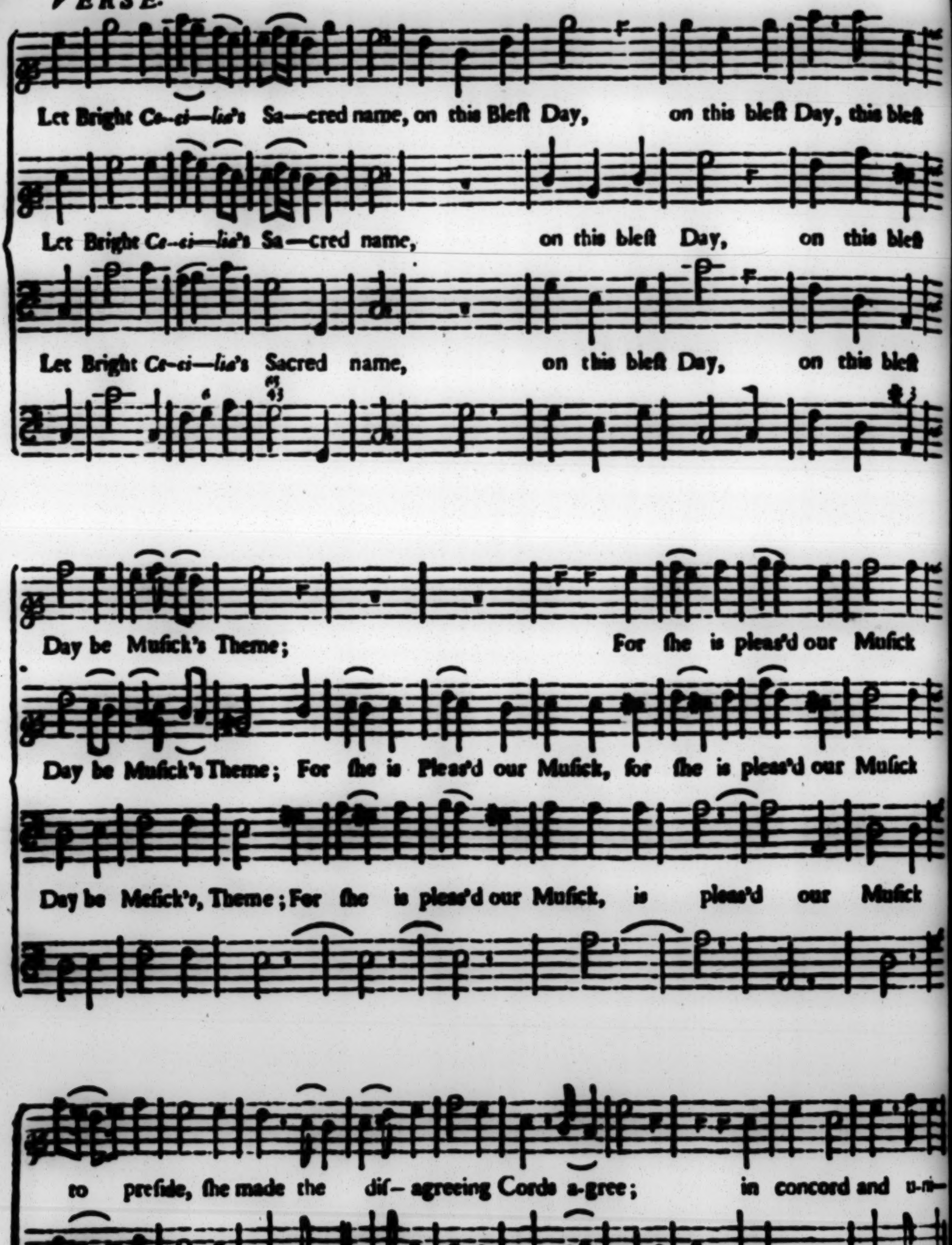
CHORUS.

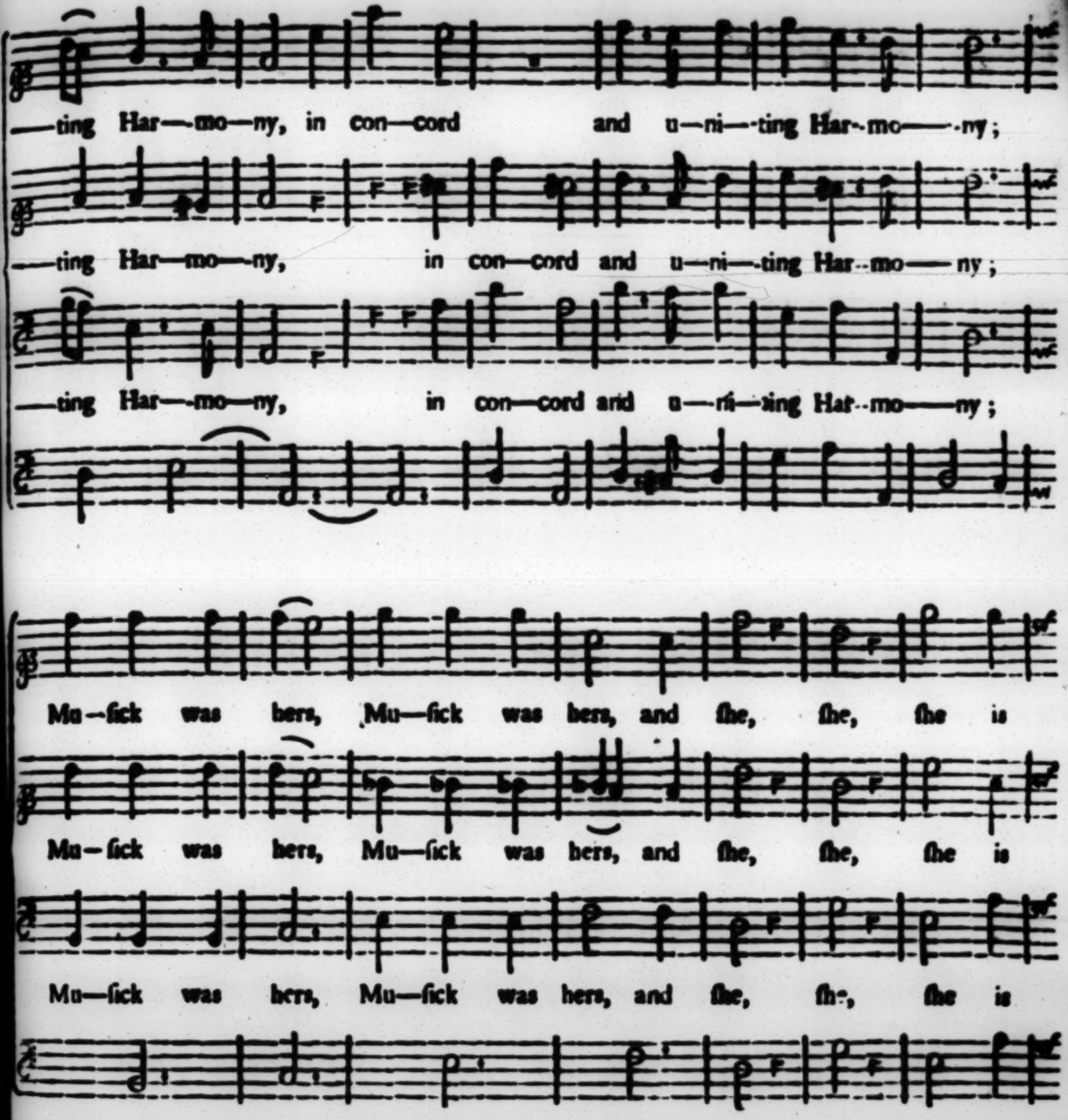

Chorus.
Chorus.
Let ev'ry Trum—pet Sound, Sound, Sound,
Sound,
Let ev'ry Trum—pet Sound, Sound, Sound,
Sound,
Let ev'ry Trumpet Sound, Sound, Sound,
Sound, Sound,
Sound, and ev—'ry Vi—ol Play, and ev—'ry Vi—ol Play.
Sound, and ev—'ry Vi—ol Play, and ev—'ry Vi—ol Play.
Sound, Sound, and ev—'ry Vi—ol Play, and ev—'ry Vi—ol Play.

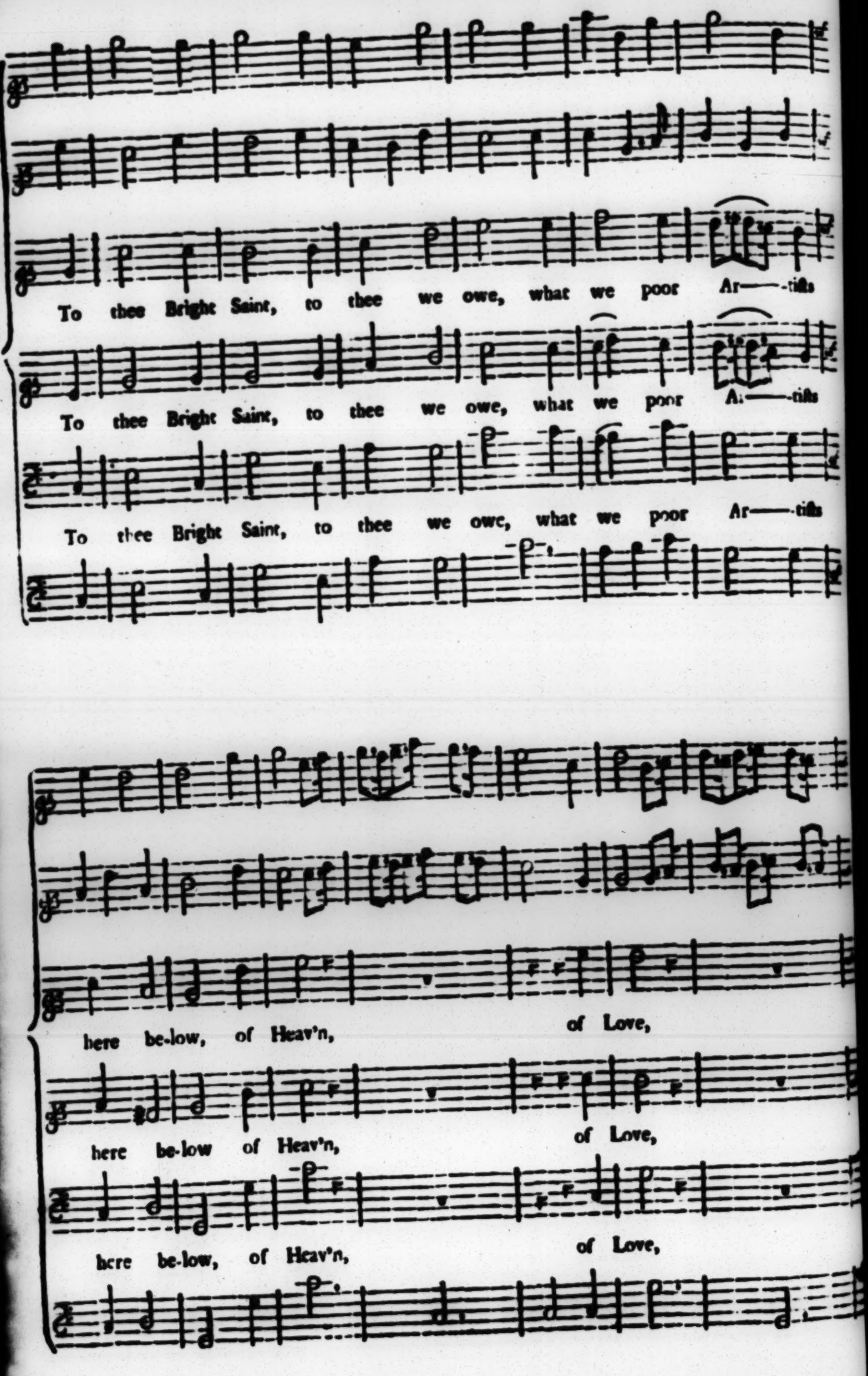
SYMPHONY.

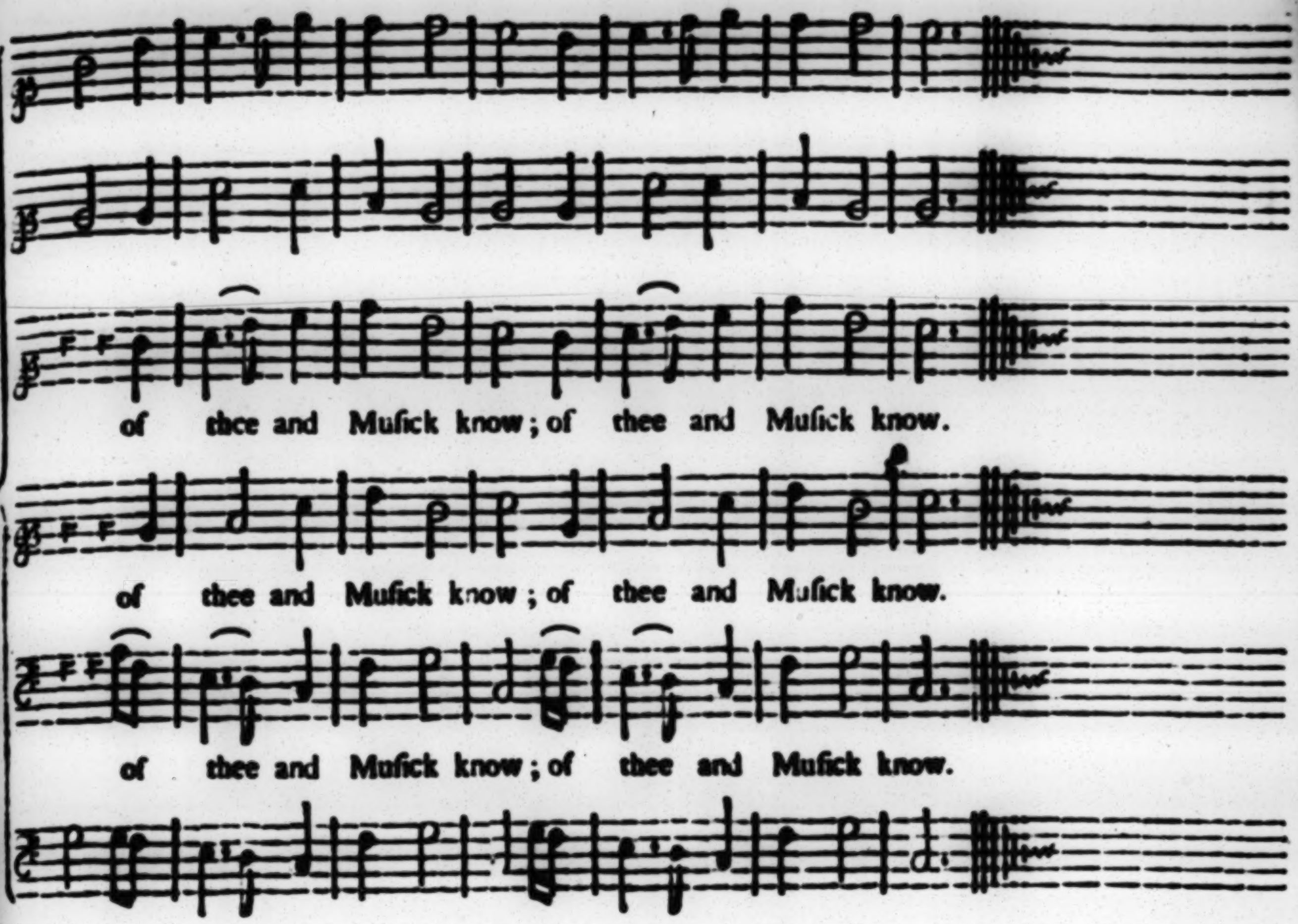


VERSE.

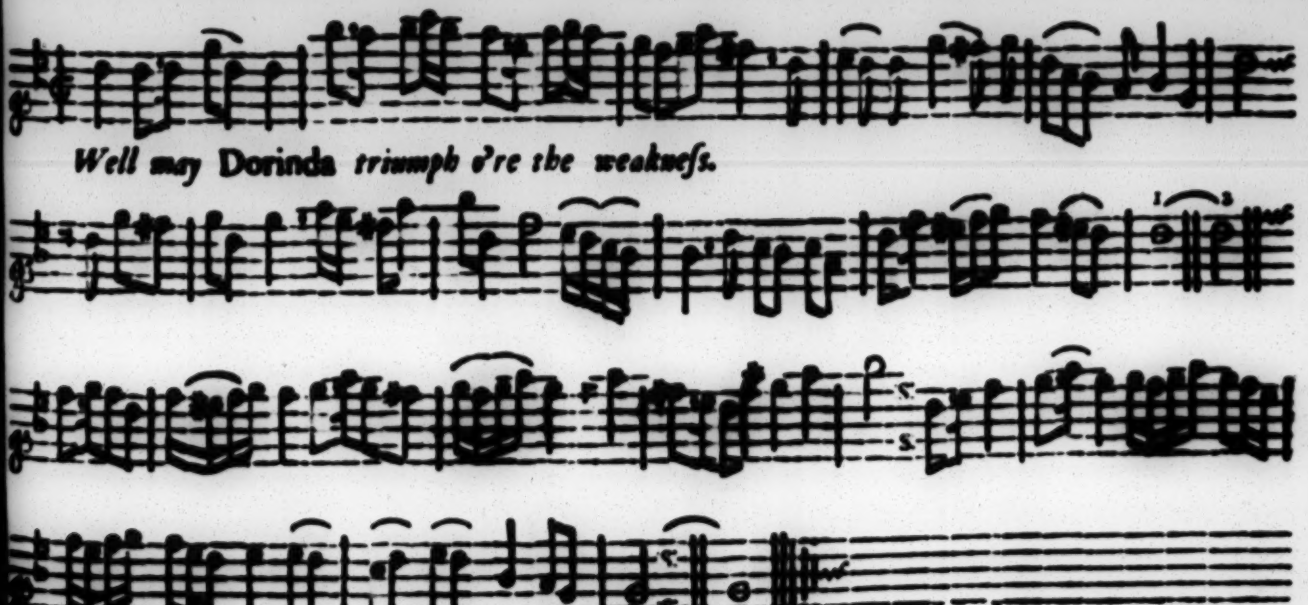

Let Bright Ce-ci-lia's Sa—cred name, on this Bleſt Day, on this bleſt Day, this bleſt
Let Bright Ce-ci-lia's Sa—cred name, on this bleſt Day, on this bleſt
Let Bright Ce-ci-lia's Sacred name, on this bleſt Day, on this bleſt
Day be Muſick's Theme; For ſhe is pleas'd our Muſick
Day be Muſick's Theme; For ſhe is Pleas'd our Muſick, for ſhe is pleas'd our Muſick
Day be Meſick's, Theme; For ſhe is pleas'd our Muſick, is pleas'd our Muſick
to preſide, ſhe made the diſ—agreeing Cords a-gree; in concord and u-ni-
to preſide, ſhe made the diſ—agreeing Cords a-gree; in concord and u-ni-
to preſide, ſhe made the diſ—agreeing Cords agree; in concord, in concord and u-ni-


—ting Har—mo—ny, in con—cord and u—ni—ting Har-mo——ny;
—ting Har—mo—ny, in con—cord and u—ni—ting Har-mo—ny;
—ting Har—mo—ny, in con—cord and u—ni—ting Har-mo—ny;
Mu—ſick was hers, Mu—ſick was hers, and ſhe, ſhe, ſhe is
Mu—ſick was hers, Mu—ſick was hers, and ſhe, ſhe, ſhe is
Mu—ſick was hers, Mu—ſick was hers, and ſhe, ſhe, ſhe is
Mu—ſick's Pride; ſhe, ſhe, ſhe is Mu—ſick's Pride.
Mu—ſick's Pride; ſhe, ſhe, ſhe is Mu—ſick's Pride.
Mu—ſick's Pride; ſhe, ſhe, ſhe is Mu—ſick's Pride.
Cho.
Cho.
Cho.
Cho.

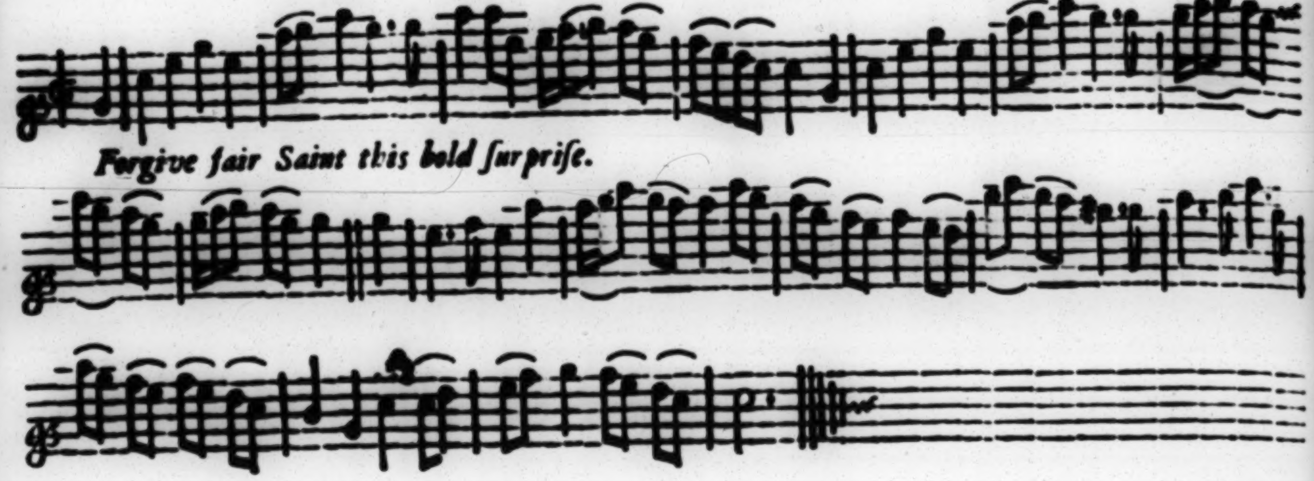

To thee Bright Saint, to thee we owe, what we poor Ar——tists
To thee Bright Saint, to thee we owe, what we poor Ar——tists
To thee Bright Saint, to thee we owe, what we poor Ar——tists
here be-low, of Heav'n, of Love,
here be-low of Heav'n, of Love,
here be-low, of Heav'n, of Love,

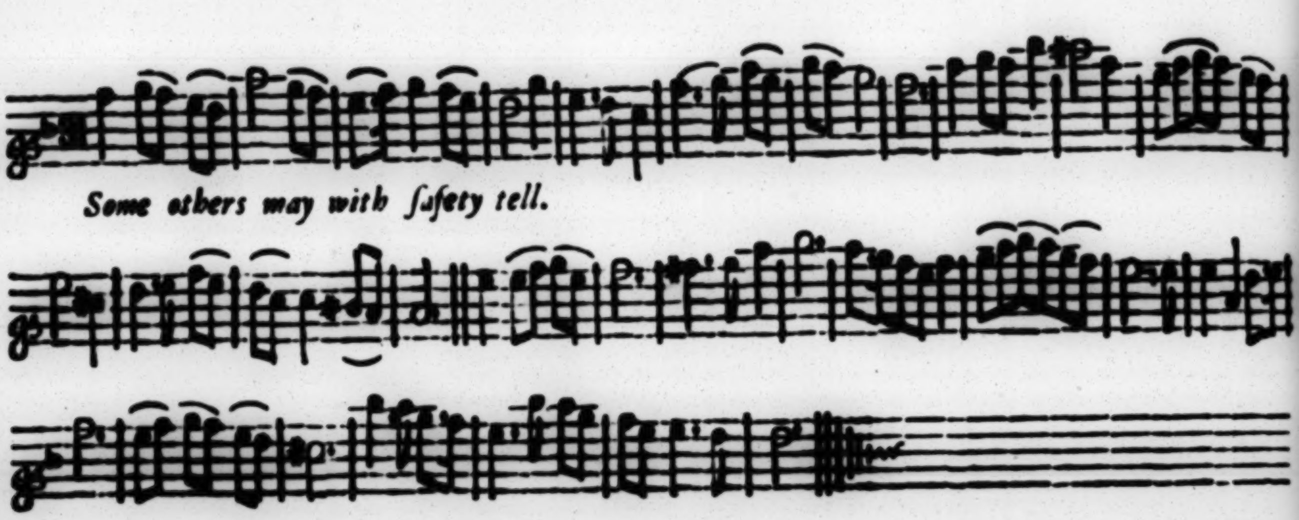

of thee and Muſick know; of thee and Muſick know.
of thee and Muſick know; of thee and Muſick know.
of thee and Muſick know; of thee and Muſick know.

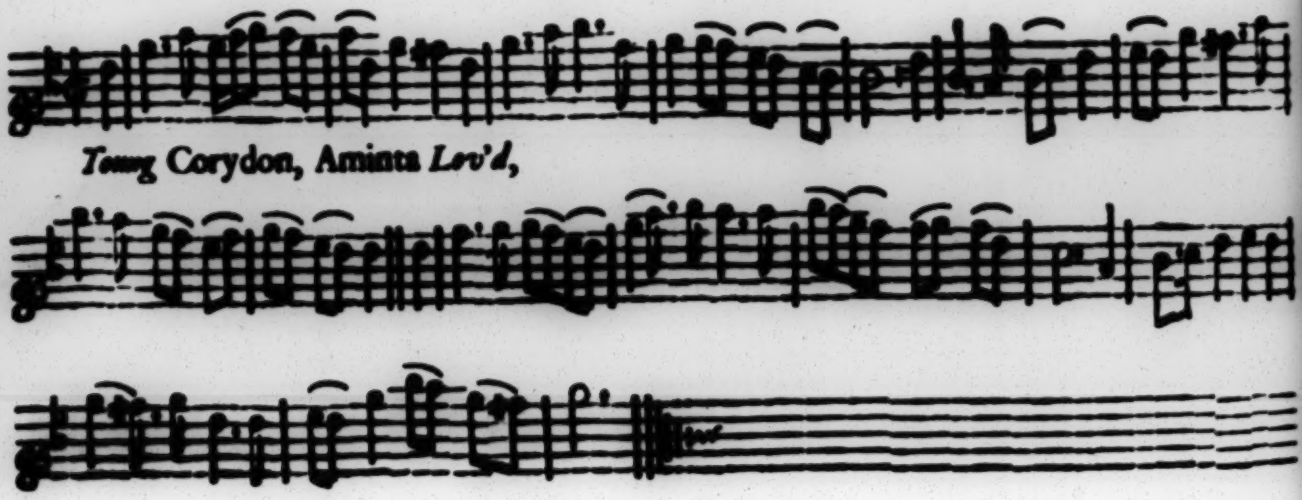
The SONG Tunes for the FLUTE.


Well may Dorinda *triumph o're the weakneſs.*

The SONG Tunes for the FLUTE.


Forgive fair Saint this bold ſurpriſe.


Some others may with ſafety tell.


Young Corydon, Aminta *Lov'd,*

F I N I S.

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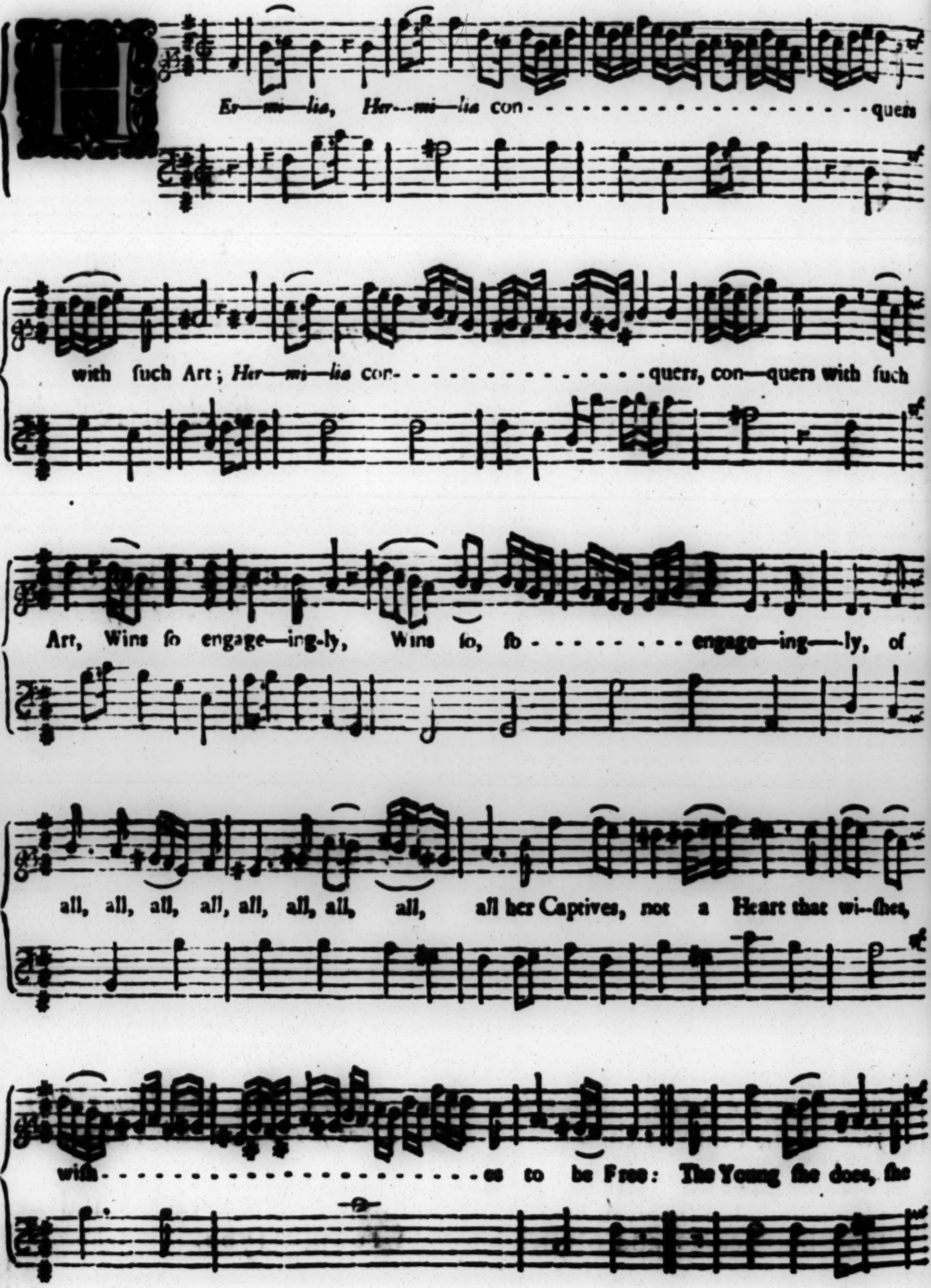
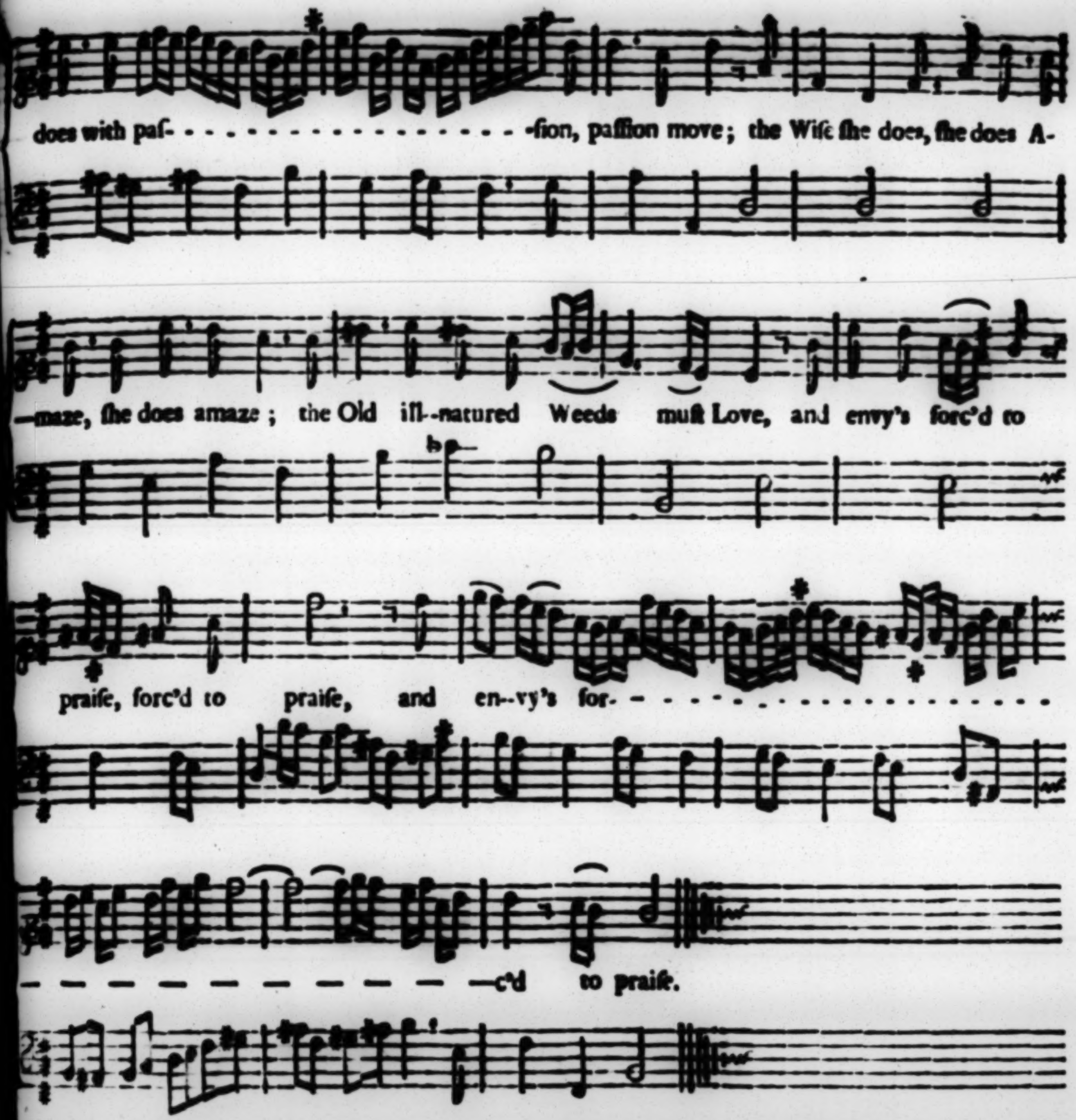
at the *Black-Swan* and *Bible* without *Temple-Bar*, and *Henry Play-*
ford, at his Shop in the *Temple-Change Fleet-ſtreet*; or at his Houſe in
Arundel-ſtreet in the *Strand*, (where the Collections for the Year 99,
are to be had; Bound, at 3 *s.* 6*d.* or Stitch'd, at 6 *d.* each.) and at
moſt Bookſellers and Muſick-Shops in Town. 1700.

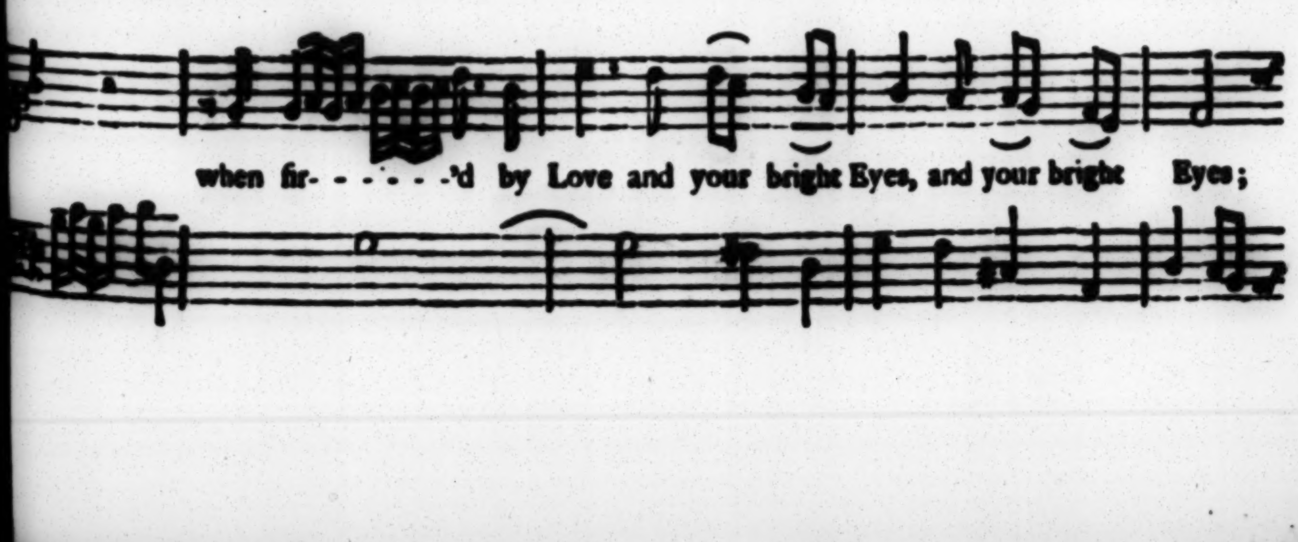
March and *April* will ſpeedily come forth.

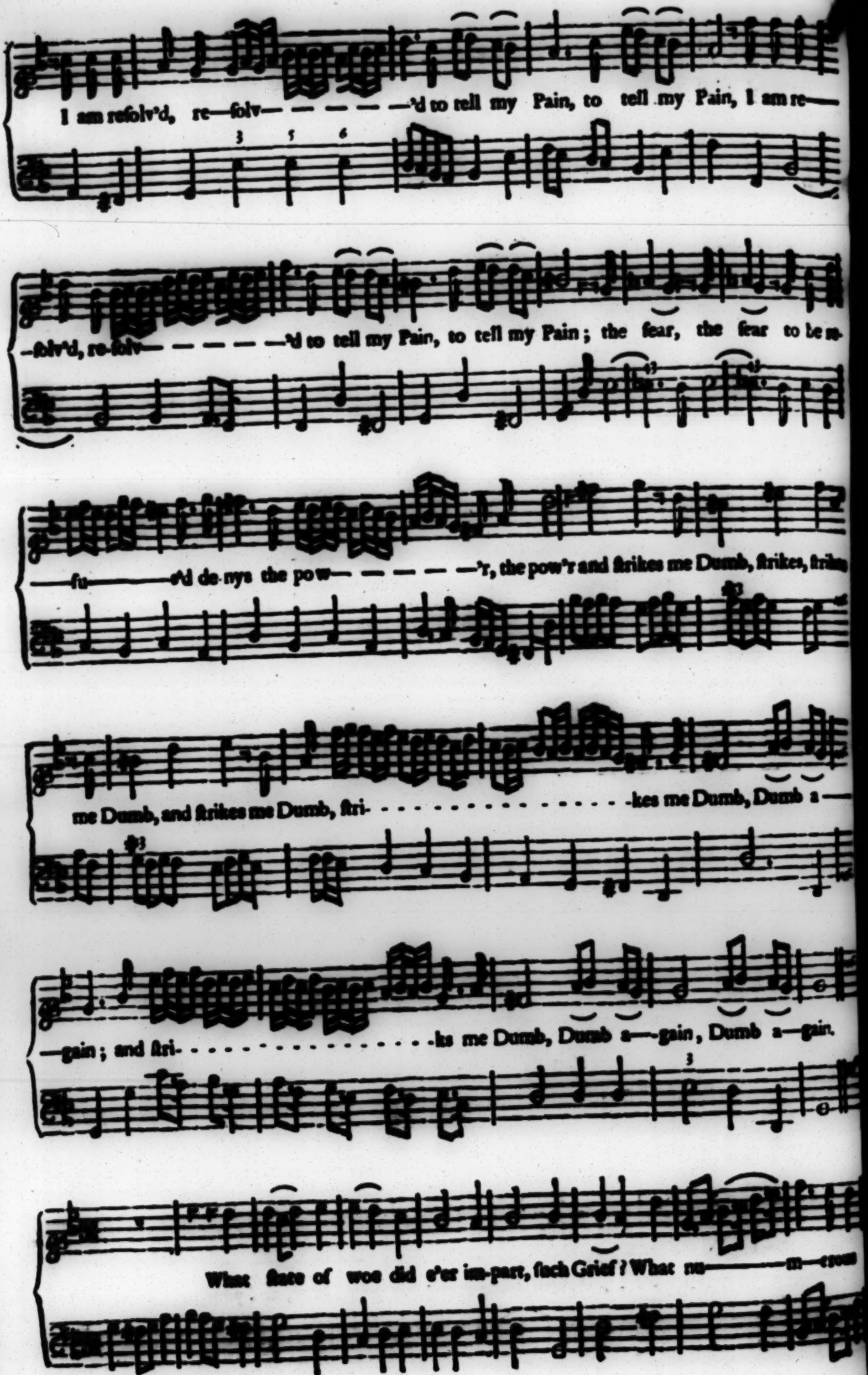
A SONG Set by Mr. Nicola, *being the laſt he did before he took his Voyage to* France.

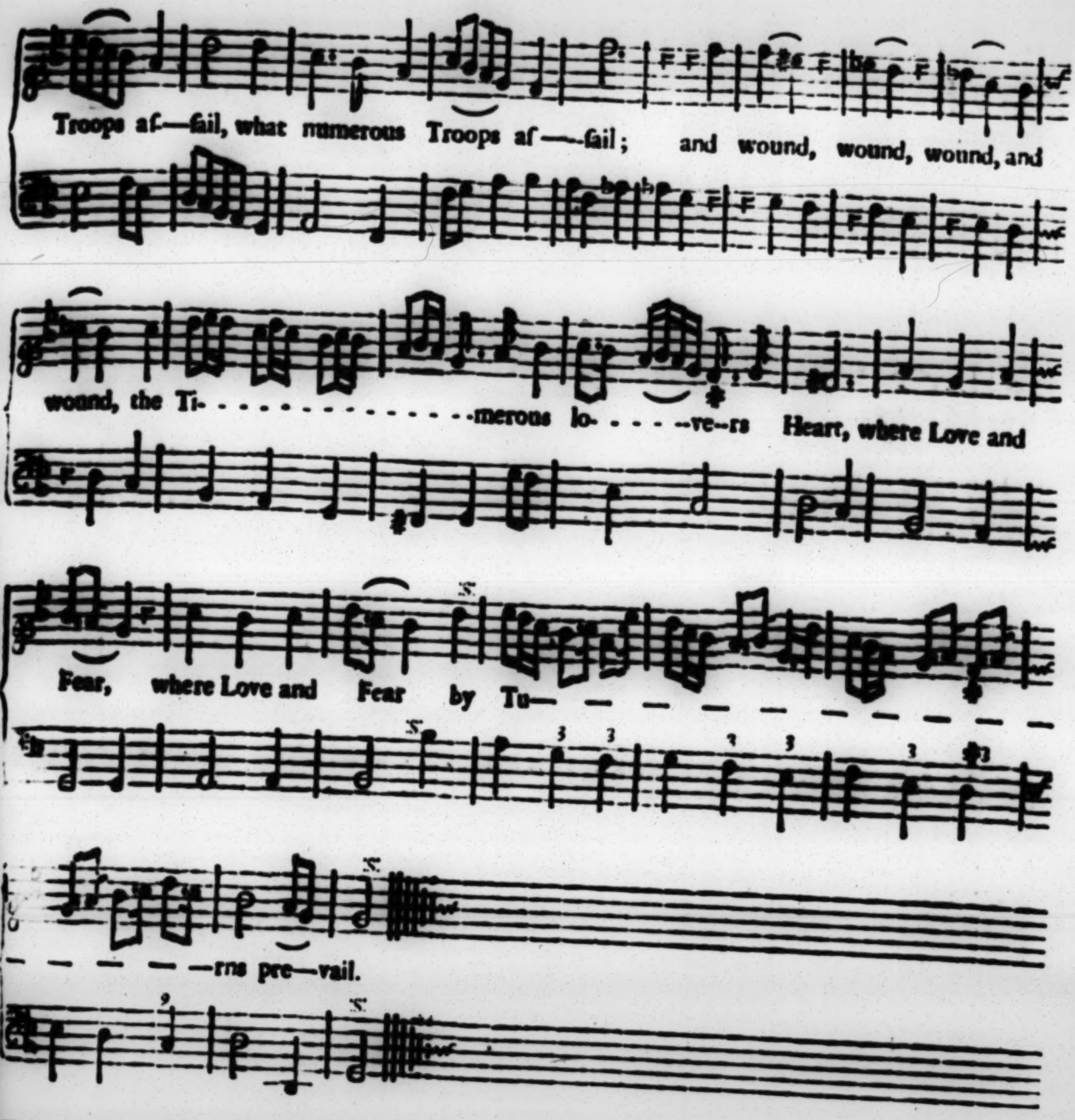

H
Er—mi—lia, Her—mi—lia con- quers
with ſuch Art; Her—mi—lia con- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - quers, con—quers with ſuch
Art, Wins ſo engage—ing-ly, Wins ſo, ſo - - - - - - - - - engage—ing—ly, of
all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all her Captives, not a Heart that wi--ſhes,
wiſh- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - es to be Free: The Young ſhe does, ſhe


does with paſ- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -ſion, paſſion move; the Wiſe ſhe does, ſhe does A-
-maze, ſhe does amaze; the Old ill-natured Weeds muſt Love, and envy's forc'd to
praiſe, forc'd to praiſe, and en-vy's for- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - -c'd to praiſe.

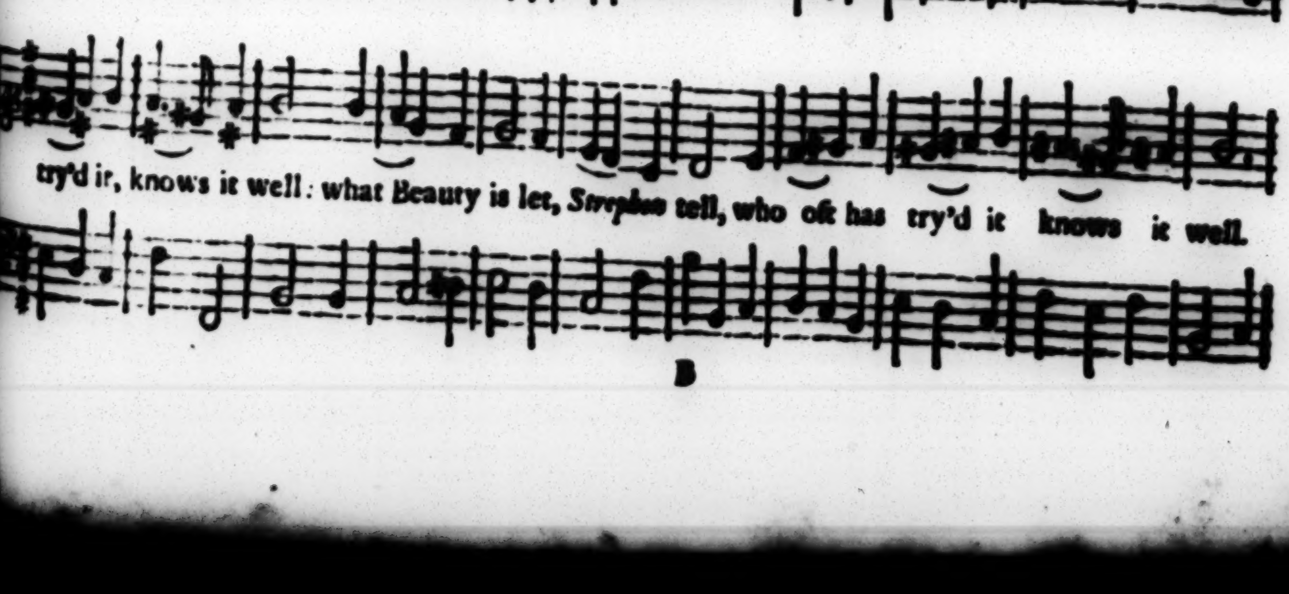
A SONG *Set by Mr*. R. Elford.

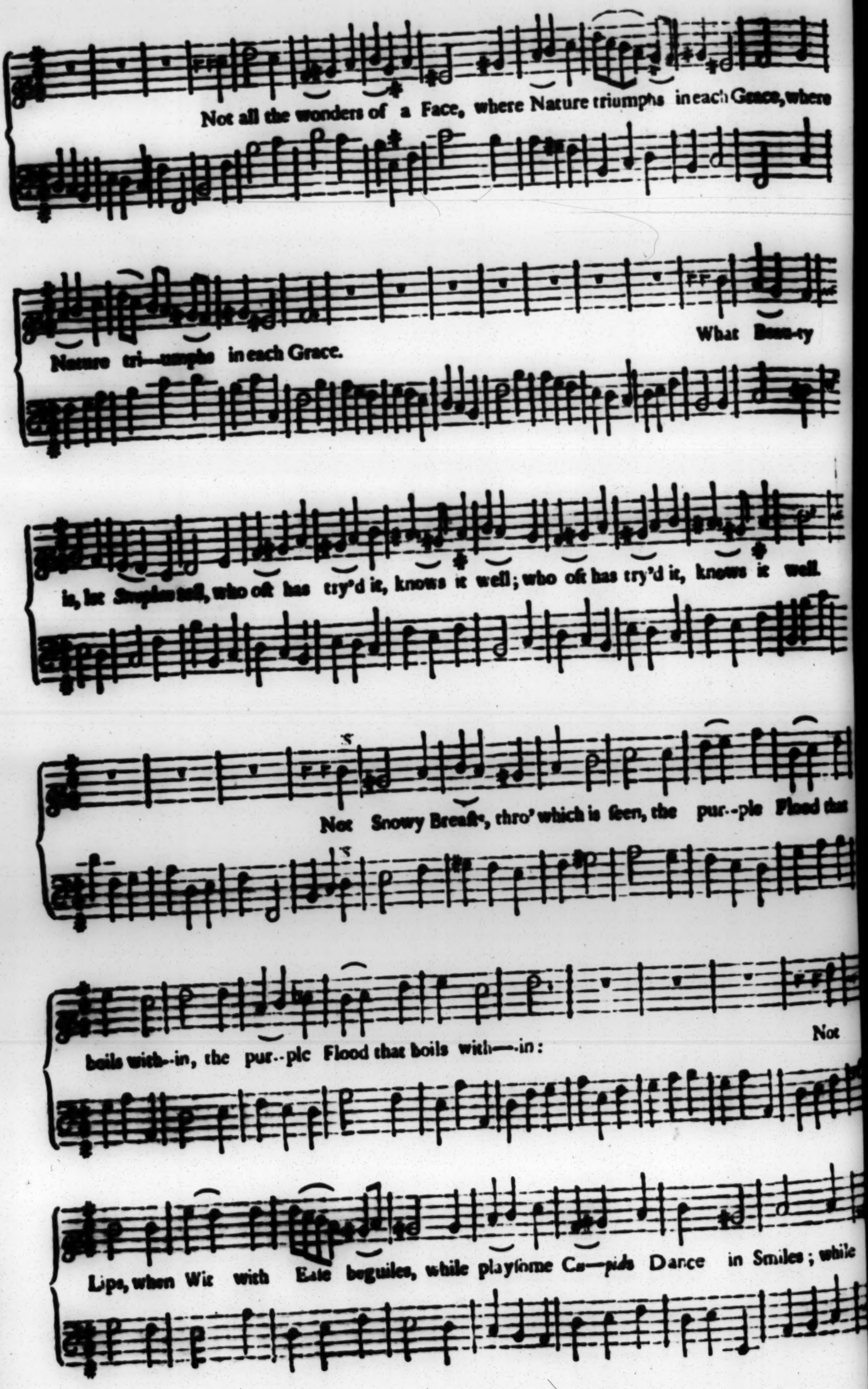

W Hen fir- - - - - - -'d by Love and your bright Eyes;
when fir- - - - - -'d by Love and your bright Eyes, and your bright Eyes;

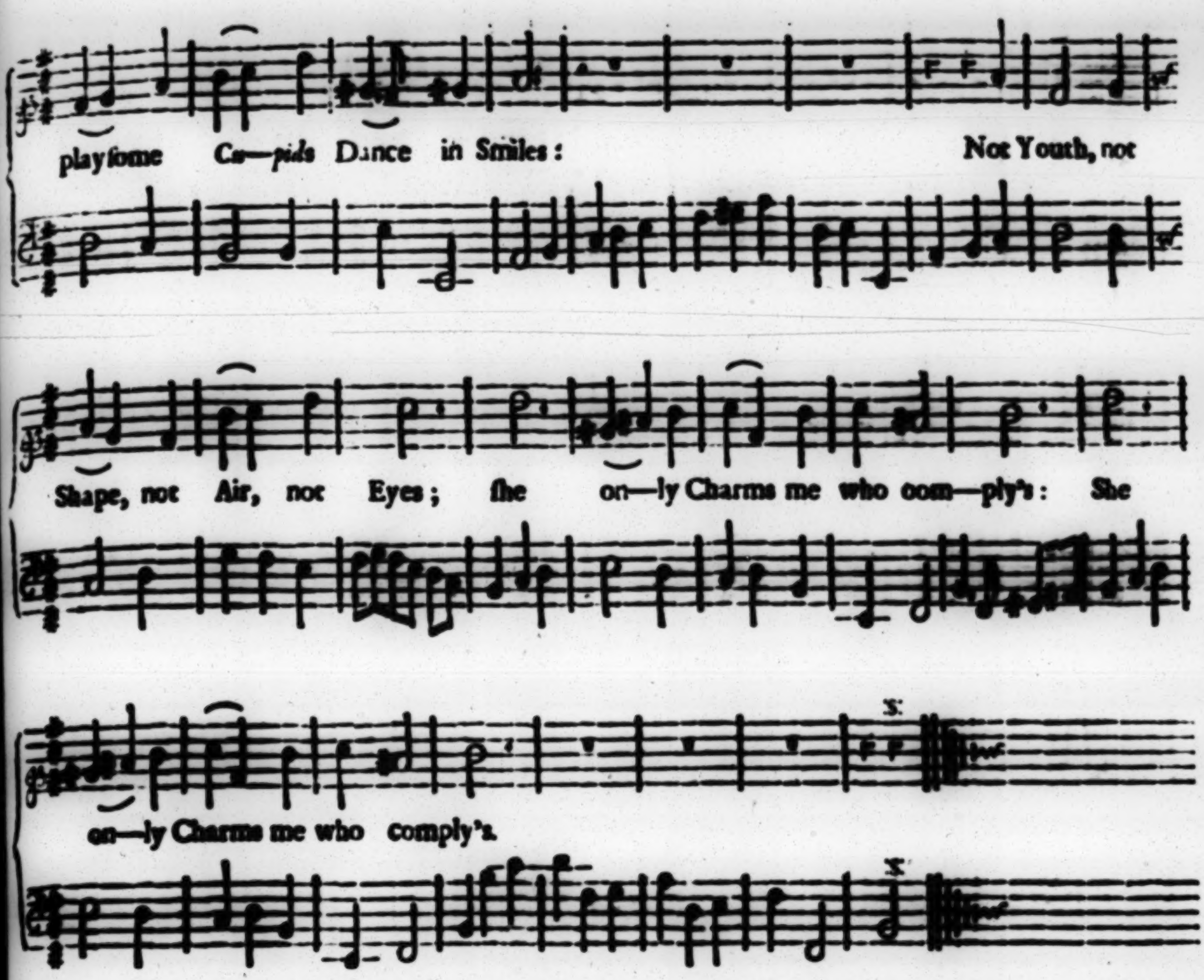

I am reſolv'd, re—ſolv— — — — — —'d to tell my Pain, to tell my Pain, I am re—
3 5 6
-ſolv'd, re-ſolv— — — — — —'d to tell my Pain, to tell my Pain; the fear, the fear to be re-
—fu——s'd de-nys the pow— — — — — —'r, the pow'r and ſtrikes me Dumb, ſtrikes, ſtrikes
me Dumb, and ſtrikes me Dumb, ſtri- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -kes me Dumb, Dumb a—
—gain; and ſtri- - - - - - - - - - - - - - -kes me Dumb, Dumb a—gain, Dumb a—gain.
What ſtate of woe did e'er im-part, ſuch Grief? What nu———m-erous


Troops aſ—ſail, what numerous Troops aſ—-ſail; and wound, wound, wound, and
wound, the Ti- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -merous lo- - - - -ve--rs Heart, where Love and
Fear, where Love and Fear by Tu— — — — — — — — — — —
— — — — —rns pre—vail.

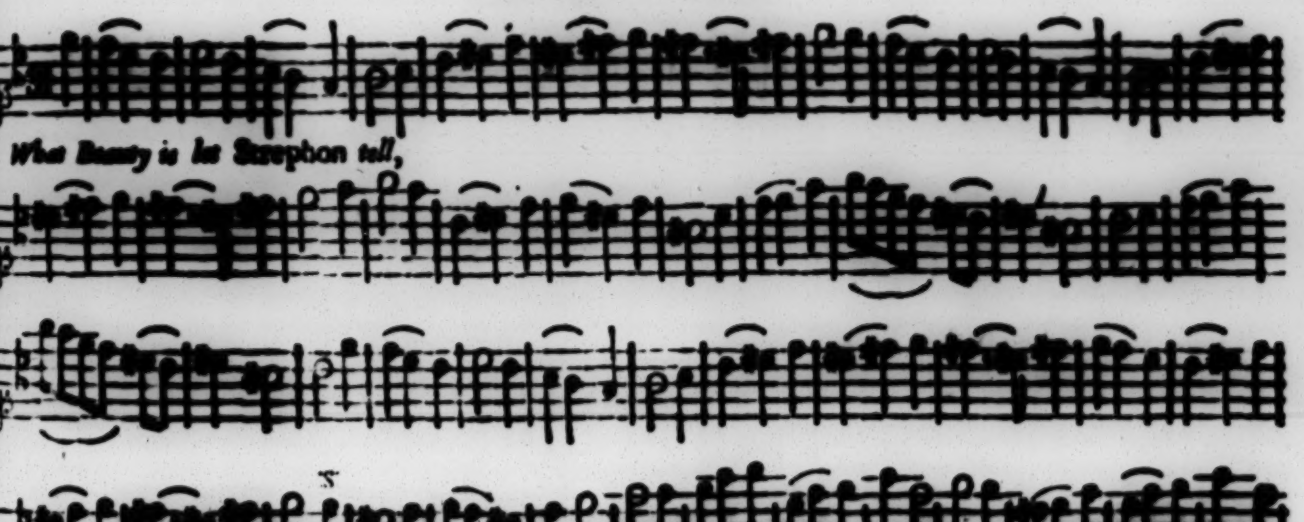
A SONG *in the* **Fate of Capua,** *Sett by Mr.* **John Eccles,** *and Sung by Mrs.* **Hodgſon.**


WHat Beauty is, let *Strephon* tell; who oft has
try'd it, knows it well: what Beauty is let, *Strephon* tell, who oft has try'd it knows it well.

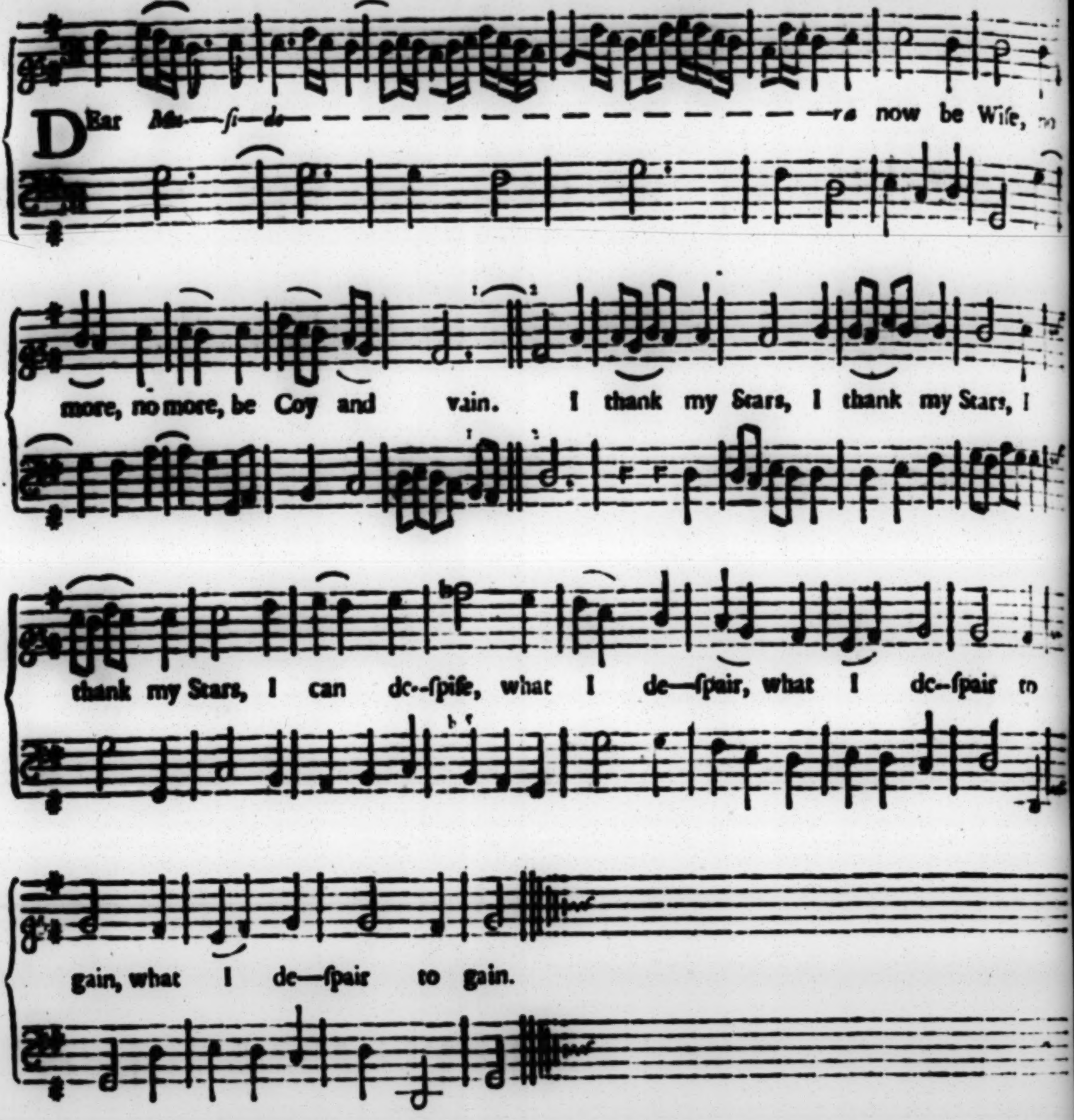

Not all the wonders of a Face, where Nature triumphs in each Grace, where
Nature tri--umphs in each Grace.
What Beau-ty
is, let Stephen tell, who oft has try'd it, knows it well; who oft has try'd it, knows it well.
Not Snowy Breaſts, thro' which is ſeen, the pur--ple Flood that
boils with--in, the pur--ple Flood that boils with---in:
Not
Lips, when Wit with Eaſe beguiles, while playſome Cu---pids Dance in Smiles; while


playſome Cu—pids Dance in Smiles: Not Youth, not
Shape, not Air, nor Eyes; ſhe on—ly Charms me who com—ply's: She
on—ly Charms me who comply's.

For the FLUTE.


What Beauty is let Strephon tell,

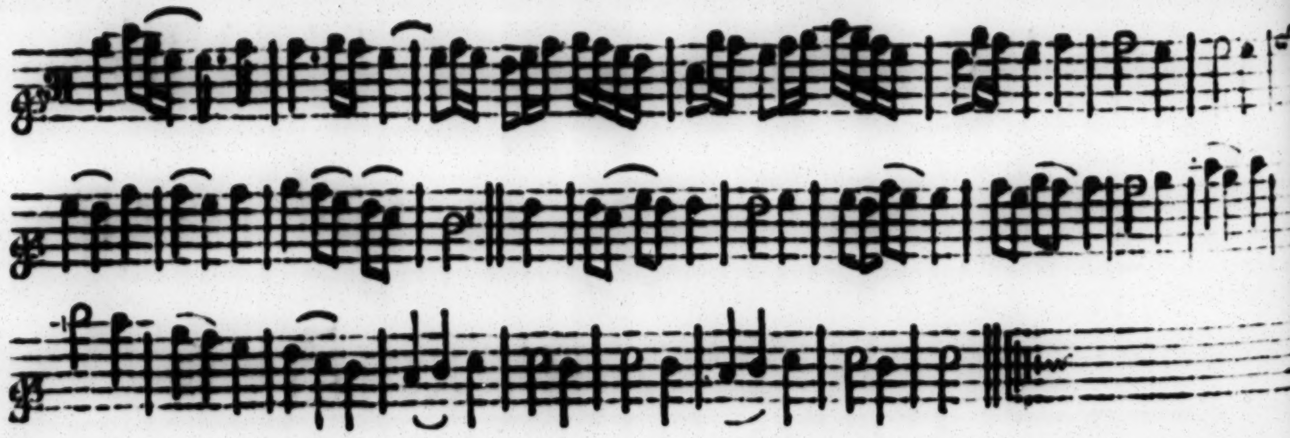
A SONG Sett by Mr. R. Elford,


DEar Mu—si—do——ra now be Wise, no
more, no more, be Coy and vain. I thank my Stars, I thank my Stars, I
thank my Stars, I can de--spise, what I de—spair, what I de--spair to
gain, what I de—spair to gain.

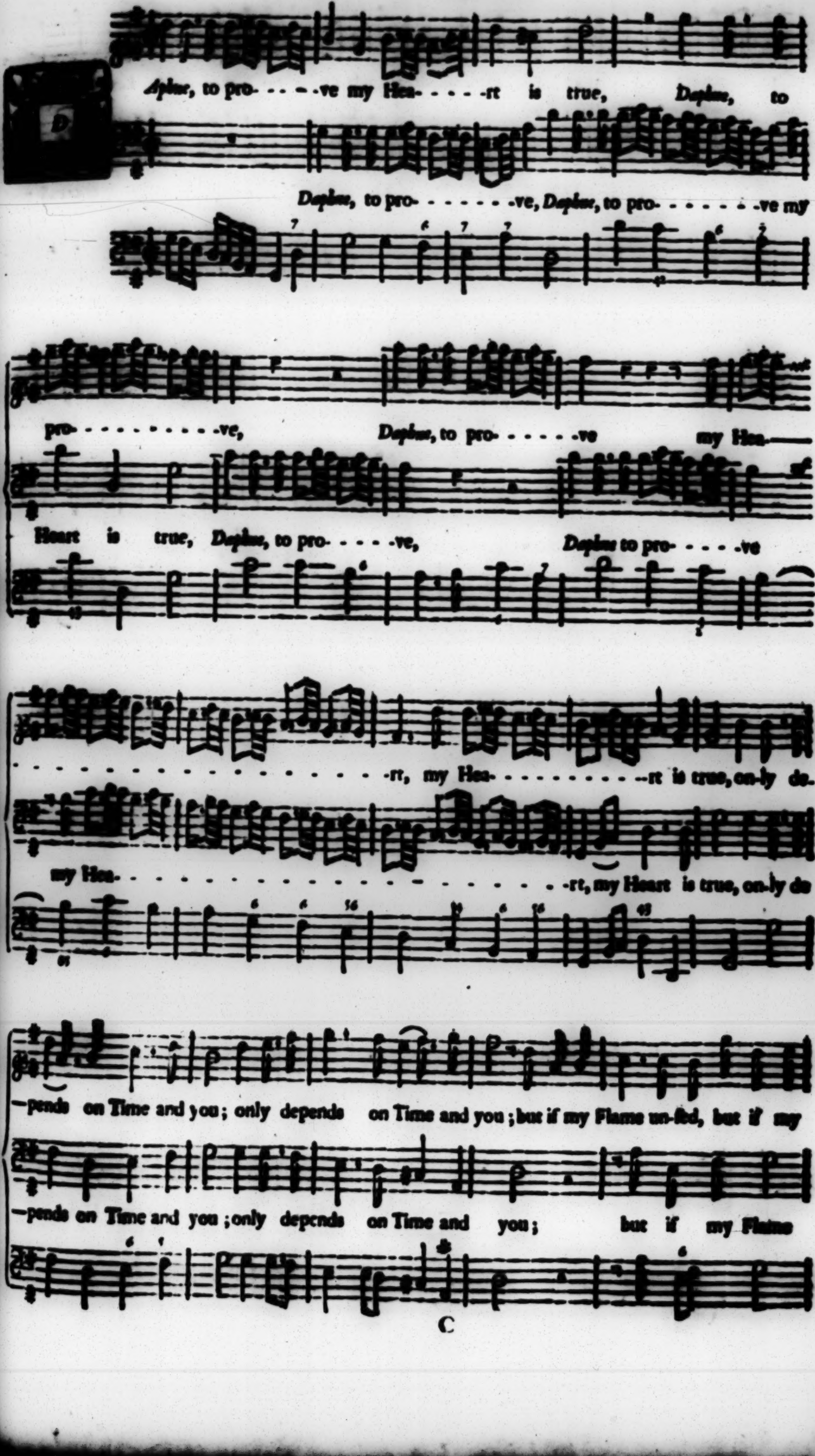
II.
If you your Empire would retain,
Your way's to uſe me well;
Men wiſh good Princes long ſhould Reign,
Bad, Tempt 'em to Rebell.

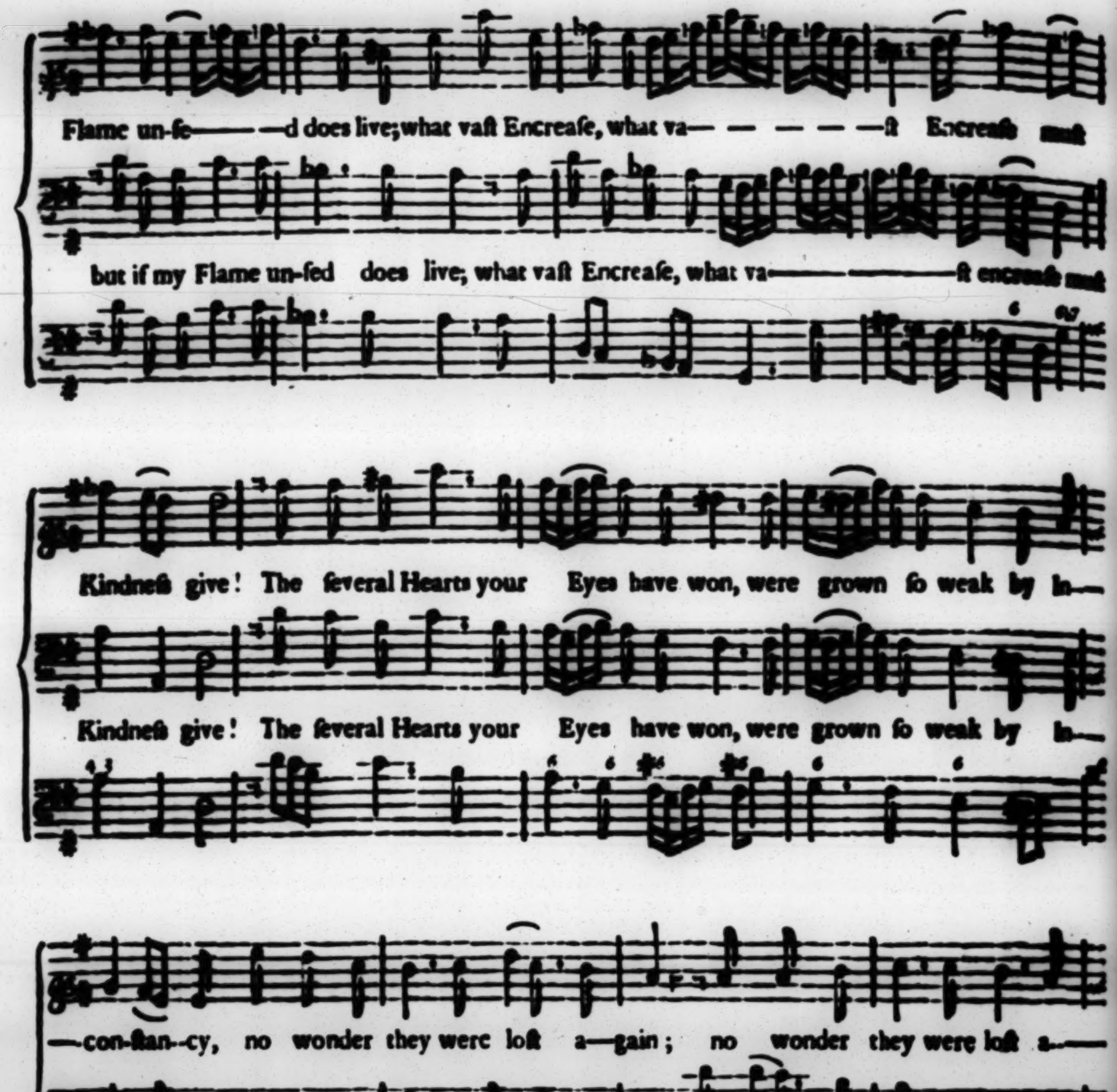
III.
Some kind Indearments muſt be had,
Or Love will find his Eyes;
Tho Tyrany makes moſt Men Mad,
It makes a Lover Wiſe.

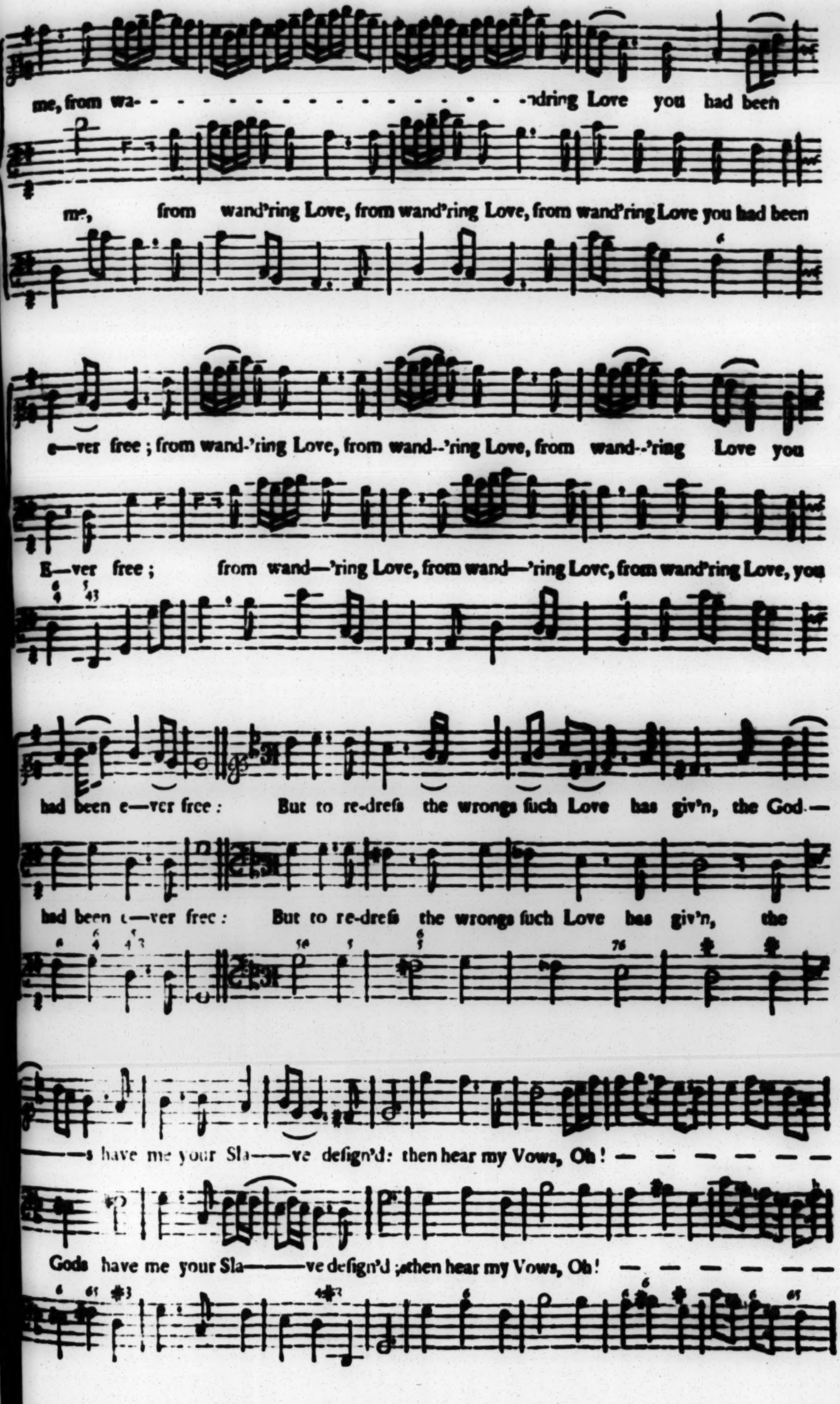
For the FLUTE.

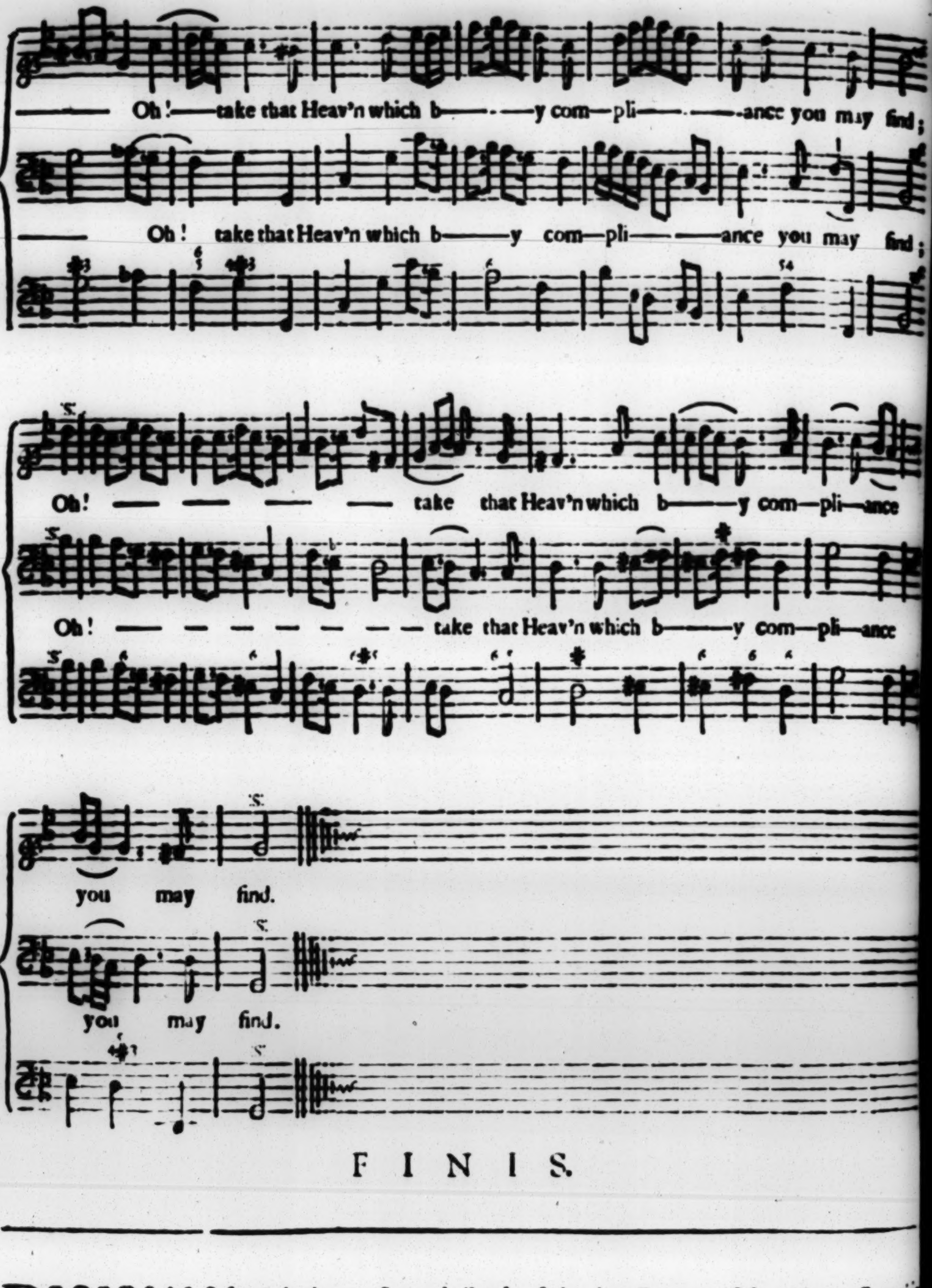


A SONG for Two Voices.


D
Aphne, to pro- - - - -ve my Hea- - - - -rt is true, Daphne, to
Daphne, to pro- - - - - - - -ve, Daphne, to pro- - - - - - -ve my
pro- - - - - - - - - - -ve, Daphne, to pro- - - - - -ve my Hea——
Heart is true, Daphne, to pro- - - - -ve, Daphne to pro- - - - -ve
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -rt, my Hea- - - - - - - - - - -rt is true, on-ly de-
my Hea- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -rt, my Heart is true, on-ly de
-pends on Time and you; only depends on Time and you; but if my Flame un-fed, but if my
-pends on Time and you; only depends on Time and you; but if my Flame


Flame un-fe——d does live; what vaſt Encreaſe, what va— — — — — —ſt Encreaſe muſt
but if my Flame un-fed does live; what vaſt Encreaſe, what va————————ſt encreaſe muſt
Kindneſs give! The ſeveral Hearts your Eyes have won, were grown ſo weak by In—
Kindneſs give! The ſeveral Hearts your Eyes have won, were grown ſo weak by In—
—con-ſtan--cy, no wonder they were loſt a—gain; no wonder they were loſt a——
— con-ſtan--cy, no wonder they, no wonder they were loſt a—gain, were loſt a——
——gain to ſome ig——no- - - - - - -ble E—ne--my: Had Fate at firſt beſtow'd your Heart on
—-gain to ſome ig—no- - - - -ble E—ne--my: Had Fate at firſt beſtow'd your Heart on


me, from wa- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -ndring Love you had been
me, from wand'ring Love, from wand'ring Love, from wand'ring Love you had been
e—ver free; from wand-'ring Love, from wand--'ring Love, from wand--'ring Love you
E—ver free; from wand—'ring Love, from wand—'ring Love, from wand'ring Love, you
had been e—ver free: But to re-dreſs the wrongs ſuch Love has giv'n, the God—
had been e—ver free: But to re-dreſs the wrongs ſuch Love has giv'n, the
——s have me your Sla——ve deſign'd: then hear my Vows, Oh! — — — — — —
Gods have me your Sla——ve deſign'd; then hear my Vows, Oh! — — — — — —


Oh! take that Heav'n which b———y com—pli————ance you may find;
Oh! take that Heav'n which b———y com—pli————ance you may find;
Oh! ——————— take that Heav'n which b———y com—pli—ance
Oh! ——————— take that Heav'n which b———y com—pli—ance
you may find.
you may find.

F I N I S.

PROPOSALS for Printing a Second Book of the late Famous Mr. *Henry Purcel* *Orpheus Britannicus*, where Encouragement is great for thoſe Perſons who ſhall Subſcribe (for the carrying on the Work) on or before the 10th of *June* next 5 s each, they ſhal receive the Book in Quires; after which time no Subſcriptions will be taken, nor the Boo Sold under 10 s. each in Quiers. Propoſals at large are to be had at Mr. *Playford's* Sho in the *Temple-Change Fleet-ſtreet*.

The Second Book of *Wit and Mirth*: Or *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, being a Collection o Old and New Ballads, containing near 200 of the beſt that has been Cut in *Copper* fo ſeveral Years laſt paſt, with the Tunes to each, is now in the Preſs, and will ſoon be Publiſh'd.

MERCURIUS MUSICUS:

OR, THE

Monthly Collection

Of New TEACHING

SONGS,

(For the YEAR, 1700.)

Compos'd for, and Sung at the *THEATRES*,
and other Publick Places.

WITH

An addition of *Two Part* SONGS; and a Thorough
BASS to each Song, for the *Harpſichord*, *Spinett*,
or *BASS-VIOL*.

Such Tunes as are not in the Compaſs of the *FLUTE*, are Tranſpos'd at the End of the Book.

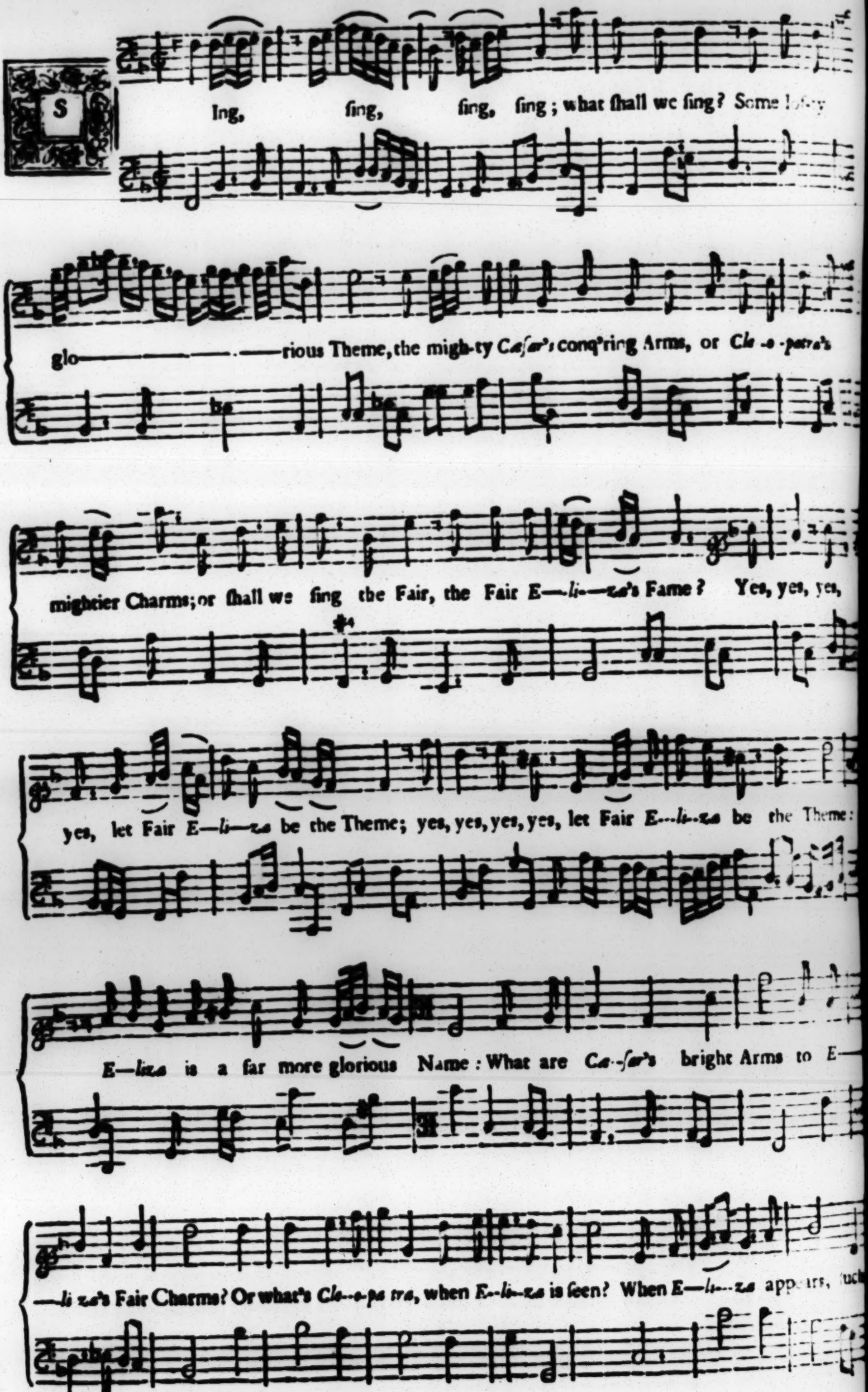
For **March** and **April**.

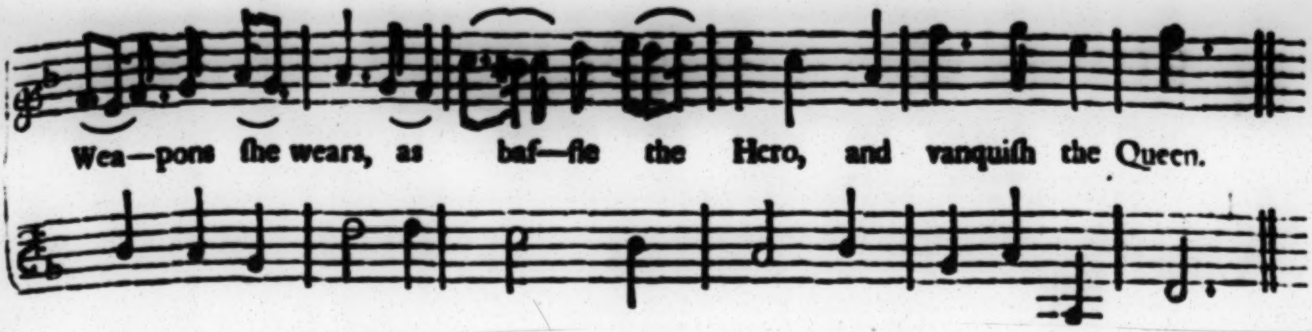
Theſe Collections *for the Future, will be duly Publiſhed: Where you may be ſure to meet with the Neweſt and Beſt in each Month.* Price 6 *d.*

LONDON:
Printed by *W Pearſon*, in *Red-Croſs-Alley* in *Jewin-ſtreet*, for *D. Browne*,
at the *Black-Swan* and *Bible* without *Temple-Bar*, and *Henry Playford*, at his Shop in the *Temple-Change Fleet-ſtreet*; or at his Houſe in
Arundel-ſtreet in the *Strand*, (where the Collections for the Year 99,
are to be had, Bound, at 3 *s.* 6*d.* or Stitch'd, at 6*d.* each.) and at
moſt Bookſellers and Muſick-Shops in Town. 1700.

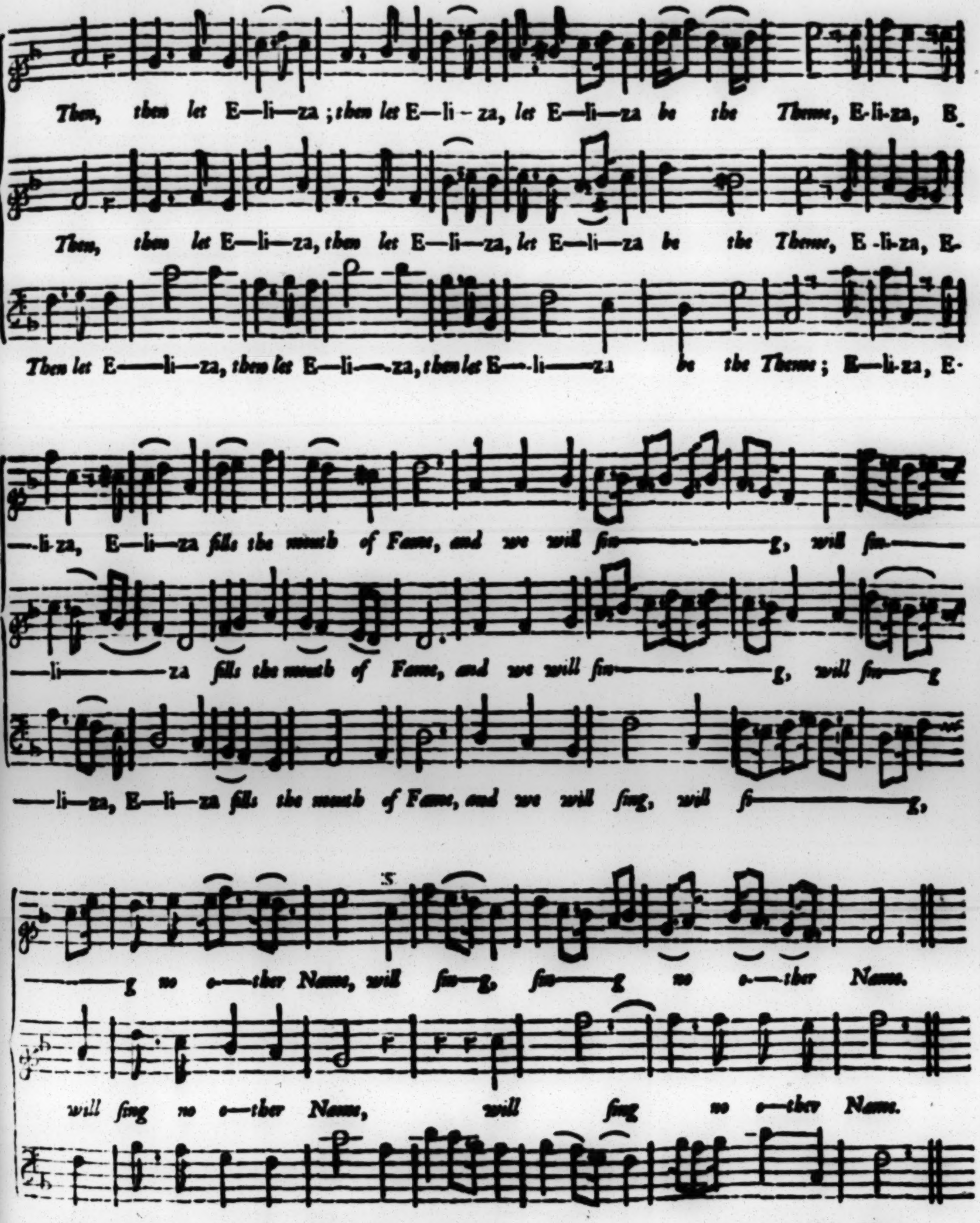
May will ſpeedily come forth.

A SONG Sett by Mr. Henry Hall, *Organiſt of* Hereford.

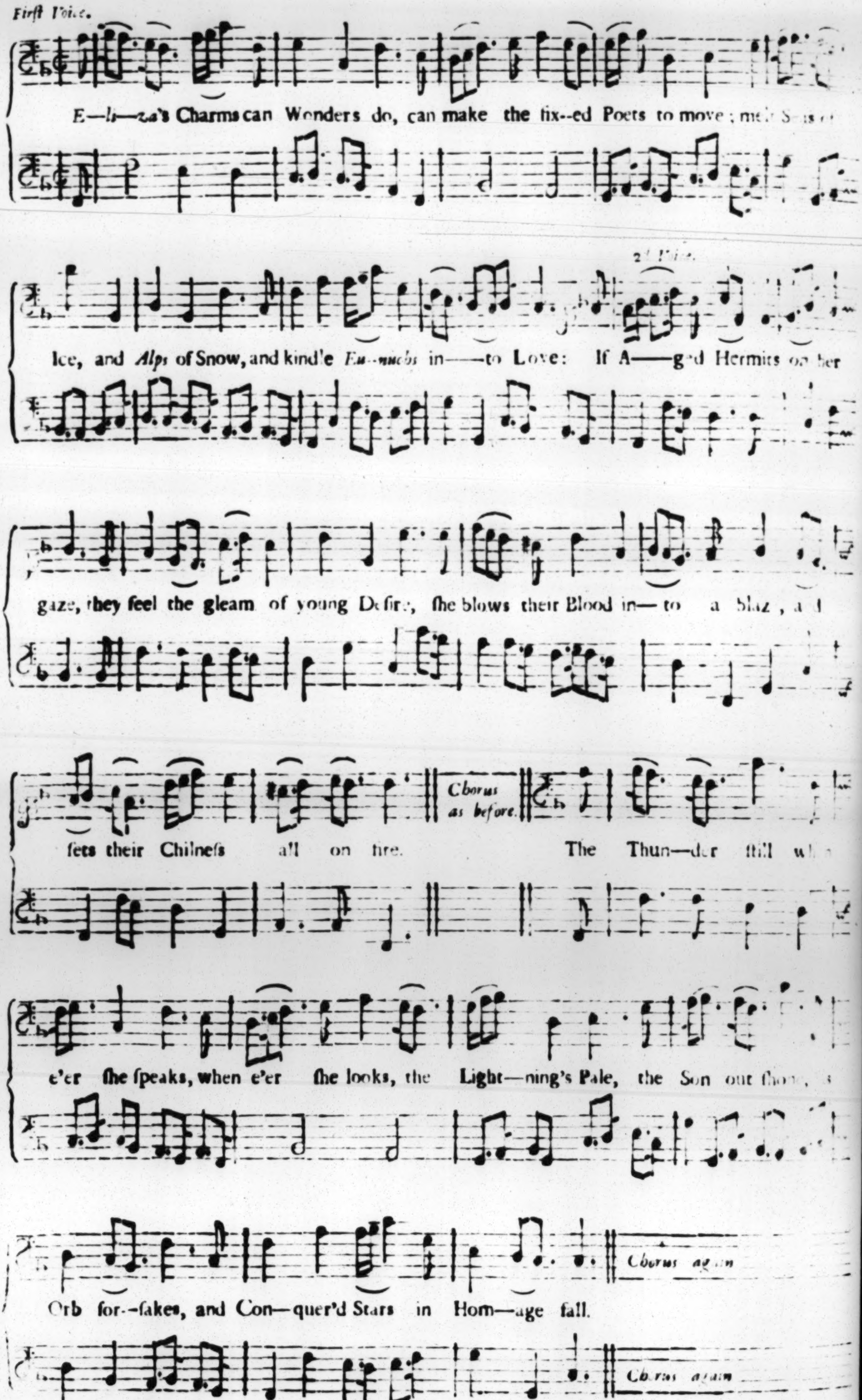

S
Ing, ſing, ſing, ſing; what ſhall we ſing? Some lofty
glo————————rious Theme, the migh-ty *Cæſar's* conq'ring Arms, or *Cle-o-patra's*
mightier Charms; or ſhall we ſing the Fair, the Fair E—*li*—*za's* Fame? Yes, yes, yes,
yes, let Fair *E*—*li*—*za* be the Theme; yes, yes, yes, yes, let Fair E--*li*--*za* be the Theme:
E—*liza* is a far more glorious Name: What are *Cæ*-*ſar's* bright Arms to *E*—
—*li za's* Fair Charms? Or what's *Cle*--*o*-*pa tra*, when *E*--*li*--*za* is ſeen? When E—*li*---*za* appears, ſuch

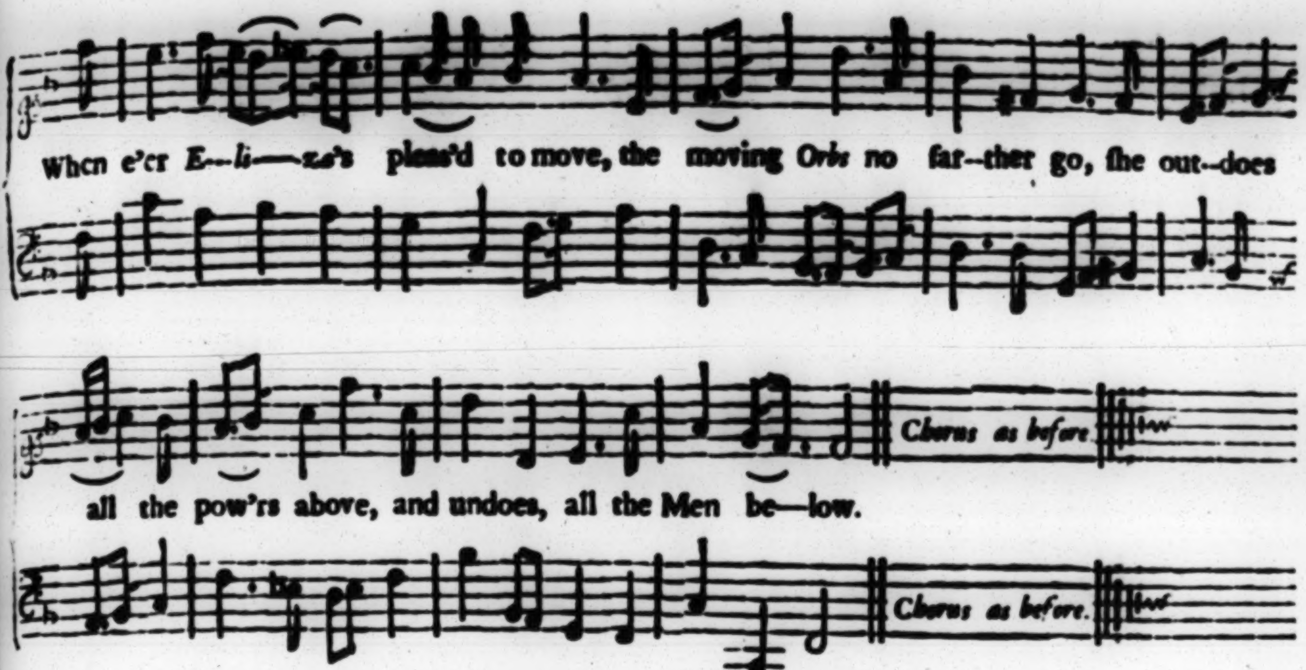

Wea—pons ſhe wears, as baf—fle the Hero, and vanquiſh the Queen.

CHORUS.

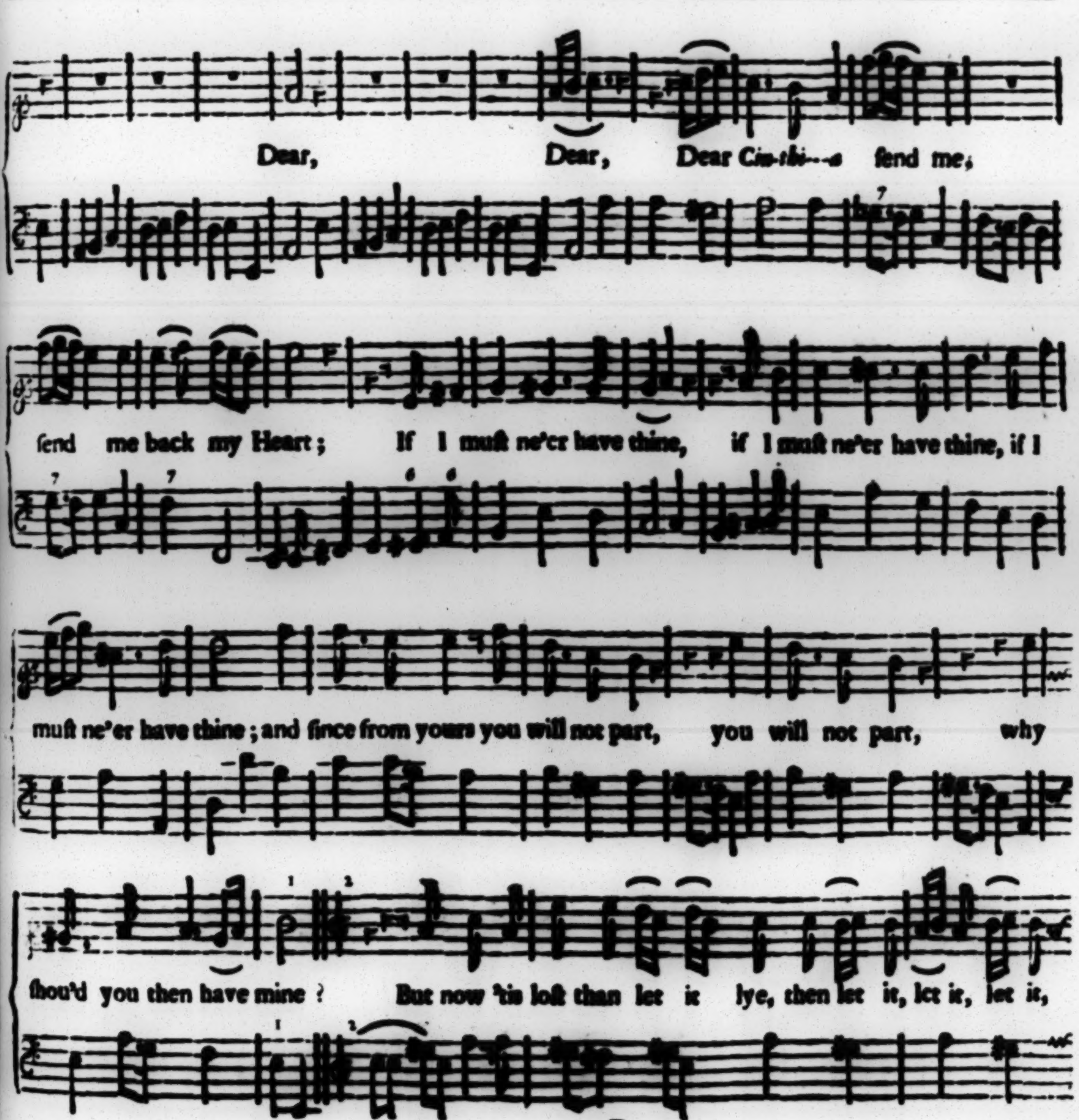

Then, then let E—li—za; then let E—li-za, let E—li—za be the Theme, E-li-za, E-
Then, then let E—li—za, then let E—li—za, let E—li—za be the Theme, E-li-za, E-
Then let E——li—za, then let E—li—-za, then let E—li——za be the Theme; E—li-za, E-
—li-za, E—li—za fills the mouth of Fame, and we will ſin———g, will ſin——
—li———za fills the mouth of Fame, and we will ſin————g, will ſin—g
—li—za, E—li—za fills the mouth of Fame, and we will ſing, will ſi————g,
———g no o—ther Name, will ſin—g, ſin——g no o—ther Name.
will ſing no o—ther Name, will ſing no o—ther Name.
will ſing no o—ther Name, will ſin——g, ſing no o———ther Name.

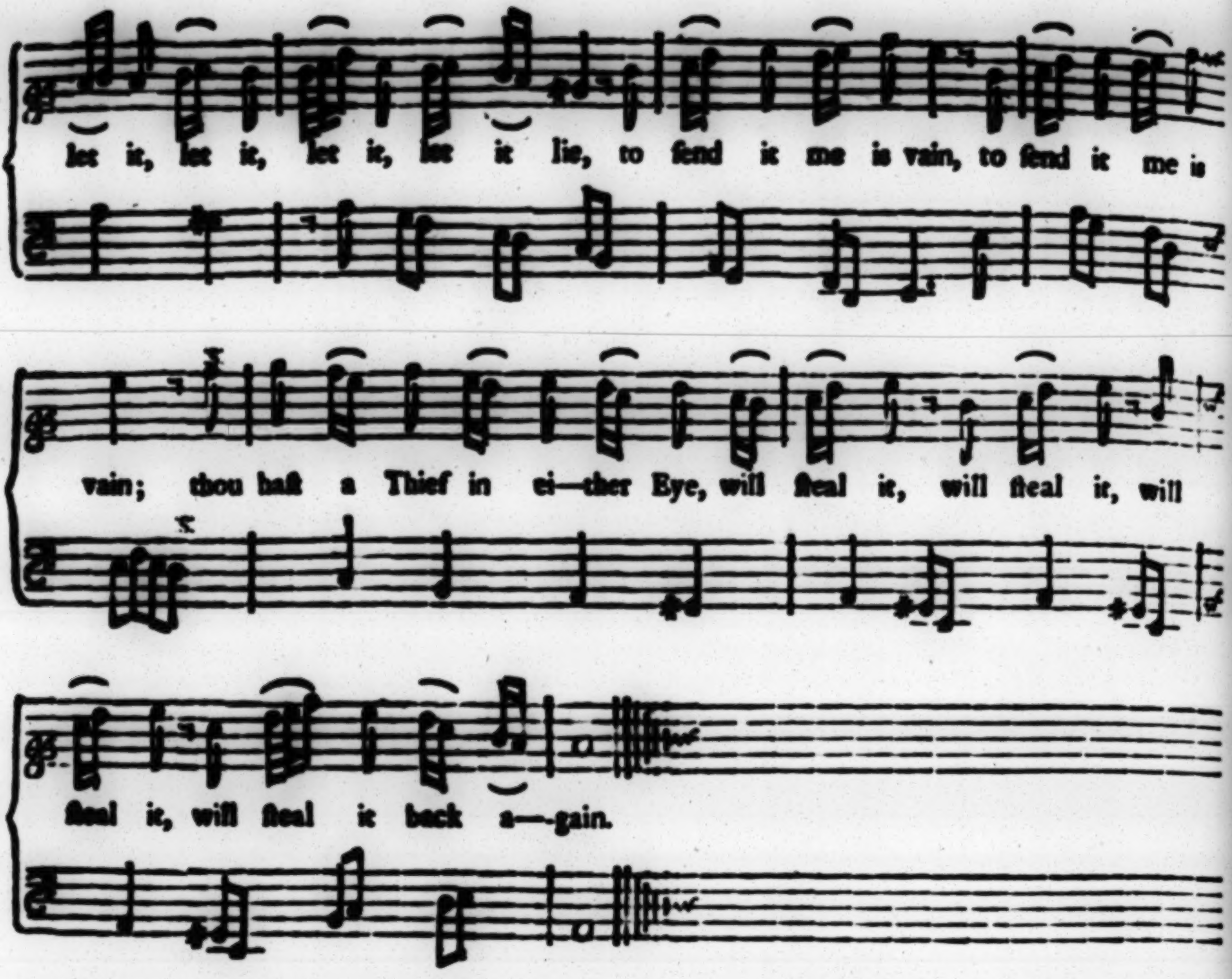
(404)


First Voice.
E—li—za's Charms can Wonders do, can make the fix--ed Poets to move; melt Seas o
2d Voice.
Ice, and Alps of Snow, and kindle Eu-nuchs in——to Love: If A——ged Hermits on her
gaze, they feel the gleam of young Deſire, ſhe blows their Blood in— to a blaz , a d
ſets their Chilneſs all on fire.
Chorus as before.
The Thun—der ſtill wh
e'er ſhe ſpeaks, when e'er ſhe looks, the Light—ning's Pale, the Sun out ſhone, h
Orb for--ſakes, and Con—quer'd Stars in Hom—age fall.
Chorus again
Chorus again

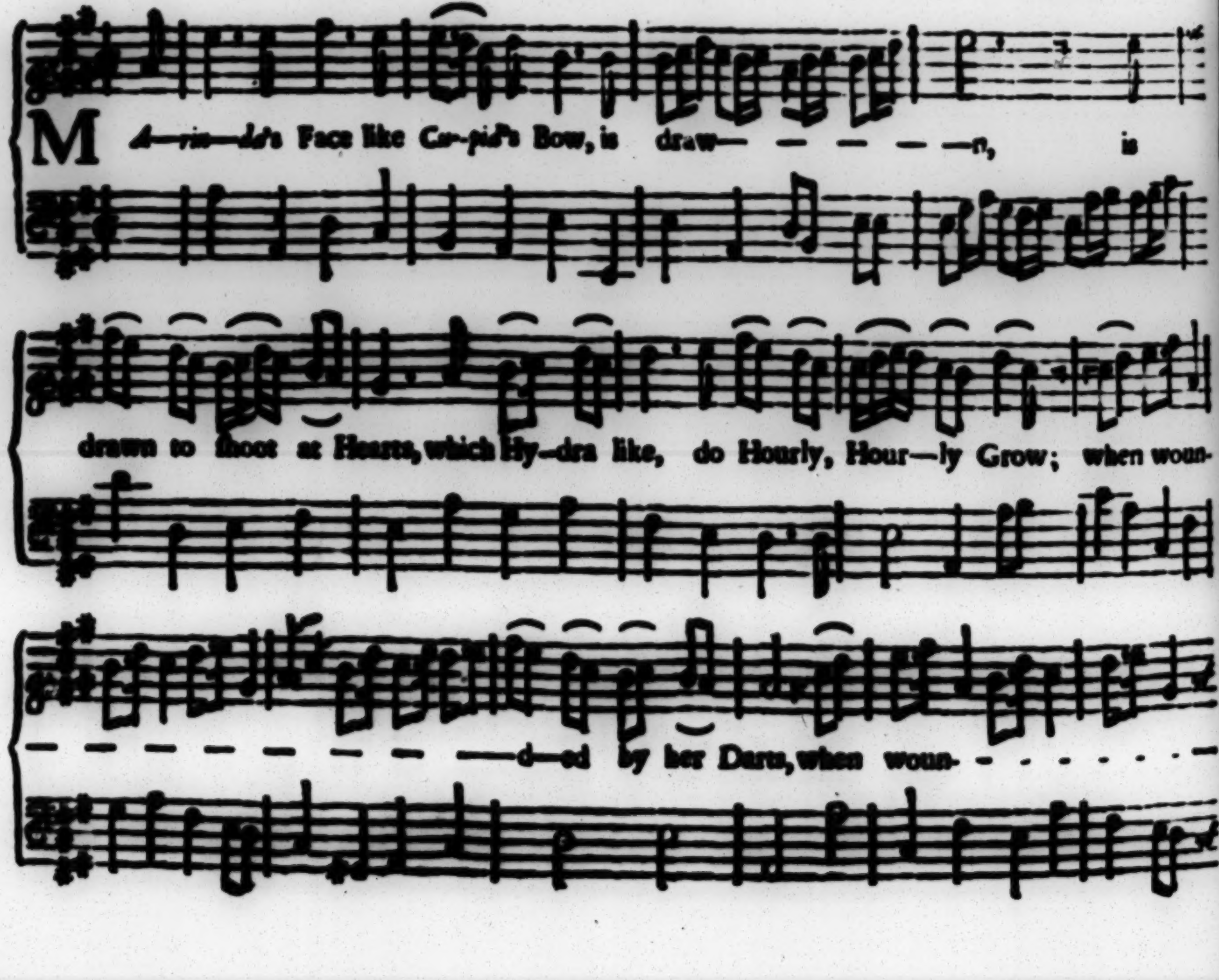

When e'er E--li—za's pleas'd to move, the moving Orbs no far--ther go, she out--does
all the pow'rs above, and undoes, all the Men be—low.
Chorus as before.
Chorus as before.

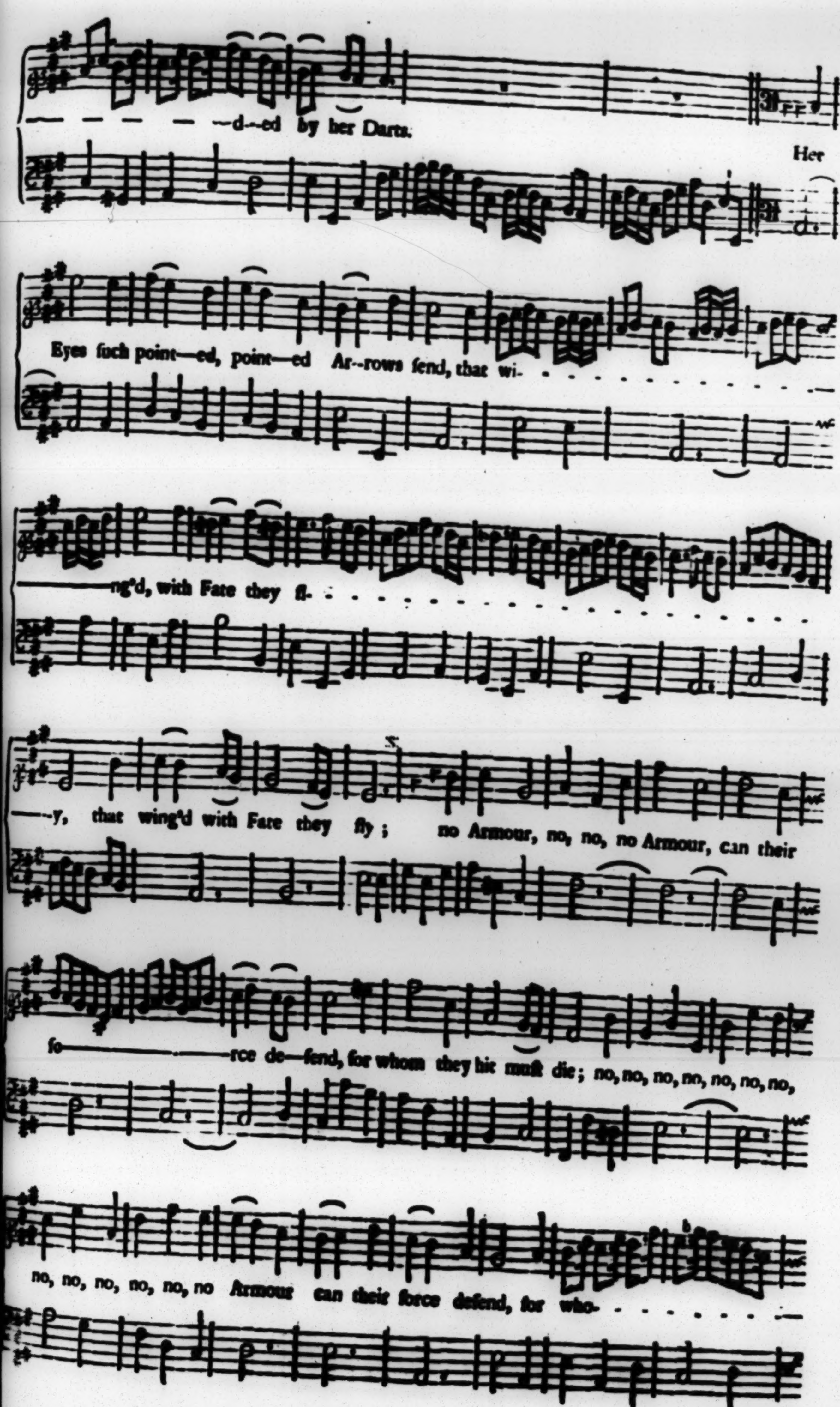
A SONG Set by Mr. Akeroyde.

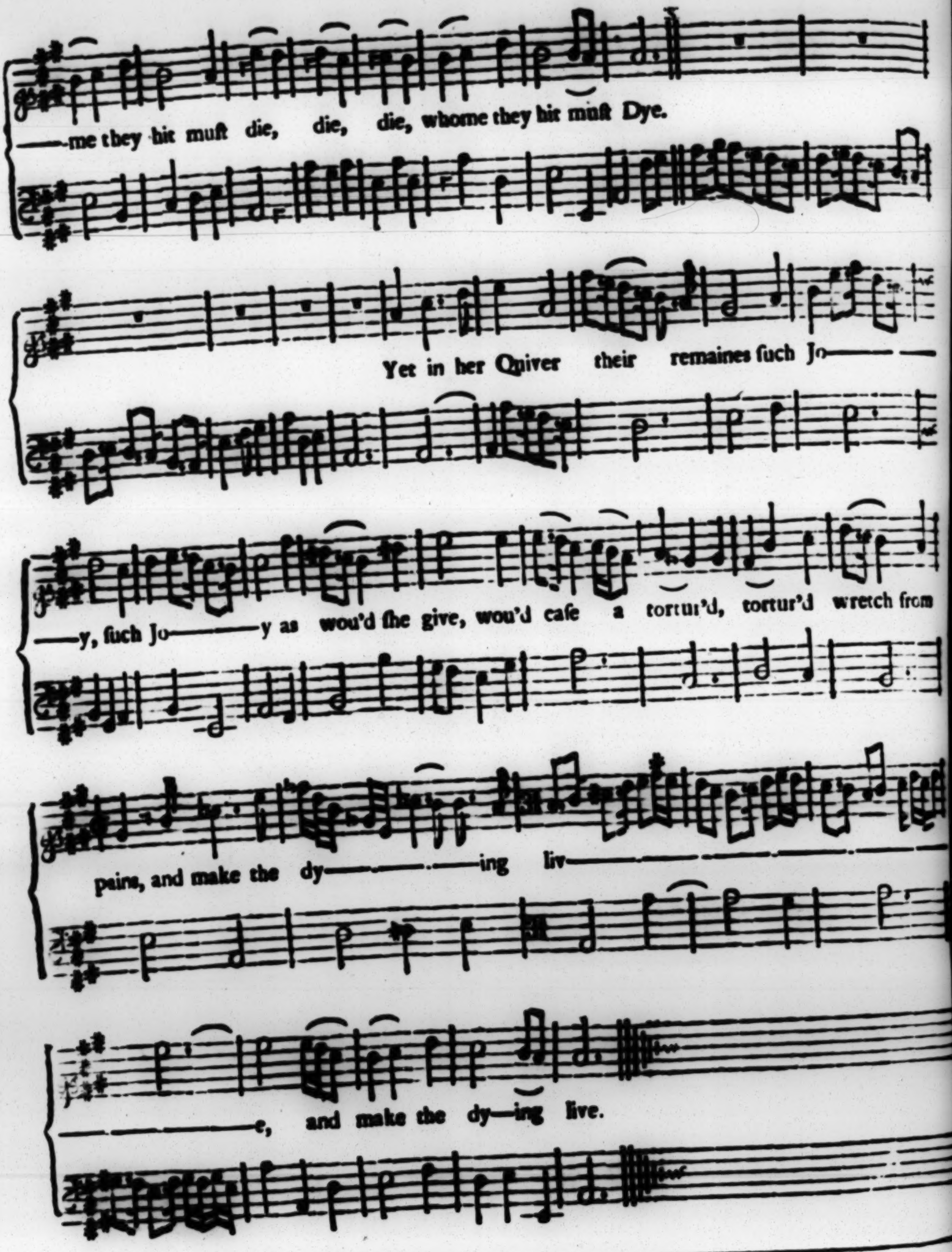

Dear, Dear, Dear Cin-thi---a send me,
send me back my Heart; If I must ne'er have thine, if I must ne'er have thine, if I
must ne'er have thine; and since from yours you will not part, you will not part, why
shou'd you then have mine? But now 'tis lost than let it lye, then let it, let it, let it,


let it, let it, let it, let it lie, to ſend it me is vain, to ſend it me is
vain; thou haſt a Thief in ei—ther Eye, will ſteal it, will ſteal it, will
ſteal it, will ſteal it back a—gain.

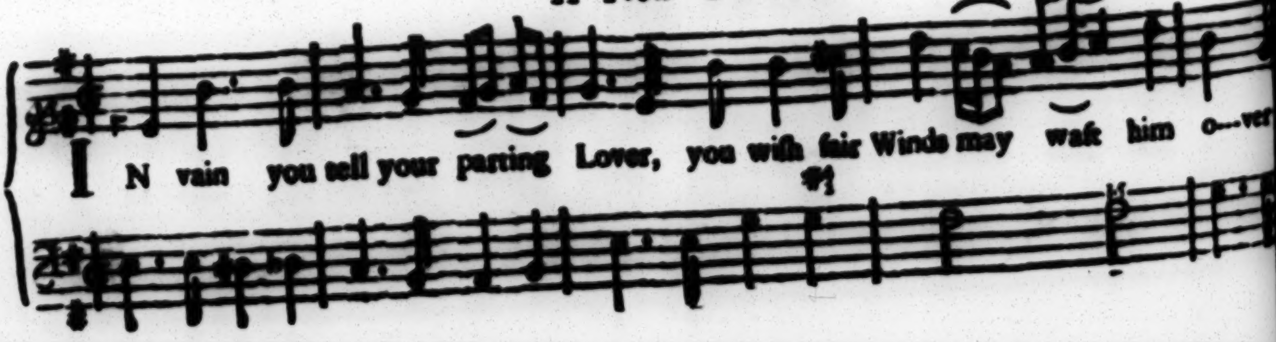
A SONG Set by Mr. Leveridge, *Sung at the* Theatre *in* Dublin.

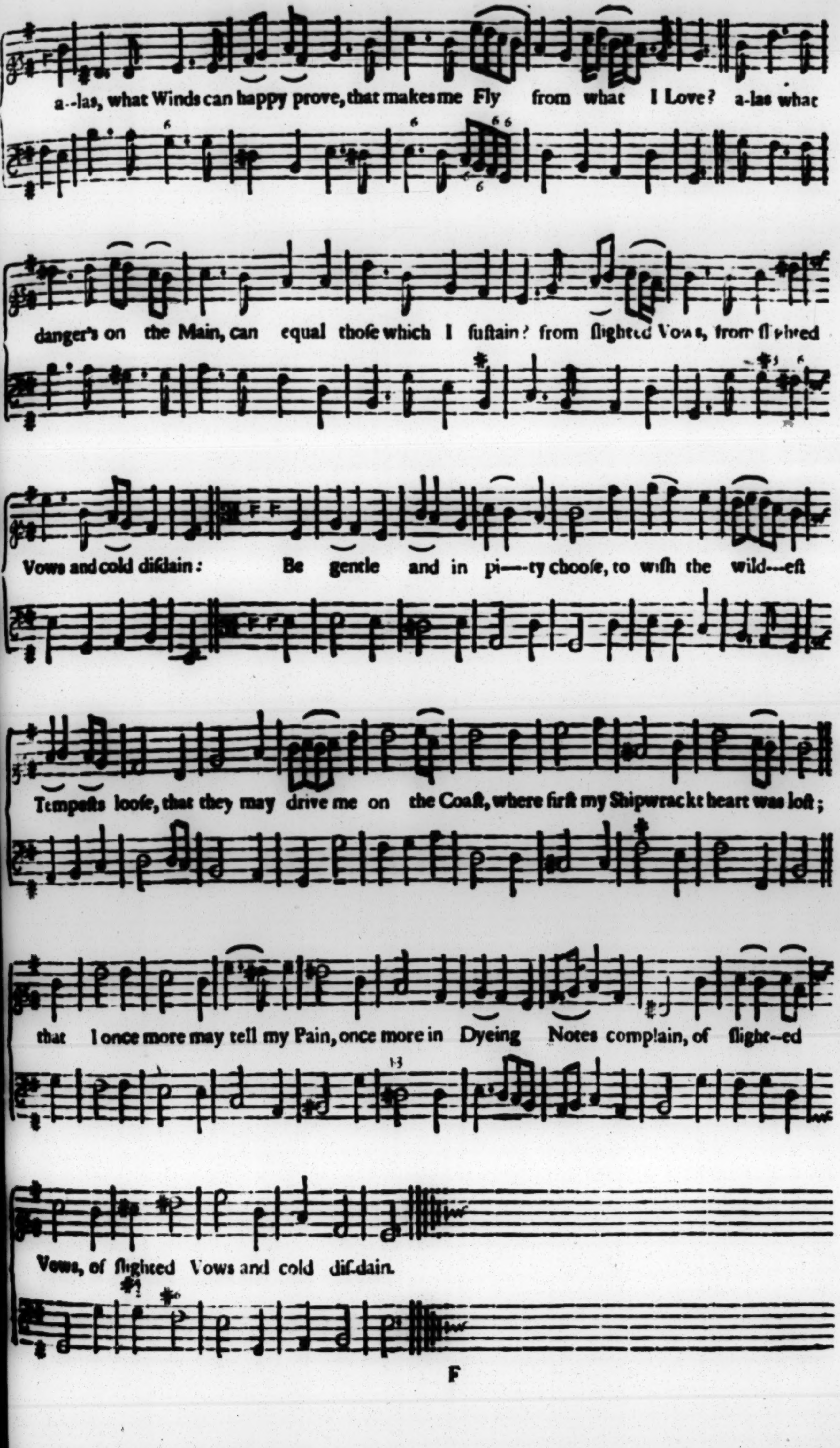

M A—rin—da's Face like Cu—pid's Bow, is draw— — — — — —n, is
drawn to ſhoot at Hearts, which Hy—dra like, do Hourly, Hour—ly Grow; when woun-
— — — — — — — — — —d—ed by her Darts, when woun- - - - - - - -


—d--ed by her Darts.
Her
Eyes ſuch point—ed, point—ed Ar--rows ſend, that wi-
——ng'd, with Fate they fl-
——y, that wing'd with Fate they fly; no Armour, no, no, no Armour, can their
fo——rce de—fend, for whom they hit muſt die; no, no, no, no, no, no, no,
no, no, no, no, no, no Armour can their force defend, for who-

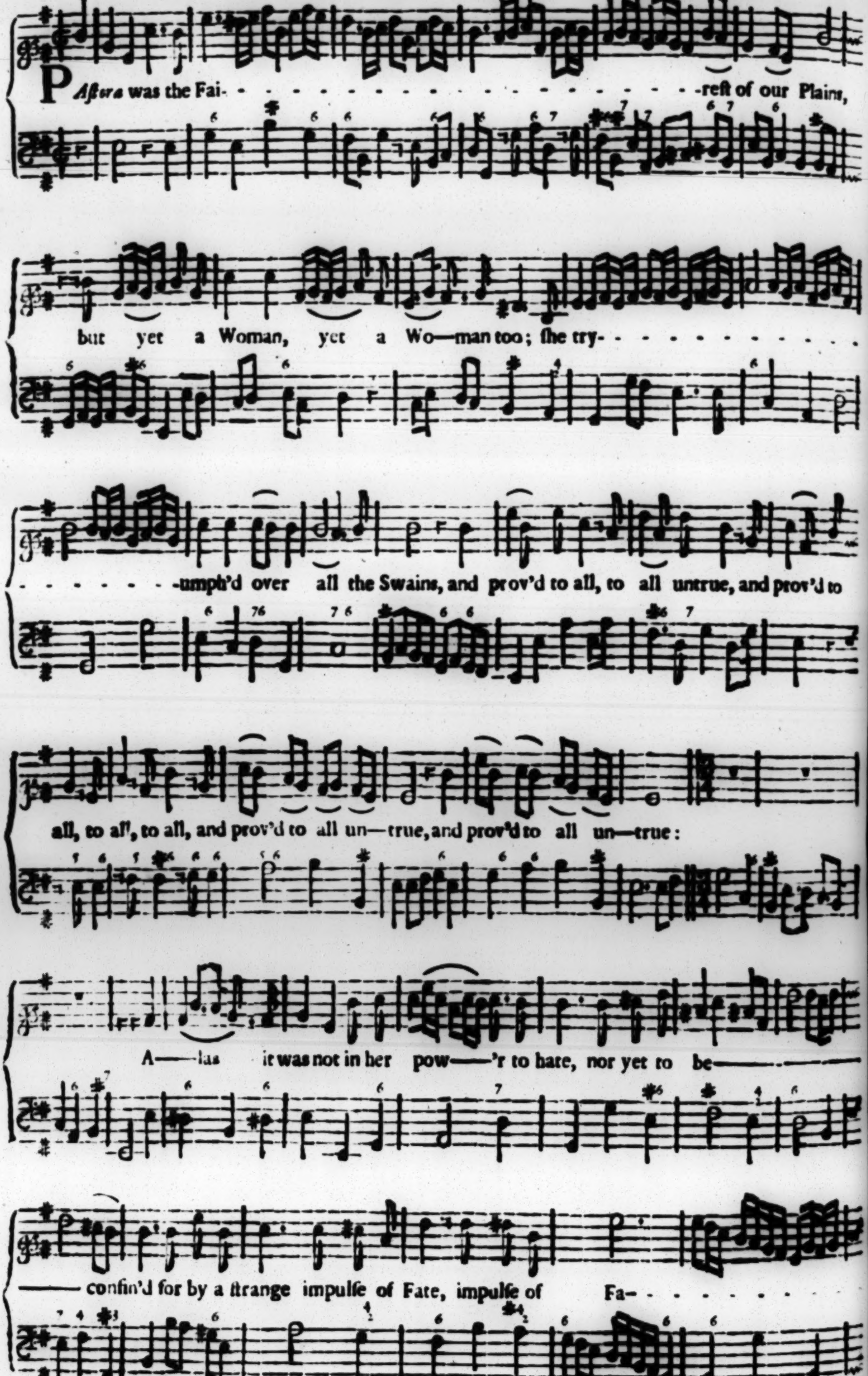

——me they hit muſt die, die, die, whome they hit muſt Dye.
Yet in her Quiver their remaines ſuch Jo————
——y, ſuch Jo————y as wou'd ſhe give, wou'd eaſe a tortur'd, tortur'd wretch from
pairs, and make the dy————————ing liv————————
————————e, and make the dy—ing live.

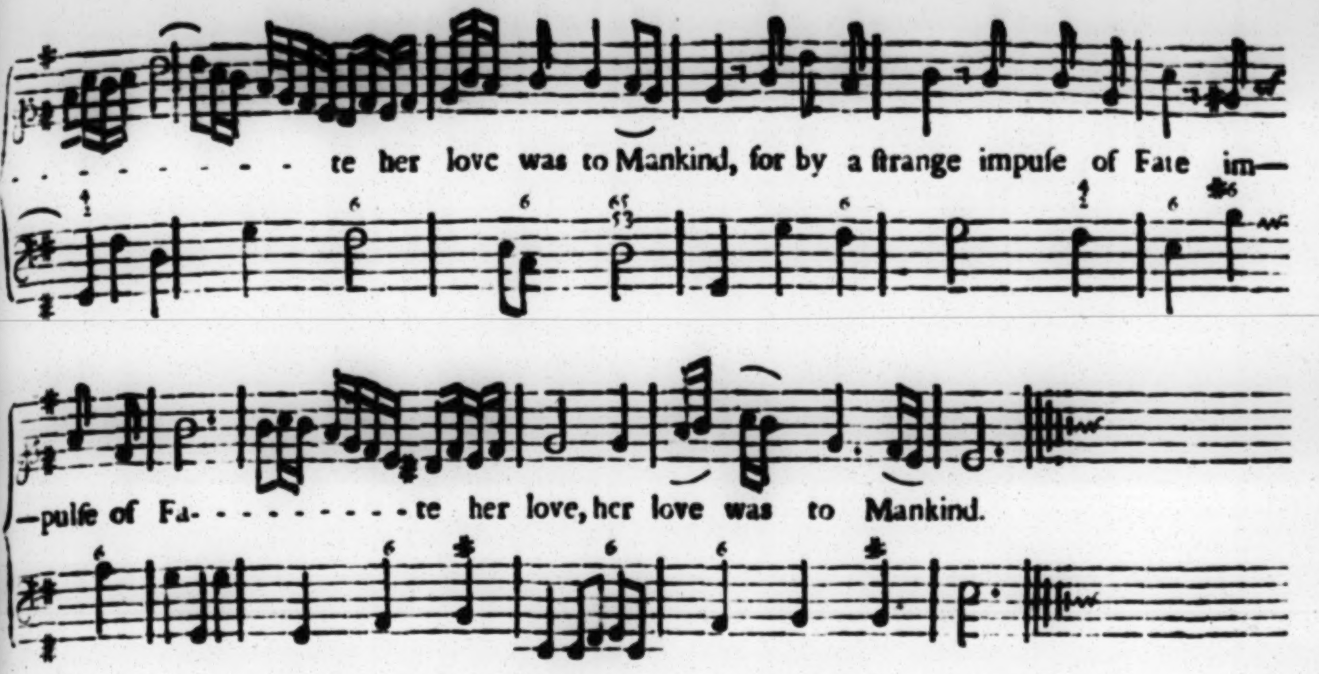
A New SONG.


IN vain you tell your parting Lover, you wiſh fair Winds may waſt him o—ver


a--las, what Winds can happy prove, that makes me Fly from what I Love? a-las what
danger's on the Main, can equal thoſe which I ſuſtain? from ſlighted Vows, from ſlighted
Vows and cold diſdain: Be gentle and in pi---ty chooſe, to wiſh the wild---eſt
Tempeſts looſe, that they may drive me on the Coaſt, where firſt my Shipwrackt heart was loſt;
that I once more may tell my Pain, once more in Dyeing Notes complain, of ſlight--ed
Vows, of ſlighted Vows and cold diſ-dain.

SONG Set Mr. Goudge: *The Words by Captain* Aliff.


PAſtora was the Fai- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -reſt of our Plains,
but yet a Woman, yet a Wo—man too; ſhe try- - - - - - - - - - - - -
- - - - - - -umph'd over all the Swains, and prov'd to all, to all untrue, and prov'd to
all, to all, to all, and prov'd to all un—true, and prov'd to all un—true:
A——las it was not in her pow——'r to hate, nor yet to be——————
——— confin'd for by a ſtrange impulſe of Fate, impulſe of Fa- - - - - - - -


- - - - - - - - - te her love was to Mankind, for by a ſtrange impuſe of Fate im—
—pulſe of Fa- - - - - - - - - - te her love, her love was to Mankind.
6
65
53
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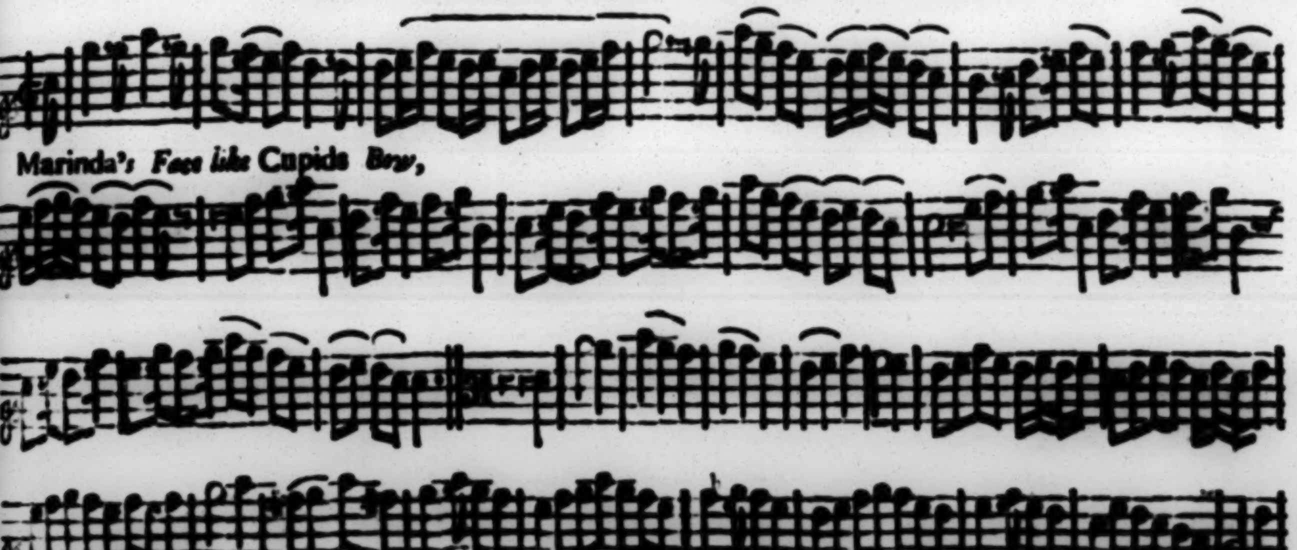
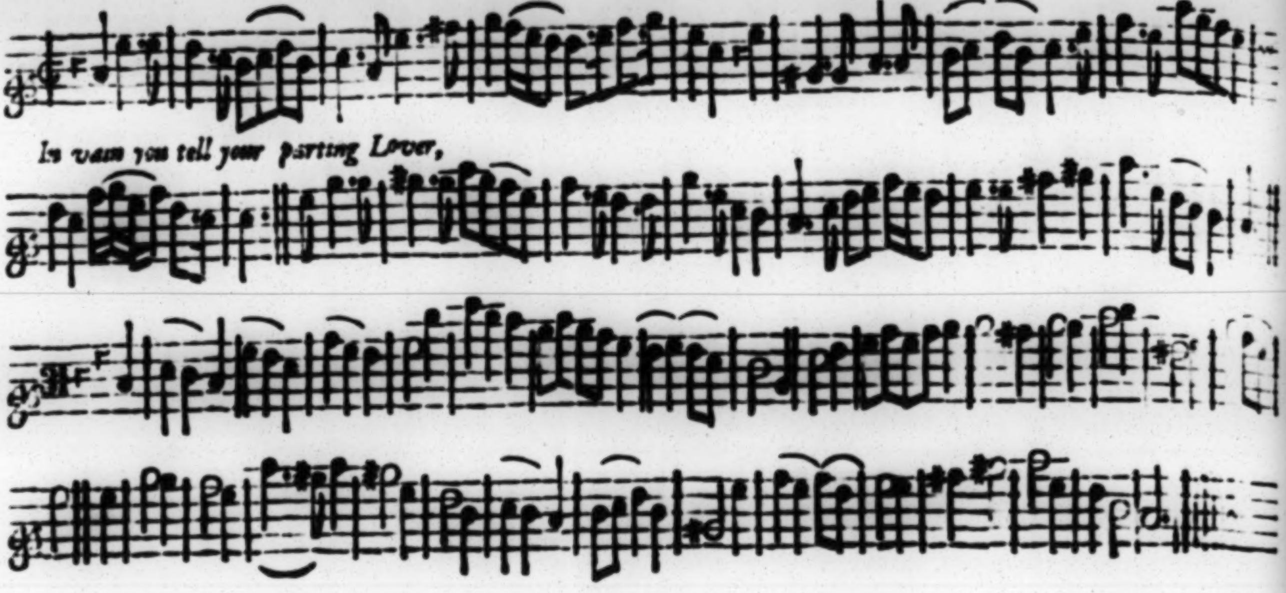
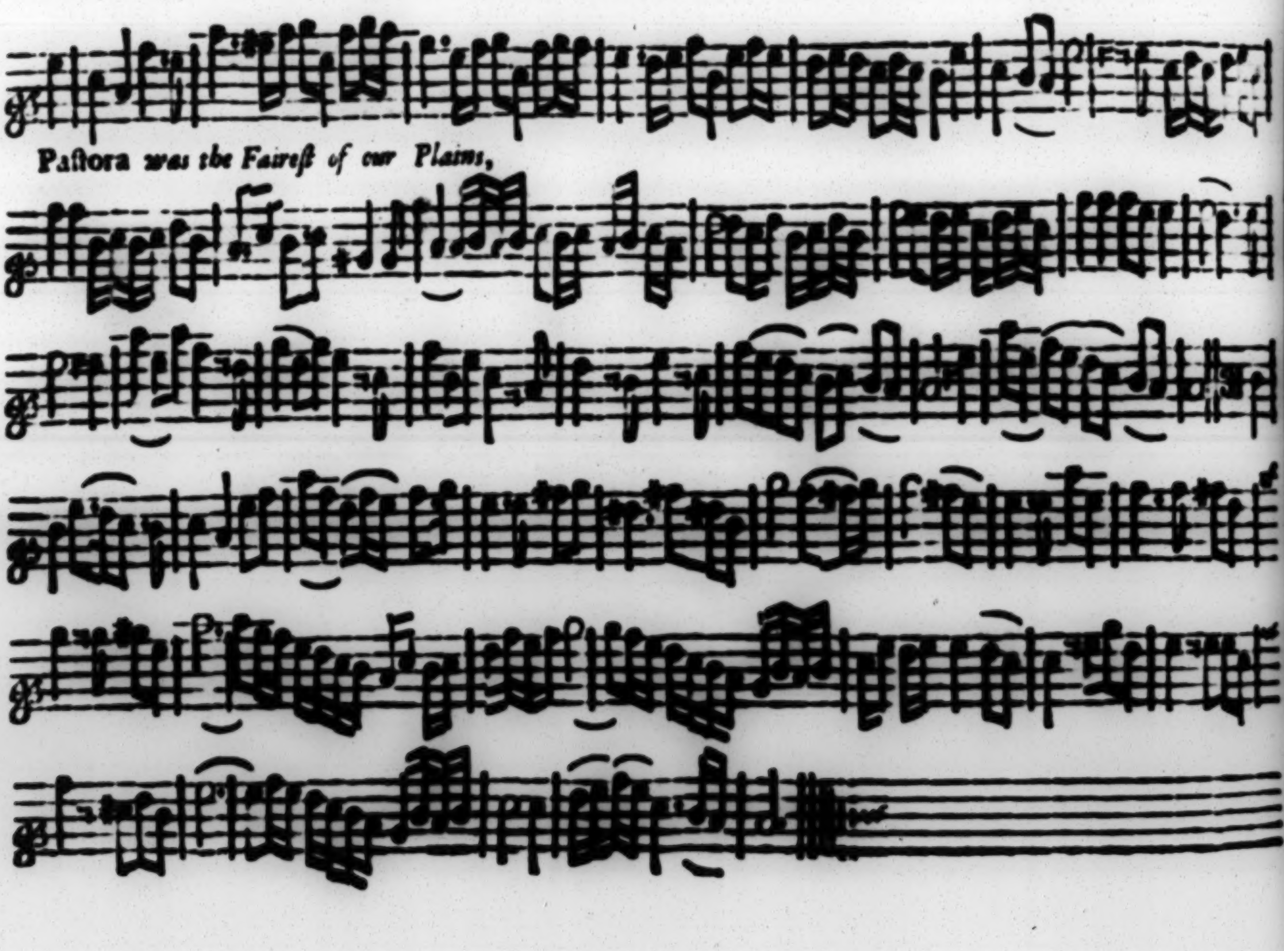
6

The TUNES for the FLUTE.


Marinda's Face like Cupids Bow,

The TUNES for the FLUTE.


In vain you tell your parting Lover,


Paſtora was the Faireſt of our Plains,

F I N I S.

MERCURIUS MUSICUS:

OR, THE

Monthly Collection

Of New TEACHING

SONGS,

(For the YEAR, 1700.)

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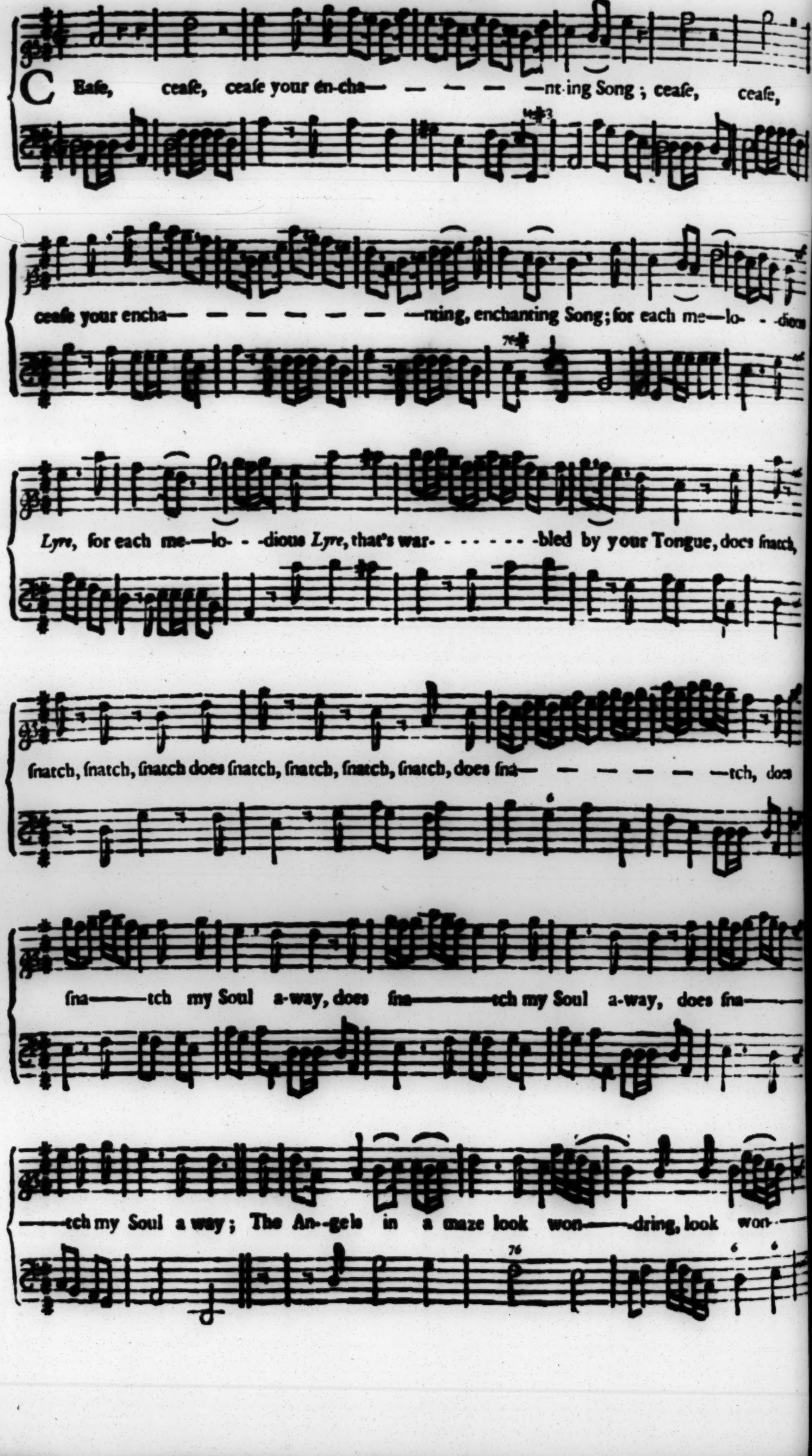
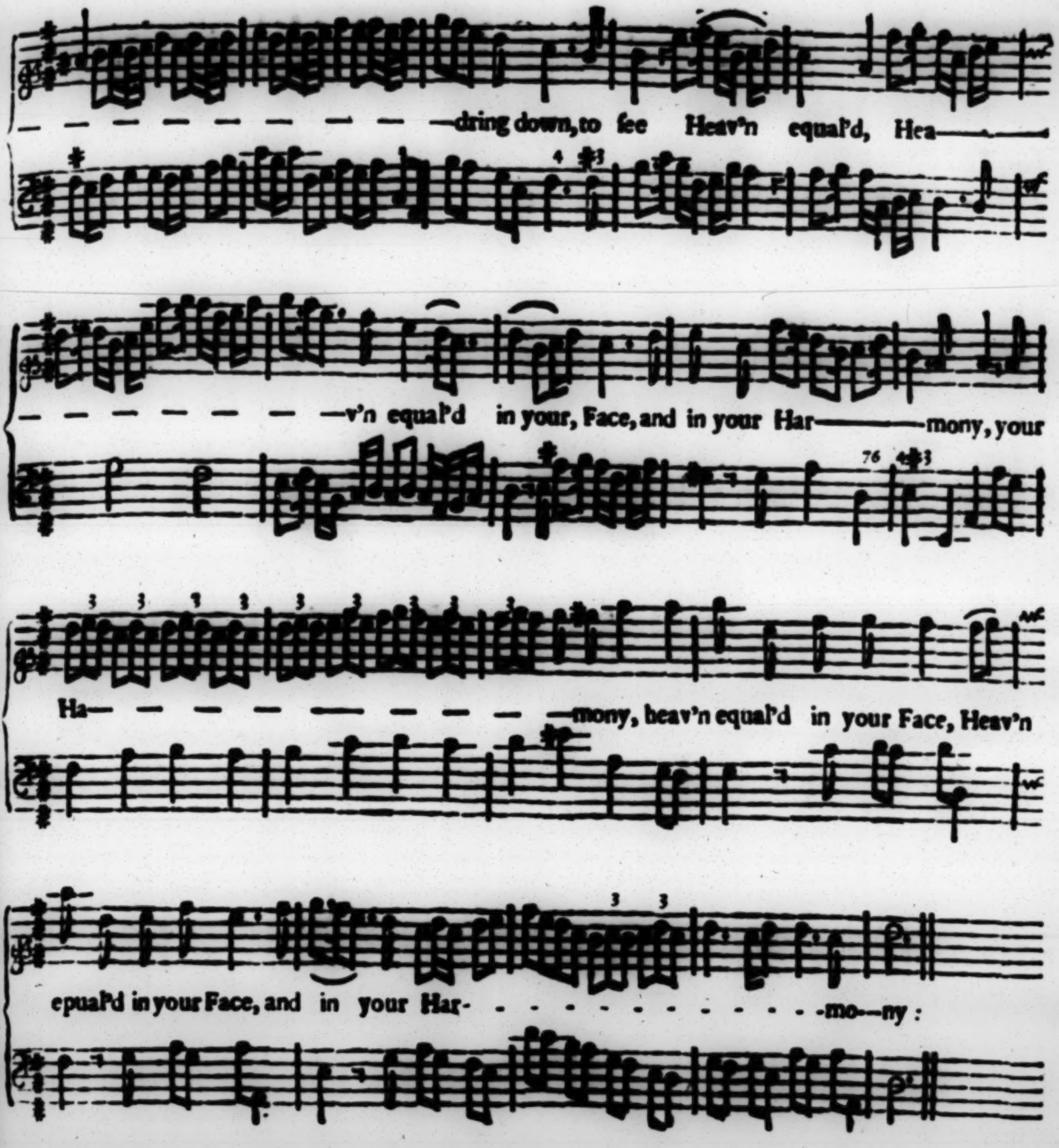
Arundel-ſtreet in the *Strand*, (where the Collections for the Year *99*,
are to be had; Bound, at 3 *s. 6d.* or Stitch'd, at *6 d.* each.) and at
moſt Bookſellers and Muſick-Shops in Town. 1700.

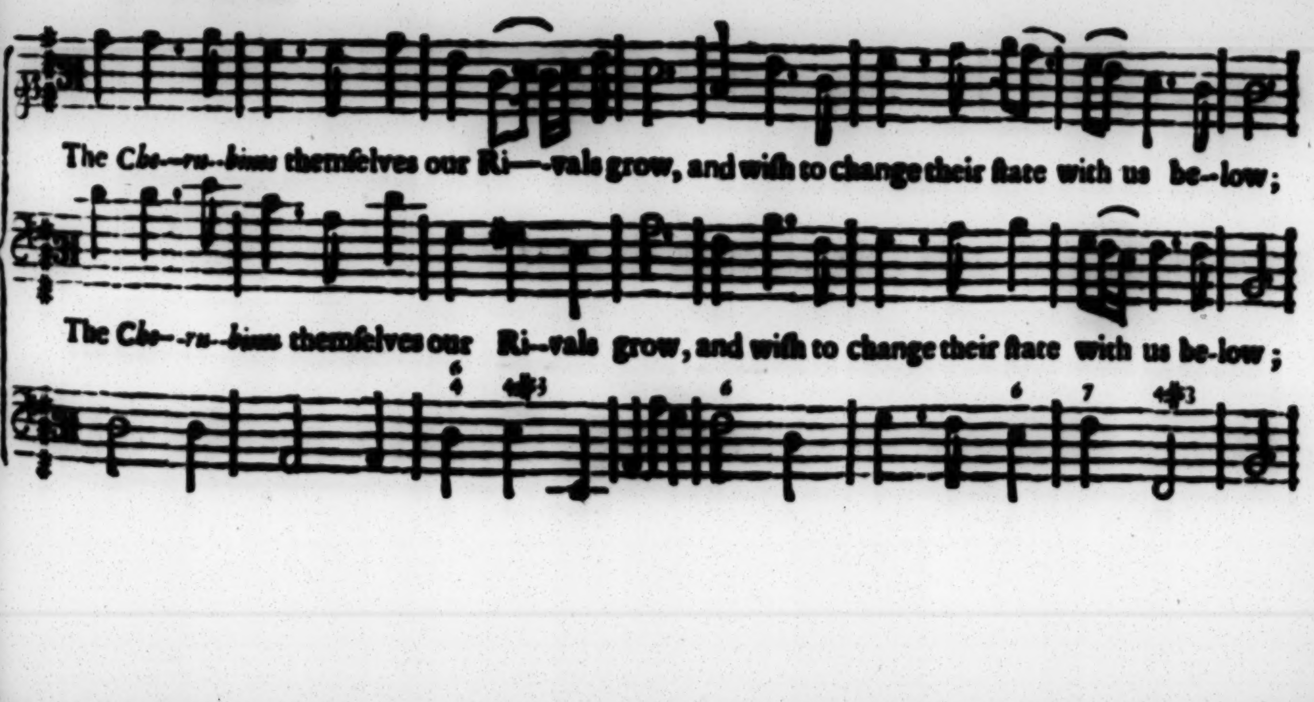
June will ſpeedily come forth.

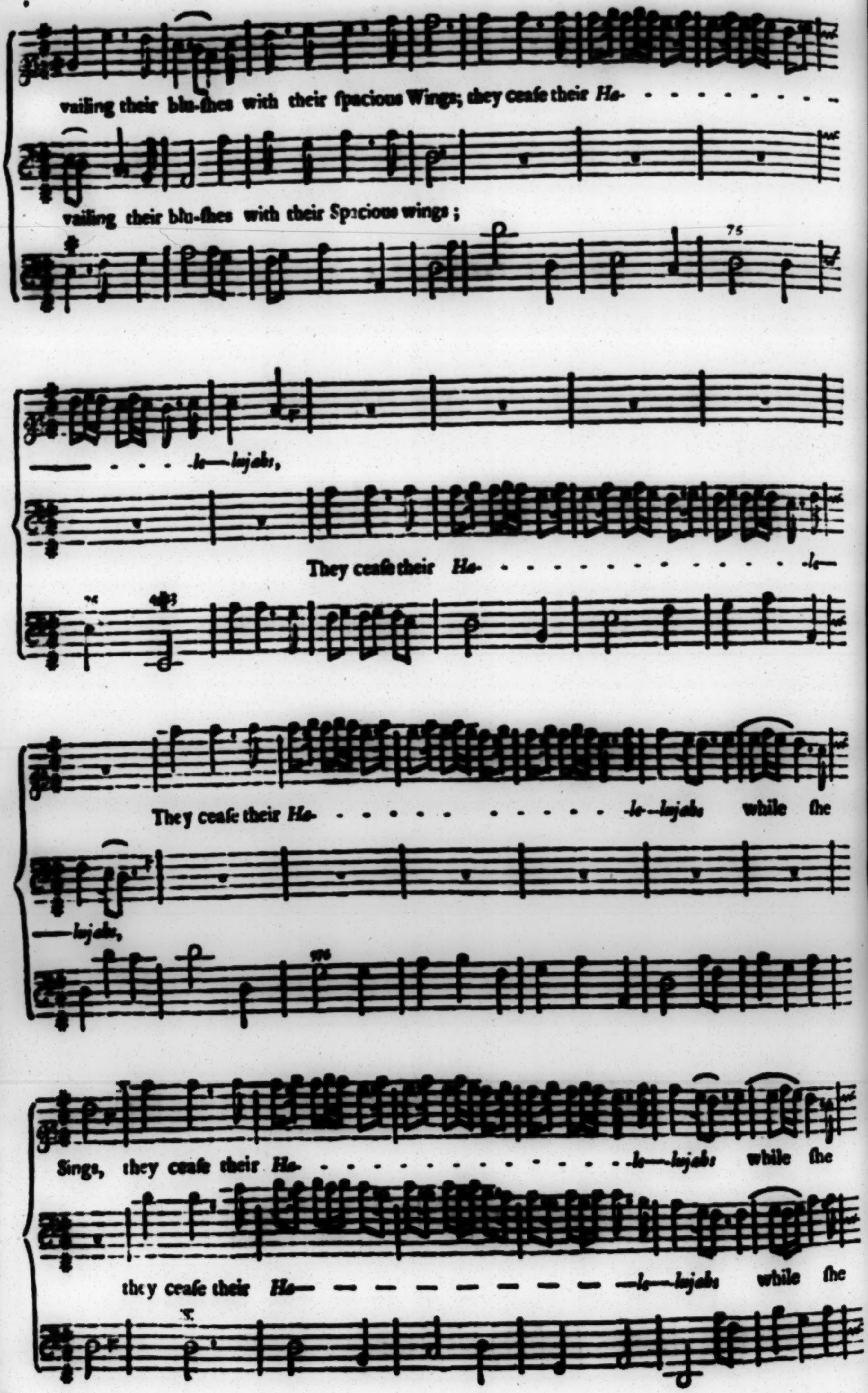
A SONG Set by Mr. Frances.

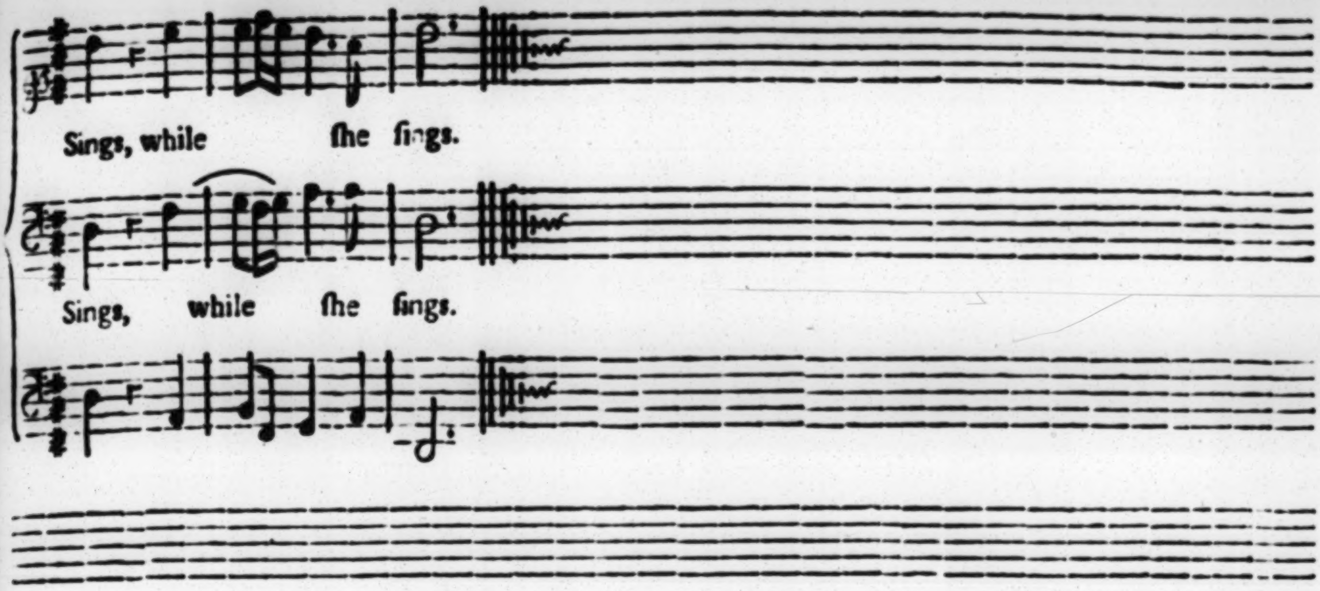

C Eaſe, ceaſe, ceaſe your en-cha— — — — — —nt-ing Song; ceaſe, ceaſe,
ceaſe your encha— — — — — — — —nting, enchanting Song; for each me—lo- -dious
Lyre, for each me—lo- - -dious Lyre, that's war- - - - - - -bled by your Tongue, does ſnatch,
ſnatch, ſnatch, ſnatch does ſnatch, ſnatch, ſnatch, ſnatch, does ſna— — — — — — —tch, does
ſna———tch my Soul a-way, does ſna———tch my Soul a-way, does ſna——
——tch my Soul a way; The An--gels in a maze look won——-dring, look won-


- - - - - - - - - - - -dring down, to see Heav'n equal'd, Hea-
4 ♯3
- - - - - - - - - v'n equal'd in your, Face, and in your Har- -mony, your
76 4♯3
Ha- - - - - - - - - - - - -mony, heav'n equal'd in your Face, Heav'n
epual'd in your Face, and in your Har- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -mo- -ny:

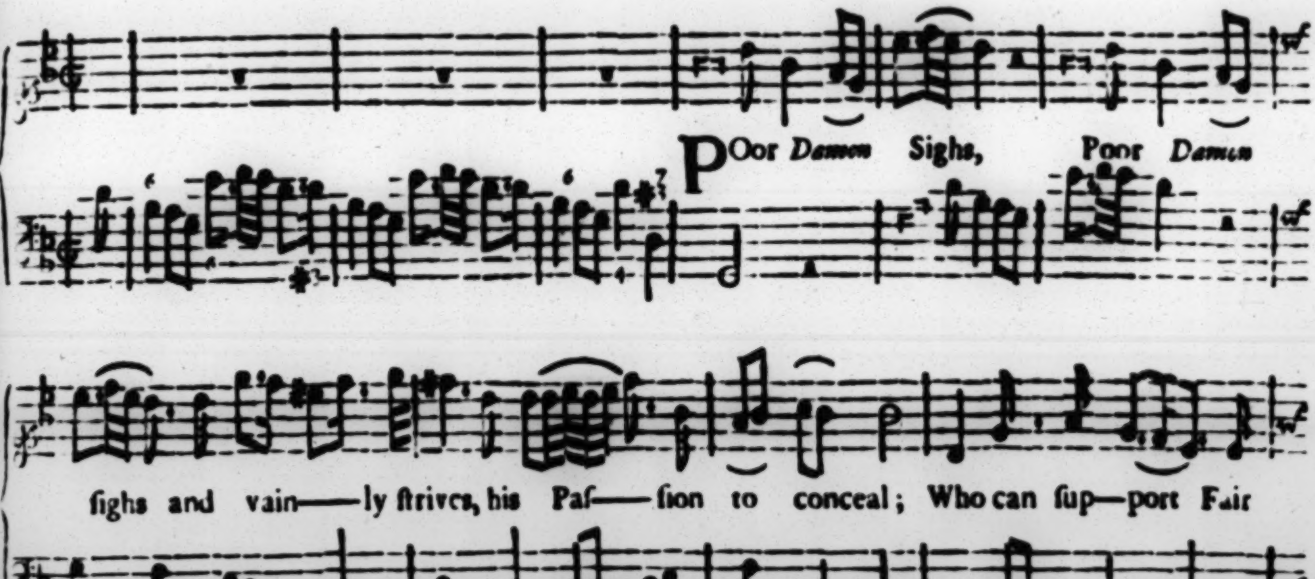
2 VOC.

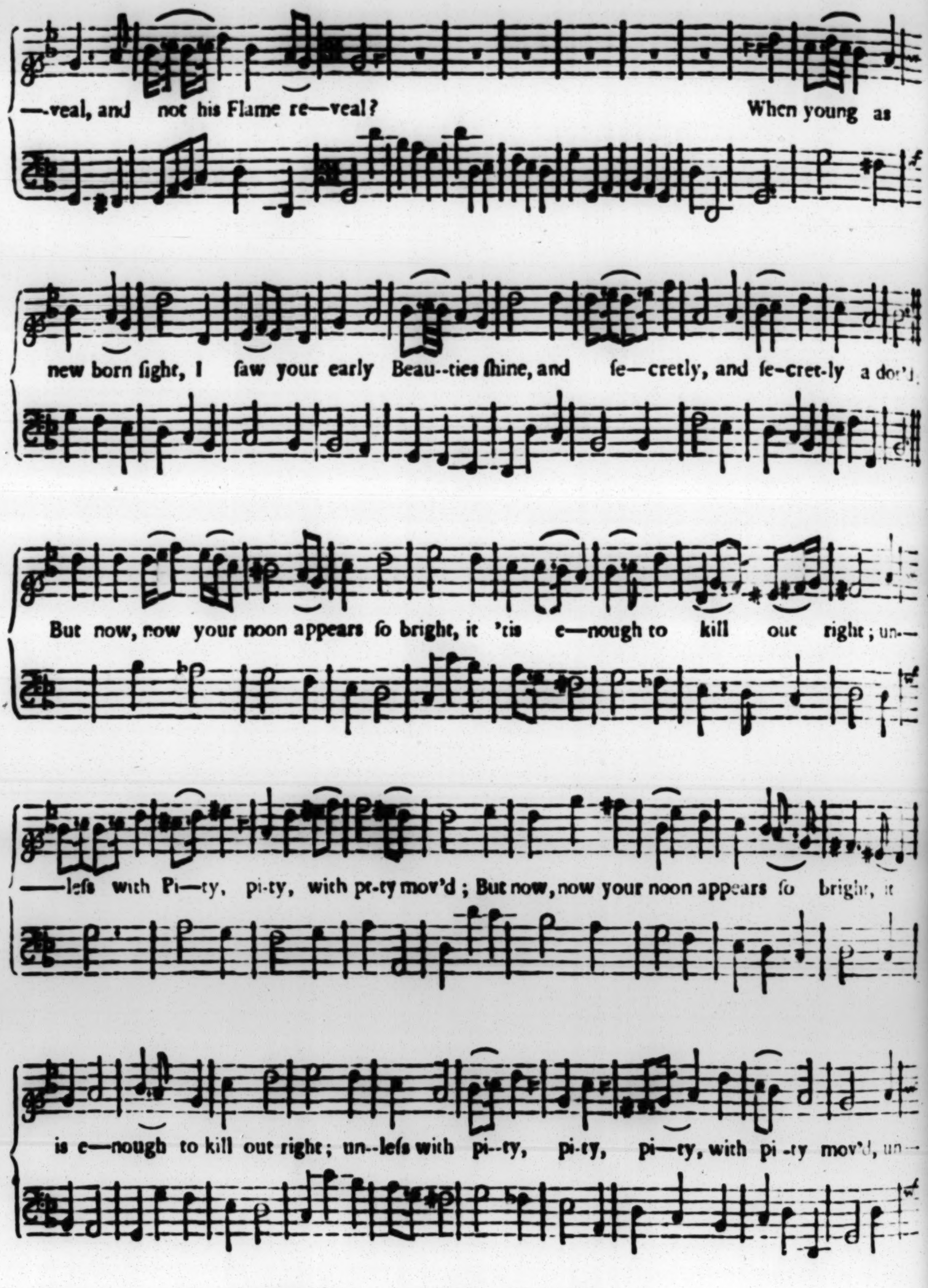

The Che- -ru- -bims themselves our Ri- -vals grow, and wish to change their state with us be- -low;
The Che- -ru- -bims themselves our Ri- -vals grow, and wish to change their state with us be- -low;
6 4 4♯3 6 6 7 4♯3


vailing their blu-ſhes with their ſpacious Wings; they ceaſe their Ha- - - - - - - - -
vailing their blu-ſhes with their Spacious wings;
75
- - - - - le—lujahs,
They ceaſe their Ha- - - - - - - - - - - - - - le—
They ceaſe their Ha- - - - - - - - - - - - le—lujahs while ſhe
—lujahs,
Sings, they ceaſe their Ha- - - - - - - - - - - - - le—lujahs while ſhe
they ceaſe their Ha— — — — — — — — — —le—lujahs while ſhe

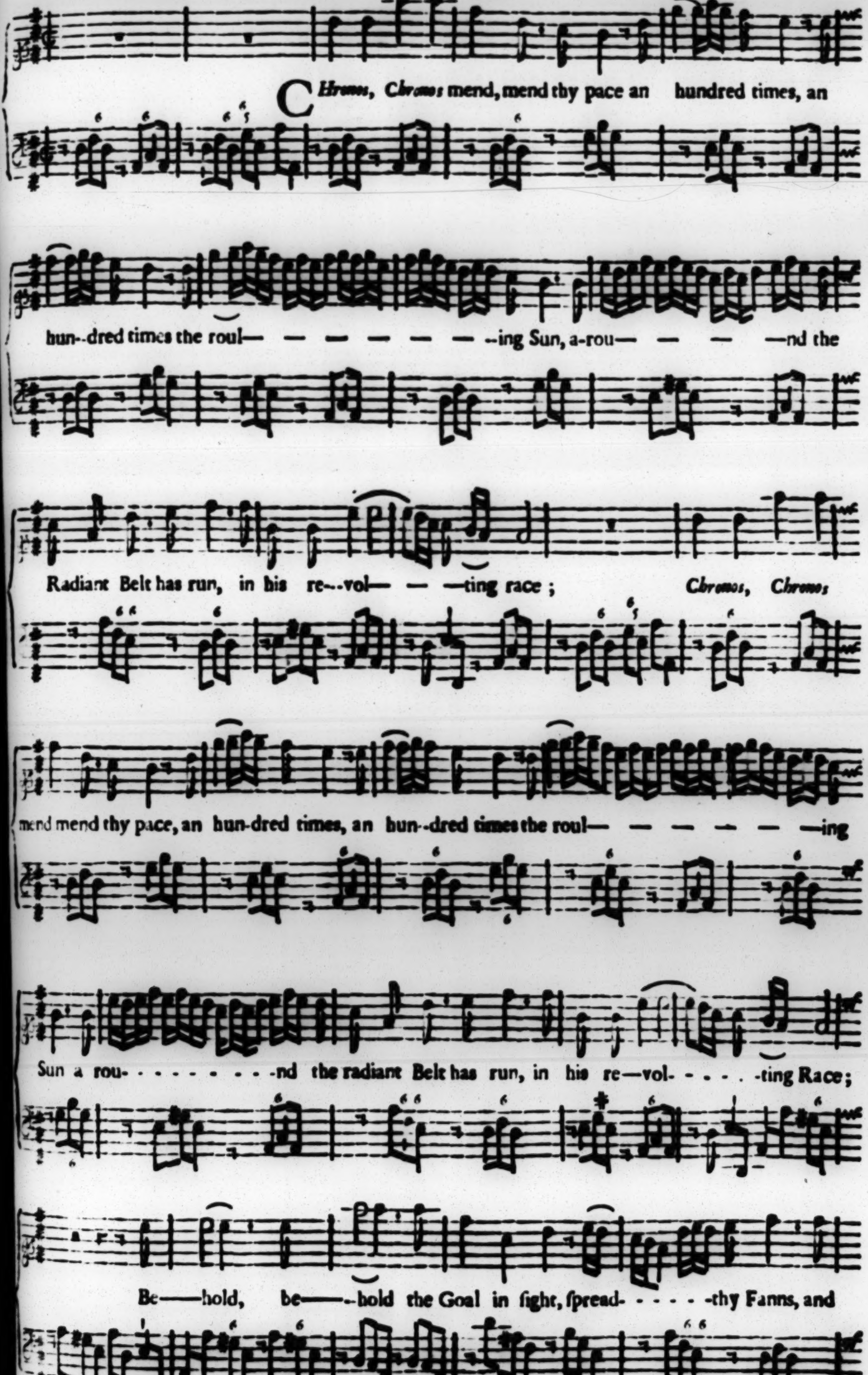

Sings, while ſhe ſings.
Sings, while ſhe ſings.

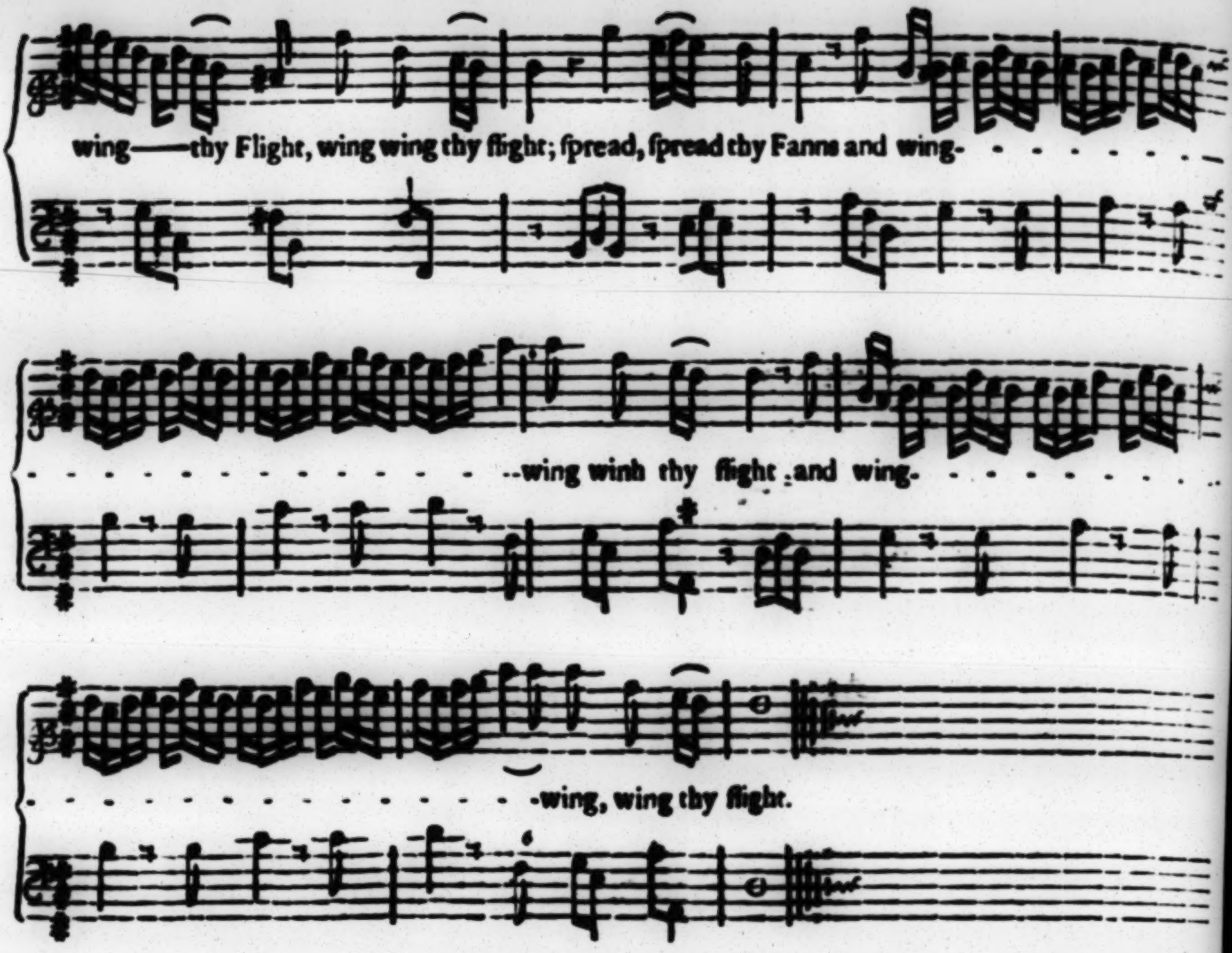
A SONG Sett by Mr. John Barrett.


Poor Damon Sighs, Poor Damon
ſighs and vain——ly ſtrives, his Paſ——ſion to conceal; Who can ſup—port Fair
Cæli——a's Eyes, and all thoſe Charms that round her flyes, and not his
Flame re--veal, and all thoſe Charms that round her flyes, and not his Flame re-——

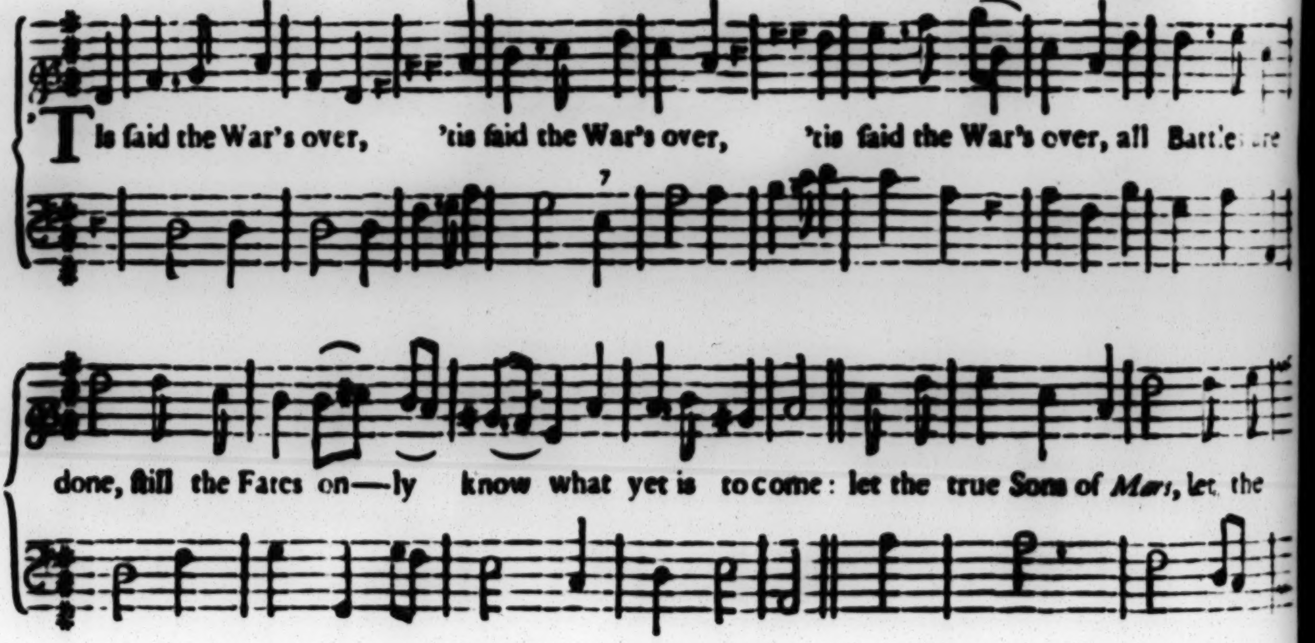

—veal, and not his Flame re—veal? When young as
new born ſight, I ſaw your early Beau--ties ſhine, and ſe—cretly, and ſe-cret-ly a dor'd,
But now, now your noon appears ſo bright, it 'tis e—nough to kill out right; un—
—leſs with Pi—ty, pi-ty, with pi-ty mov'd; But now, now your noon appears ſo bright, it
is e—nough to kill out right; un--leſs with pi--ty, pi-ty, pi—ty, with pi-ty mov'd, un—
—leſs with pi-ty, pi--ty, pi--ty, with pit--ty mov'd.

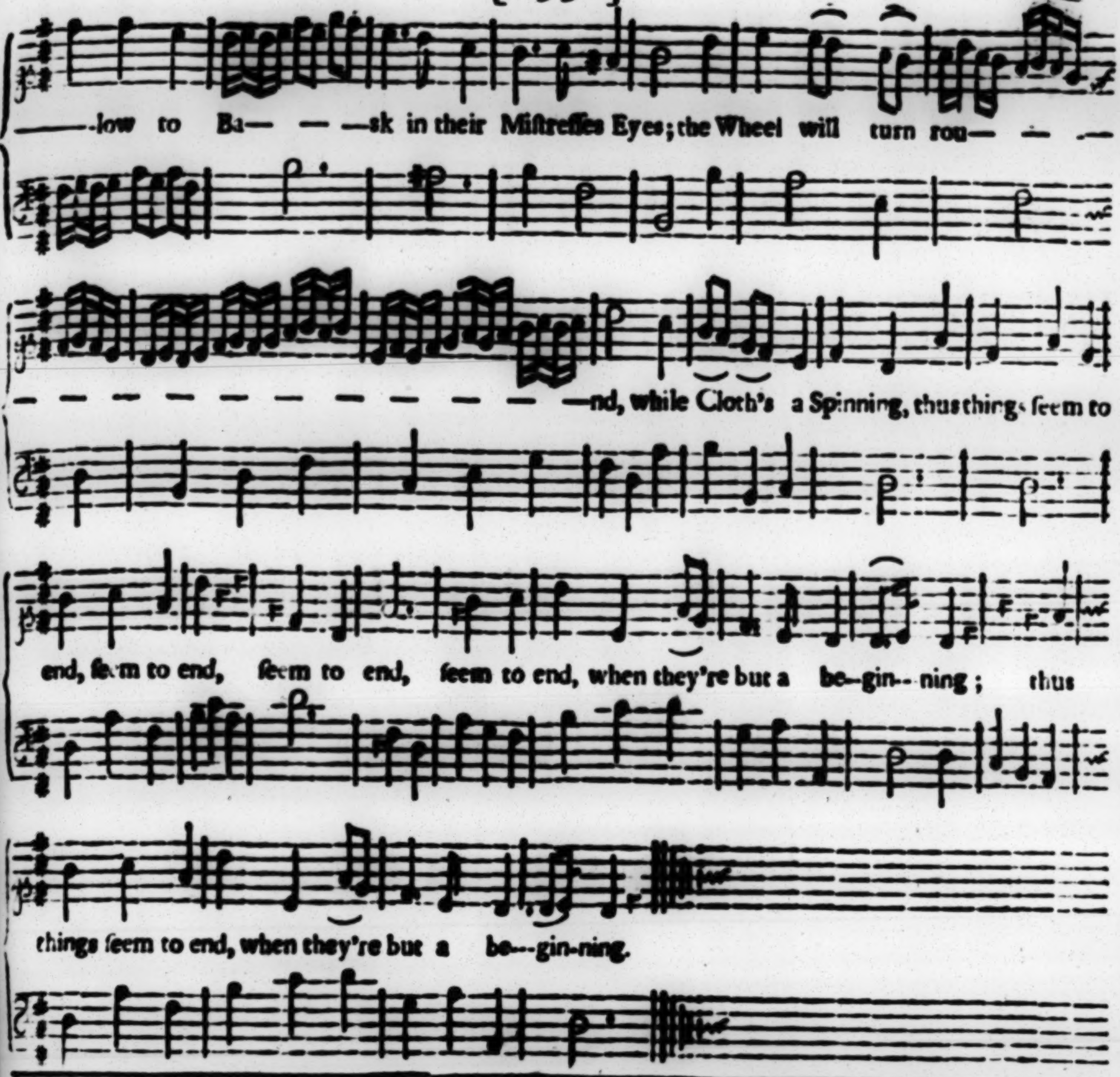
Janus, *Sung by Mr.* Freeman *in the* Pilgrim; *Sett by Mr.* D. Purcell.


CHronos, Chronos mend, mend thy pace an hundred times, an
hun--dred times the roul— — — — — — — --ing Sun, a-rou— — — — —nd the
Radiant Belt has run, in his re---vol— — —ting race; Chronos, Chronos
mend mend thy pace, an hun-dred times, an hun--dred times the roul— — — — — — —ing
Sun a rou- - - - - - - - - -nd the radiant Belt has run, in his re—vol- - - - -ting Race;
Be——hold, be——-hold the Goal in ſight, ſpread- - - - -thy Fanns, and

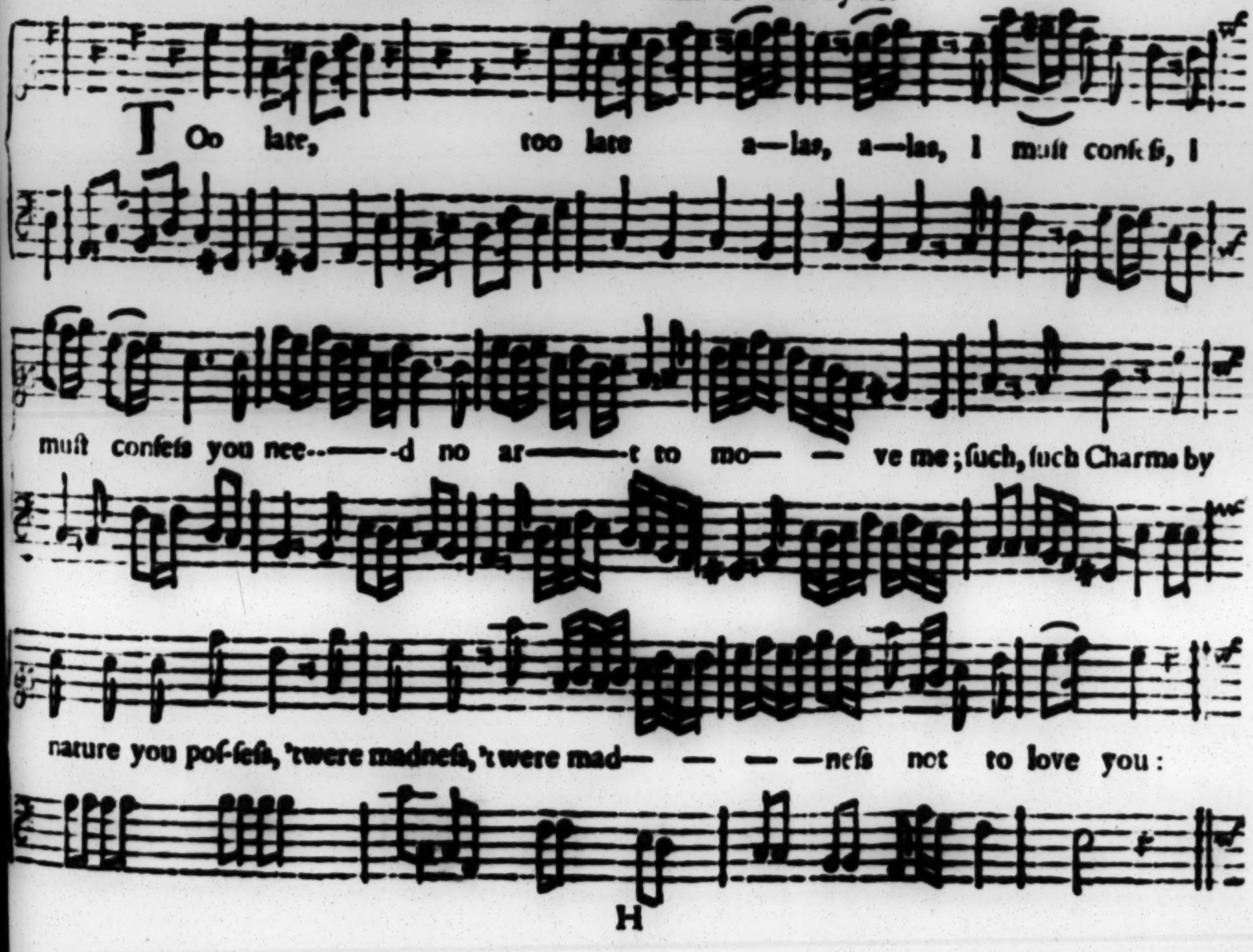

wing——thy Flight, wing wing thy flight; ſpread, ſpread thy Fanns and wing- - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - -wing winh thy flight ; and wing- - - - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -wing, wing thy flight.

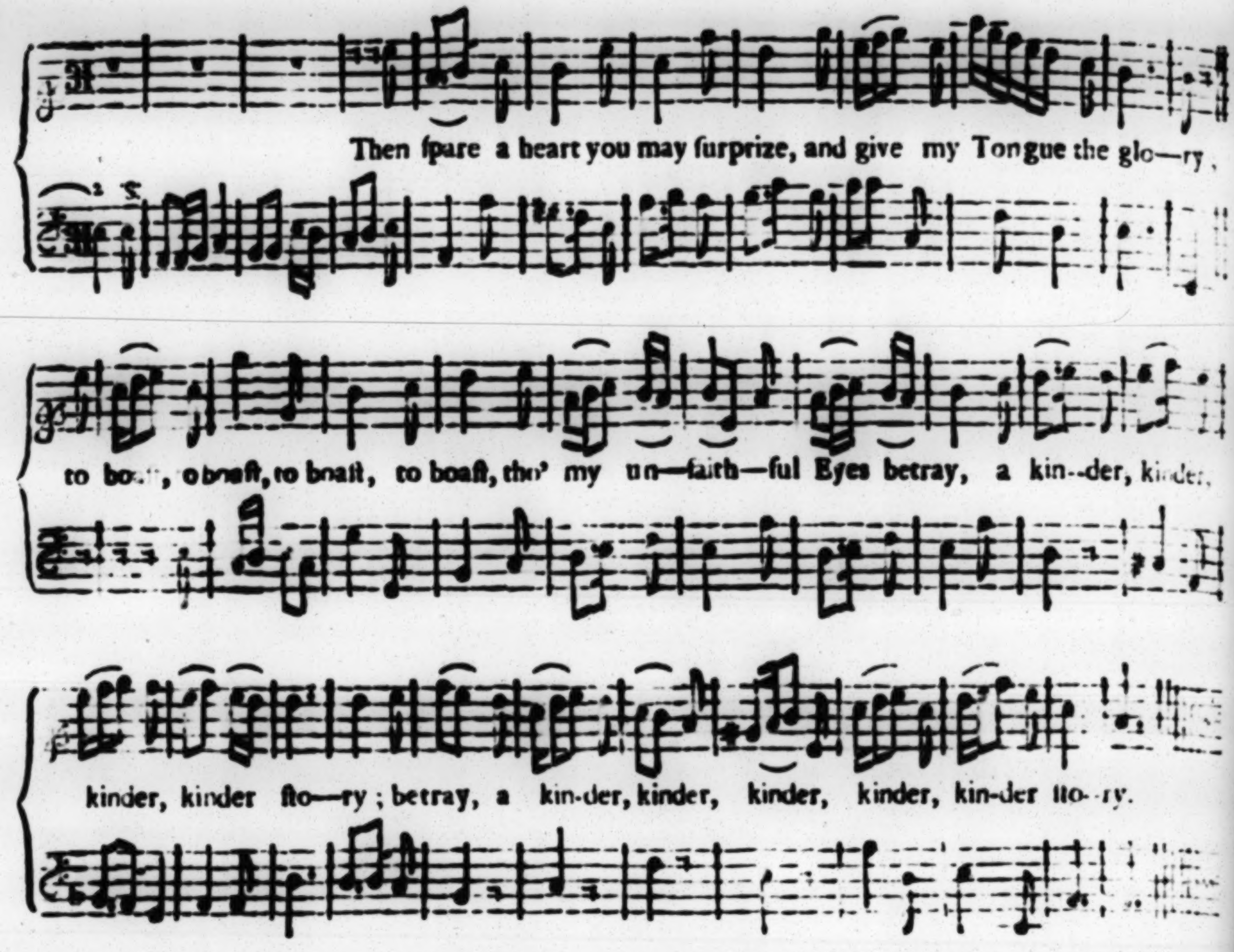
A SONG Sett by Mr. Goudge; *The Words by* Mr. Clark.


TIs ſaid the War's over, 'tis ſaid the War's over, 'tis ſaid the War's over, all Battle are
done, ſtill the Fates on—ly know what yet is to come: let the true Sons of *Mars*, let the
true Sons of *Mars*, this Li-ber-ty prize, as a Fur- - - - - - - -low, as a Fur- - - - - - -

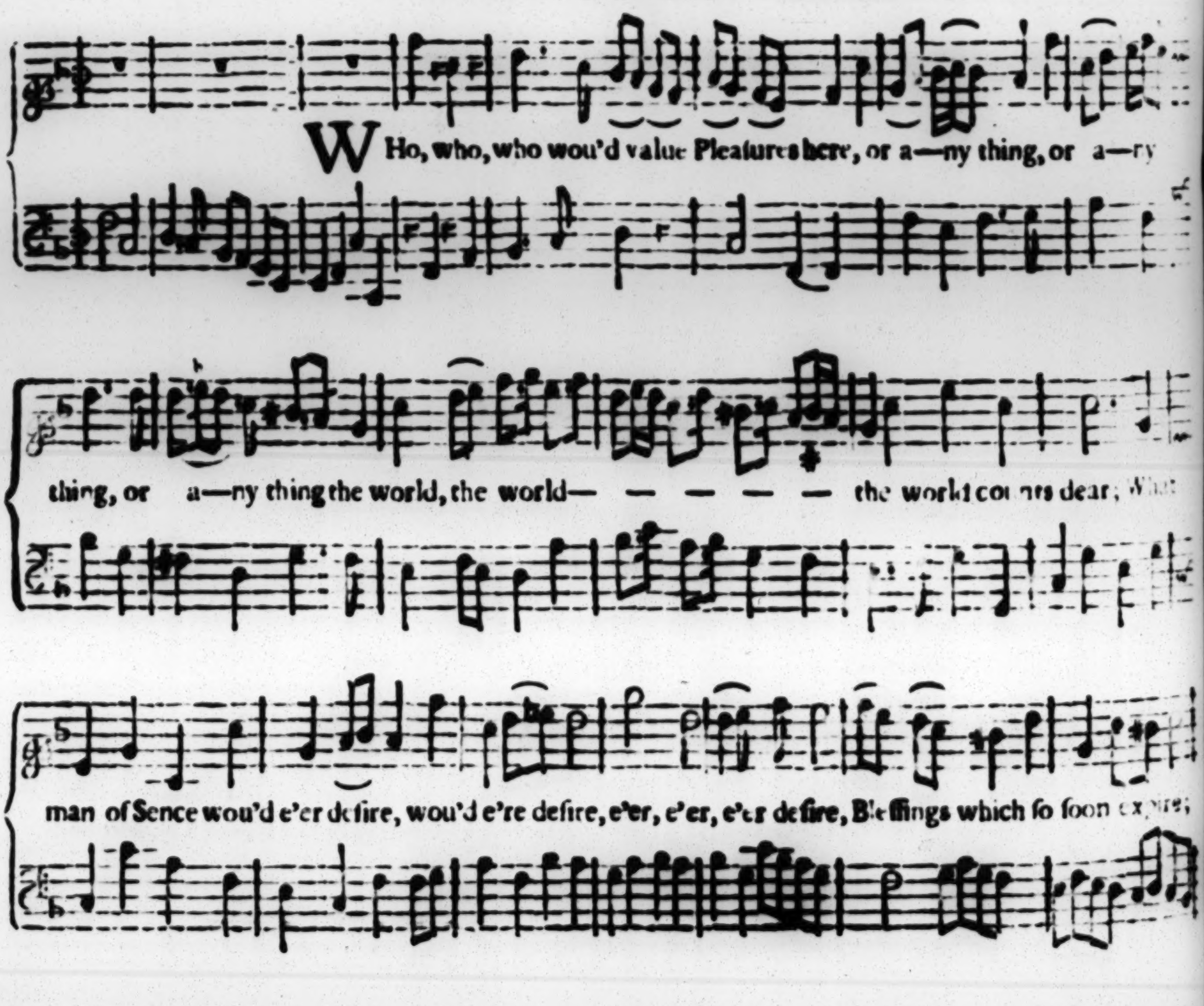

——-low to Ba— — —sk in their Miſtreſſes Eyes; the Wheel will turn rou— — —
— — — — — — — — — — — — —nd, while Cloth's a Spinning, thus things ſeem to
end, ſeem to end, ſeem to end, ſeem to end, when they're but a be-gin--ning; thus
things ſeem to end, when they're but a be---gin-ning.

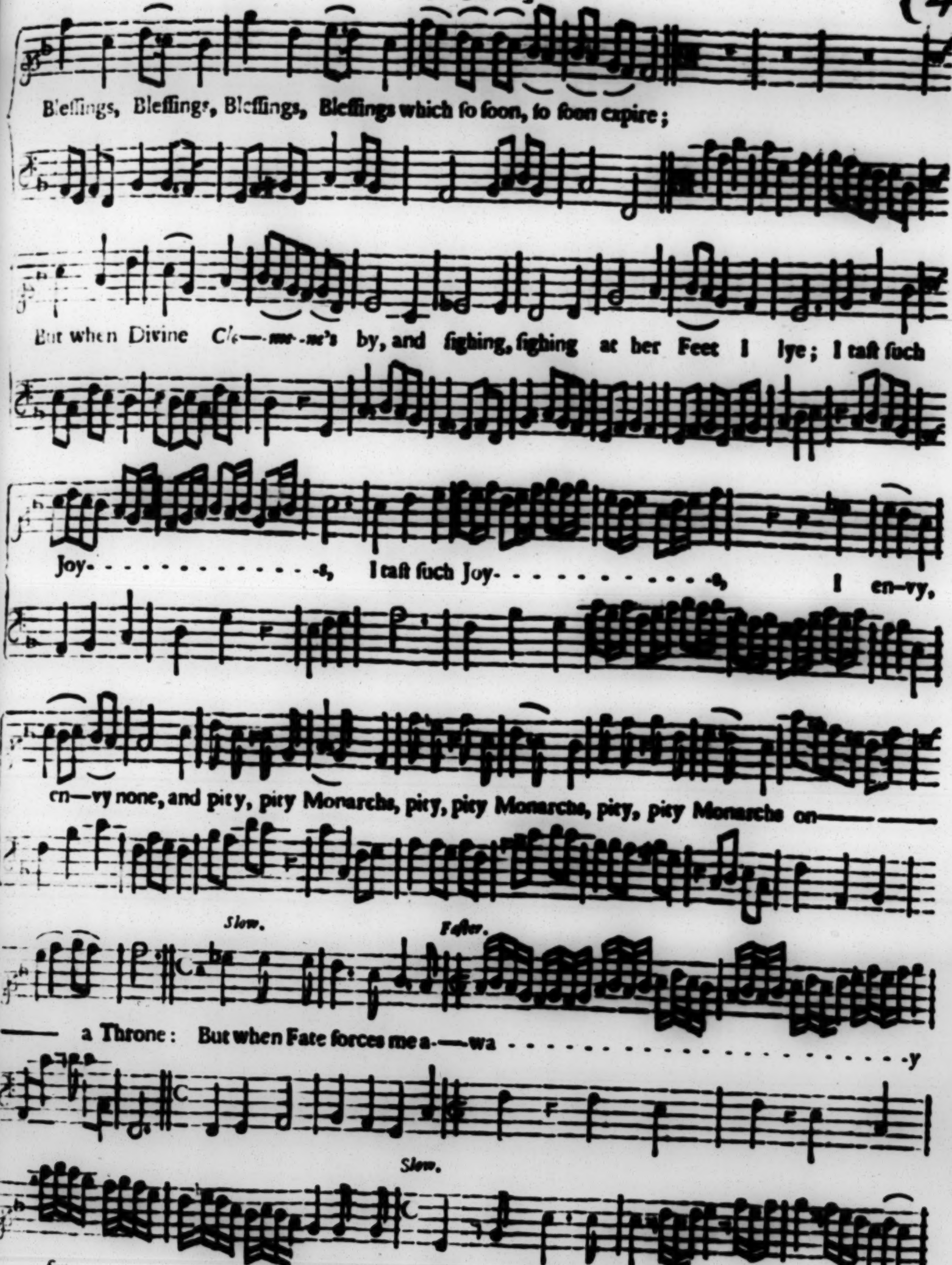
A SONG Sett by Mr. Samuel Akeroyde.

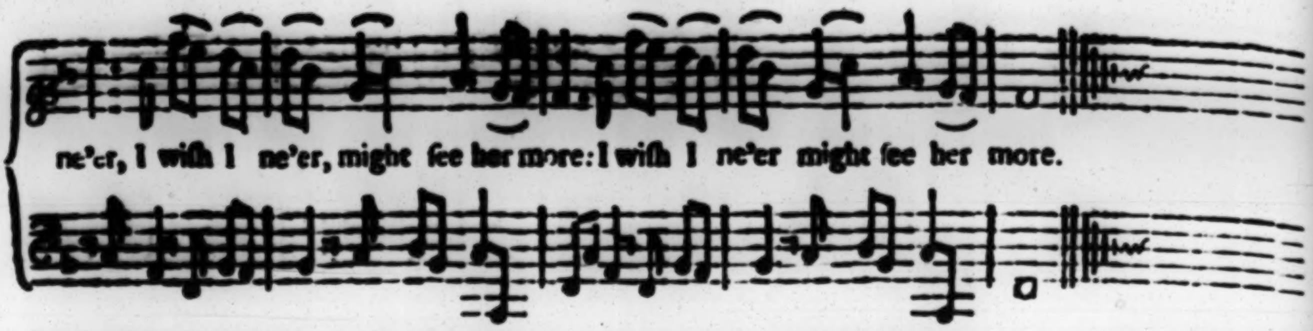

TOo late, too late a—las, a—las, I muſt confeſs, I
muſt confeſs you nee-——d no ar———t to mo— — ve me; ſuch, ſuch Charms by
nature you poſ-ſeſs, 'twere madneſs, 'twere mad— — — —neſs not to love you:


Then ſpare a heart you may ſurprize, and give my Tongue the glo—ry,
to boaſt, to boaſt, to boaſt, to boaſt, tho' my un—faith—ful Eyes betray, a kin-der, kinder,
kinder, kinder ſto—ry; betray, a kin-der, kinder, kinder, kinder, kin-der ſto-ry.

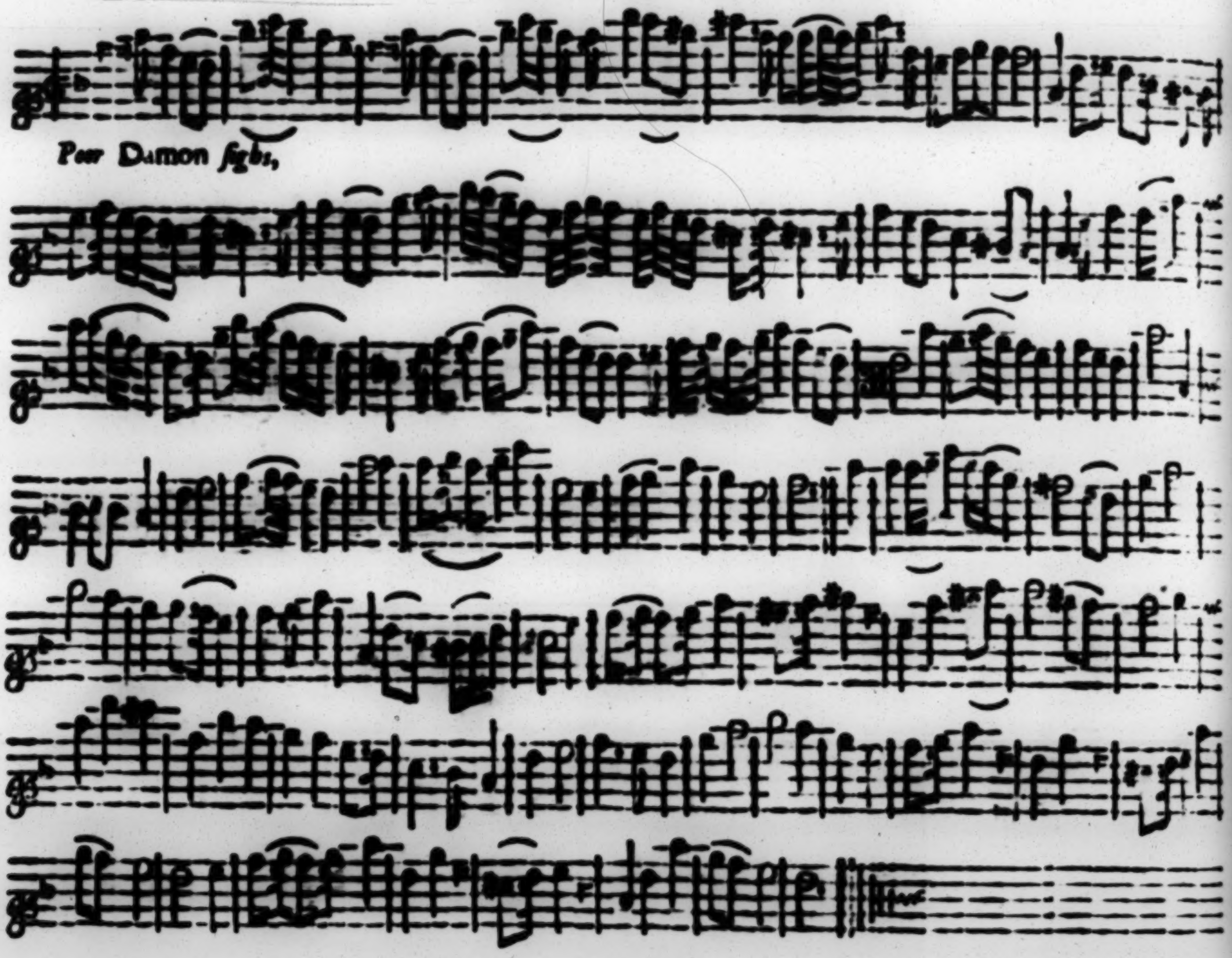
A SONG Sett by Mr. Wilford.

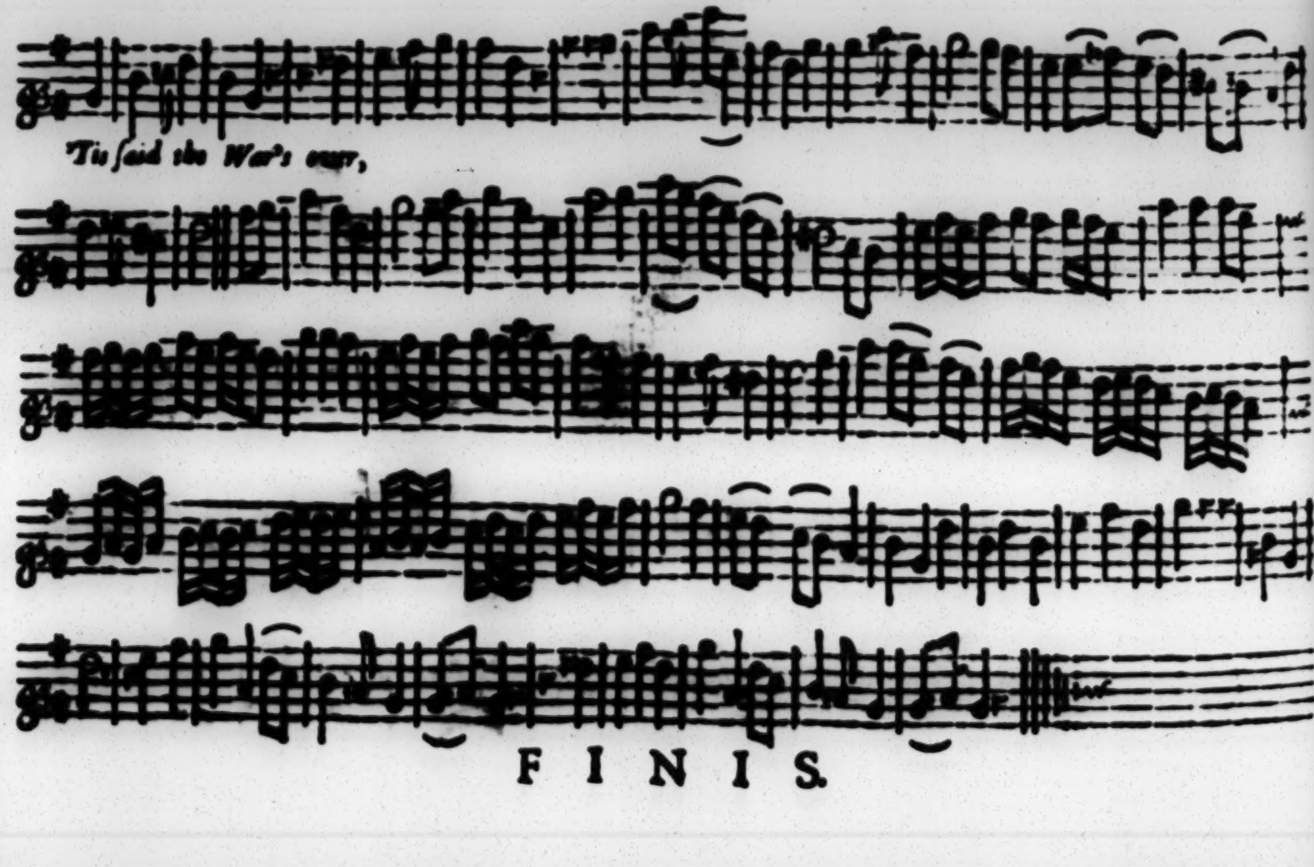

WHo, who, who wou'd value Pleaſure here, or a—ny thing, or a—ry
thing, or a—ny thing the world, the world— — — — — — the world counts dear; What
man of Sence wou'd e'er deſire, wou'd e're deſire, e'er, e'er, e'er deſire, Bleſſings which ſo ſoon expire;


Bleſſings, Bleſſings, Bleſſings, Bleſſings which ſo ſoon, ſo ſoon expire;
But when Divine Cl—me-ne's by, and ſighing, ſighing at her Feet I lye; I taſt ſuch
Joy- - - - - - - - - - - - - - -s, I taſt ſuch Joy- - - - - - - - - - - -s, I en—vy,
en—vy none, and pity, pity Monarchs, pity, pity Monarchs, pity, pity Monarchs on———
——— a Throne: But when Fate forces me a—wa- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -y
Slow.
Faſter.
fro- - - - - - - - -m the dear Saint, to whom, to who- - - - - - - - - - -m I
Slow.
pray; ſuch pain I ſuffer on that ſcore, I wiſh I ne'er, I wiſh I ne'er, I ne'er, I


ne'er, I wiſh I ne'er, might ſee her more: I wiſh I ne'er might ſee her more.

Tunes for the FLUTE.


Poor Damon ſighs,


'Tis ſaid the War's over,

FINIS.

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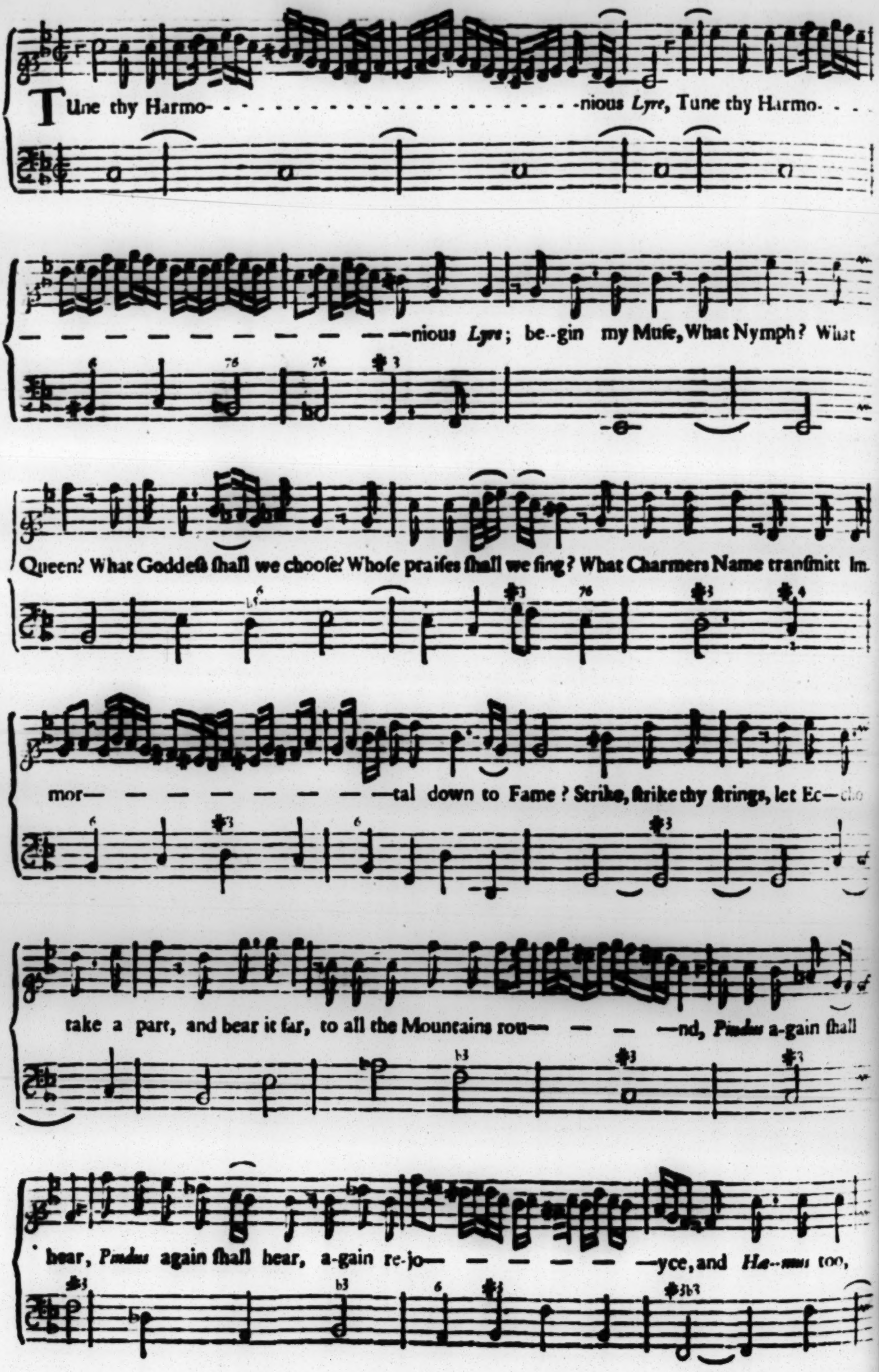
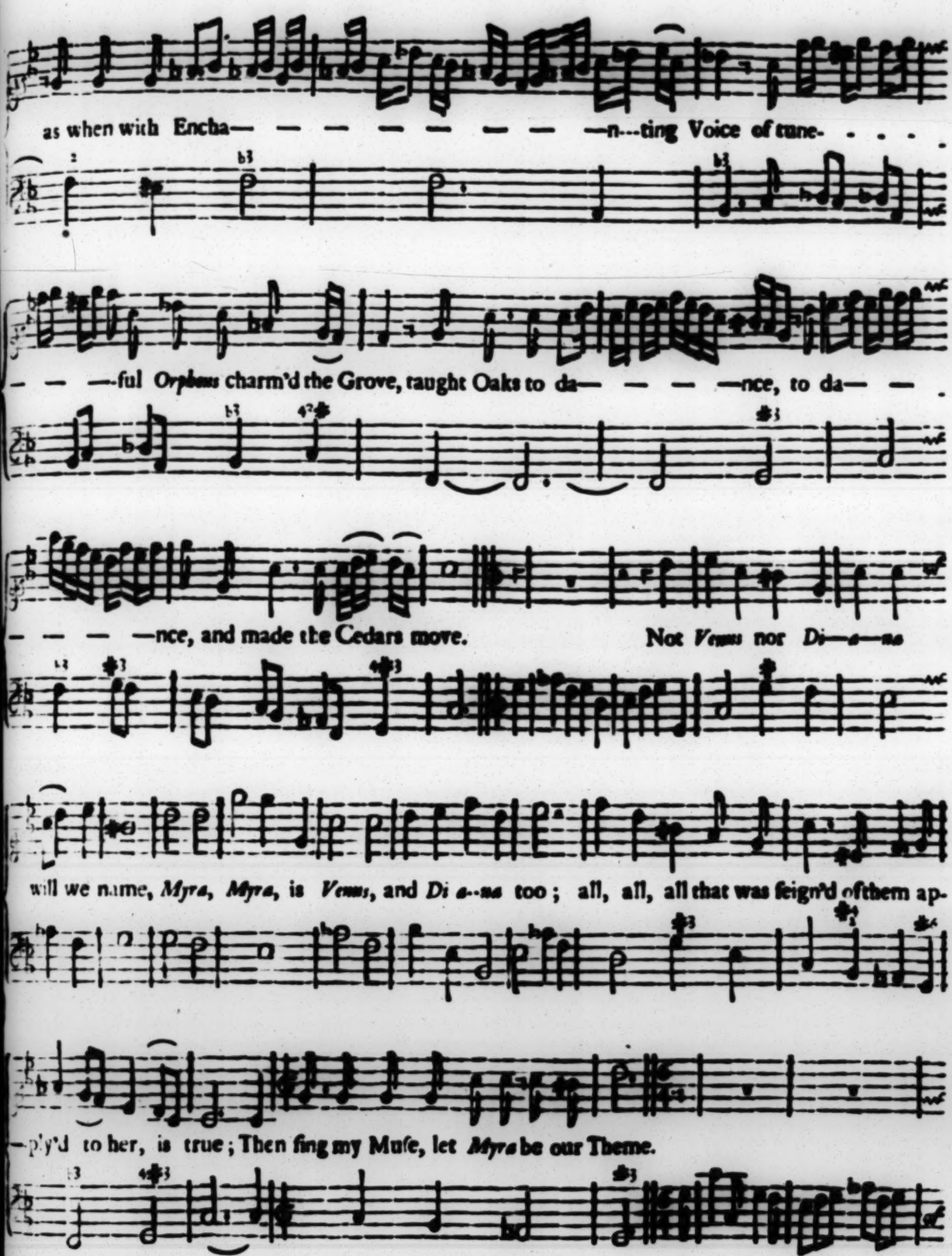
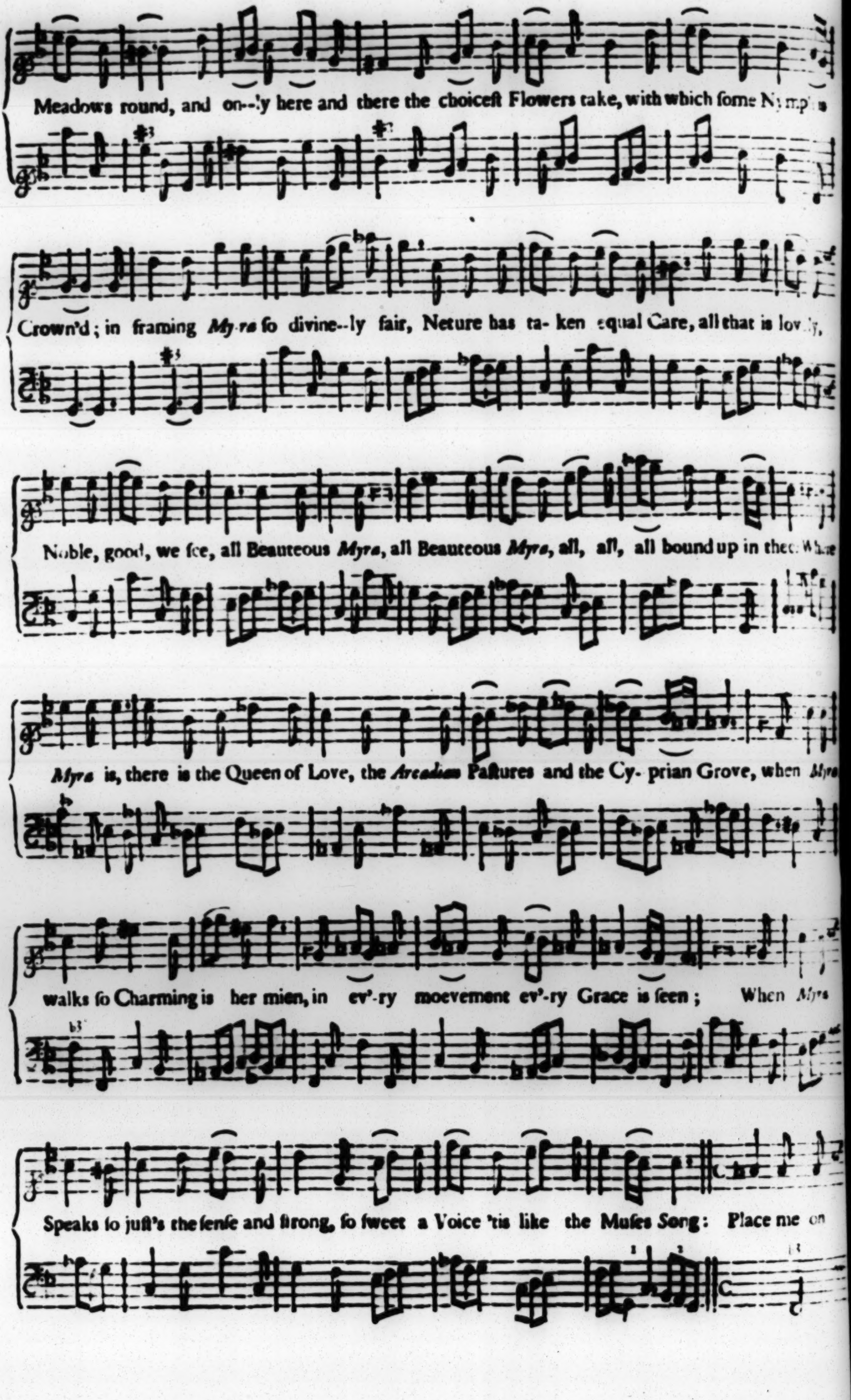
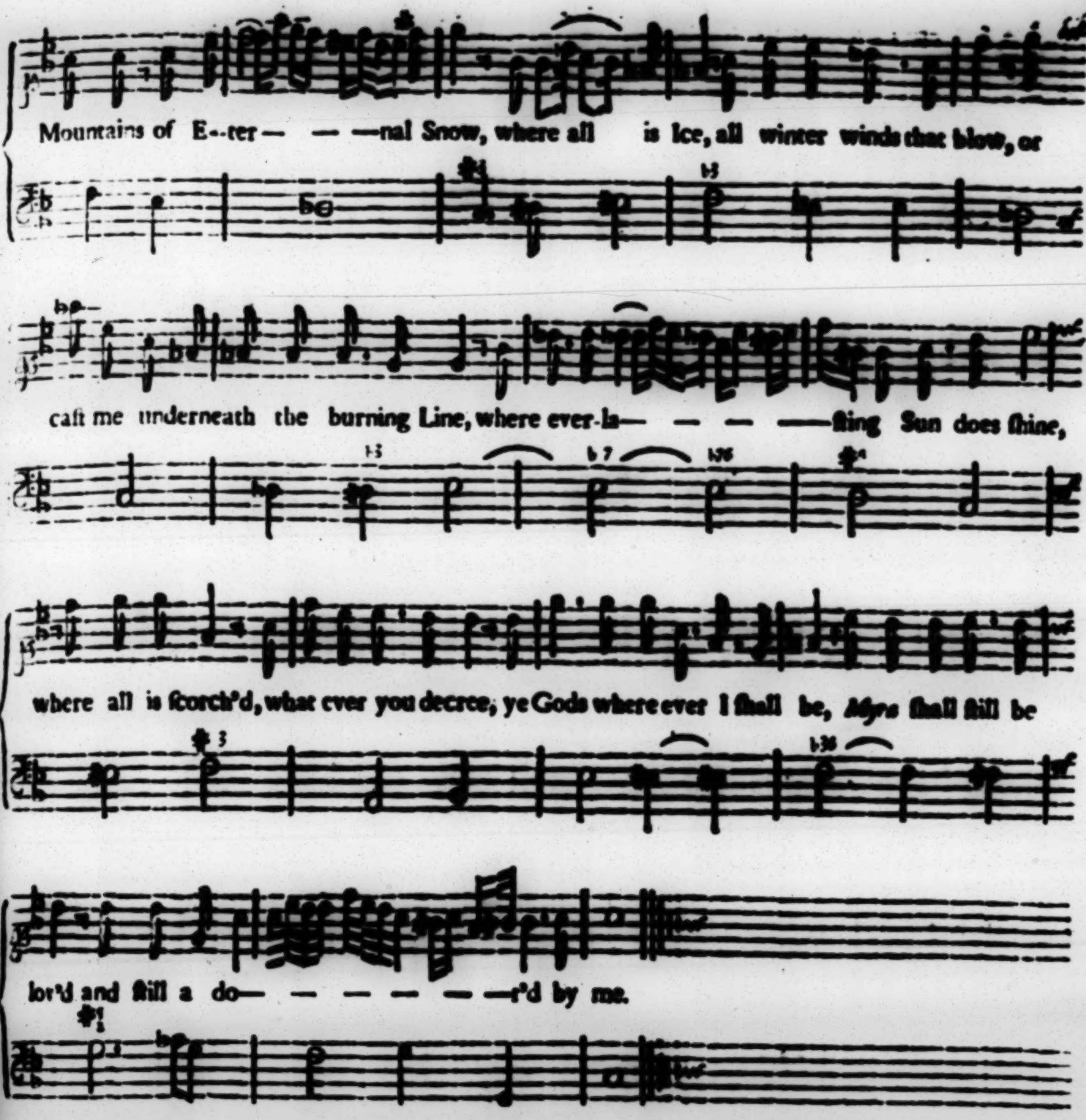
A SONG Set by Mr. Church.

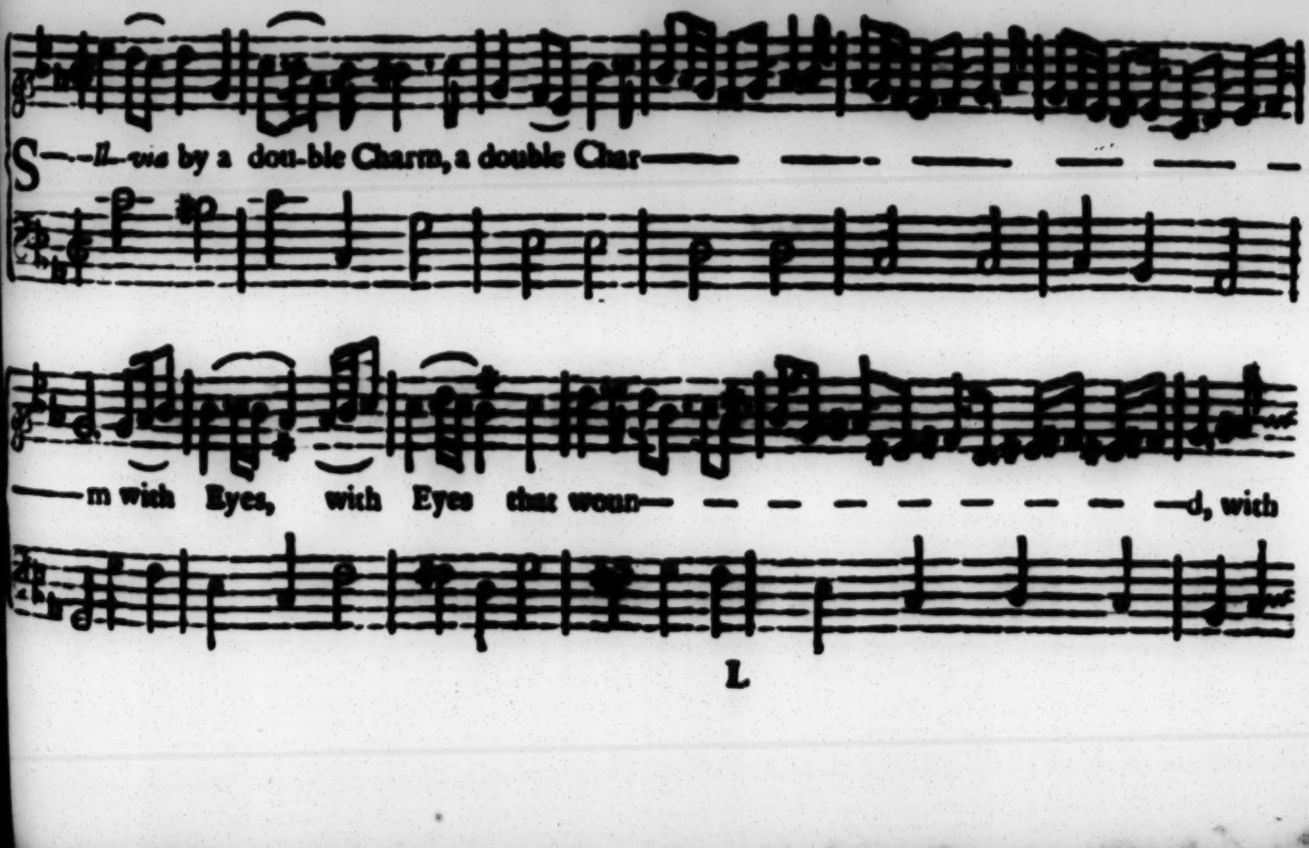

Tune thy Harmo- - - - -nious *Lyre*, Tune thy Harmo- - -
— — —nious *Lyre*; be-gin my Muſe, What Nymph? What
Queen? What Goddeſs ſhall we chooſe? Whoſe praiſes ſhall we ſing? What Charmers Name tranſmitt Im-
mor— — —tal down to Fame? Strike, ſtrike thy ſtrings, let Ec—cho
take a part, and bear it far, to all the Mountains rou— — —nd, *Pindus* a-gain ſhall
hear, *Pindus* again ſhall hear, a-gain re-jo— — —yce, and *Ha-mus* too,

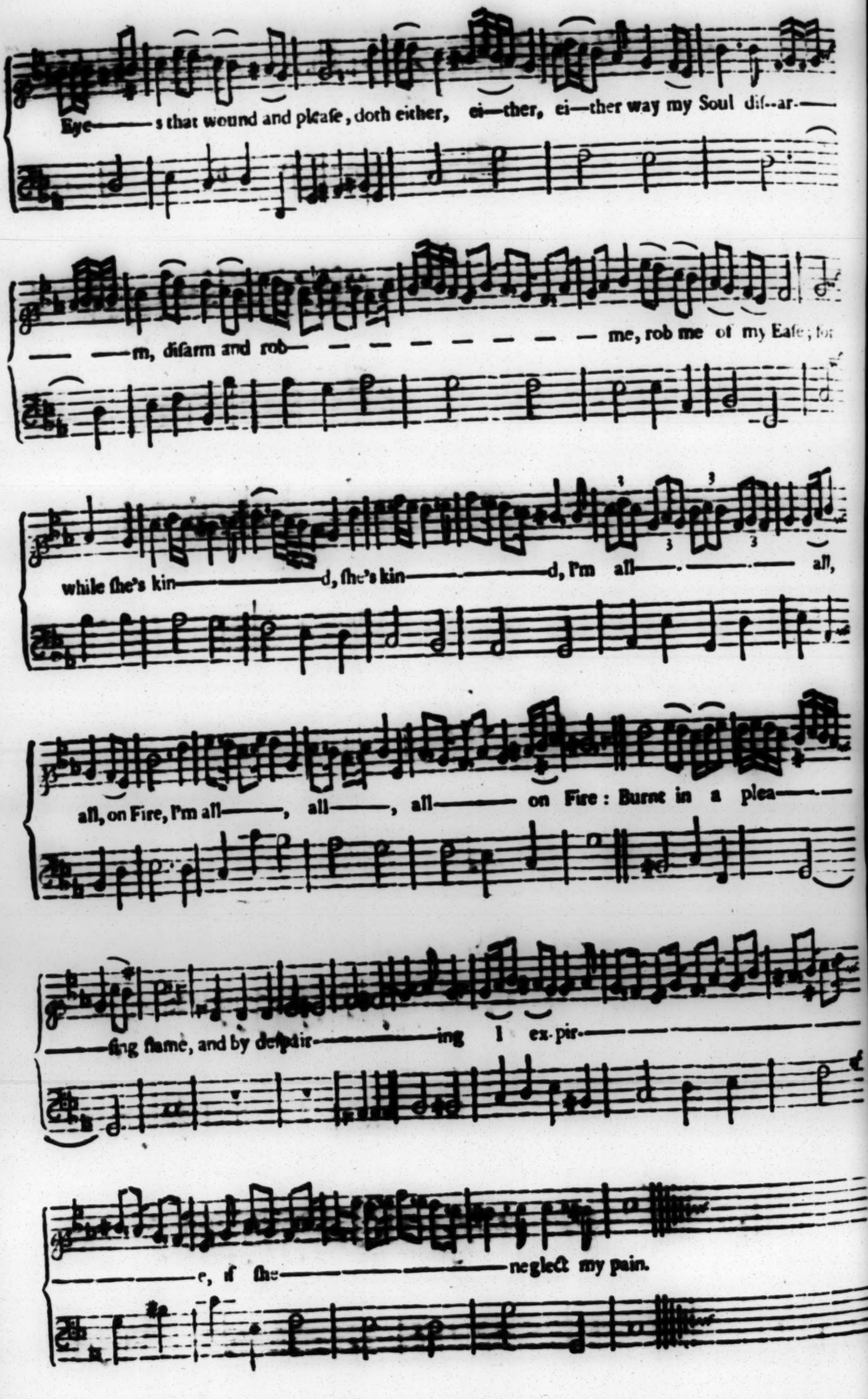

as when with Encha— — — — — — — — —n---ting Voice of tune- - - - -
— — —-ful *Orpheus* charm'd the Grove, taught Oaks to da— — — —nce, to da— — —
— — — —nce, and made the Cedars move. Not *Venus* nor *Di—a—na*
will we name, *Myra*, *Myra*, is *Venus*, and *Di a--na* too; all, all, all that was feign'd of them ap-
—ply'd to her, is true; Then sing my Muse, let *Myra* be our Theme.
As when the Shepherds do their Gar--land make, thy search with pains the Fragrant


Meadows round, and on--ly here and there the choiceſt Flowers take, with which ſome Nymphs
Crown'd; in framing *Myra* ſo divine--ly fair, Neture has ta- ken equal Care, all that is lovely,
Noble, good, we ſee, all Beauteous *Myra*, all Beauteous *Myra*, all, all, all bound up in thee: Where
Myra is, there is the Queen of Love, the *Arcadian* Paſtures and the Cy- prian Grove, when *Myra*
walks ſo Charming is her mien, in ev'-ry moevement ev'-ry Grace is ſeen; When *Myra*
Speaks ſo juſt's the ſenſe and ſtrong, ſo ſweet a Voice 'tis like the Muſes Song: Place me on

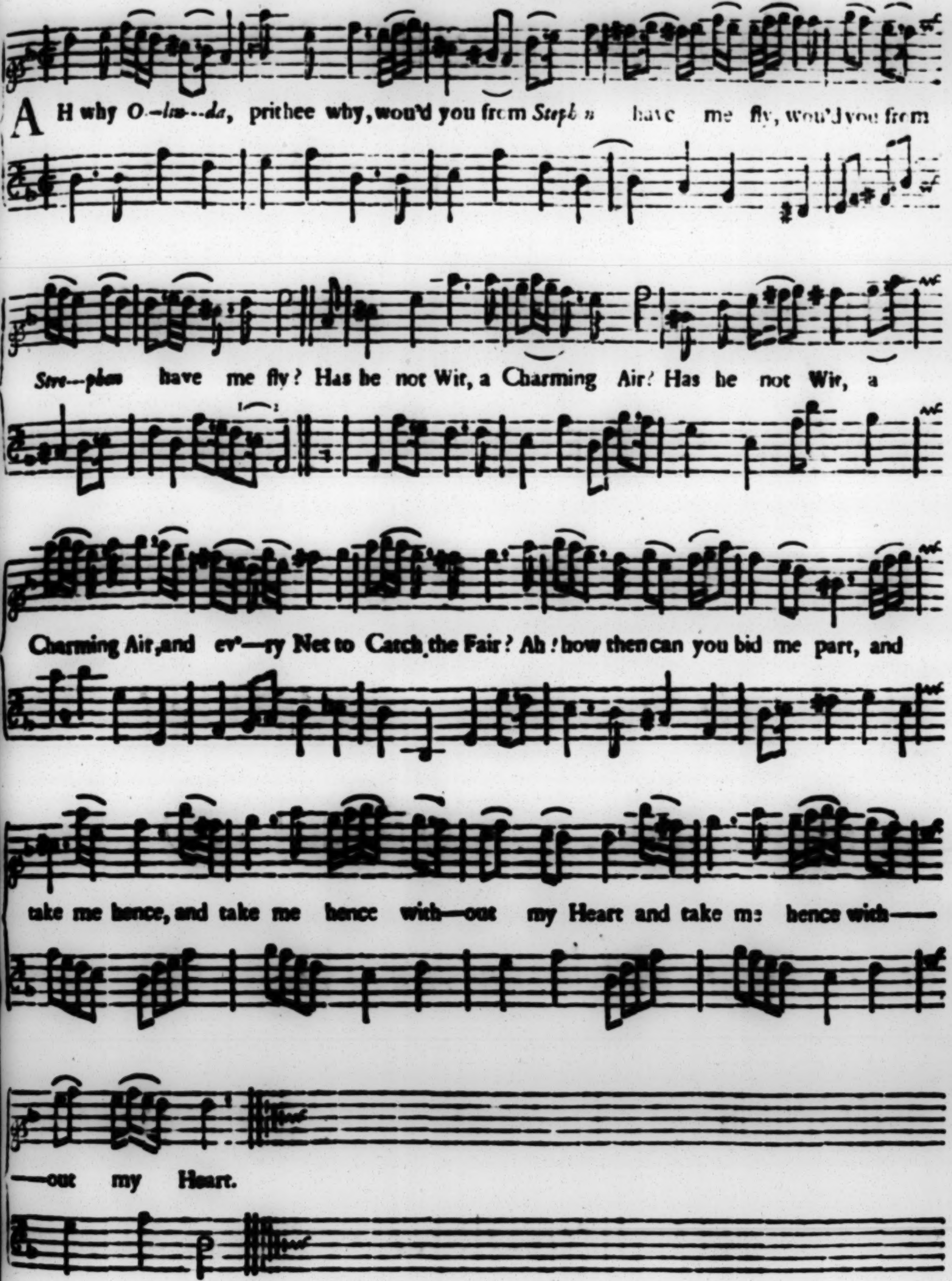

Mountains of E--ter— — —nal Snow, where all is Ice, all winter winds that blow, or
caſt me underneath the burning Line, where ever-la— — — — —ſting Sun does ſhine,
where all is ſcorch'd, what ever you decree, ye Gods where ever I ſhall be, *Myra* ſhall ſtill be
lov'd and ſtill a do— — — — — — —r'd by me.

A SONG Sett by Mr. Clark.


S—-*ll-via* by a dou-ble Charm, a double Char— — — — — — —
——m with Eyes, with Eyes that woun— — — — — — — — — —d, with

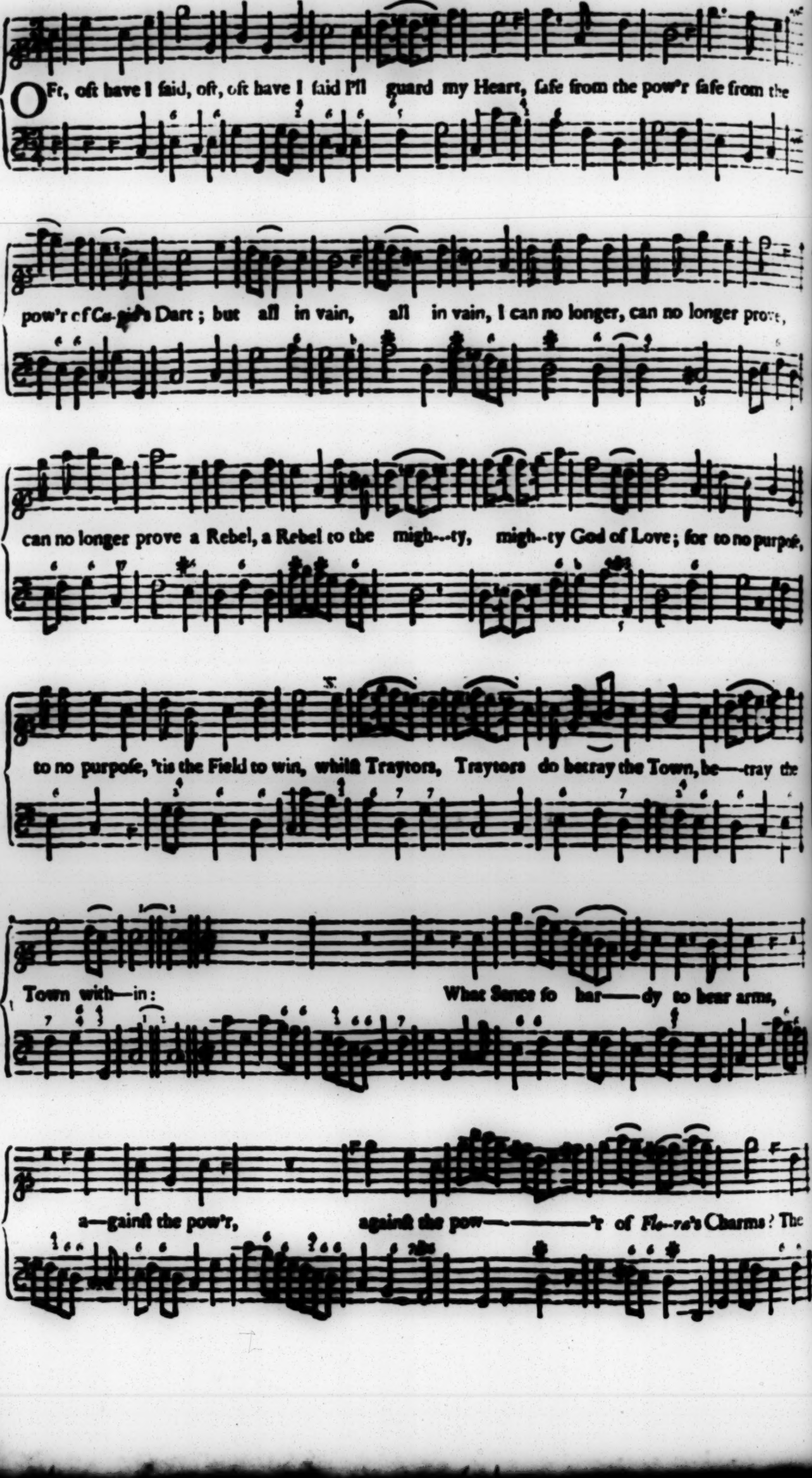

Eye——s that wound and pleaſe, doth either, ei—ther, ei—ther way my Soul diſ--ar——
—— ——m, diſarm and rob— — — — — — — — — — — me, rob me of my Eaſe; for
while ſhe's kin——————d, ſhe's kin——————d, I'm all——.————— all,
all, on Fire, I'm all———, all———, all——— on Fire: Burnt in a plea———
———ſing flame, and by deſpair————————ing I ex-pir——————
——————e, if ſhe————————————neglect my pain.

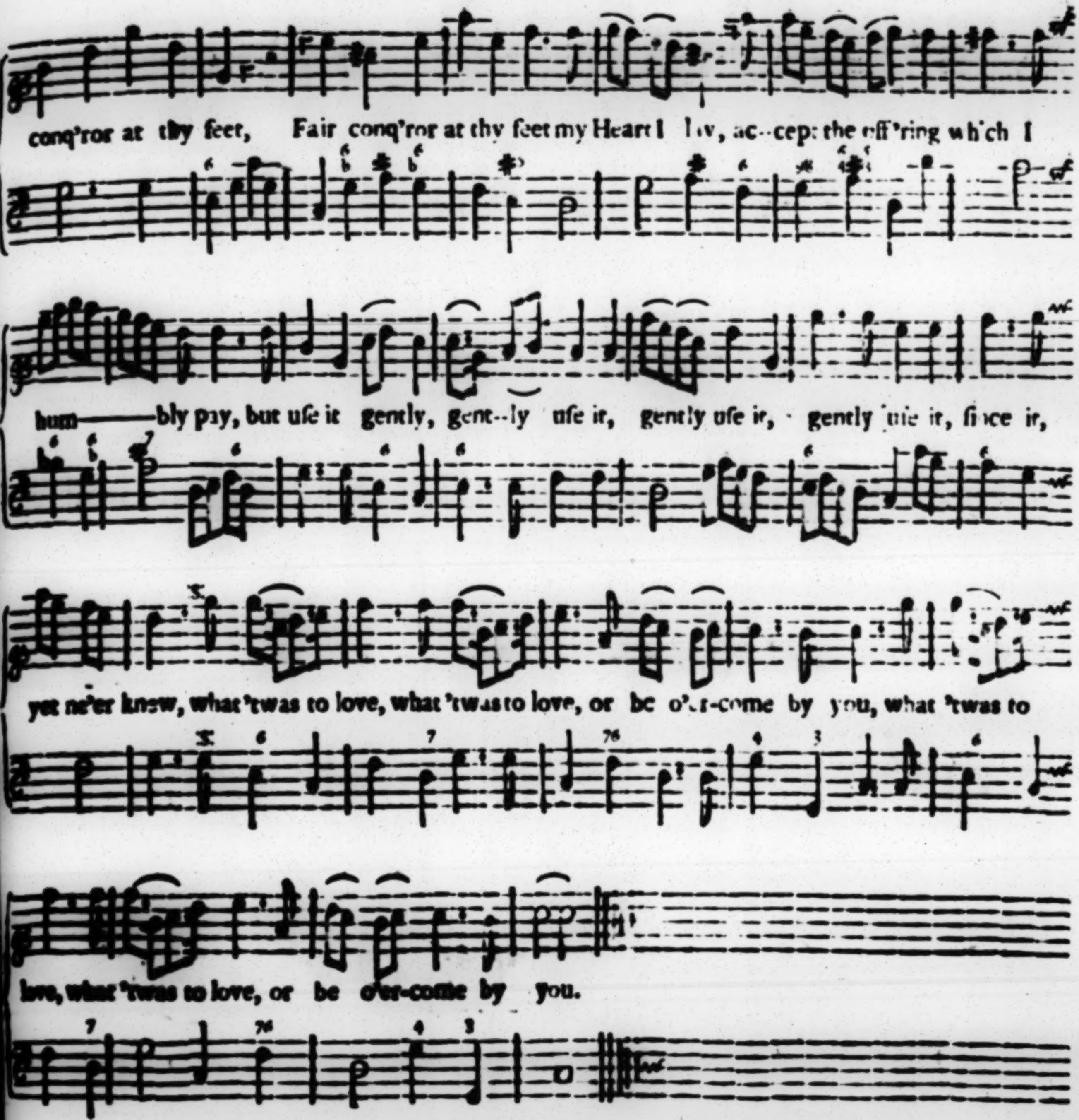
A SONG Set by Mr. Thomas Wroth


AH why O-lin-da, prithee why, wou'd you from Strephon have me fly, wou'd you from
Stre--phon have me fly? Has he not Wit, a Charming Air? Has he not Wit, a
Charming Air, and ev'--ry Net to Catch the Fair? Ah! how then can you bid me part, and
take me hence, and take me hence with—out my Heart and take me hence with——
—out my Heart.

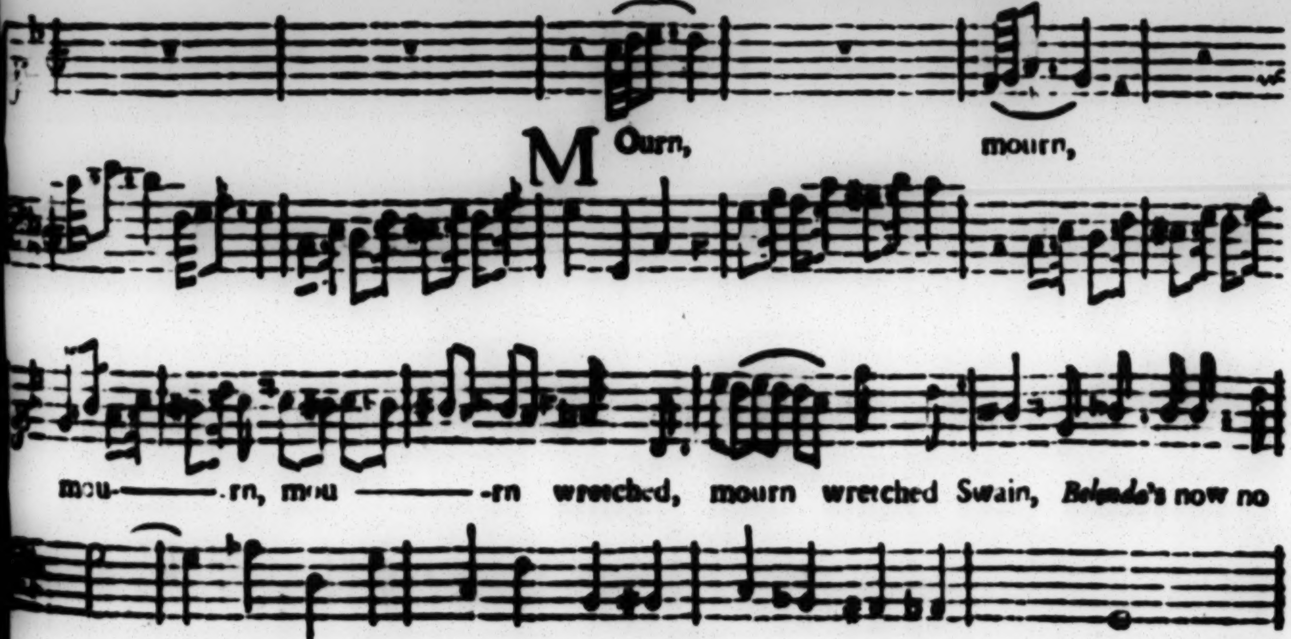
Rich Palaces and gawdy ſhew,
Perhaps may pleaſing be to you,
Perhaps may &c.
But in theſe Groves my bliſs I find,
But in theſe &c.
For here my *Strephon* firſt was kind;
Then how *Olinda* can I part,
From him that keeps, from him that keeps my tender Heart,
From him that keeps my tender Heart?

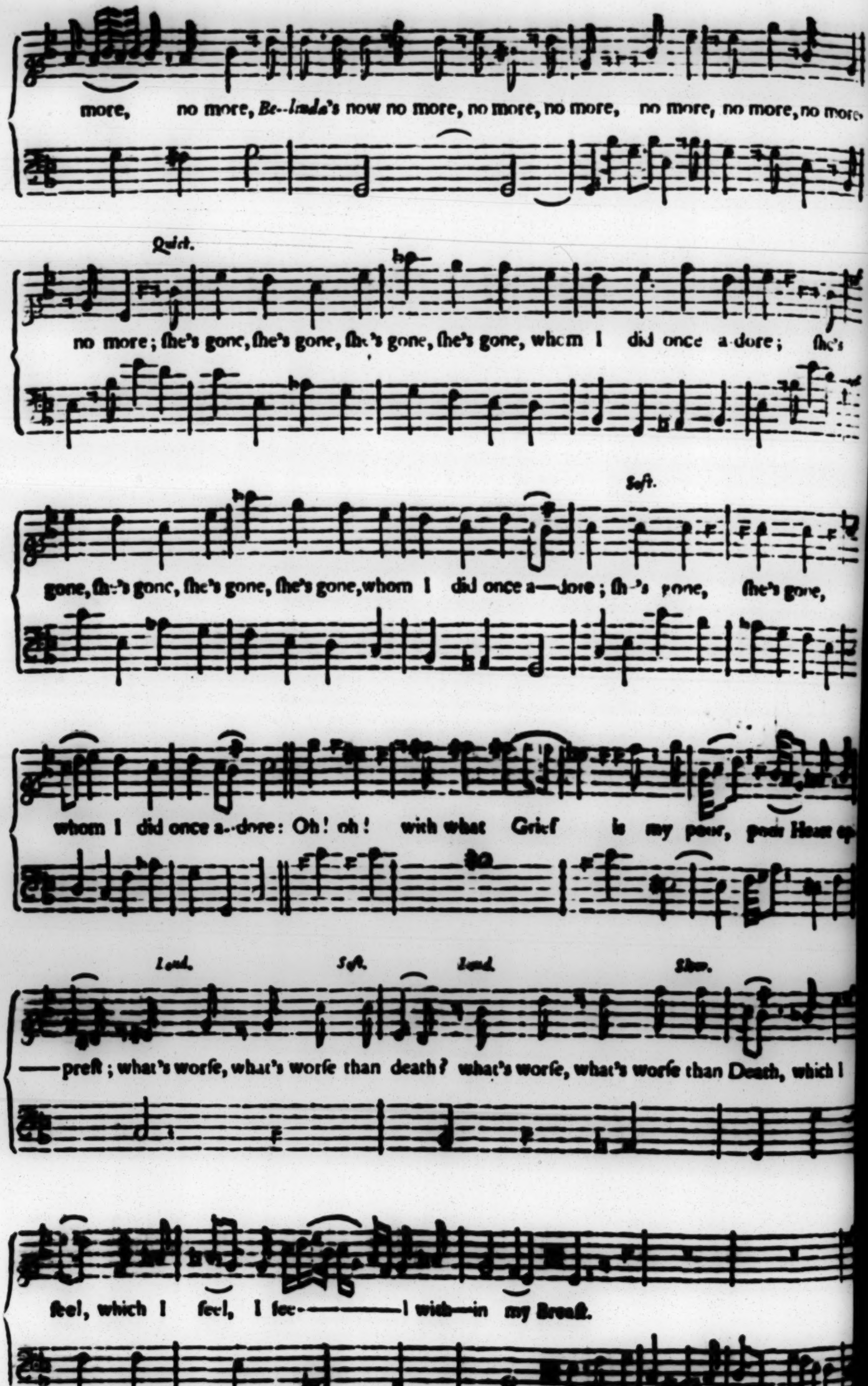
A SONG Sett by Mr. W. T.

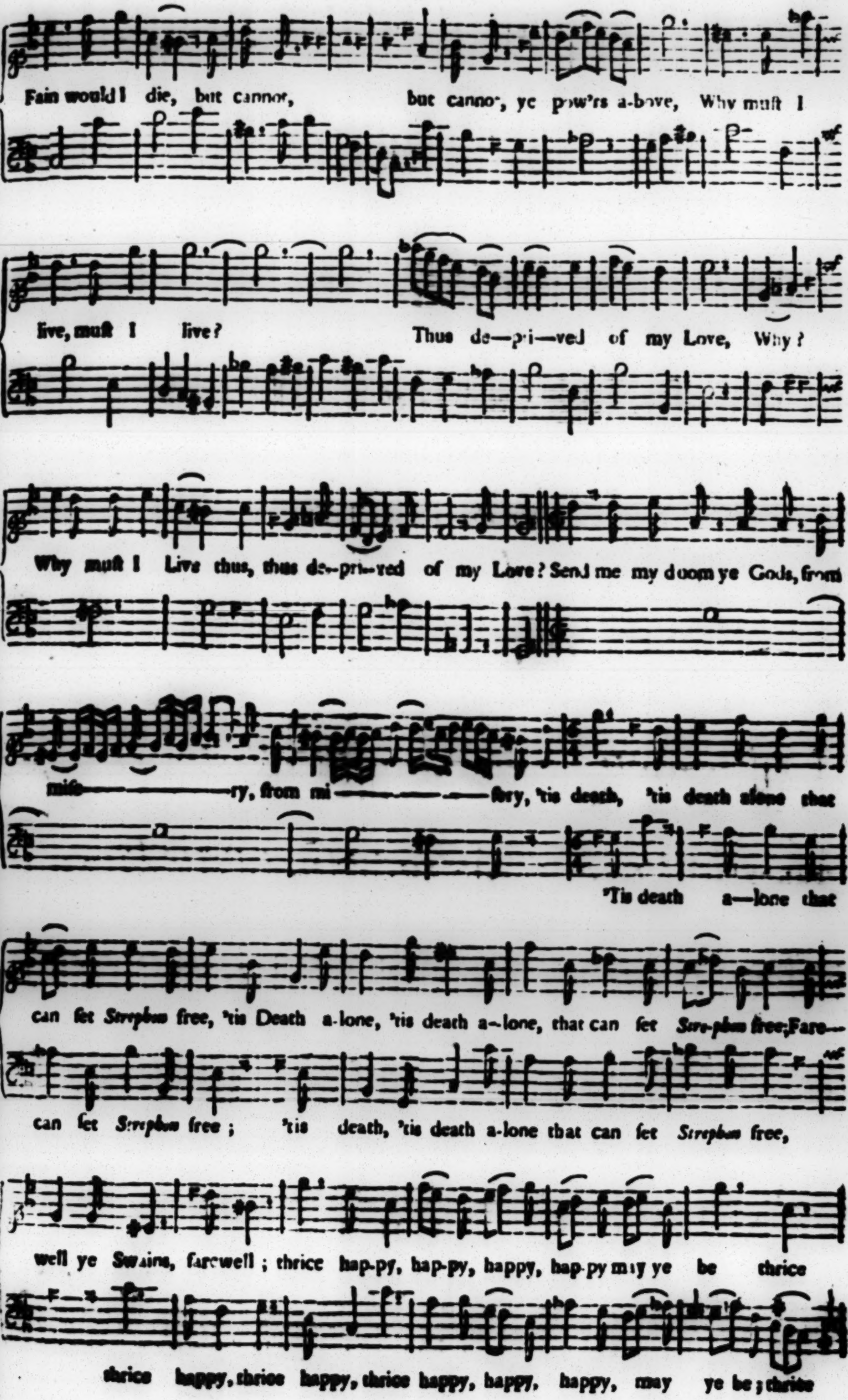

OFt, oft have I ſaid, oft, oft have I ſaid I'll guard my Heart, ſafe from the pow'r ſafe from the
pow'r of Cu-pid's Dart; but all in vain, all in vain, I can no longer, can no longer prove,
can no longer prove a Rebel, a Rebel to the migh---ty, migh--ty God of Love; for to no purpoſe,
to no purpoſe, 'tis the Field to win, whilſt Traytors, Traytors do betray the Town, be---tray the
Town with---in: What Sence ſo har---dy to bear arms,
a---gainſt the pow'r, againſt the pow-----------'r of Flo--ra's Charms? The

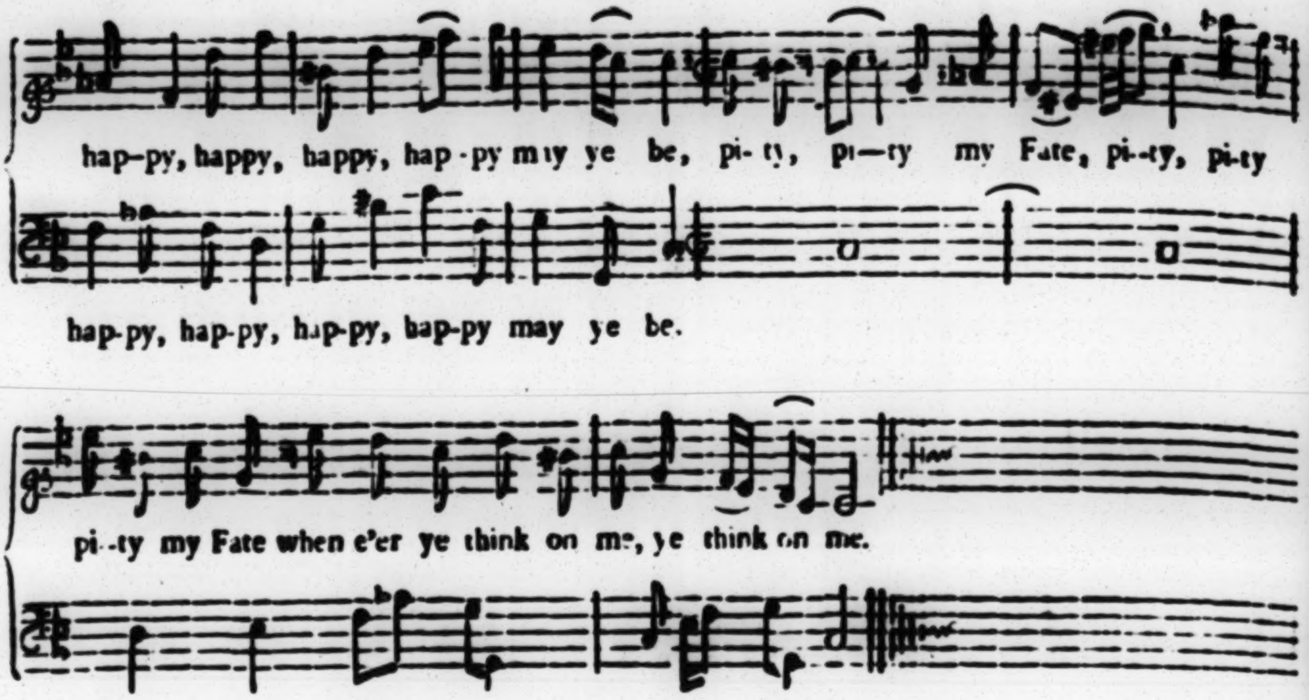

conq'ror at thy feet, Fair conq'ror at thy feet my Heart I lay, ac--cept the off'ring which I
hum——bly pay, but uſe it gently, gent--ly uſe it, gently uſe it, gently uſe it, ſince it,
yet ne'er knew, what 'twas to love, what 'twas to love, or be o'er-come by you, what 'twas to
love, what 'twas to love, or be o'er-come by you.

A SONG Sett by Mr. William Richardſon.

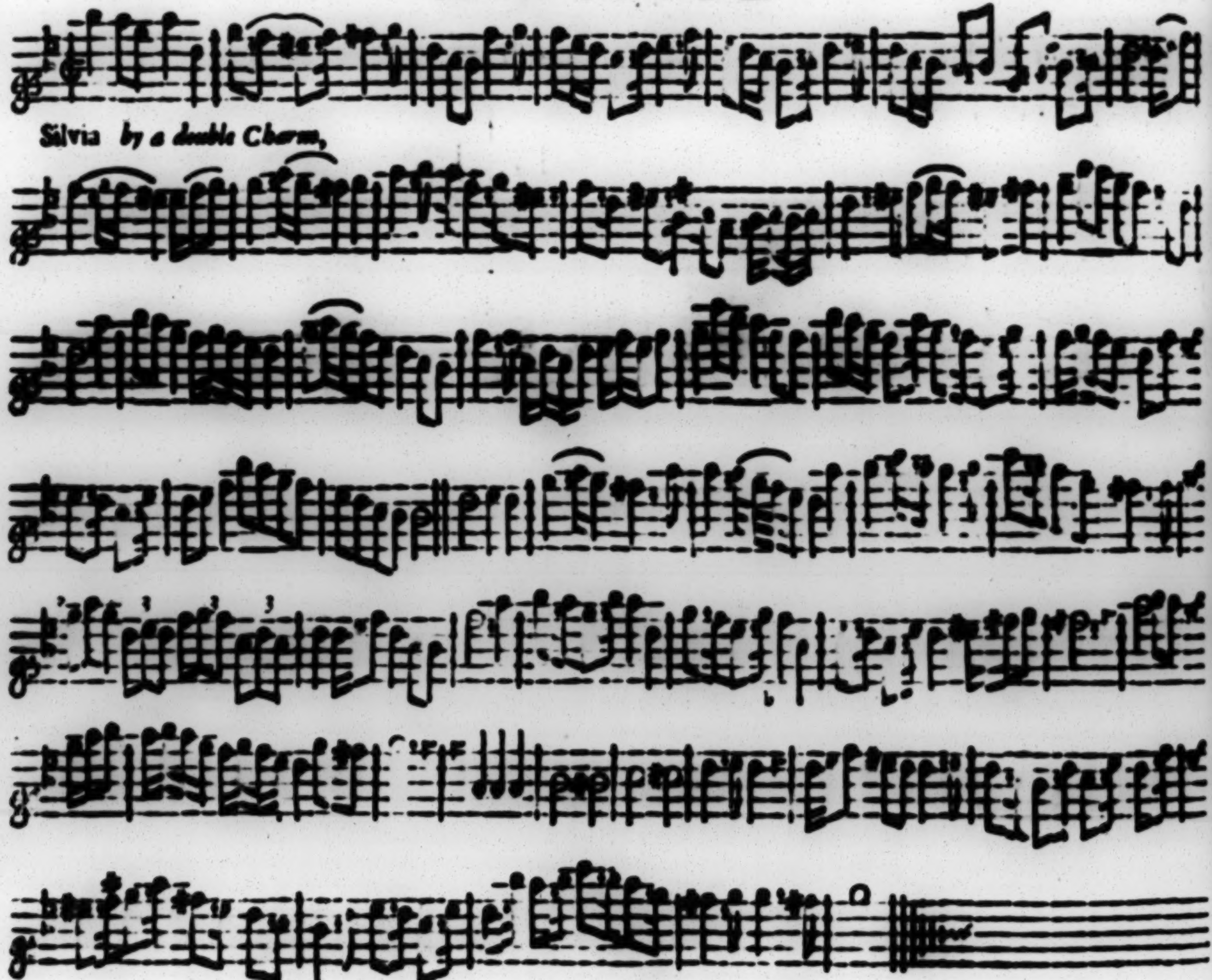

M Ourn, mourn,
mou——rn, mou——rn wretched, mourn wretched Swain, *Belinda's* now no


more, no more, Be-linda's now no more, no more, no more, no more, no more, no more,
Quick.
no more; she's gone, she's gone, she's gone, she's gone, whom I did once a-dore; she's
Soft.
gone, she's gone, she's gone, she's gone, whom I did once a—dore; she's gone, she's gone,
whom I did once a-dore: Oh! oh! with what Grief is my poor, poor Heart op
Loud. Soft. Loud. Slow.
—prest; what's worse, what's worse than death? what's worse, what's worse than Death, which I
feel, which I feel, I fee———l with—in my Breast.


Fain would I die, but cannot, but cannot, ye pow'rs a-bove, Why muſt I
live, muſt I live? Thus de—pri—ved of my Love, Why?
Why muſt I Live thus, thus de—pri—ved of my Love? Send me my doom ye Gods, from
miſe————ry, from mi————ſery, 'tis death, 'tis death alone that
'Tis death a—lone that
can ſet *Strephon* free, 'tis Death a-lone, 'tis death a-lone, that can ſet *Stre-phon* free; Fare—
can ſet *Strephon* free; 'tis death, 'tis death a-lone that can ſet *Strephon* free,
well ye Swains, farewell; thrice hap-py, hap-py, happy, hap-py may ye be thrice
thrice happy, thrice happy, thrice happy, happy, happy, may ye be; thrice


hap-py, happy, happy, hap-py may ye be, pi-ty, pi-ty my Fate, pi-ty, pi-ty
hap-py, hap-py, hap-py, hap-py may ye be.
pi-ty my Fate when e'er ye think on me, ye think on me.

For the FLUTE.


Silvia *by a double Charm,*

FINIS.

TWelve New SONGS, with a Thorow-Baſs Figur'd for the *Organ Harpſicord*, or *Spinet*, chiefly to Encourage *William Pearſon's* New *London* Character, Compos'd by Dr. *Blow*, Dr. *Turner*, Mr. *Nicola*, Mr. *Ralph Courteville*, Mr. *Samuel Akeroyde*, Mr. *John Eccles*, Mr. *Daniel Purcell*, Mr. *John Barrett*, Mr. *Williams* Mr. *John Church*, Mr. *William Croft*: With two New Dialogues Sett by Mr. *Jeremy Clark*, and ſingle Songs, Sung in the laſt Reviv'd Play call'd *The Island Princeſs* Or, *The Generous Portugueſe*; Newly made into an OPERA Printed by and for *William Pearſon* in *Red-Croſs-Alley in* Jewin-ſtreet, and Sold by *Mr. Playford* at the *Temple-Change Fleet-ſtreet*; Mrs. *Scott* at the *Middle-Temple-Gate* Mr. *J. Hare*, at the Golden *Viol* in St. *Paul's* Church-Yard, and at his Shop in *Freeman's-Yard* in *Corn-Hill* Mr. *Young* at the *Dolphin* and Crown in St. *Paul's* Church-Yard, and all other Muſick-Shops in Town, Price 1s 6 d.

MERCURIUS MUSICUS:

OR, THE

Monthly Collection

Of New TEACHING

SONGS,

(For the YEAR, 1700.)

Compos'd for, and Sung at the *THEATRES*, and other Publick Places.

WITH

An addition of *Two Part* SONGS; and a Thorough-BASS to each Song, for the *Harpſichord*, *Spinett*, or *BASS-VIOL*.

Such Tunes as are not in the Compaſs of the *FLUTE*, are Tranſpos'd at the End of the Book.

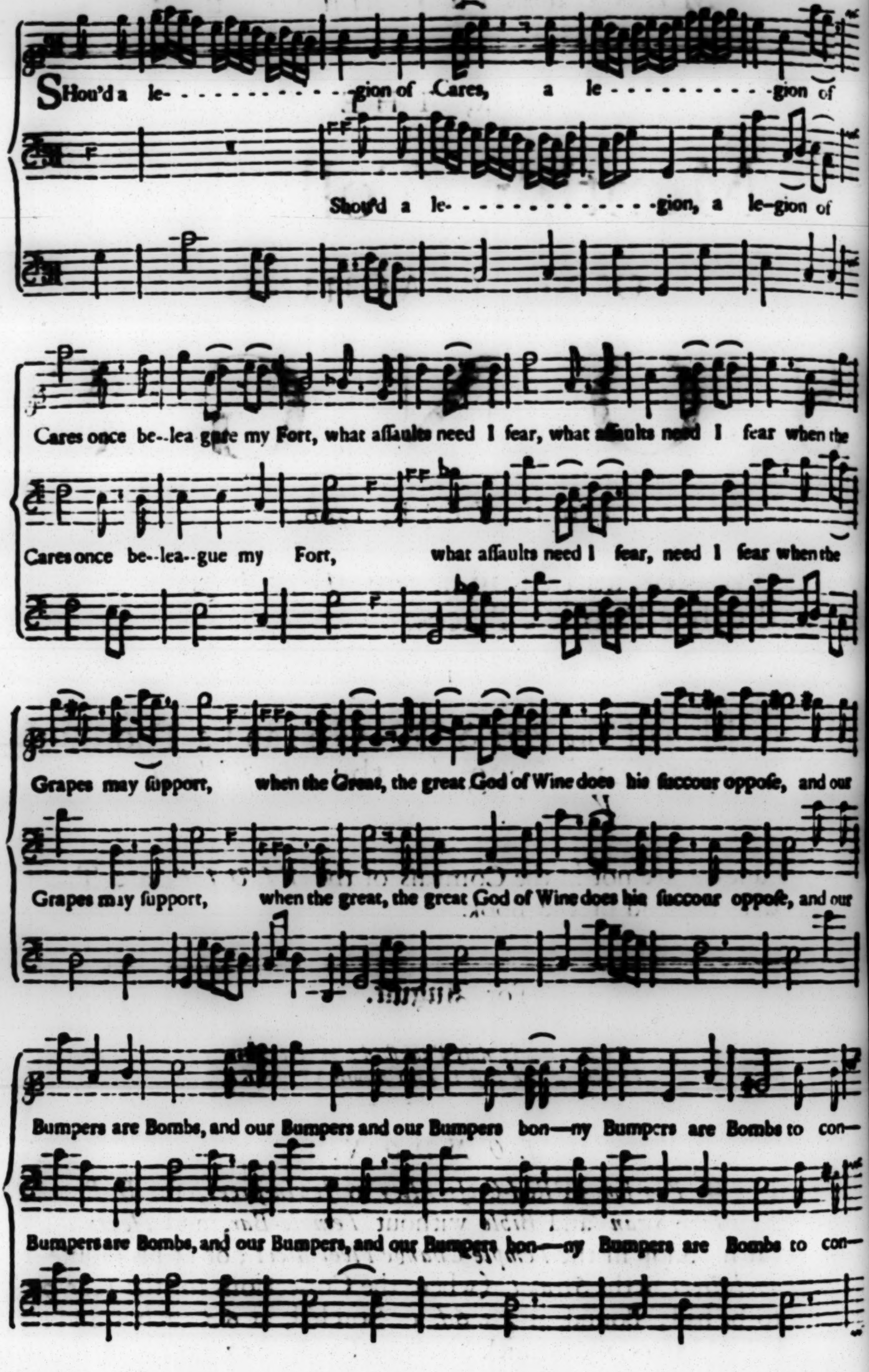
For **Auguſt.**

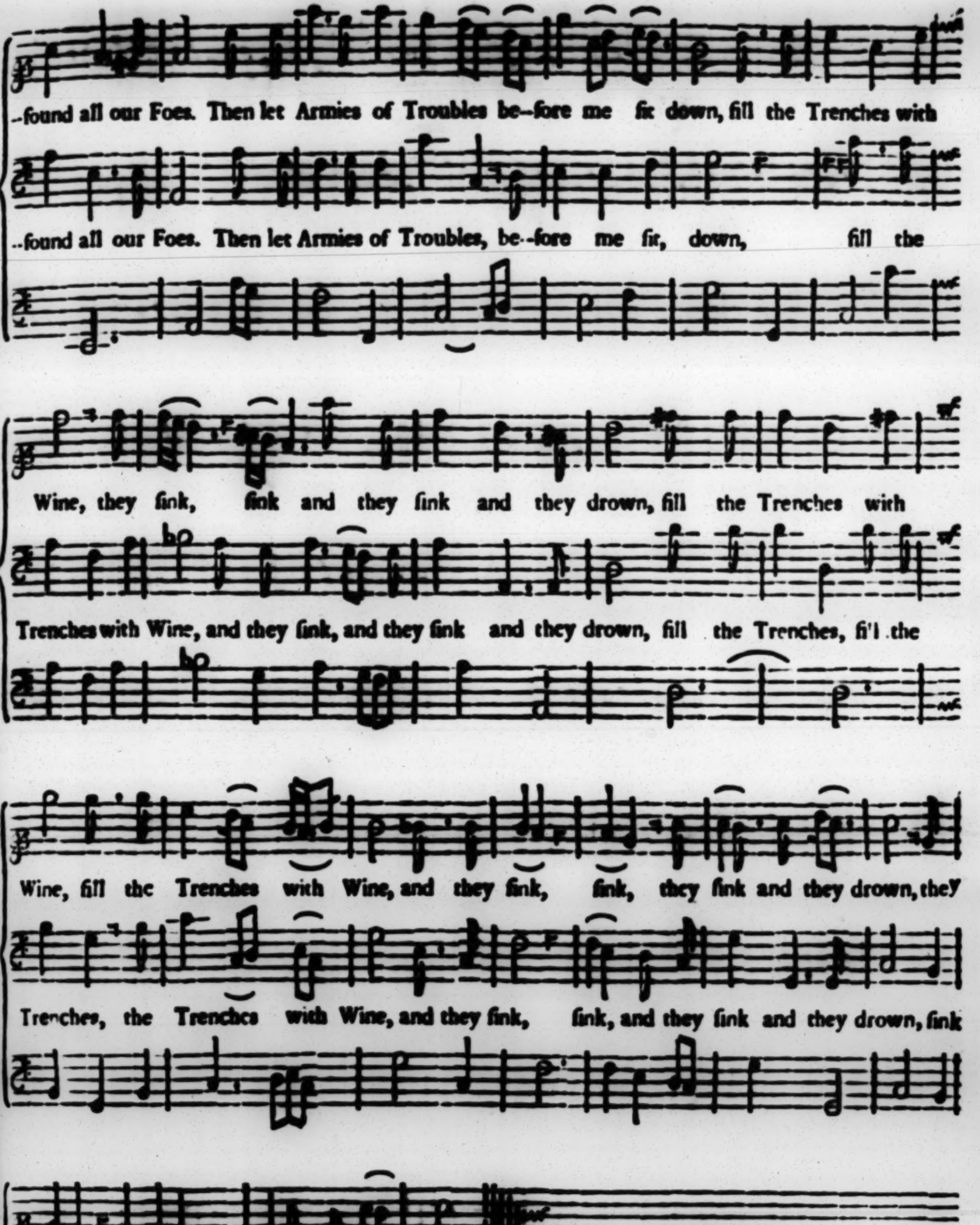
Theſe Collections *for the Future, will be duly Publiſhed: Where you may be ſure to meet with the Neweſt and Beſt in each Month.* Price 6 *d.*

LONDON:
Printed by *W. Pearſon*, in *Red-Croſs-Alley* in *Jewin-ſtreet*, for *D. Browne*,
at the *Black-Swan* and *Bible* without *Temple-Bar*, and *Henry Play-*
ford, at his Shop in the *Temple-Change Fleet-ſtreet*; or at his Houſe in
Arundel-ſtreet in the *Strand*, (where the Collections for the Year 99,
are to be had, Bound, at 3 *s.* 6*d.* or Stitch'd, at 6 *d.* each.) and at
moſt Bookſellers and Muſick-Shops in Town. 1700.

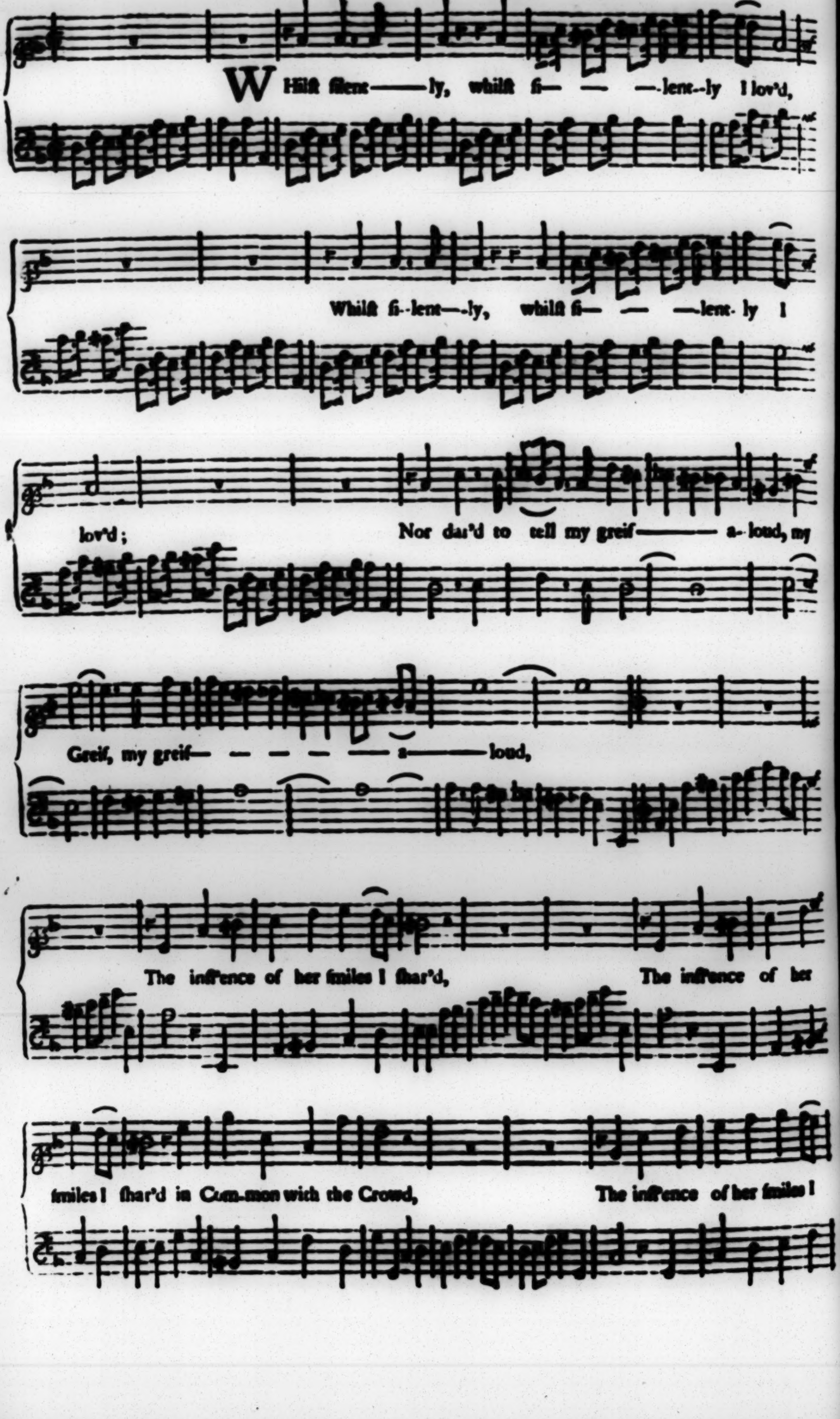
September will ſpeedily come forth.

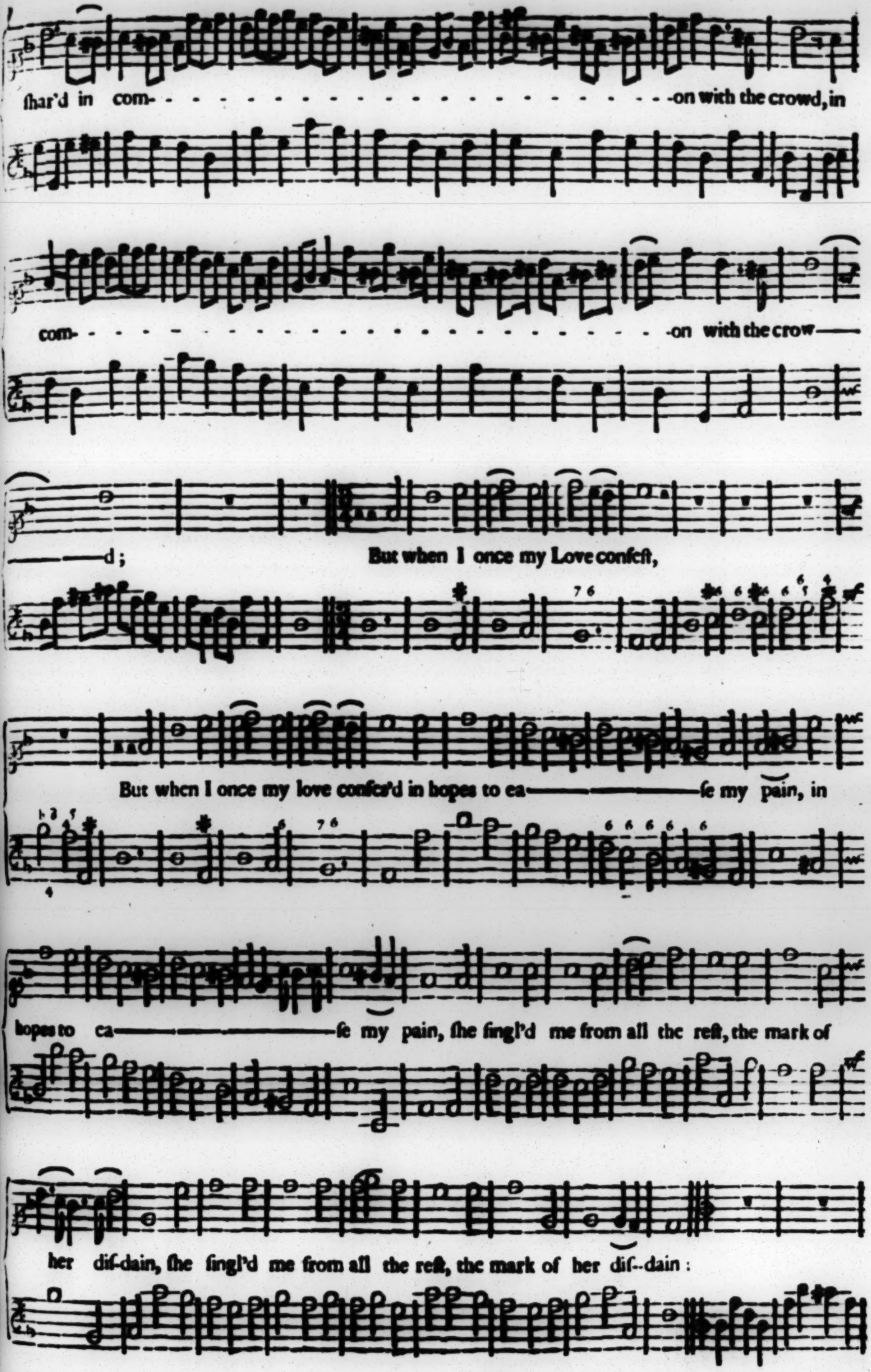
A Two Part SONG Sett by Mr. Henry Hall *of* Hereford.


SHou'd a le- - - - - - - - - - - - gion of Cares, a le- - - - - - - - - - gion of
Shou'd a le- - - - - - - - - - - - - gion, a le-gion of
Cares once be-lea gure my Fort, what aſſaults need I fear, what aſſaults need I fear when the
Cares once be-lea-gue my Fort, what aſſaults need I fear, need I fear when the
Grapes may ſupport, when the Great, the great God of Wine does his ſuccour oppoſe, and our
Grapes may ſupport, when the great, the great God of Wine does his ſuccour oppoſe, and our
Bumpers are Bombs, and our Bumpers and our Bumpers bon—ny Bumpers are Bombs to con—
Bumpers are Bombs, and our Bumpers, and our Bumpers bon—ny Bumpers are Bombs to con—

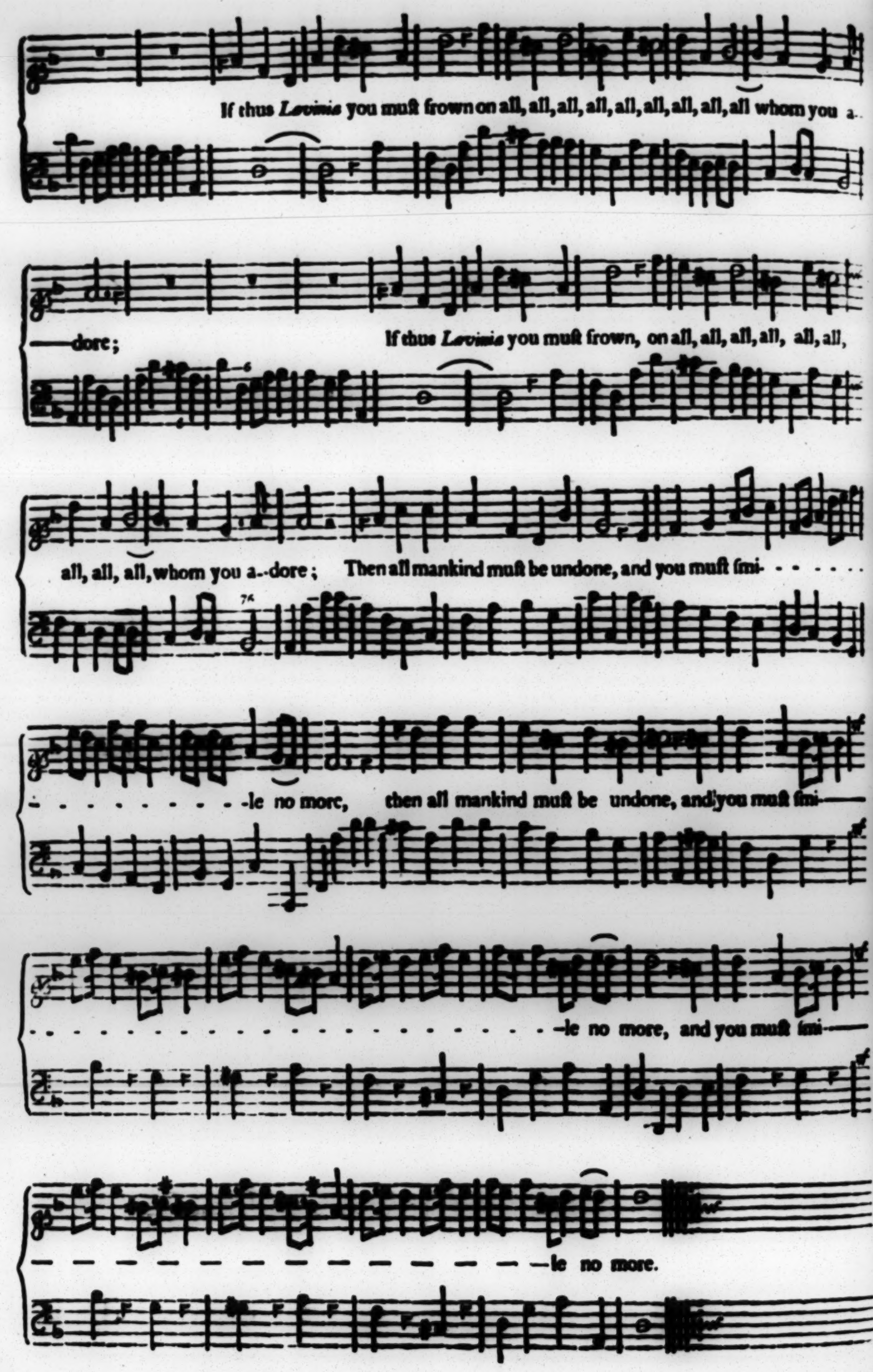

-found all our Foes. Then let Armies of Troubles be-fore me ſit down, fill the Trenches with
-found all our Foes. Then let Armies of Troubles, be-fore me ſit, down, fill the
Wine, they ſink, ſink and they ſink and they drown, fill the Trenches with
Trenches with Wine, and they ſink, and they ſink and they drown, fill the Trenches, fill the
Wine, fill the Trenches with Wine, and they ſink, ſink, they ſink and they drown, they
Trenches, the Trenches with Wine, and they ſink, ſink, and they ſink and they drown, ſink
ſink, ſink, ſink and they drown.
ſink, ſink, ſink and they ſink, and they drown.

A SONG Sett by Mr. Daniel Purcell.

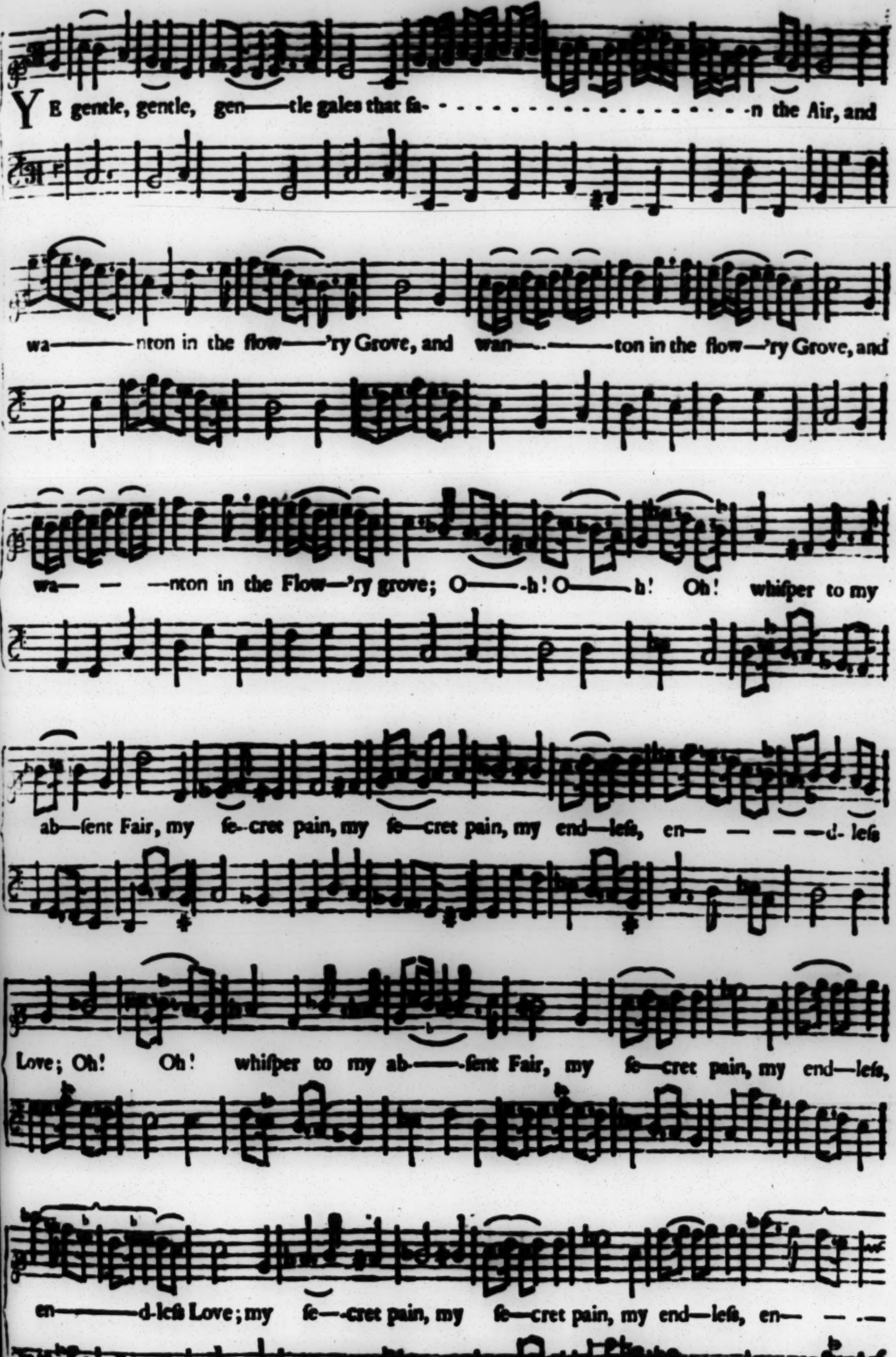

WHilſt ſilent——ly, whilſt ſi— — —lent--ly I lov'd,
Whilſt ſi--lent—-ly, whilſt ſi— — —lent- ly I
lov'd; Nor dar'd to tell my greif——— a- loud, my
Greif, my greif— — — — — —— a——— loud,
The inf'ence of her ſmiles I ſhar'd, The inf'ence of her
ſmiles I ſhar'd in Com-mon with the Crowd, The inf'ence of her ſmiles I

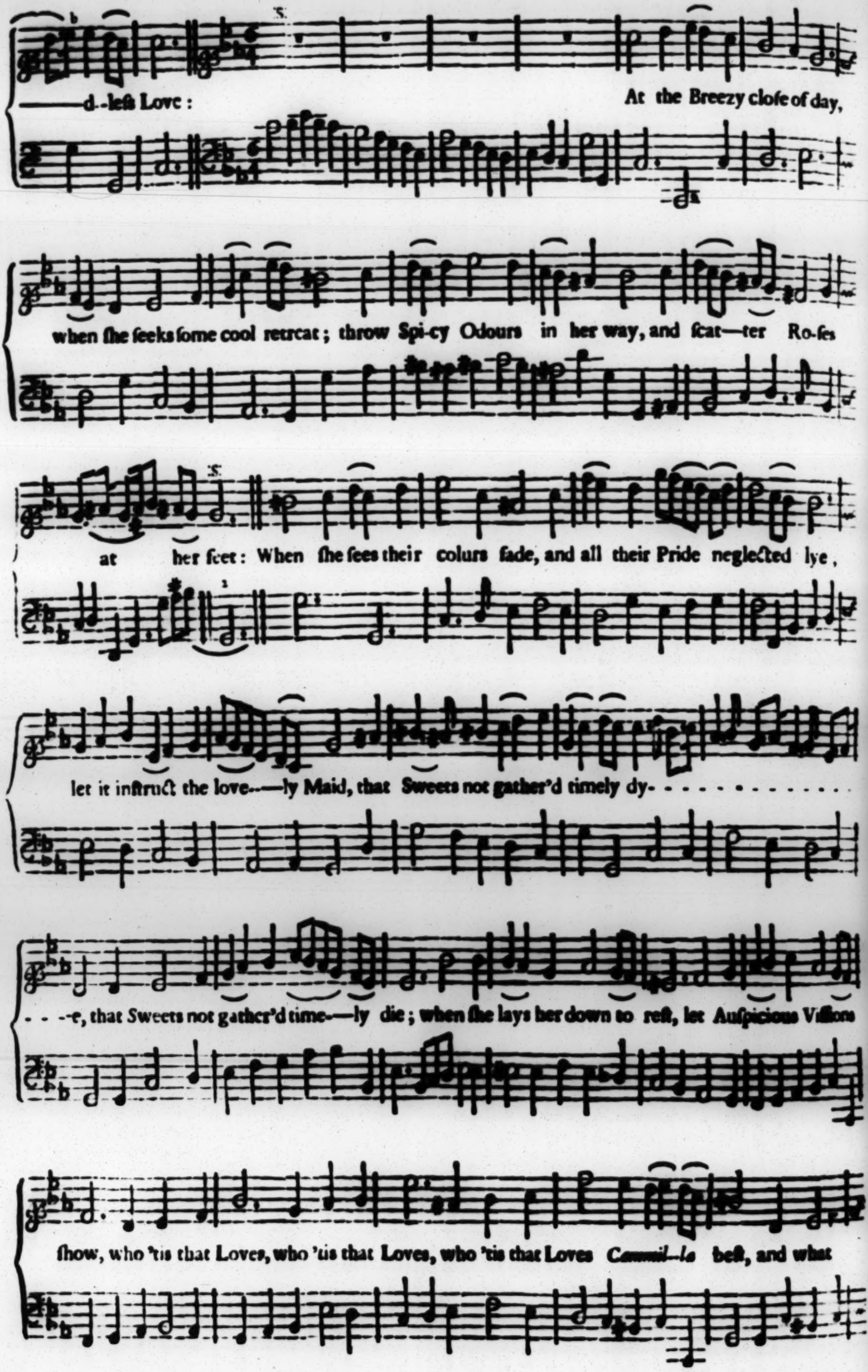

ſhar'd in com- -on with the crowd, in
com- -on with the crow——
——d;
But when I once my Love confeſt,
7 6
But when I once my love confeſs'd in hopes to ea——————ſe my pain, in
7 6
hopes to ea——————————ſe my pain, ſhe ſingl'd me from all the reſt, the mark of
her diſ-dain, ſhe ſingl'd me from all the reſt, the mark of her diſ--dain:

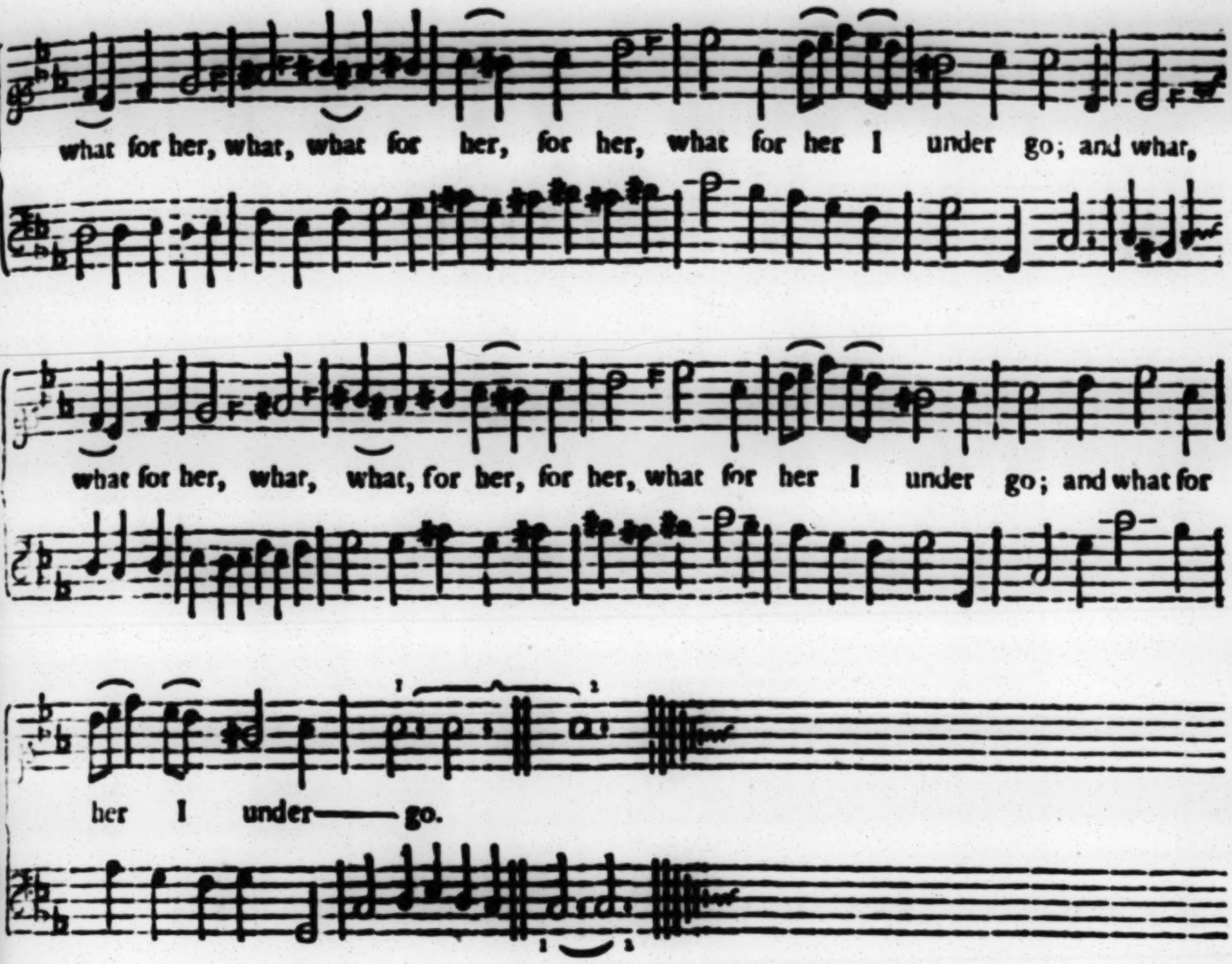
O


If thus *Lavinia* you muſt frown on all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all whom you a-
—dore;
If thus *Lavinia* you muſt frown, on all, all, all, all, all, all,
all, all, all, whom you a--dore;
Then all mankind muſt be undone, and you muſt ſmi- - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - -le no more,
then all mankind muſt be undone, and you muſt ſmi—
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -le no more, and you muſt ſmi—
— — — — — — — — — — — — — — — -le no more.
76

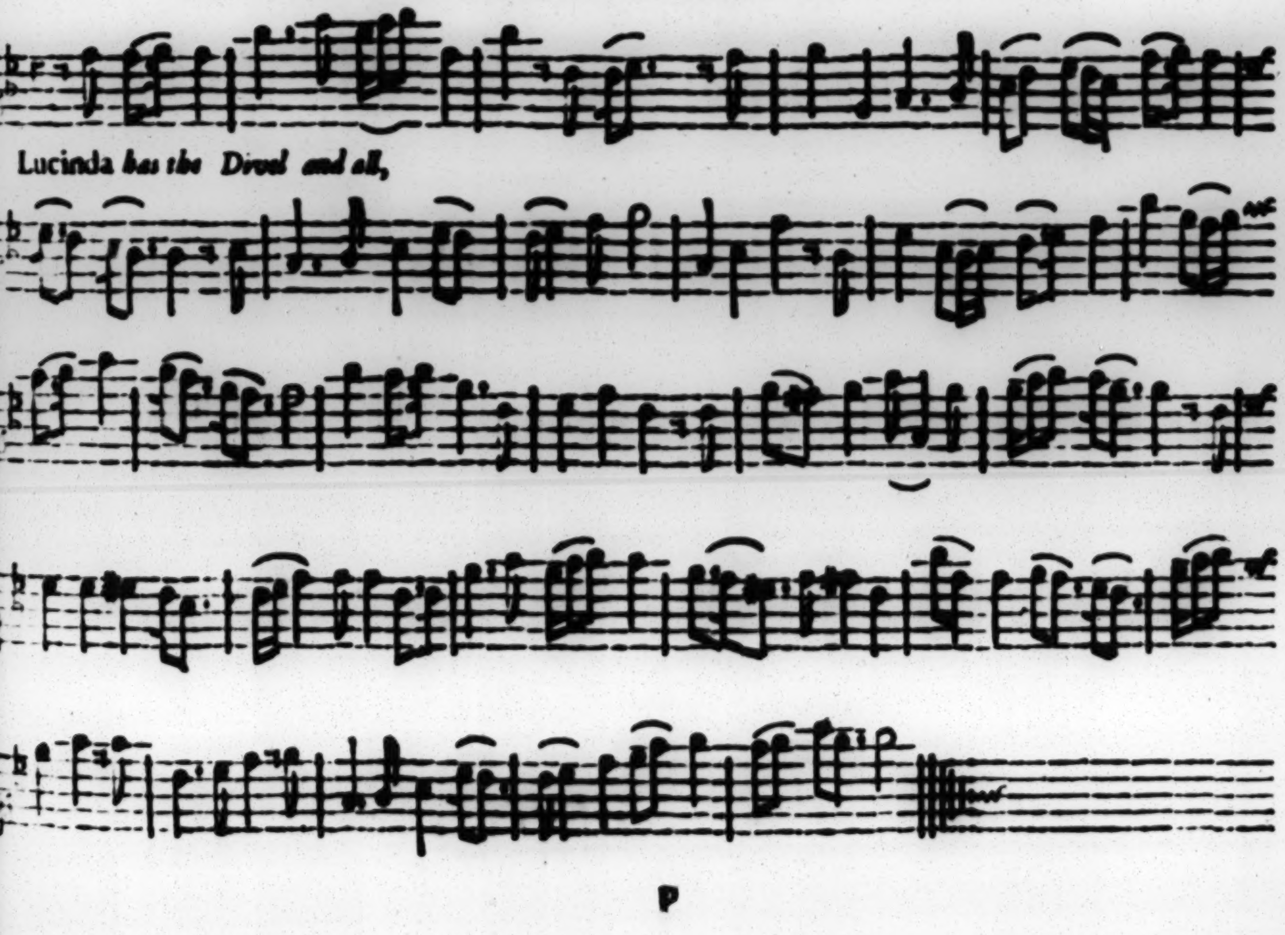
A SONG Sett by Mr. John Eccles.


Ye gentle, gentle, gen——tle gales that fa- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -n the Air, and
wa————nton in the flow——'ry Grove, and wan——.———ton in the flow—'ry Grove, and
wa— — —nton in the Flow—'ry grove; O——h! O——h! Oh! whiſper to my
ab—ſent Fair, my ſe-cret pain, my ſe—cret pain, my end—leſs, en— — — —d-leſs
Love; Oh! Oh! whiſper to my ab——ſent Fair, my ſe—cret pain, my end—leſs,
en———d-leſs Love; my ſe—-cret pain, my ſe—cret pain, my end—leſs, en— — —

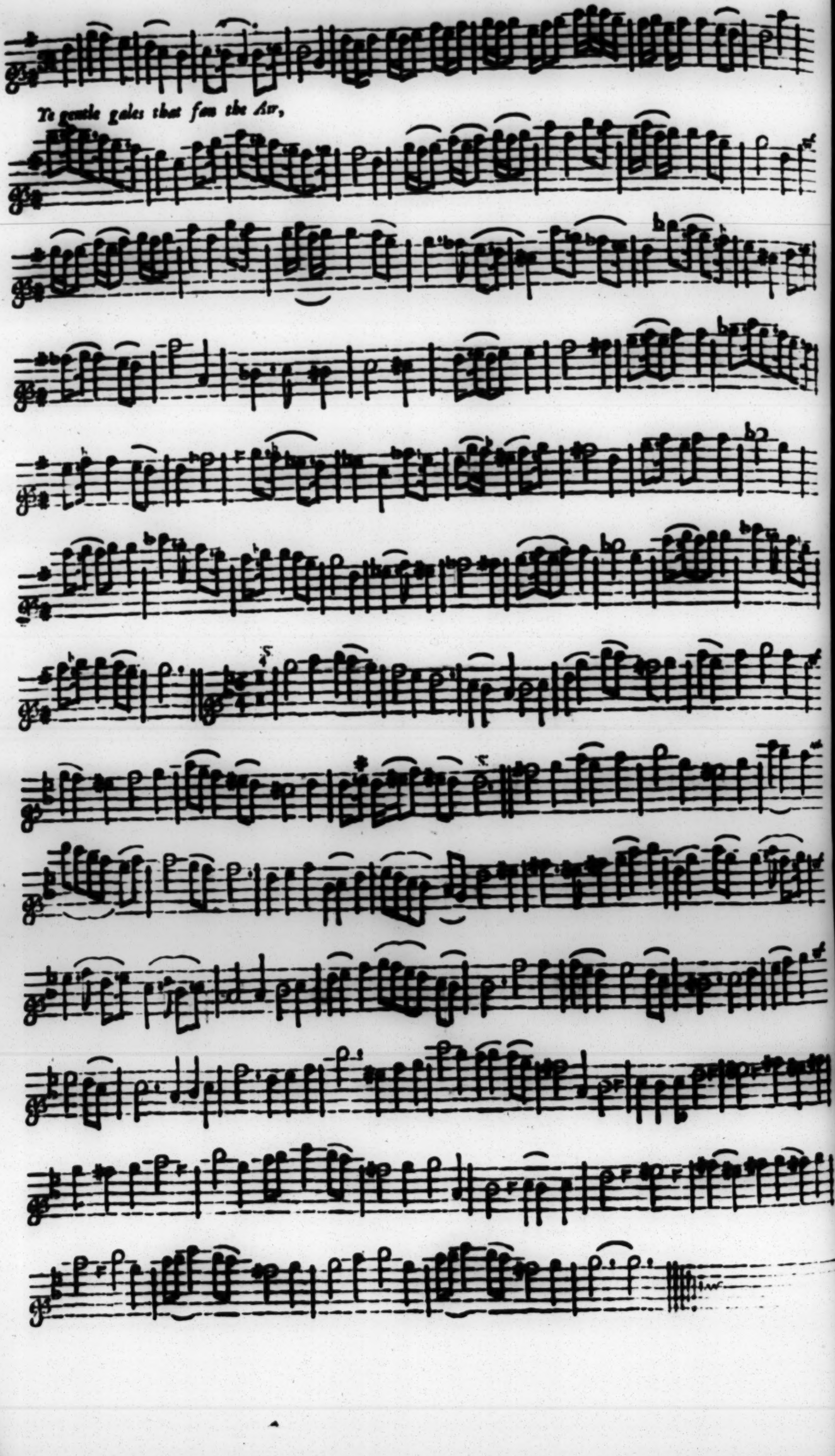

d--leſs Love :
At the Breezy cloſe of day,
when ſhe ſeeks ſome cool retreat ; throw Spi-cy Odours in her way, and ſcat—ter Ro-ſes
at her feet : When ſhe ſees their colurs fade, and all their Pride neglected lye ,
let it inſtruct the love-—ly Maid, that Sweets not gather'd timely dy- - - - - - - - - - - - -
- - -e, that Sweets not gather'd time-—ly die ; when ſhe lays her down to reſt, let Auſpicious Viſions
ſhow, who 'tis that Loves, who 'tis that Loves, who 'tis that Loves Cammil-la beſt, and what


what for her, what, what for her, for her, what for her I under go; and what,
what for her, what, what, for her, for her, what for her I under go; and what for
her I under—— go.
1
2

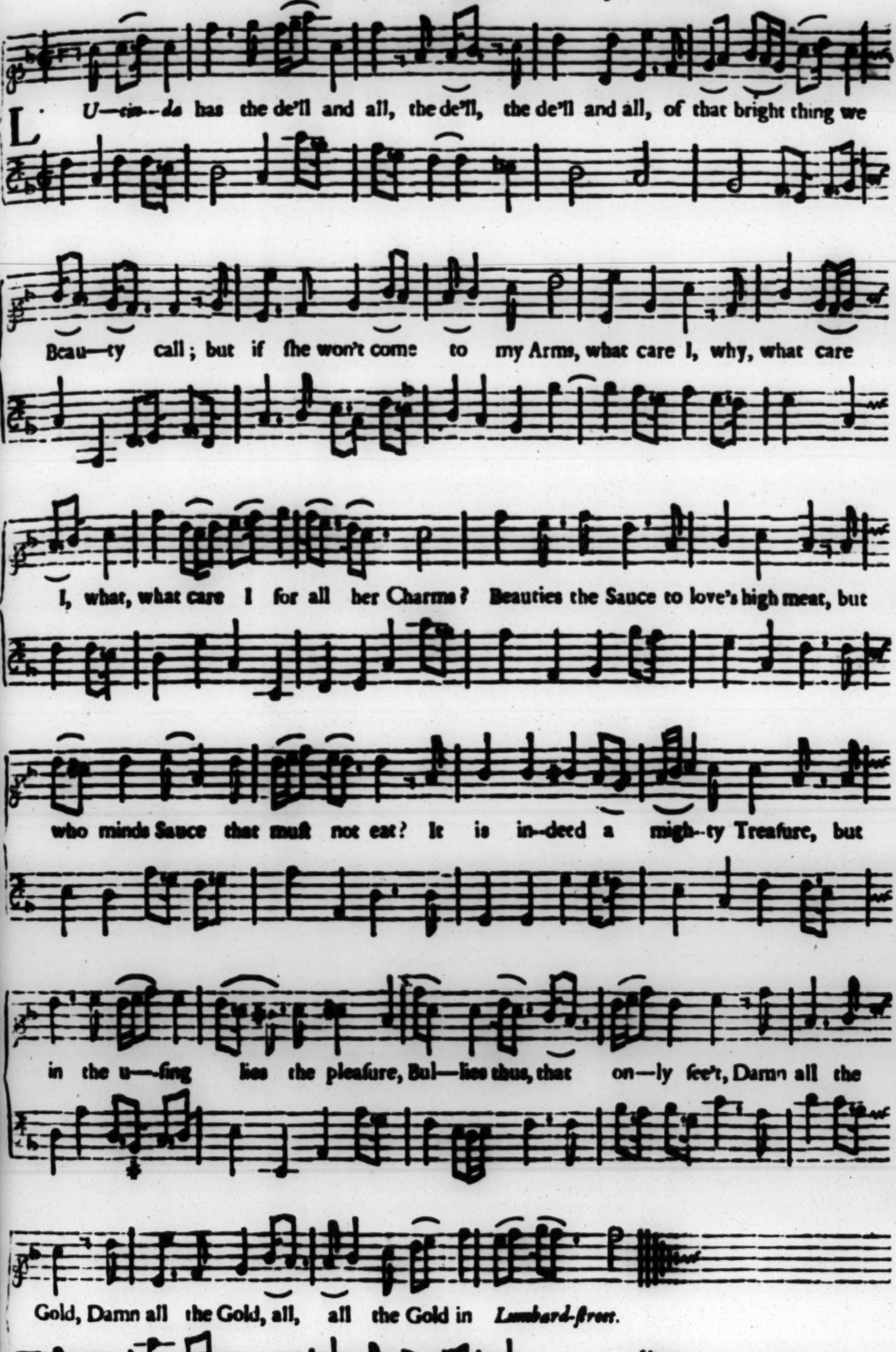
The Tune of the following Song for the FLUTE.


Lucinda *has the Divel and all,*

The SONG Tunes for the FLUTE

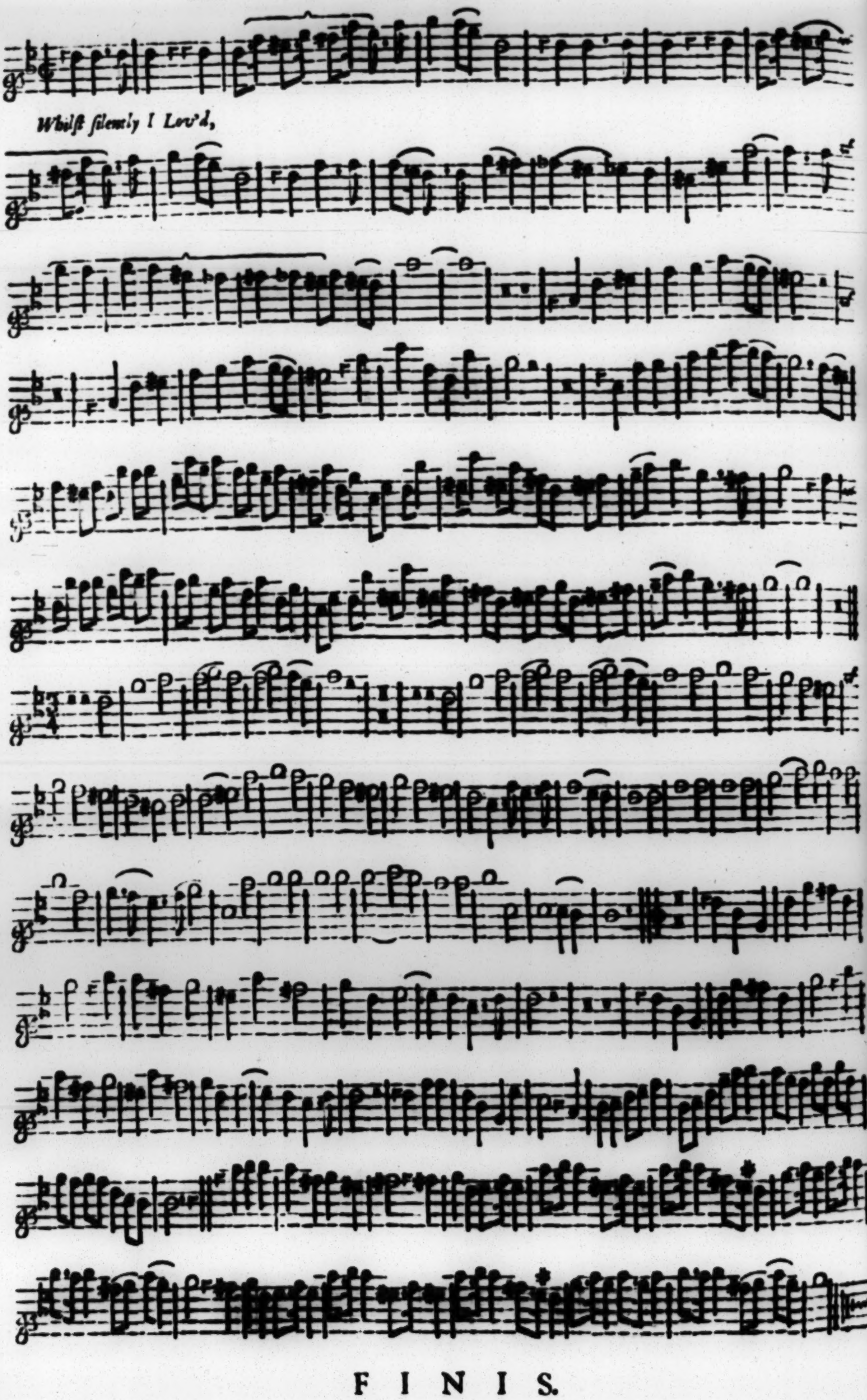

Ye gentle gales that fan the Air,

A SONG Sett by Mr. Henry Hall *of* Heriford.


L *U—cin--da* has the de'll and all, the de'll, the de'll and all, of that bright thing we
Beau—ty call; but if ſhe won't come to my Arms, what care I, why, what care
I, what, what care I for all her Charms? Beauties the Sauce to love's high meat, but
who minds Sauce that muſt not eat? It is in--deed a migh--ty Treaſure, but
in the u—ſing lies the pleaſure, Bul—lies thus, that on—ly ſee't, Damn all the
Gold, Damn all the Gold, all, all the Gold in *Lumbard-ſtreet.*

(448)

The SONG Tunes for the FLUTE.


Whilſt ſilently I Lov'd,

FINIS.

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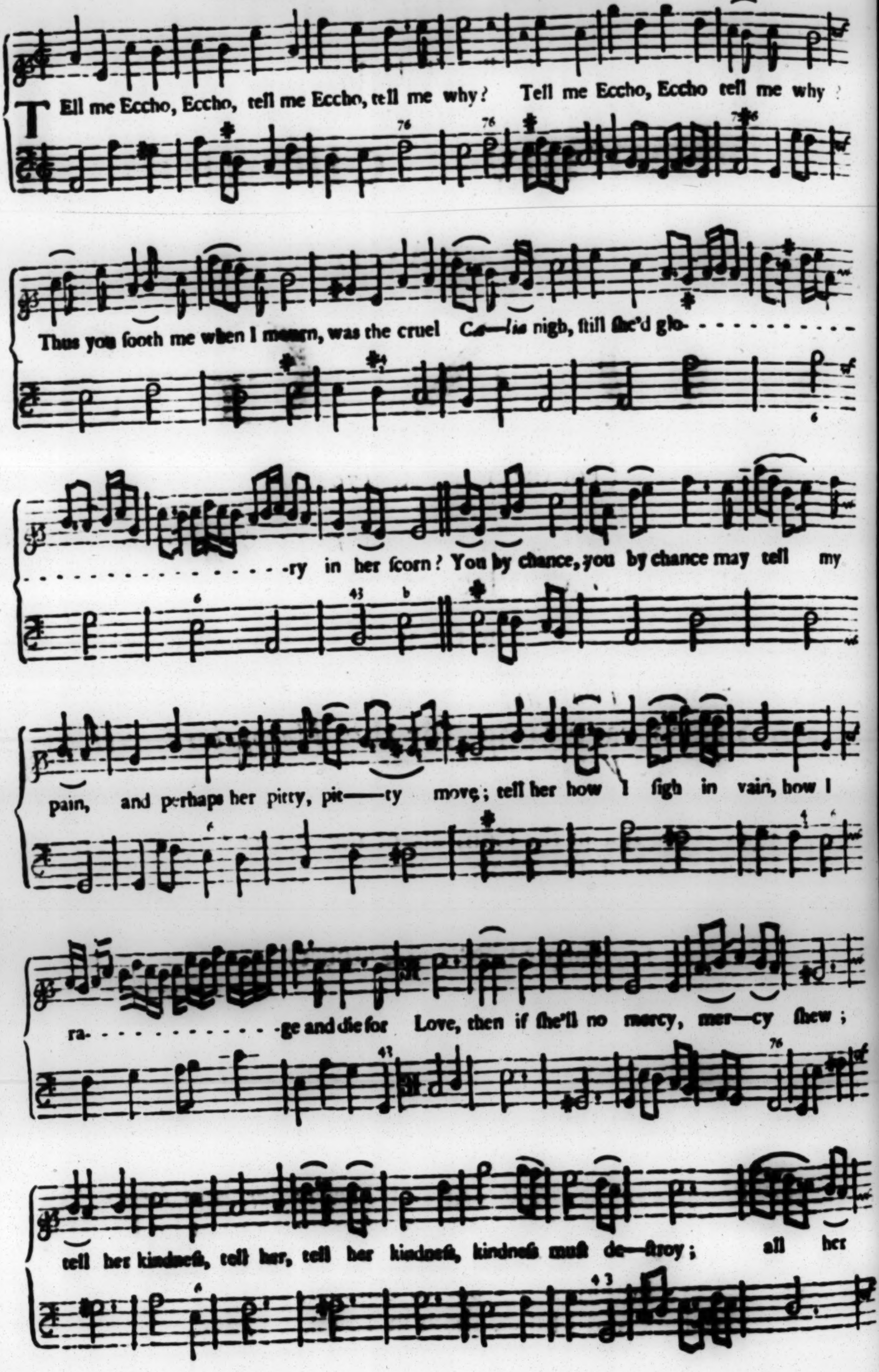
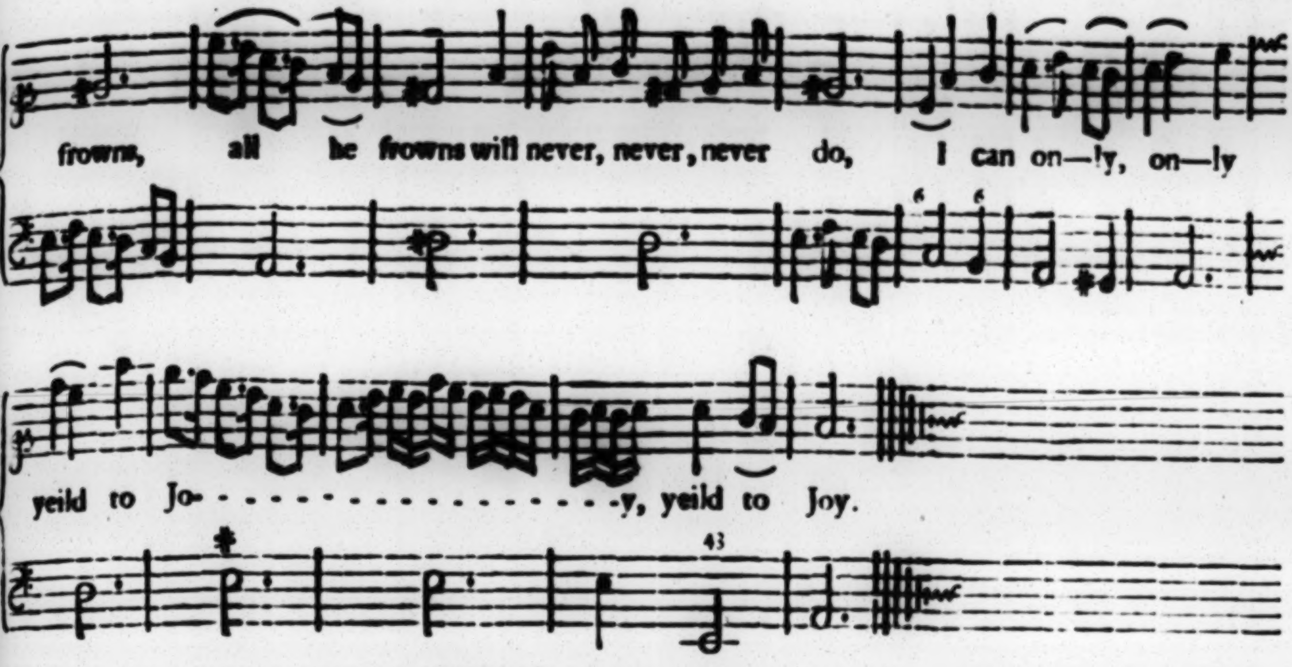
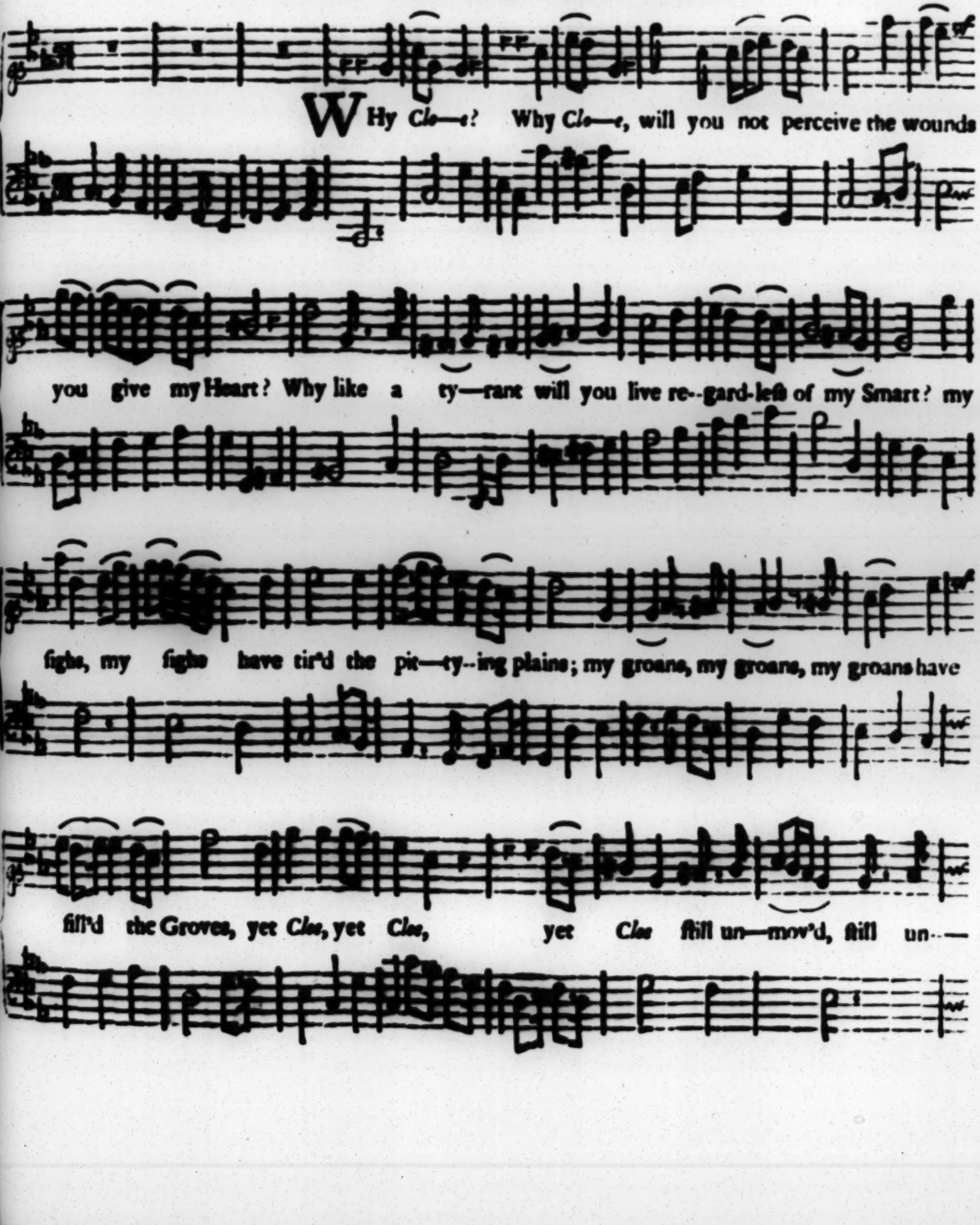
A SONG Sett by Mr. Berenclow.

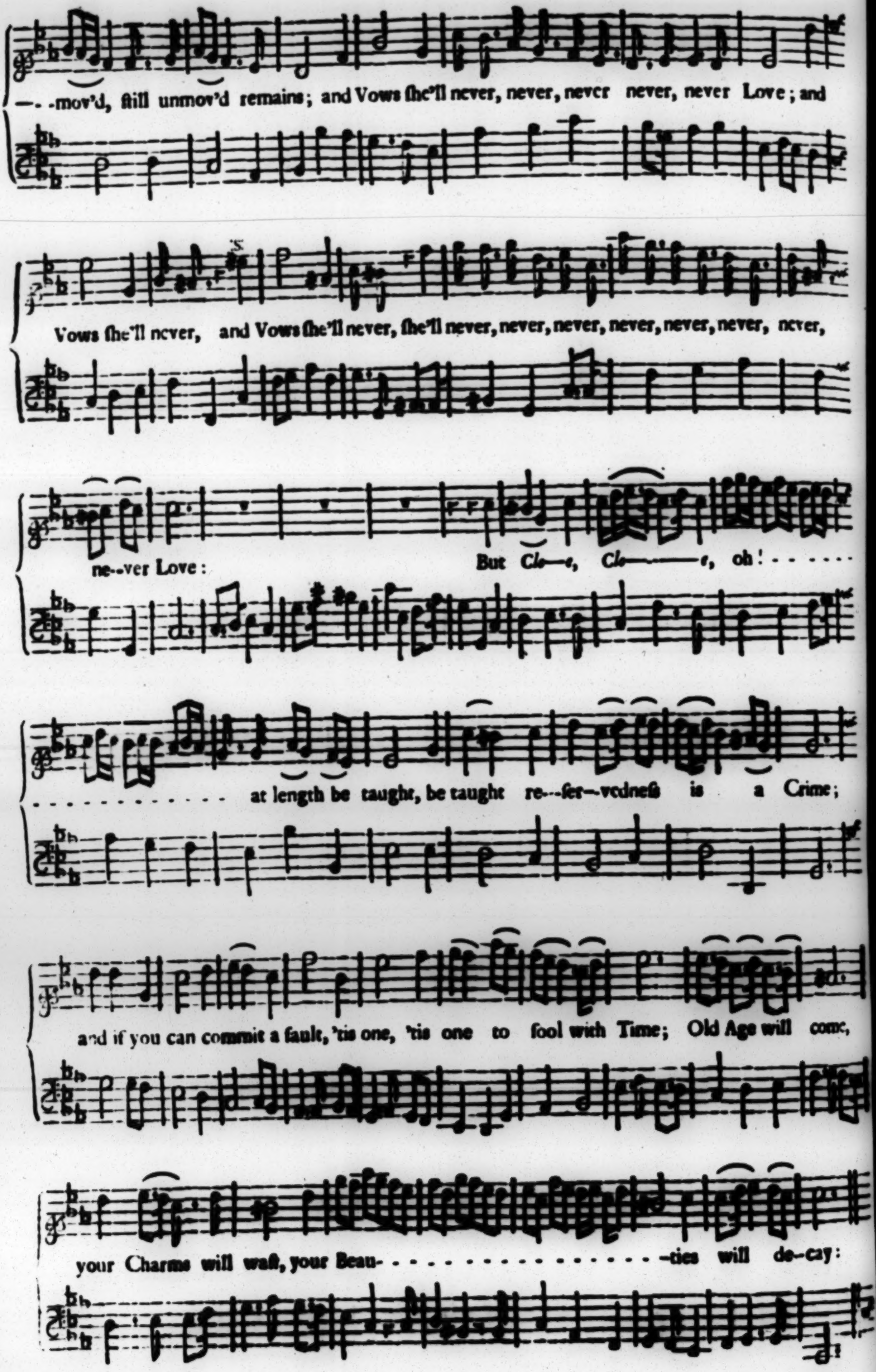

TEll me Eccho, Eccho, tell me Eccho, tell me why? Tell me Eccho, Eccho tell me why?
Thus you sooth me when I mourn, was the cruel Cælia nigh, still she'd glo- - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -ry in her scorn? You by chance, you by chance may tell my
pain, and perhaps her pitty, pit——ty move; tell her how I sigh in vain, how I
ra- - - - - - - - - - - - -ge and die for Love, then if she'll no mercy, mer—cy shew;
tell her kindness, tell her, tell her kindness, kindness must de—stroy; all her

(451)

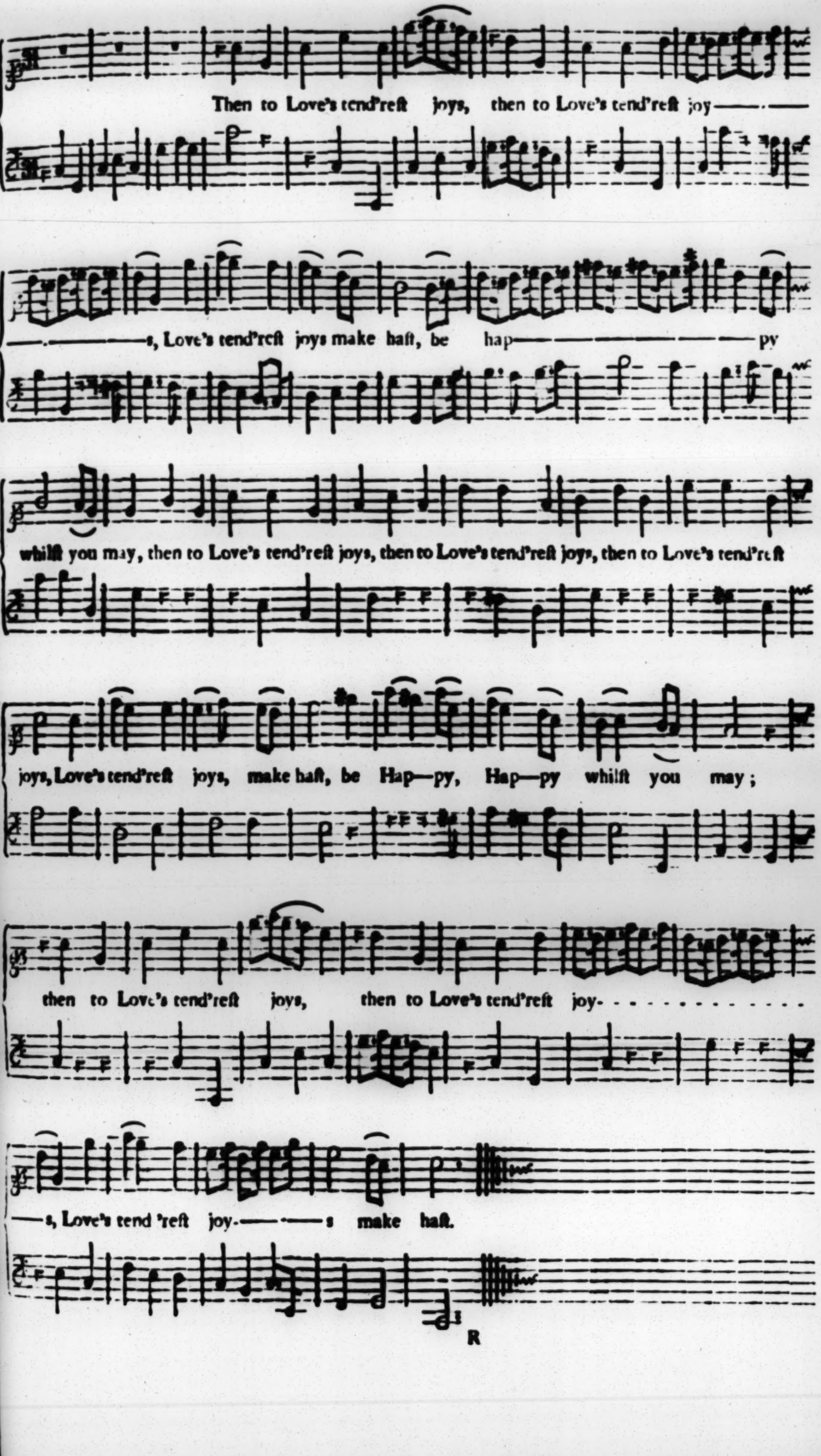

frowns, all he frowns will never, never, never do, I can on—ly, on—ly
6
6
yeild to Jo- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -y, yeild to Joy.
43

A SONG Sett by Mr. Rene Harris.

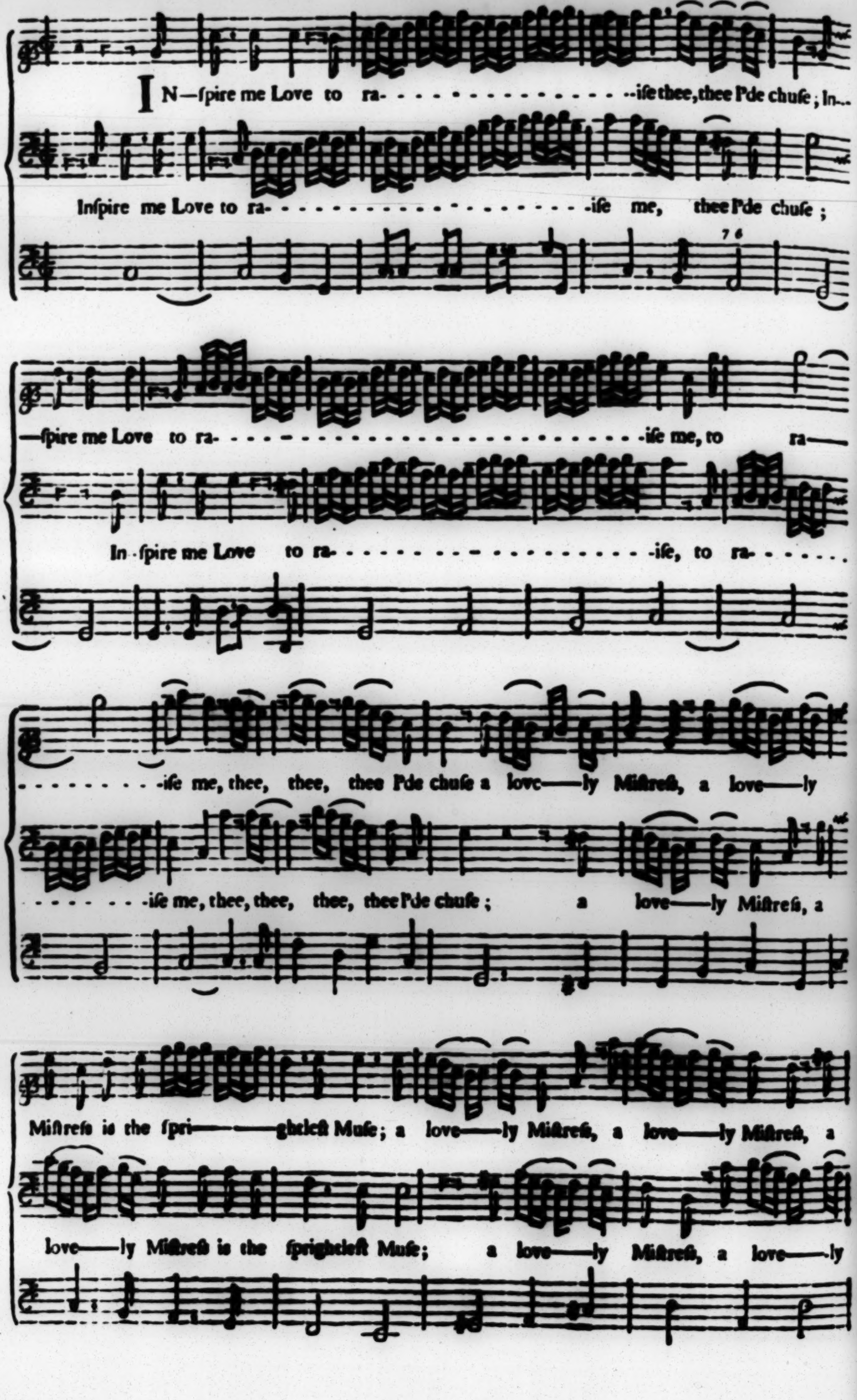

WHy Clo—e? Why Clo—e, will you not perceive the wounds
you give my Heart? Why like a ty—rant will you live re-gard-leſs of my Smart? my
ſighs, my ſighs have tir'd the pit—ty-ing plains; my groans, my groans, my groans have
fill'd the Groves, yet Cloe, yet Cloe, yet Cloe ſtill un—mov'd, ſtill un-—

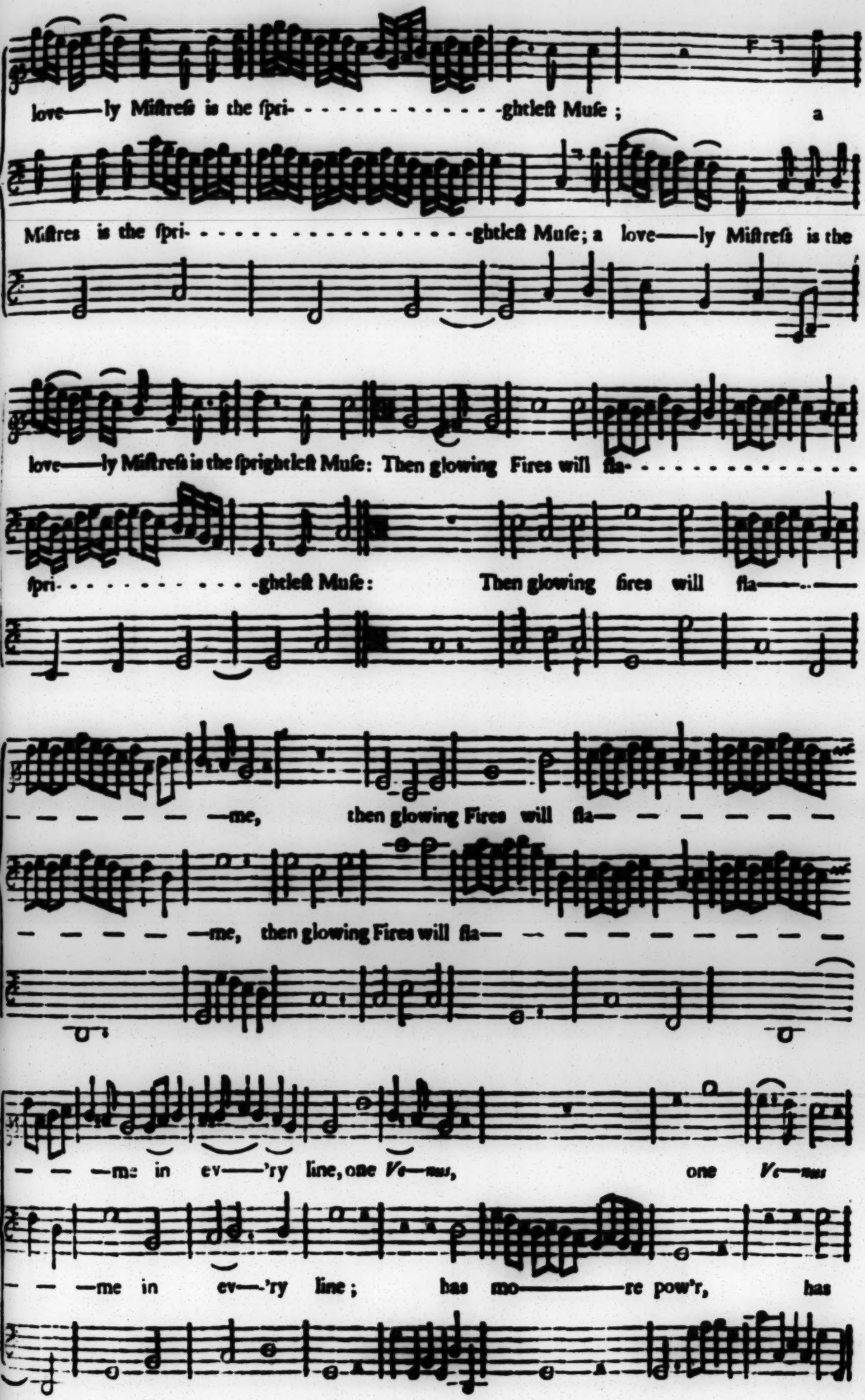

—- -mov'd, ſtill unmov'd remains; and Vows ſhe'll never, never, never never, never Love; and
Vows ſhe'll never, and Vows ſhe'll never, ſhe'll never, never, never, never, never, never, never,
ne--ver Love: But Clo—e, Clo———e, oh! - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - at length be taught, be taught re---ſer--vedneſs is a Crime;
and if you can commit a fault, 'tis one, 'tis one to fool with Time; Old Age will come,
your Charms will waſt, your Beau- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -ties will de-cay:

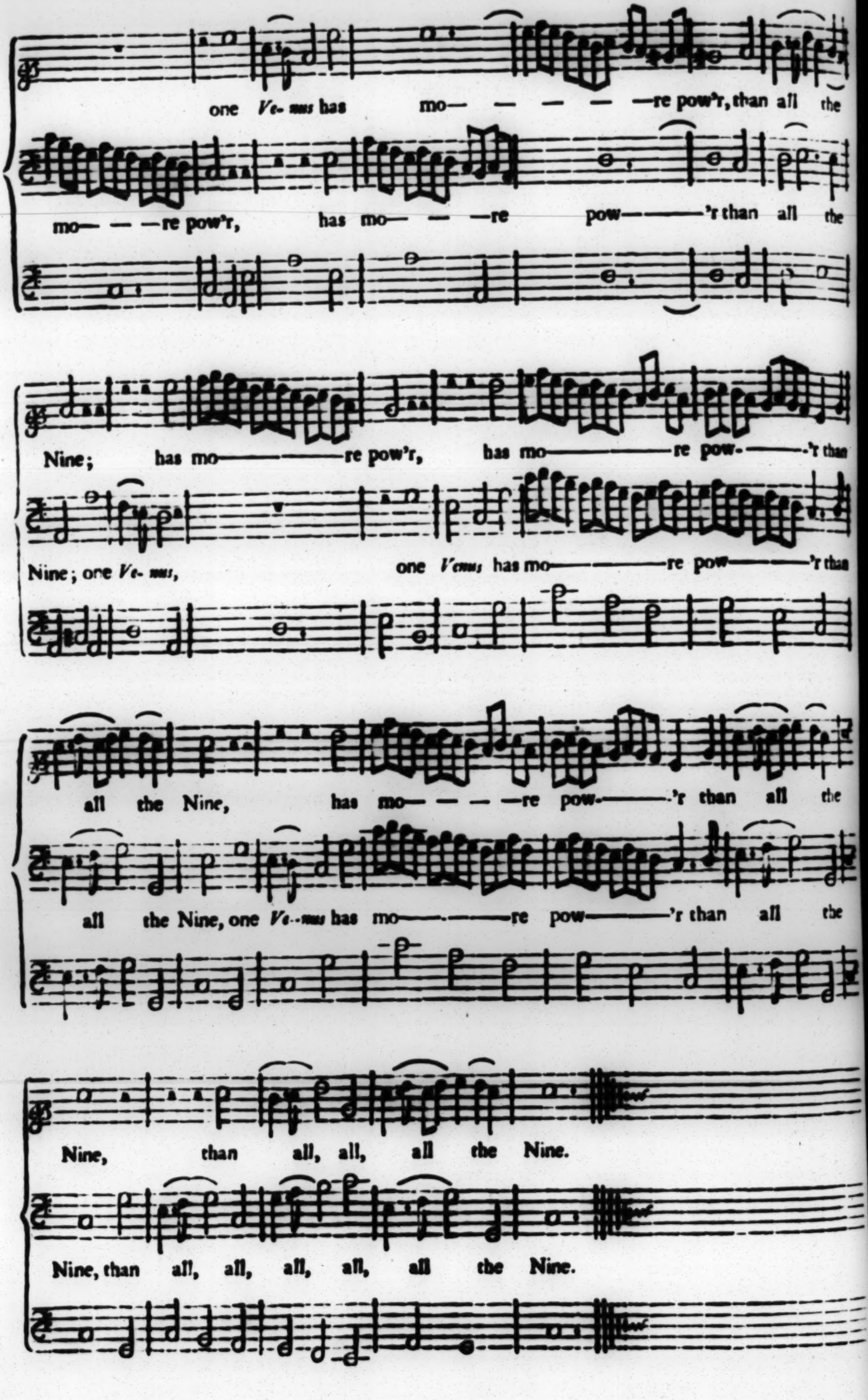
(453)


Then to Love's tend'reſt joys, then to Love's tend'reſt joy——
——s, Love's tend'reſt joys make haſt, be hap——py
whilſt you may, then to Love's tend'reſt joys, then to Love's tend'reſt joys, then to Love's tend'reſt
joys, Love's tend'reſt joys, make haſt, be Hap—py, Hap—py whilſt you may;
then to Love's tend'reſt joys, then to Love's tend'reſt joy- - - - - - - - - - - - -
——s, Love's tend 'reſt joy-——-——s make haſt.

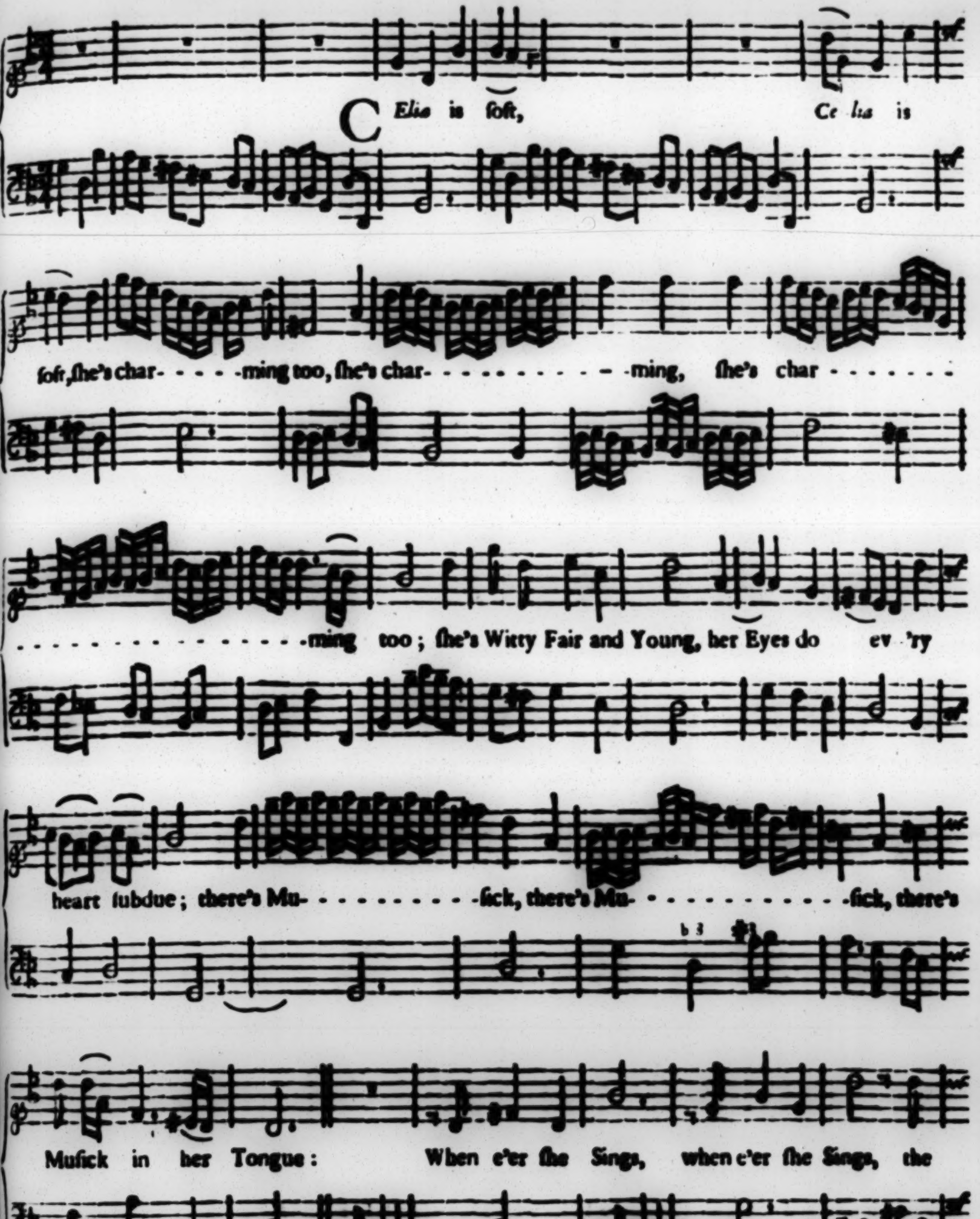
A SONG Sett by Mr. Weldon, *Organeſt of New Colledge* Oxon.

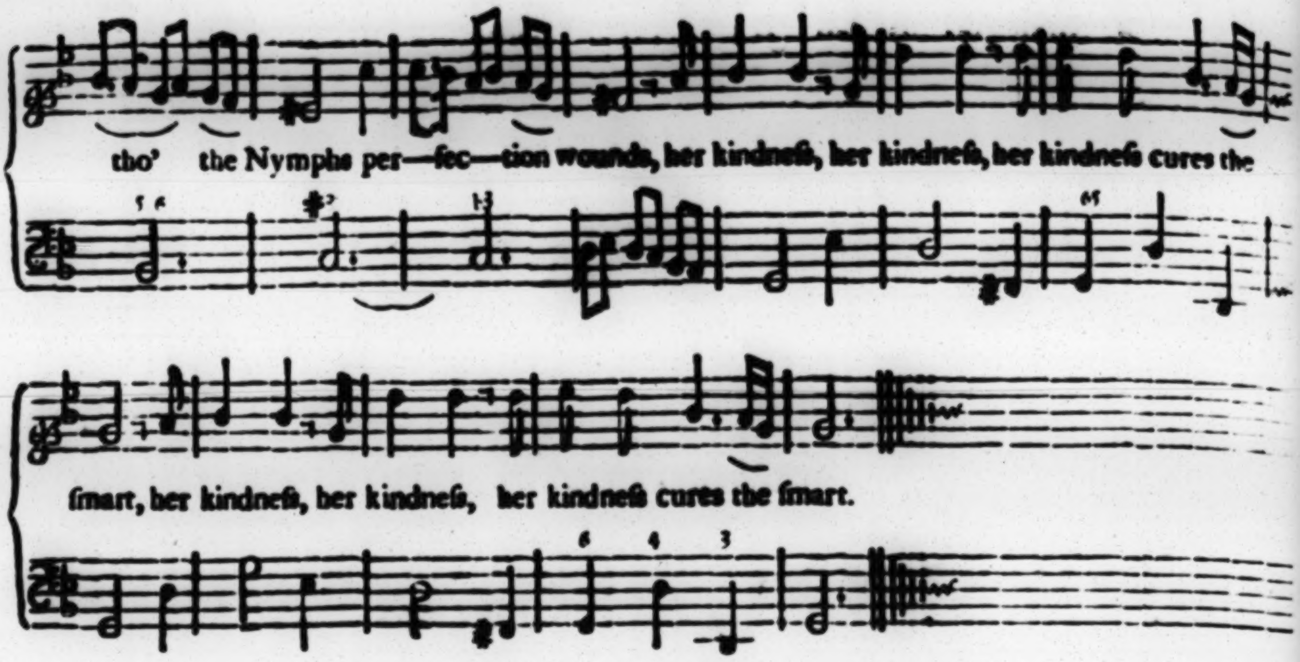

IN—ſpire me Love to ra- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -iſe thee, thee I'de chuſe; In-
Inſpire me Love to ra- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -iſe me, thee I'de chuſe;
7 6
—ſpire me Love to ra- -iſe me, to ra—
In-ſpire me Love to ra- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -iſe, to ra- - - - - -
- - - - - - - - -iſe me, thee, thee, thee I'de chuſe a love—ly Miſtreſs, a love—ly
- - - - - - -iſe me, thee, thee, thee, thee I'de chuſe; a love—ly Miſtreſs, a
Miſtreſs is the ſpri——ghtleſt Muſe; a love—ly Miſtreſs, a love—ly Miſtreſs, a
love—ly Miſtreſs is the ſprightleſt Muſe; a love—ly Miſtreſs, a love—ly


love——ly Miſtreſs is the ſpri- - - - - - - - - - - - - - -ghtleſt Muſe ; a
Miſtres is the ſpri- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -ghtleſt Muſe; a love——ly Miſtreſs is the
love——ly Miſtreſs is the ſprightleſt Muſe: Then glowing Fires will fla- - - - - - - - - - - - -
ſpri- - - - - - - - - - - - -ghtleſt Muſe: Then glowing fires will fla——.——
— — — — — — —me, then glowing Fires will fla— — — — — — — —
— — — — — —me, then glowing Fires will fla— — — — — — — — — — — —
— — —me in ev——'ry line, one Ve—nus, one Ve—nus
— — —me in ev—'ry line; has mo————re pow'r, has

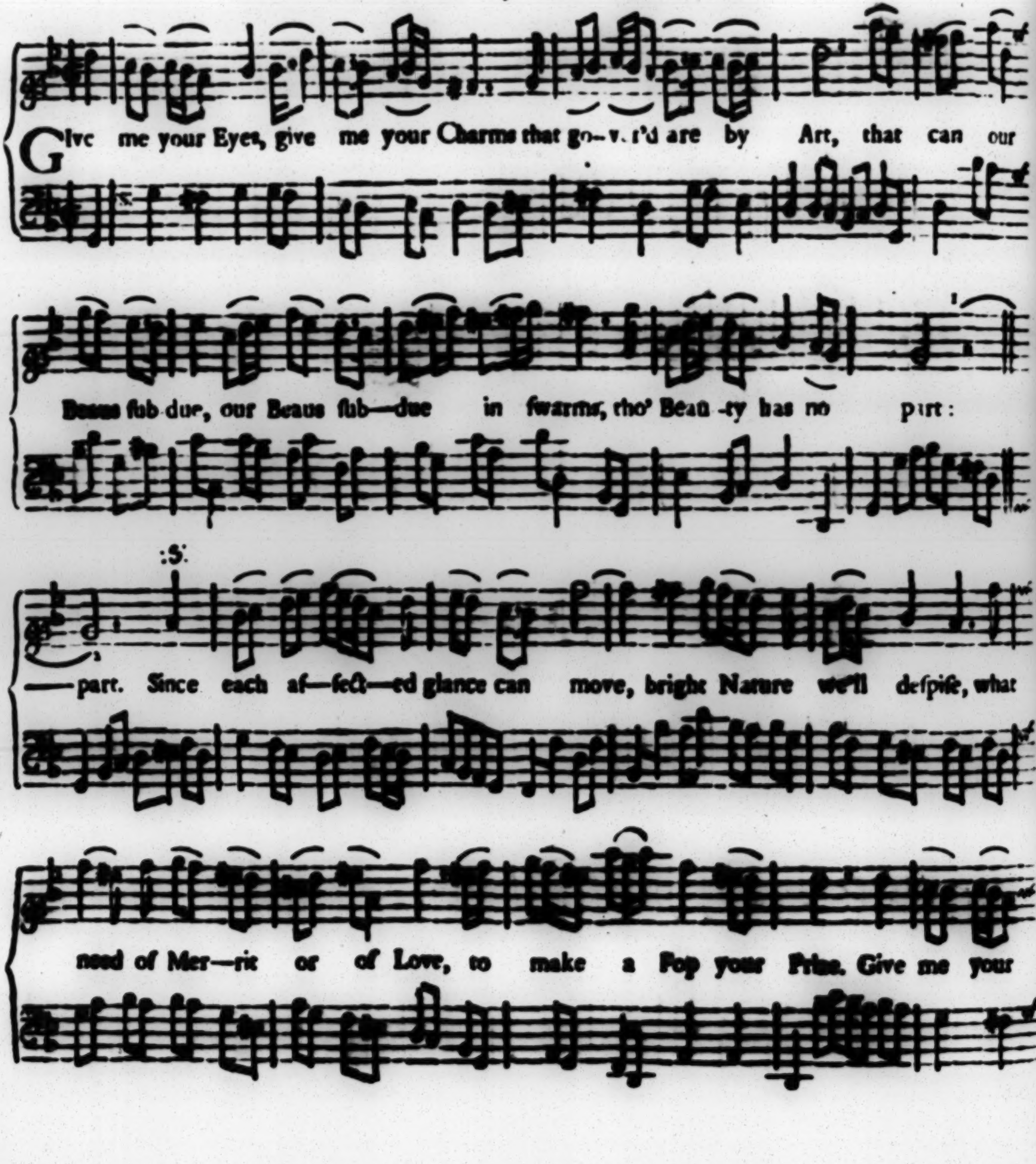

one Ve-nus has mo— — — — — —re pow'r, than all the
mo— — —re pow'r, has mo— — —re pow———'r than all the
Nine; has mo————re pow'r, has mo————re pow-———-'r than
Nine; one Ve-nus, one Venus has mo————re pow———'r than
all the Nine, has mo— — — —re pow-———-'r than all the
all the Nine, one Ve--nus has mo——.——re pow———'r than all the
Nine, than all, all, all the Nine.
Nine, than all, all, all, all, all the Nine.

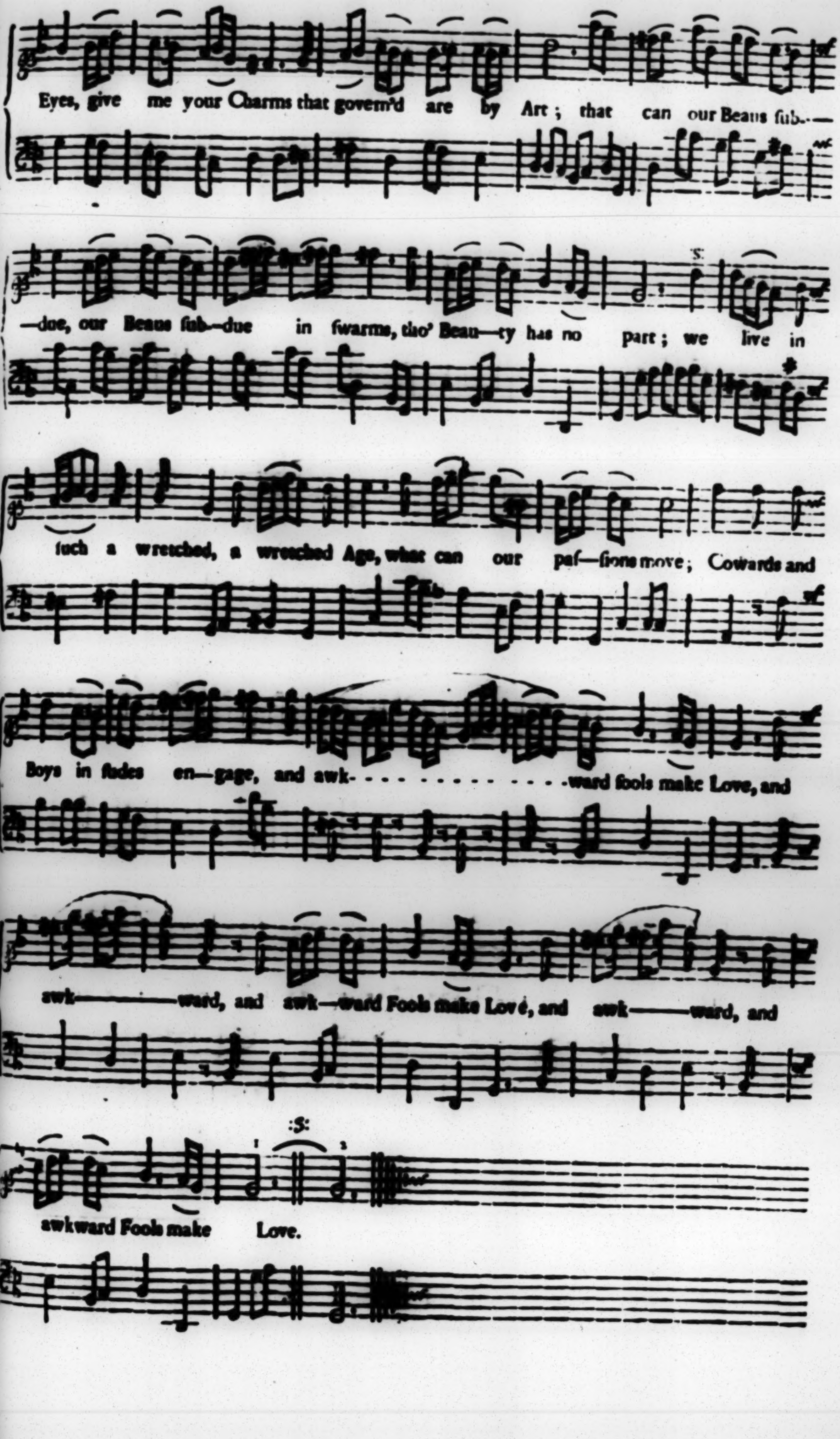
A Song Set by Mr. Jer. Clarke, *Sung by Mrs.* Erwin.


C*Elia* is ſoft, Ce lia is
ſoft, ſhe's char- - - - -ming too, ſhe's char- - - - - - - - - - - - -ming, ſhe's char - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - -ming too; ſhe's Witty Fair and Young, her Eyes do ev 'ry
heart ſubdue; there's Mu- - - - - - - - - - -ſick, there's Mu- - - - - - - - - - - - - -ſick, there's
Muſick in her Tongue: When e'er ſhe Sings, when e'er ſhe Sings, the
mel- - - - - - - -ting ſounds, the mel- - - - - -ting ſounds di— -ſolve the hearers Heart, but
b 3
♯3

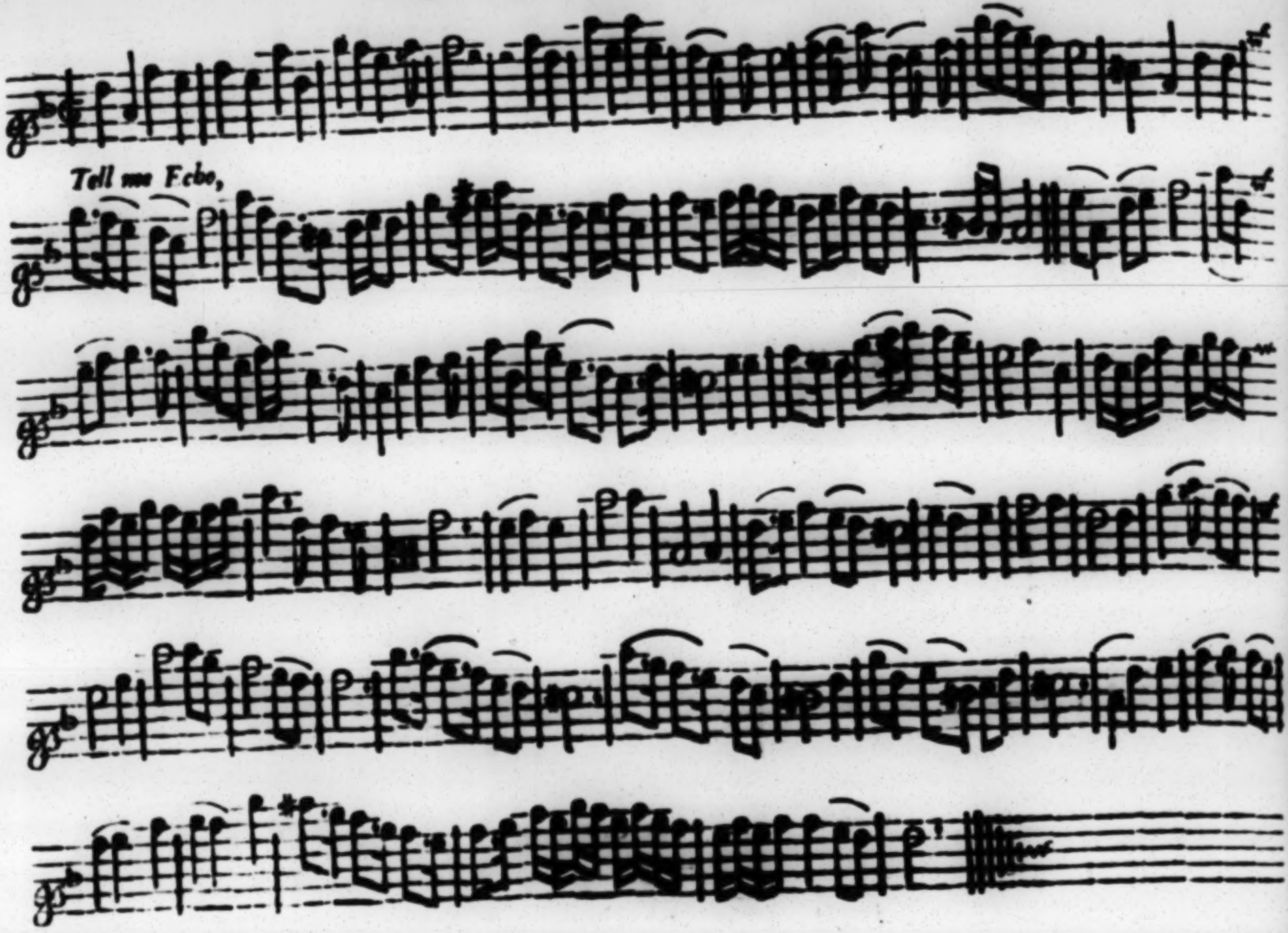

tho' the Nymphs per—fec—tion wounds, her kindneſs, her kindneſs, her kindneſs cures the
ſmart, her kindneſs, her kindneſs, her kindneſs cures the ſmart.

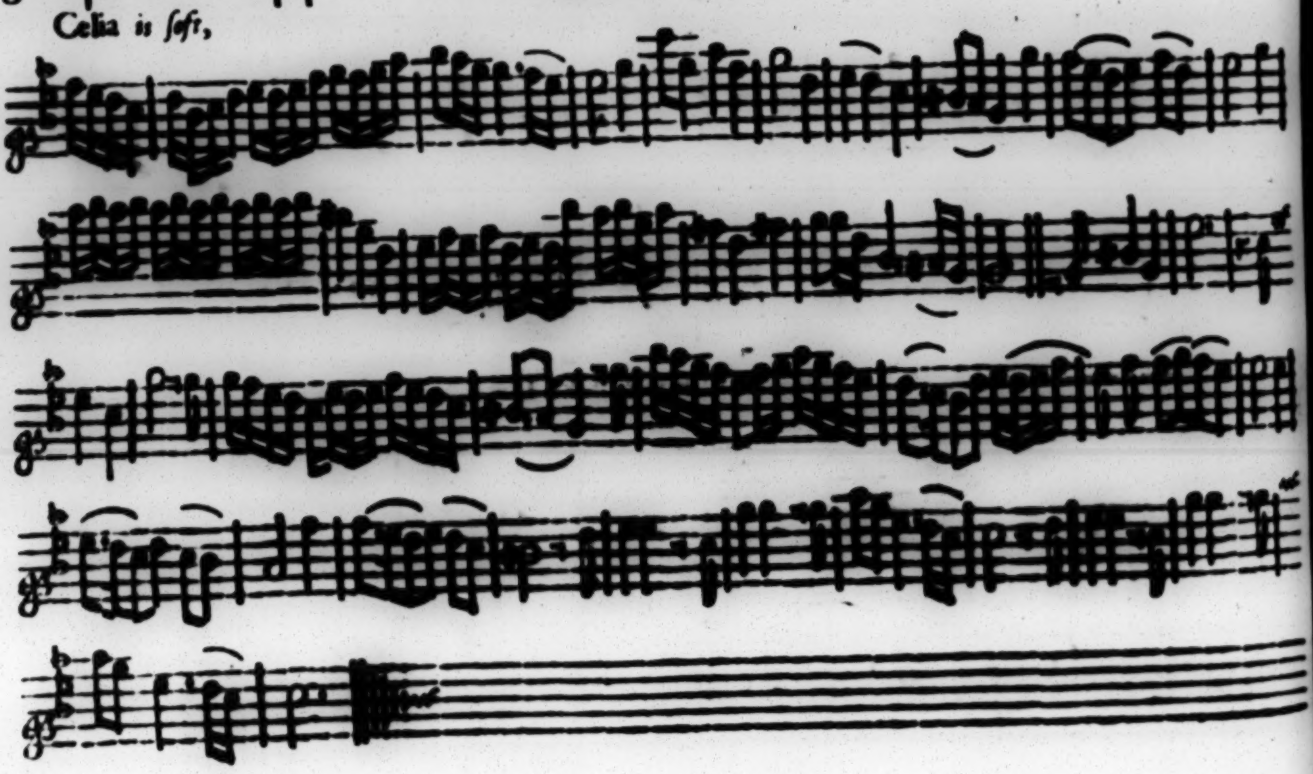
A SONG Sett by Mr. Courtivell.


Give me your Eyes, give me your Charms that go—vern'd are by Art, that can our
Beaus ſub-due, our Beaus ſub—due in ſwarms, tho' Beau-ty has no part:
:S:
—part. Since each af—fect—ed glance can move, bright Nature we'll deſpiſe, what
need of Mer—rit or of Love, to make a Fop your Prize. Give me your


Eyes, give me your Charms that govern'd are by Art; that can our Beaus ſub-—
—due, our Beaus ſub-—due in ſwarms, tho' Beau—ty has no part; we live in
:S:
ſuch a wretched, a wretched Age, what can our paſ—ſions move; Cowards and
Boys in ſudes en—gage, and awk- - - - - - - - - - - - - - -ward fools make Love, and
awk———ward, and awk—ward Fools make Love, and awk———ward, and
:S:
awkward Fools make Love.

Song Tunes for the FLUTE


Tell me Echo,


Celia is soft,

FINIS

MERCURIUS MUSICUS:

OR, THE

Monthly Collection

Of New TEACHING

SONGS,

(For the YEAR, 1700.)

Compos'd for, and Sung at the *THEATRES*,
and other Publick Places.

WITH

An addition of *Two Part* SONGS; and a Thorough
BASS to each Song, for the *Harpſichord*, *Spinett*,
or *BASS-VIOL*.

Such Tunes as are not in the Compaſs of the *FLUTE*, are Tranſpos'd at the End of the Book.

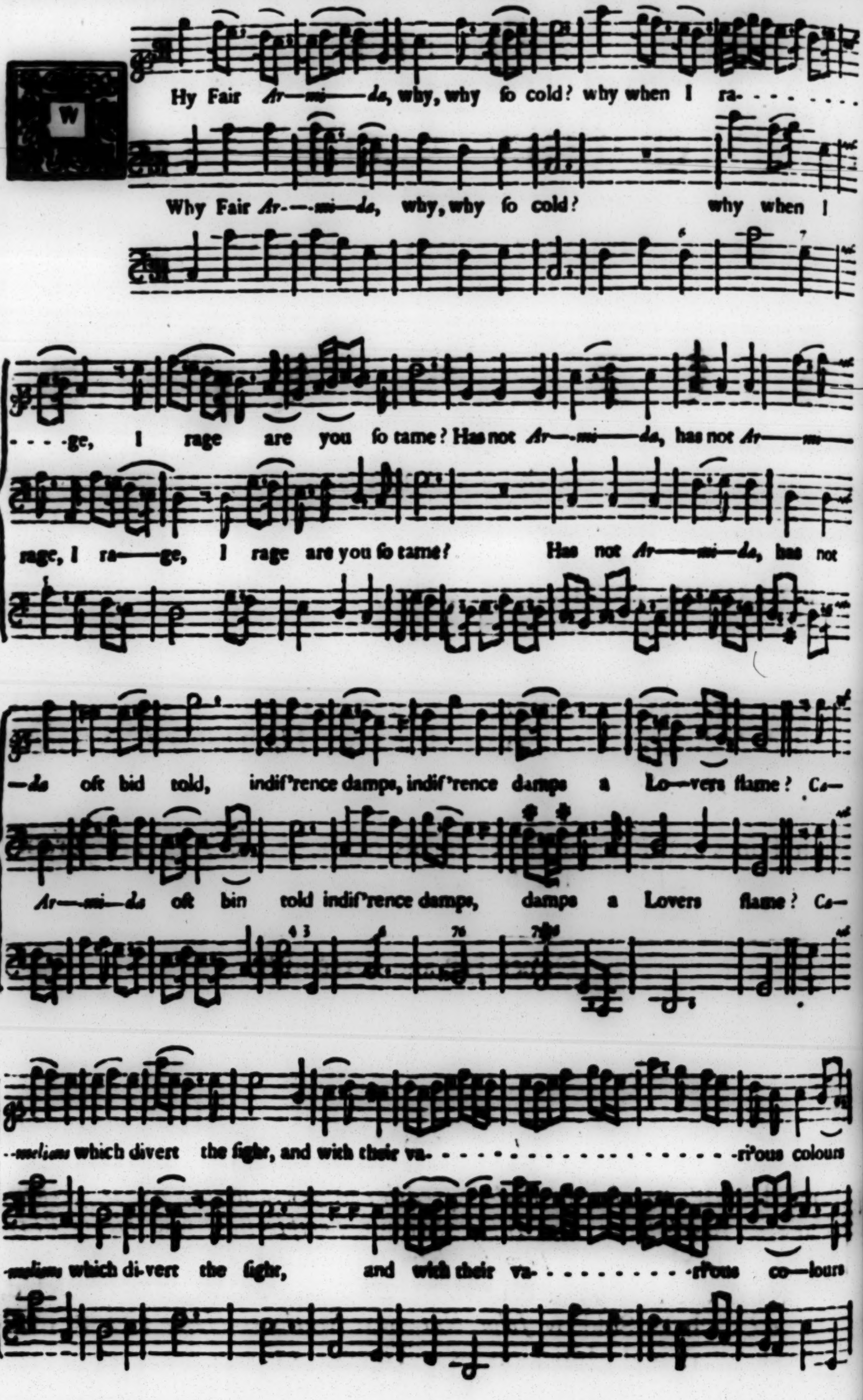
For **November** and **December**.

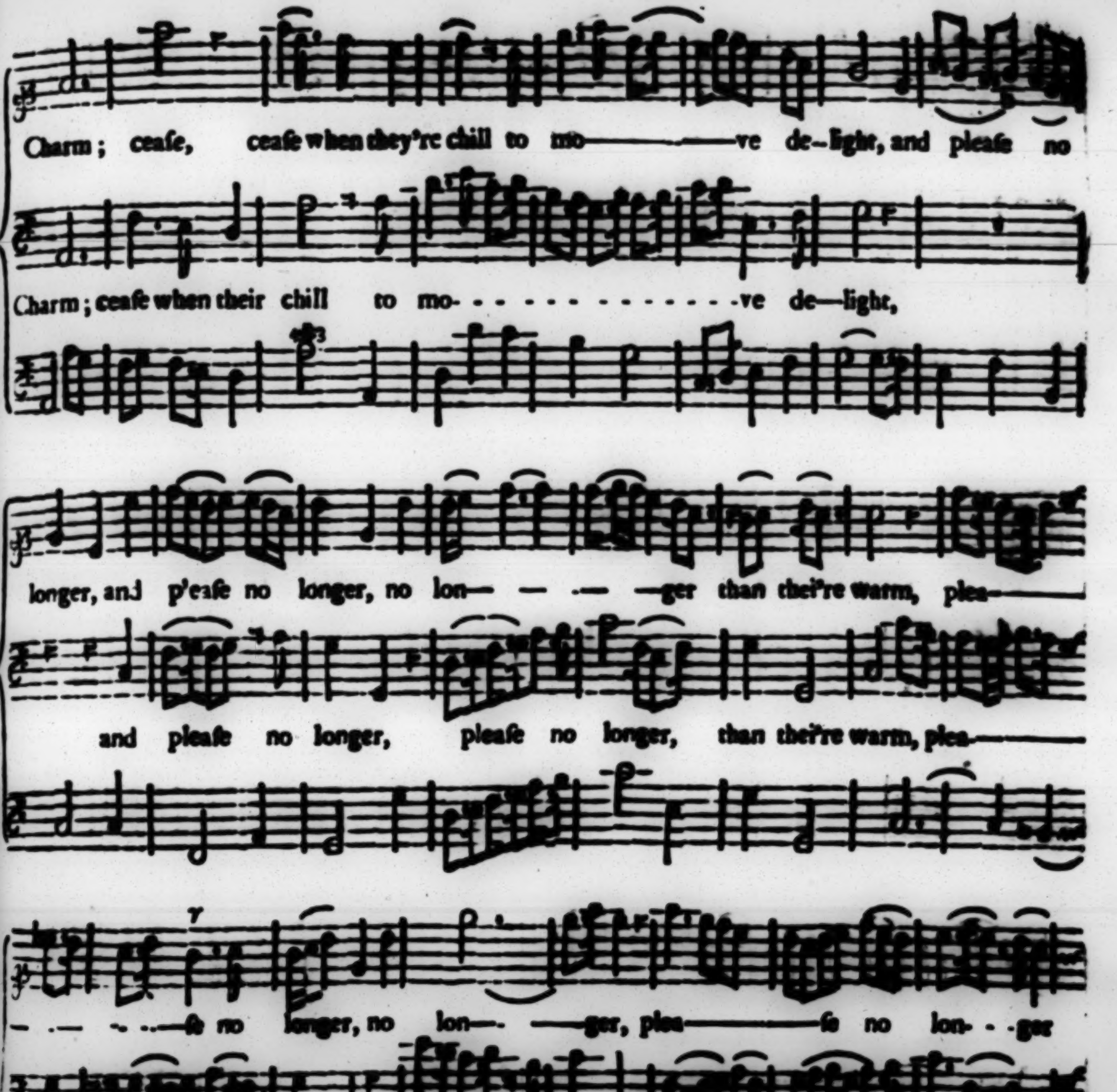
Theſe Collections *for the Future, will be duly Publiſhed: Where you may be ſure to meet with the Neweſt and Beſt in each Month.* Price *6 d.*

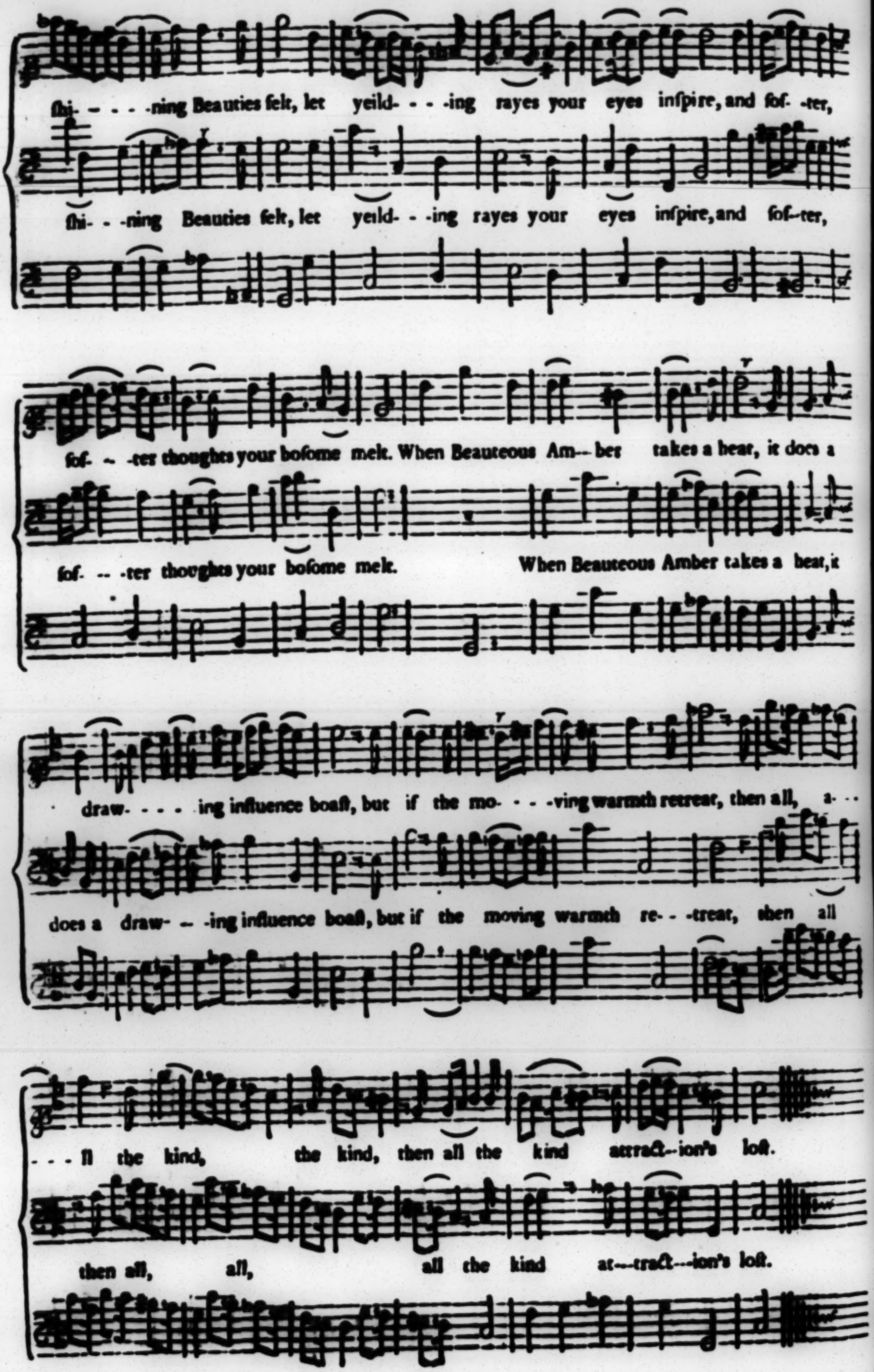
LONDON:

Printed by *W. Pearſon*, in *Red-Croſs-Alley* in *Jewin-ſtreet*, for *D. Browne*,
at the *Black-Swan* and *Bible* without *Temple-Bar*, and *Henry Play-*
ſord, at his Shop in the *Temple-Change Fleet-ſtreet*; (where the Collect-
ions for the Year 99, are to be had, Bound, at 3 *s.* *6d.* or Stitch'd,
at *6d.* each.) Sold by *John Nut*, near *Stationers-Hall*, and at moſt
Book-ſellers and Muſick-Shops in Town. 1700.

A SONG Set by Mr. Henry Hall *of* Hereford. *The Words by* Dr. Kendrick.

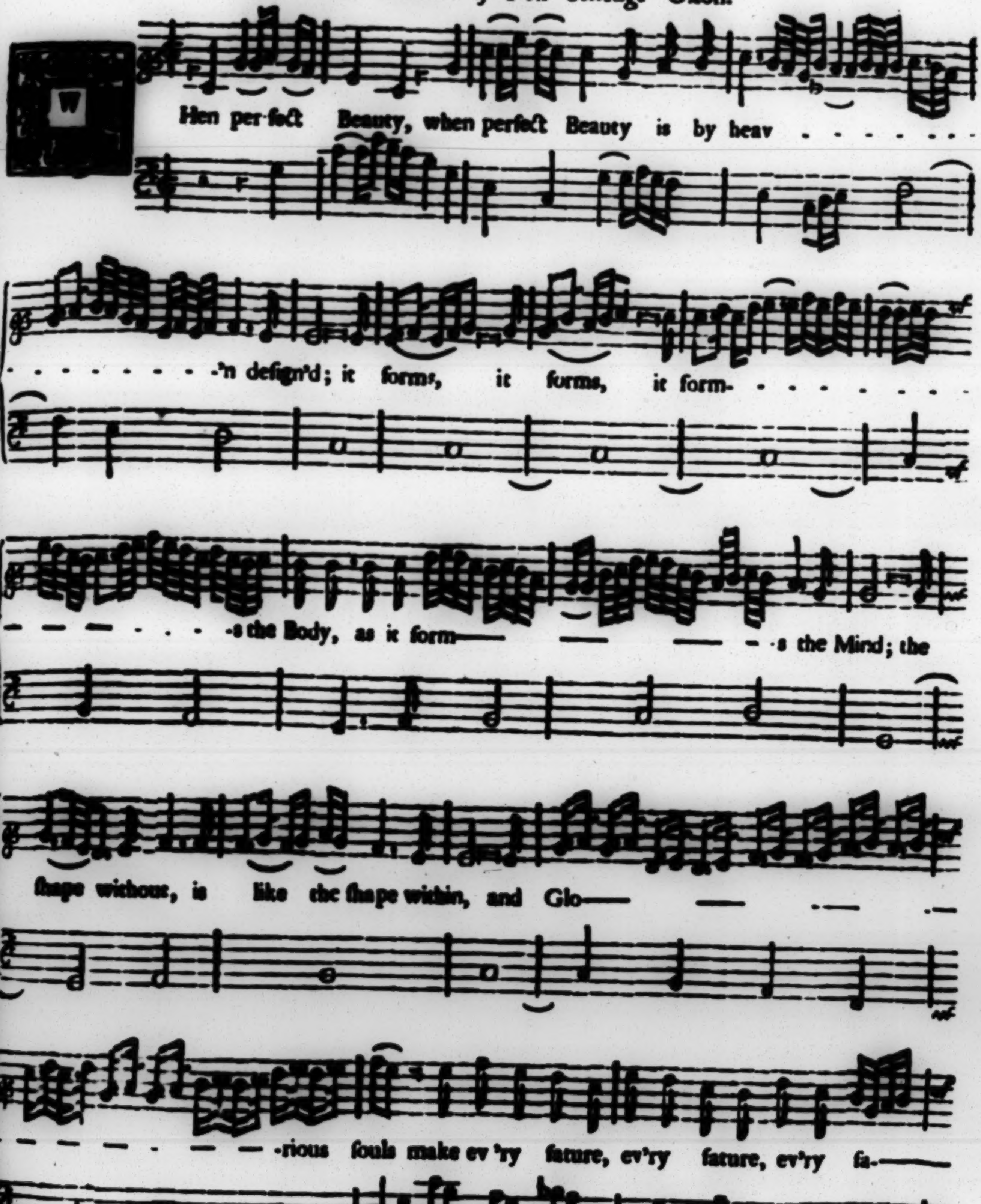

W
Hy Fair Ar—mi——da, why, why ſo cold? why when I ra- - - - - - -
Why Fair Ar-—-mi—da, why, why ſo cold? why when I
- - - -ge, I rage are you ſo tame? Has not Ar—-mi——da, has not Ar——mi—
rage, I ra——ge, I rage are you ſo tame? Has not Ar——mi—da, has not
—da oft bid told, indiſ'rence damps, indiſ'rence damps a Lo—vers flame? Ca-
Ar—mi—da oft bin told indiſ'rence damps, damps a Lovers flame? Ca-
-mœlions which divert the ſight, and with their va- - - - - - - - ri'ous colours
-mœlions which di-vert the ſight, and with their va- - - - - - ri'ous co—lours
4 3
7 6

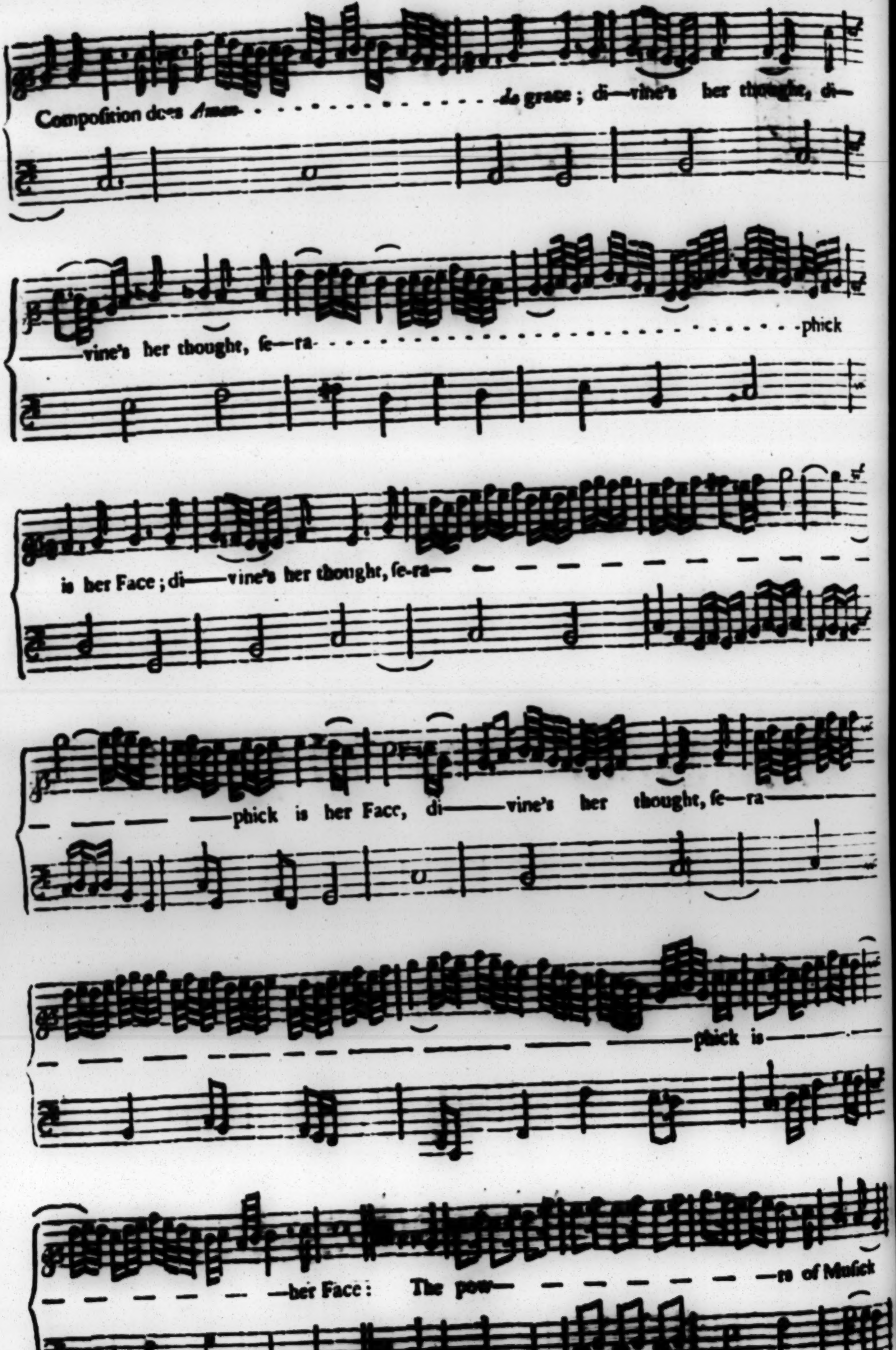

Charm; cease, cease when they're chill to mo————ve de-light, and please no
Charm; cease when their chill to mo- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -ve de—light,
longer, and please no longer, no lon— — — —ger than thei're warm, plea————
and please no longer, please no longer, than thei're warm, plea————
- — - -—se no longer, no lon— —ger, plea————se no lon- -ger
- -se, please no longer, please no longer, please, and please no longer
than thei're warm. If you'd Armi-da, if you'd Ar-mi-da move de-sire, and make your
than thei're warm. If you'd Armi-da, Ar-mi-da move de-sire, and make your

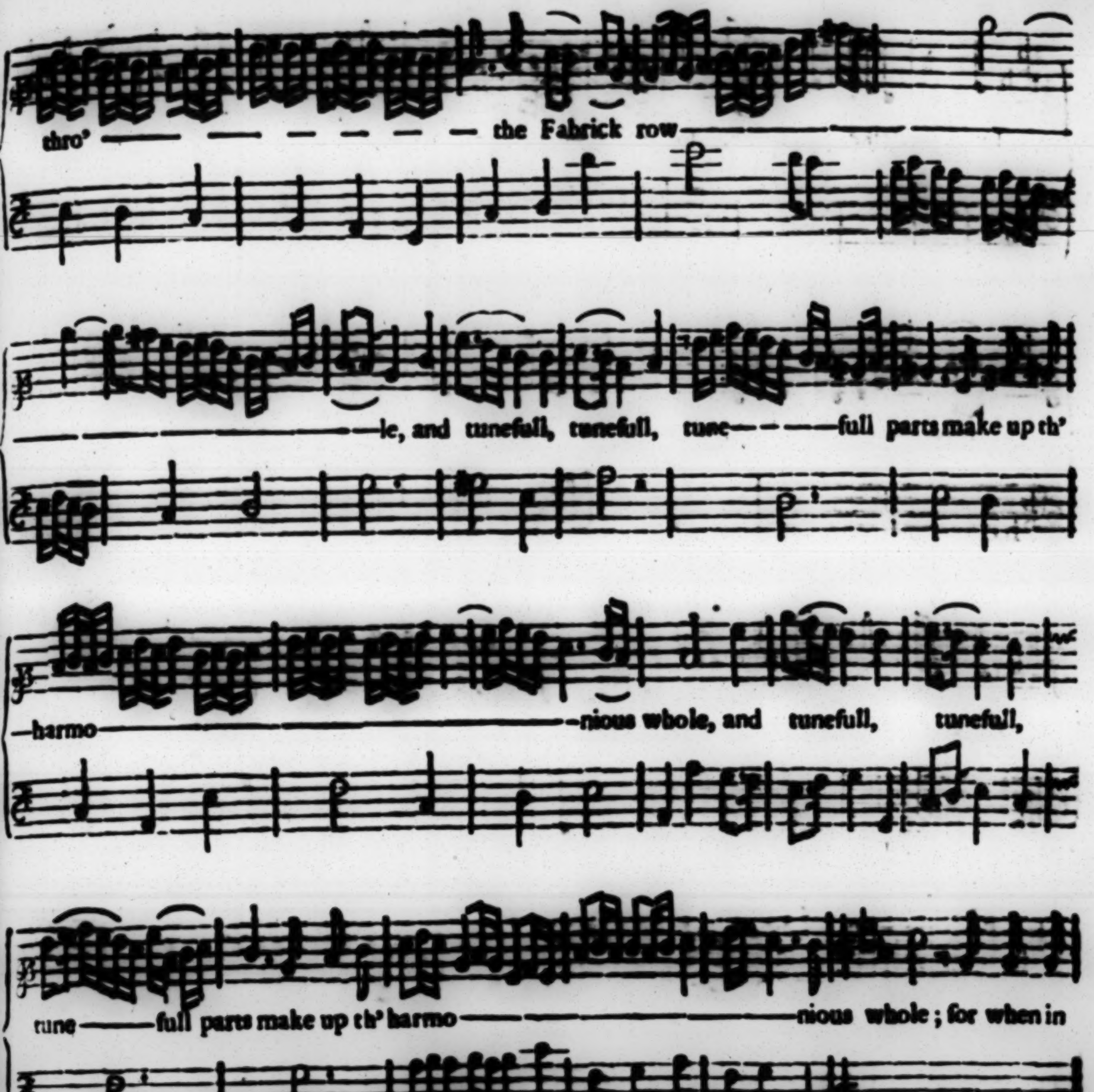

shi- - - - -ning Beauties felt, let yeild- - - -ing rayes your eyes inſpire, and ſoſ- -ter,
ſhi- - -ning Beauties felt, let yeild- - -ing rayes your eyes inſpire, and ſoſ--ter,
ſoſ- ~ -ter thoughts your boſome melt. When Beauteous Am- -ber takes a heat, it does a
ſoſ- -- -ter thoughts your boſome melt. When Beauteous Amber takes a heat, it
draw- - - - ing influence boaſt, but if the mo- - - -ving warmth retreat, then all, a- - -
does a draw- -- -ing influence boaſt, but if the moving warmth re- - -treat, then all
- - - ll the kind, the kind, then all the kind attract--ion's loſt.
then all, all, all the kind at---tract---ion's loſt.

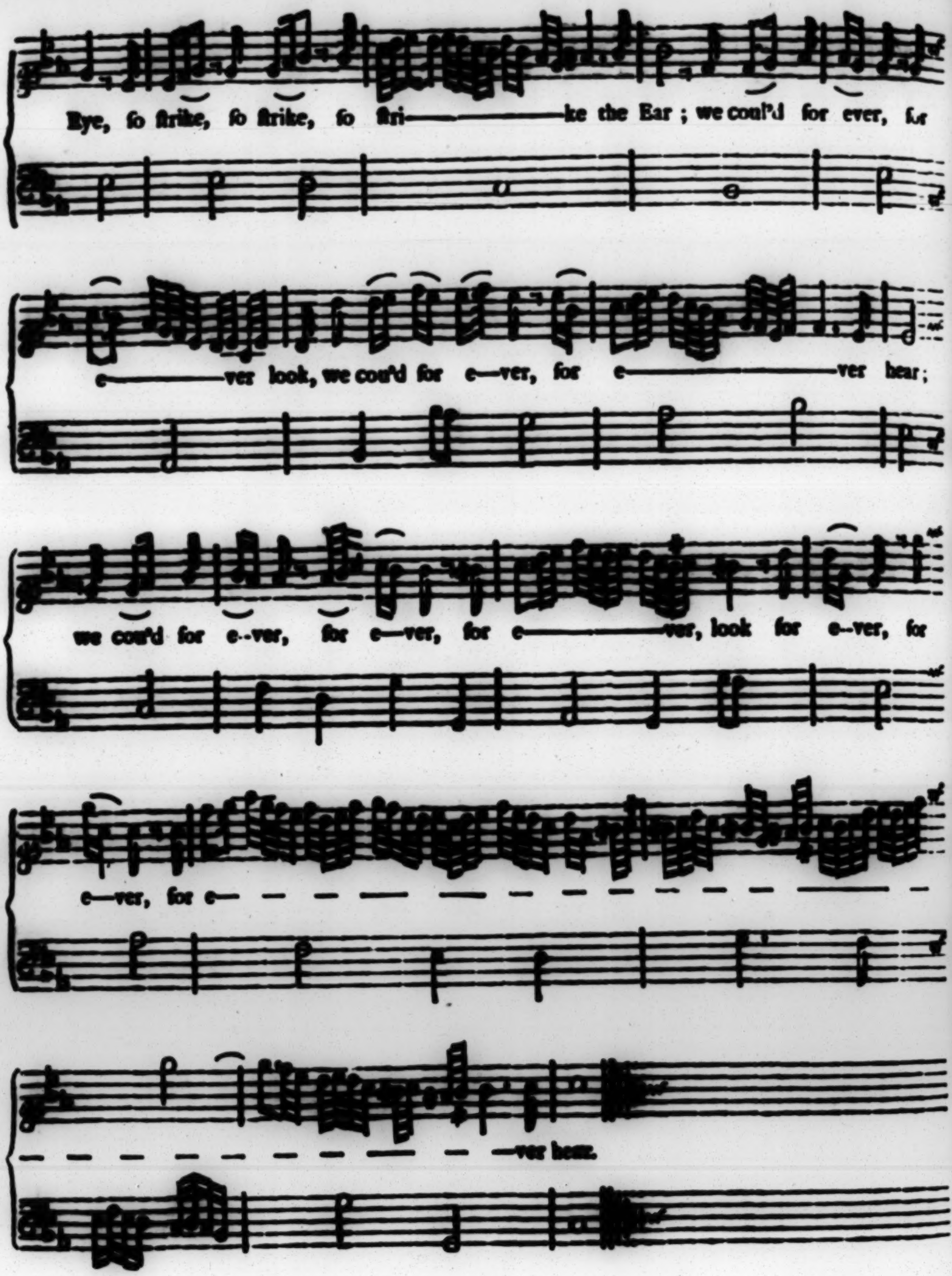
A SONG on a Lady in Imitation of Mr. Nicola's *Manner.*

Set by Mr. Weldon *of New Colledge* Oxon.

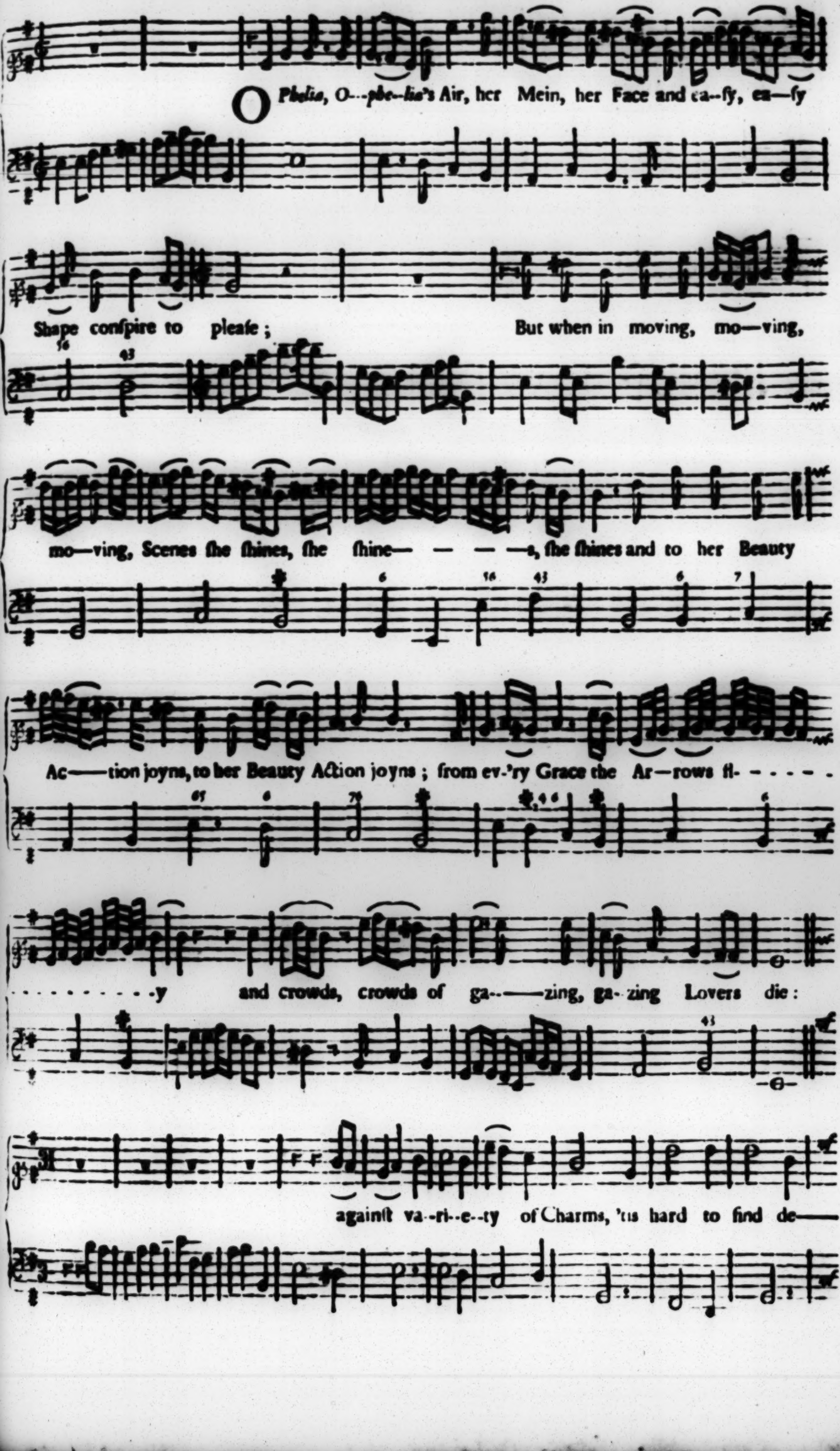

W
Hen per-fect Beauty, when perfect Beauty is by heav - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - -'n design'd; it forms, it forms, it form- - - - - - - -
— — — - - - - -s the Body, as it form— — — — - - s the Mind; the
ſhape without, is like the ſhape within, and Glo— — — — —
— — — - — — -rious ſouls make ev'ry feature, ev'ry feature, ev'ry fa—
— — -ture ſhine; ſuch compoſition does *A-man-* — — - - - - - -*da* grace, ſuch

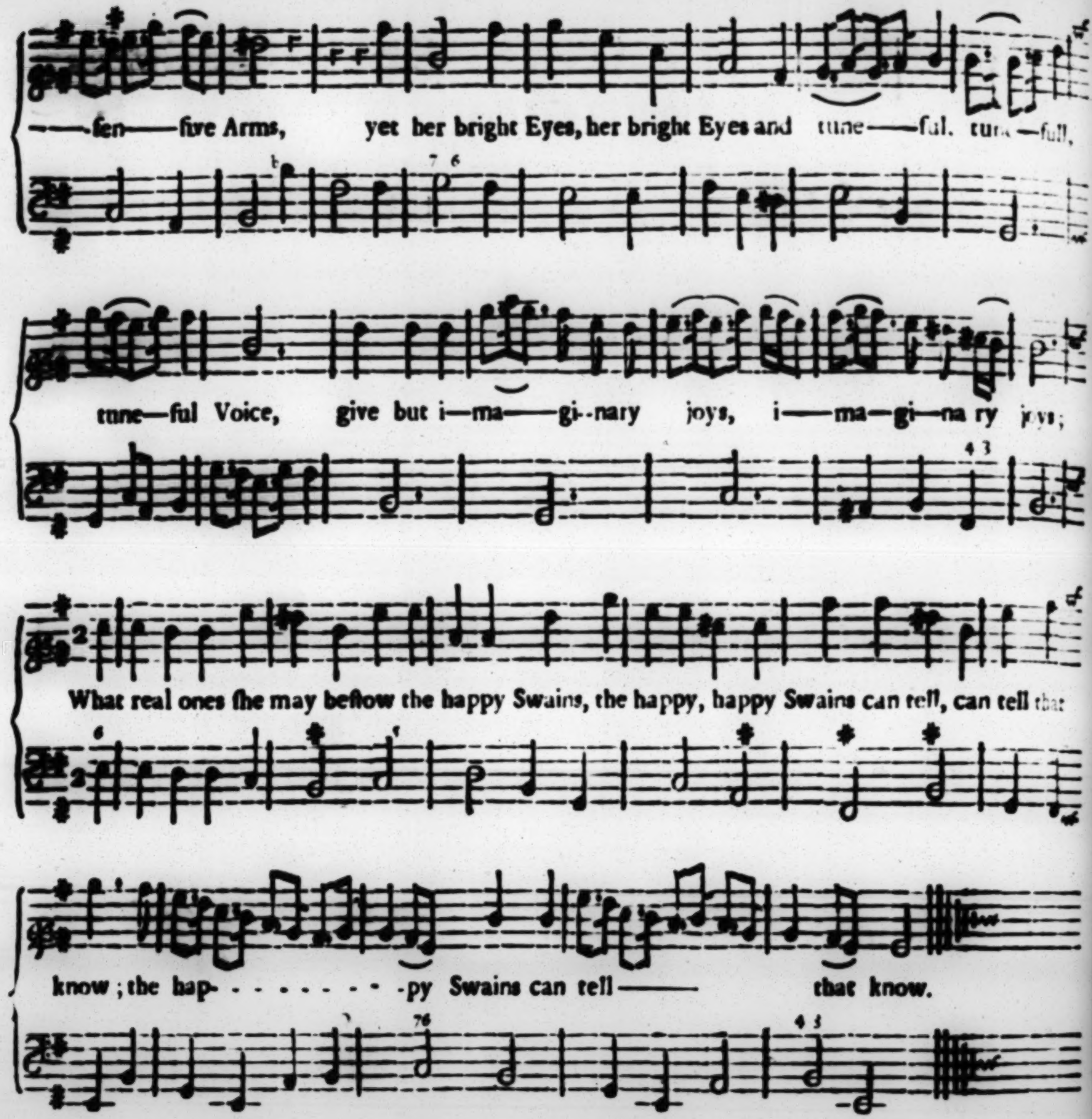

Compoſition does Amen- -de grace; di—vine's her thought, di—
—vine's her thought, ſe—ra- -phick
is her Face; di—vine's her thought, ſe-ra—
—phick is her Face, di—vine's her thought, ſe—ra—
—phick is—
—her Face: The pow— —rs of Muſick


thro' — the Fabrick row—
—le, and tunefull, tunefull, tune——full parts make up th'
—harmo——nious whole, and tunefull, tunefull,
tune——full parts make up th' harmo——nious whole; for when in
Face and Voice she's plea——s'd, she's plea——s'd she's plea——s'd t'a—
—pear, her Char——ms, her Char——ms so stri——ke the


Eye, ſo ſtrike, ſo ſtrike, ſo ſtri——ke the Ear ; we cou'd for ever, for
e——ver look, we cou'd for e—ver, for e——ver hear;
we cou'd for e--ver, for e--ver, for e—ver, for e——ver, look for e--ver, for
e—ver, for e– – – – – – – – – – – – –
– – – – – – – – – —ver hear.

A SONG Set by Mr. Berenclow.


O Phelia, O--phe--lia's Air, her Mein, her Face and ea--ſy, ea--ſy
Shape conſpire to pleaſe; But when in moving, mo—ving,
mo—ving, Scenes ſhe ſhines, ſhe ſhine— — — —s, ſhe ſhines and to her Beauty
Ac——tion joyns, to her Beauty Action joyns; from ev-'ry Grace the Ar—rows fl- - - - -
- - - - - - - - -y and crowds, crowds of ga-——zing, ga--zing Lovers die:
againſt va--ri--e--ty of Charms, 'tis hard to find de——


——ſen——ſive Arms, yet her bright Eyes, her bright Eyes and tune——ful, tune—full,
tune—ful Voice, give but i—ma——gi-nary joys, i——ma—gi—na ry joys;
What real ones ſhe may beſtow the happy Swains, the happy, happy Swains can tell, can tell that
know; the hap- - - - - - - - -py Swains can tell—— that know.
7 6
4 3
6
7 6
4 3

A TABLE *of the* SONGS *contain'd in this Volume, for the Year* 1700.

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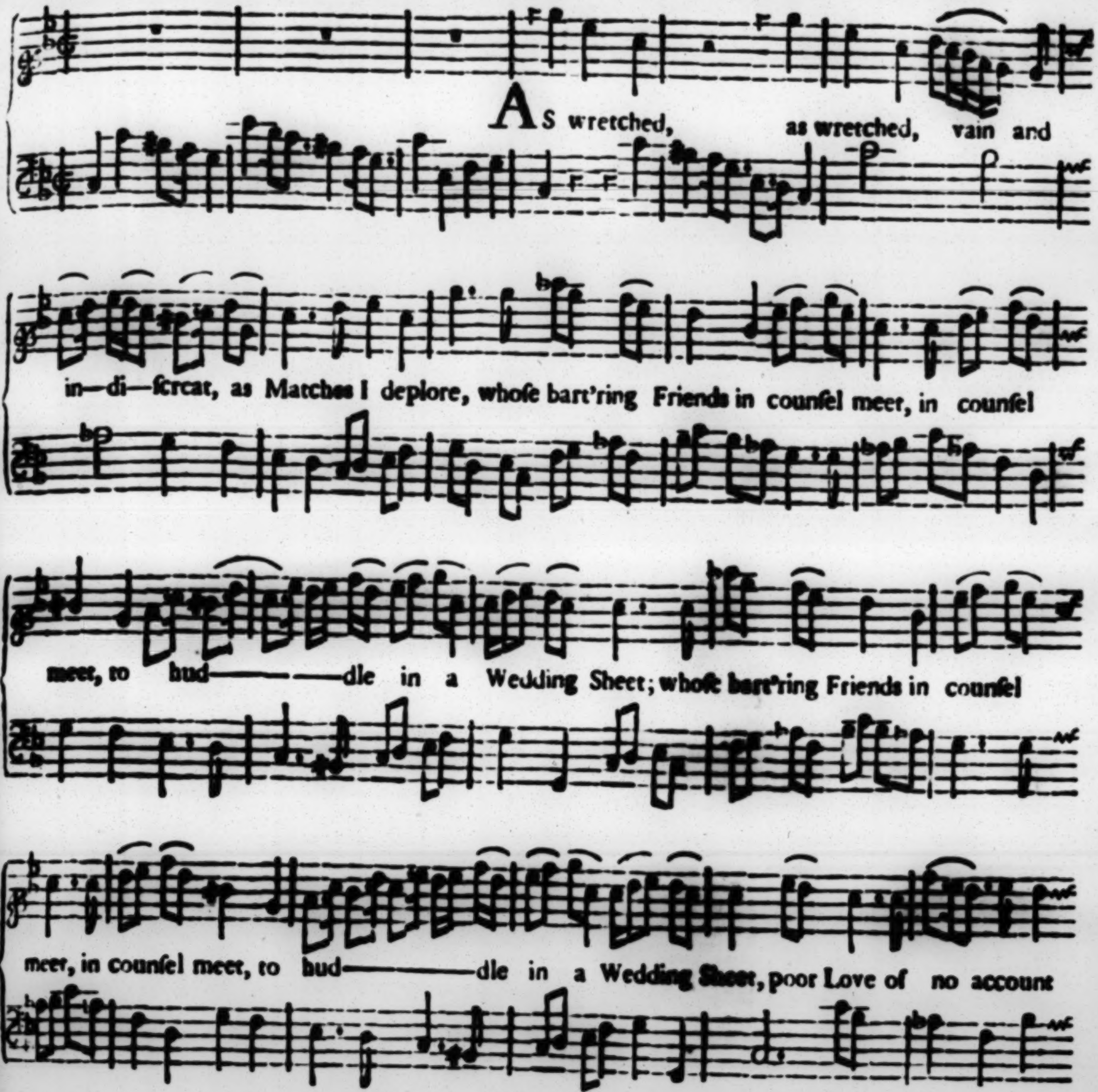
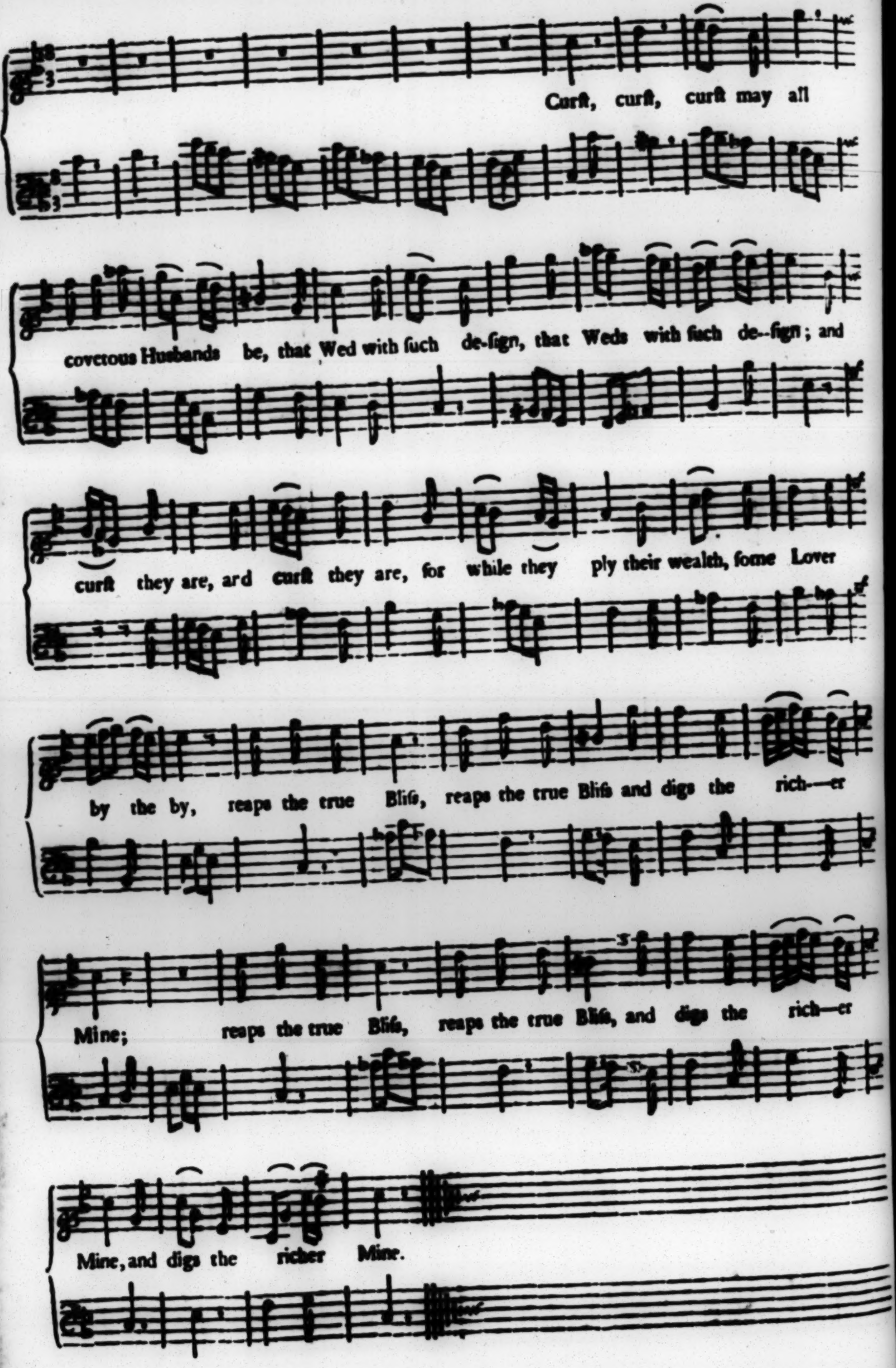
FINIS.

Slow. *A SONG Set by Mr.* William Robart.


As wretched, as wretched, vain and
in—di—ſcreat, as Matches I deplore, whoſe bart'ring Friends in counſel meet, in counſel
meet, to hud———dle in a Wedding Sheet; whoſe bart'ring Friends in counſel
meet, in counſel meet, to hud———dle in a Wedding Sheet, poor Love of no account
muſt be, tho' ne'er, ne'er ſo fixt and true, no merit but in Gold, they ſee, ſo Portion and Eſtate a—
—gree; no merit but in Gold, they ſee, ſo Portion and E—ſtate a- -gree:


Curſt, curſt, curſt may all
covetous Husbands be, that Wed with ſuch de-ſign, that Weds with ſuch de--ſign; and
curſt they are, ard curſt they are, for while they ply their wealth, ſome Lover
by the by, reaps the true Bliſs, reaps the true Bliſs and digs the rich—er
Mine; reaps the true Bliſs, reaps the true Bliſs, and digs the rich—er
Mine, and digs the richer Mine.

MERCURIUS MUSICUS:

OR, THE

Monthly Collection

Of New TEACHING

SONGS,

BEING

The ſingle **SONGS** in the New **OPERA**, call'd
(*The Mad Lover*) at the *Theatre* in Little *Lincoln's-Inn*
Fields. Compos'd by Mr. *John Eccles* Maſter of His
Majeſty's Muſick.

WITH

A Thorough **BASS** to each Song, for the *Harpſichord*, *Spinett*, or *BASS-VIOL*.

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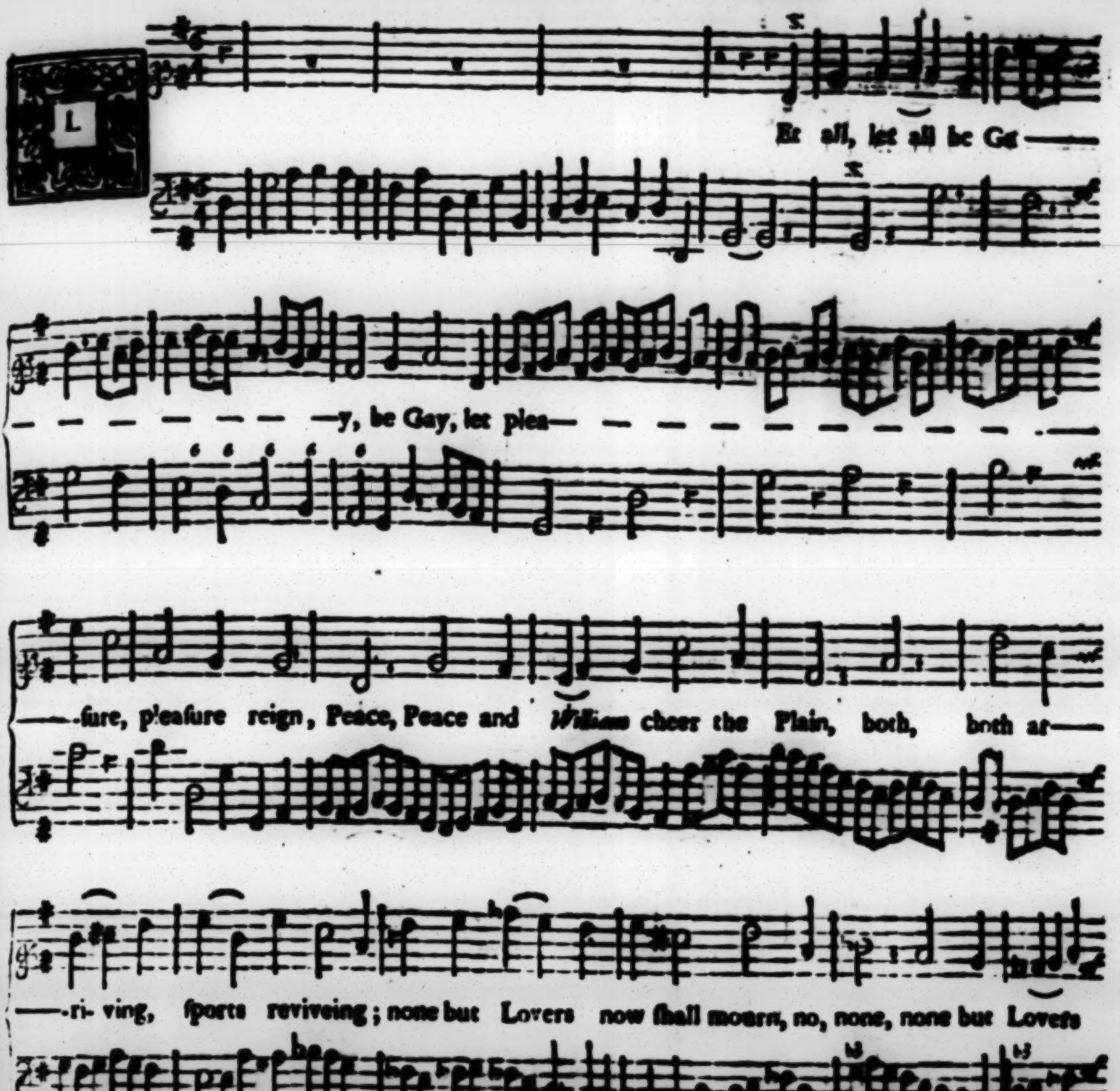
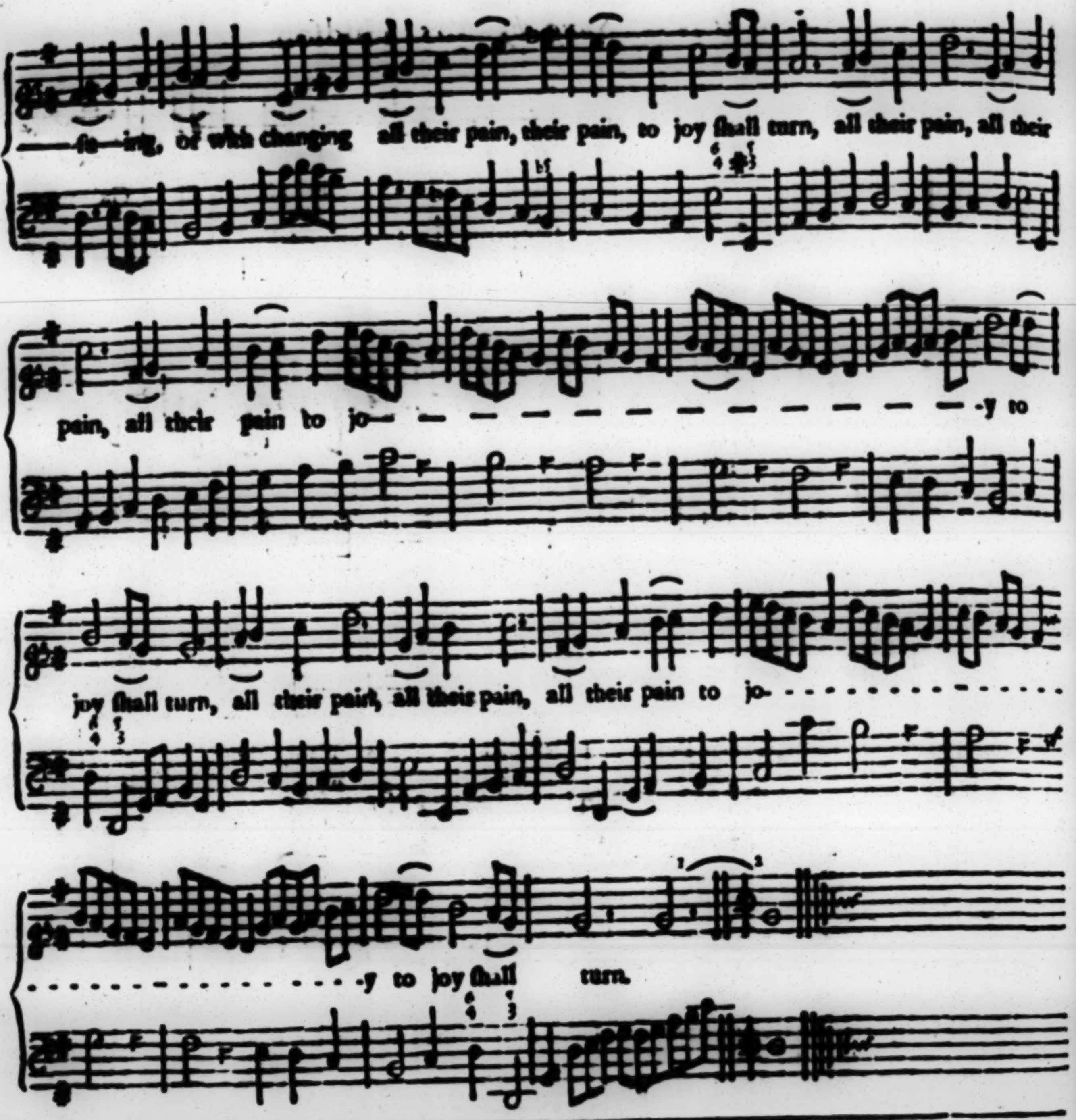
Printed by *W. Pearſon*, in *Red-Croſs-Alley* in *Jewin-ſtreet*, for *Henry Playford*, at his Shop in the *Temple-Change Fleet-ſtreet*; (where the Collections for the Year 99, and 1700 are to be had, at 3 *s.* 6*d.* or Stitch'd, at 6*d.* each.) Sold by *John Nutt*, near *Stationers-Hall*, and at moſt Book-ſellers and Muſick-Shops in Town. 1701.

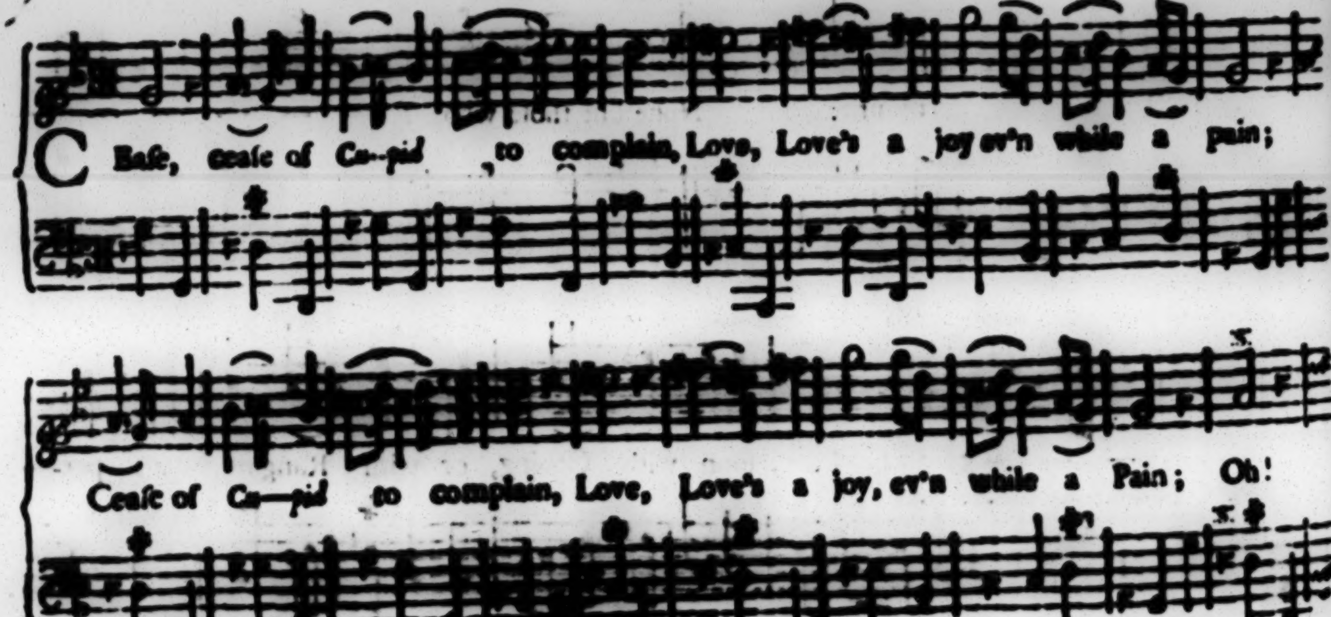
A SONG Sung by Mrs. Hudſon.


L
Et all, let all be Ga——
——y, be Gay, let plea——
——ſure, pleaſure reign, Peace, Peace and William cheer the Plain, both, both ar——
——ri- ving, ſports reviveing; none but Lovers now ſhall mourn, no, none, none but Lovers
now ſhall mourn: None but thoſe who Ra——
——ge and Burn, ſoon with Cooing, or with Ranging, with per——

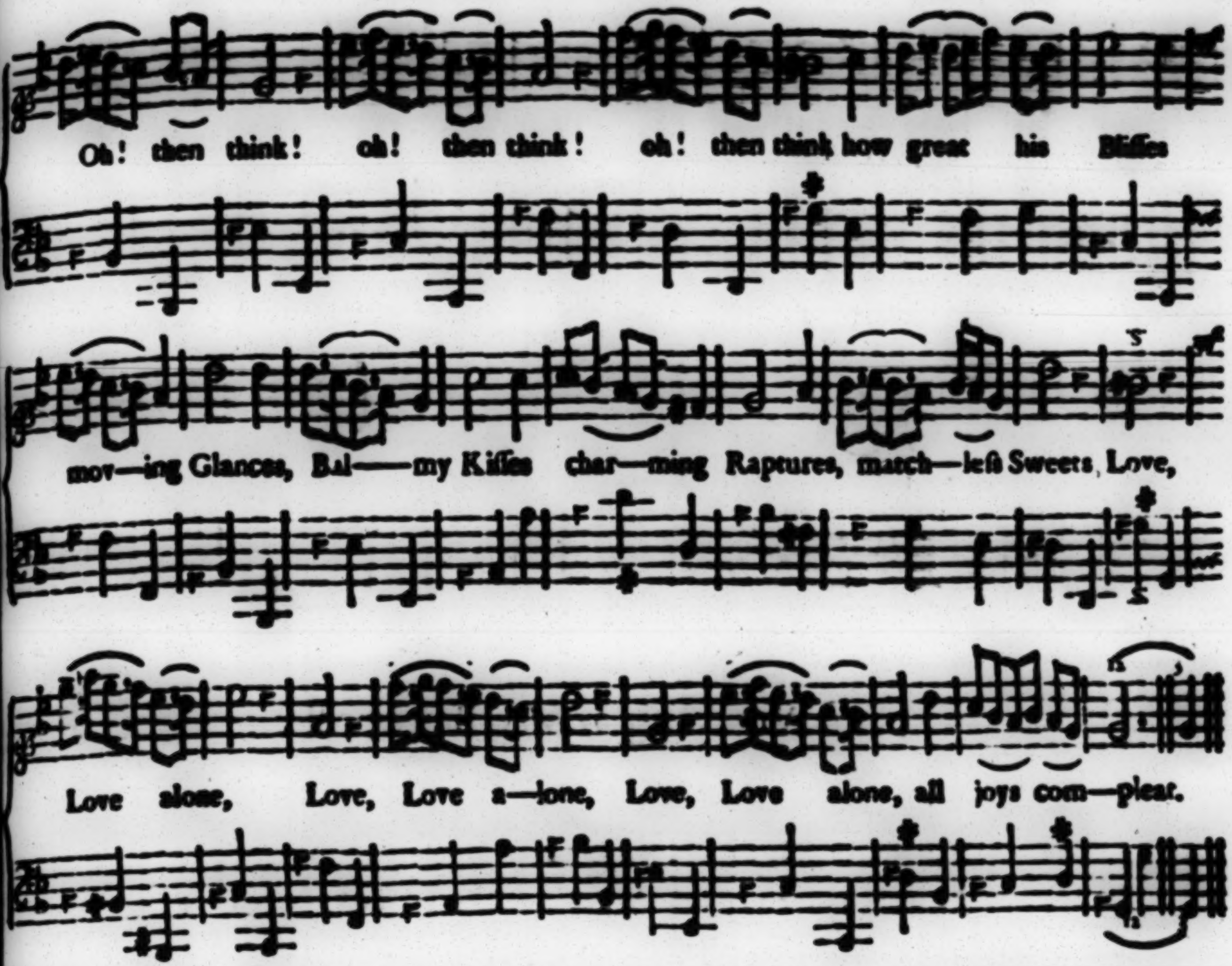
]


——ſa—ing, or with changing all their pain, their pain, to joy ſhall turn, all their pain, all their
pain, all their pain to jo— — — — — — — — — — — — — — — -y to
joy ſhall turn, all their pain, all their pain, all their pain to jo- - - - - - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -y to joy ſhall turn.
6
4
3

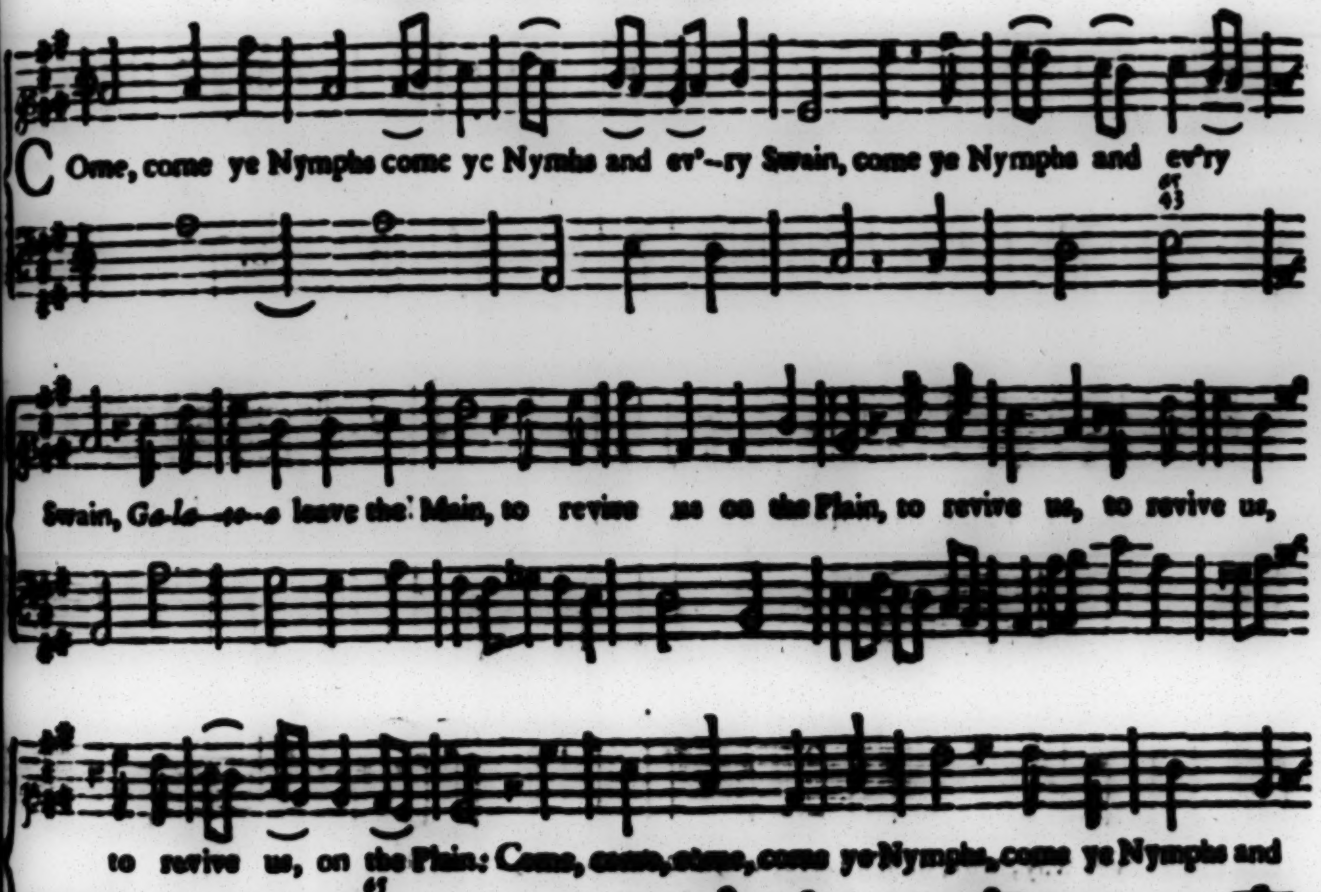
A SONG Sung by Mrs. Bracegirdle.

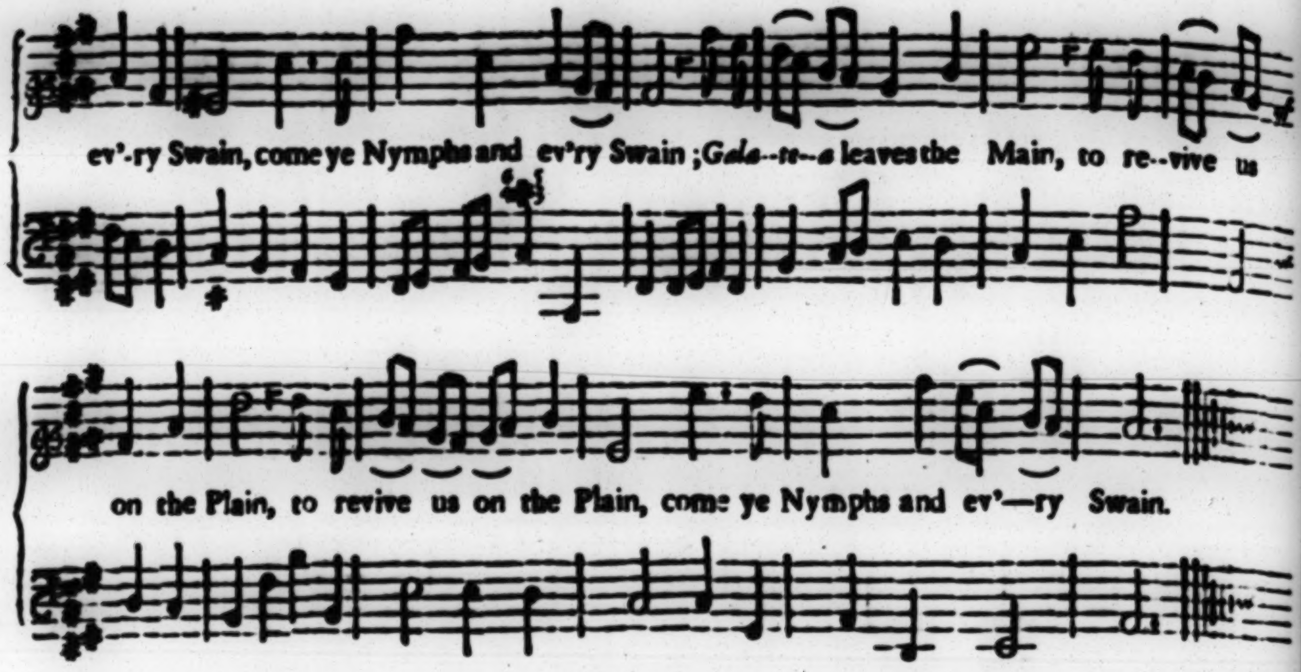

C Eaſe, ceaſe of Cu—pid to complain, Love, Love's a joy ev'n while a pain;
Ceaſe of Cu—pid to complain, Love, Love's a joy, ev'n while a Pain; Oh!

(477)

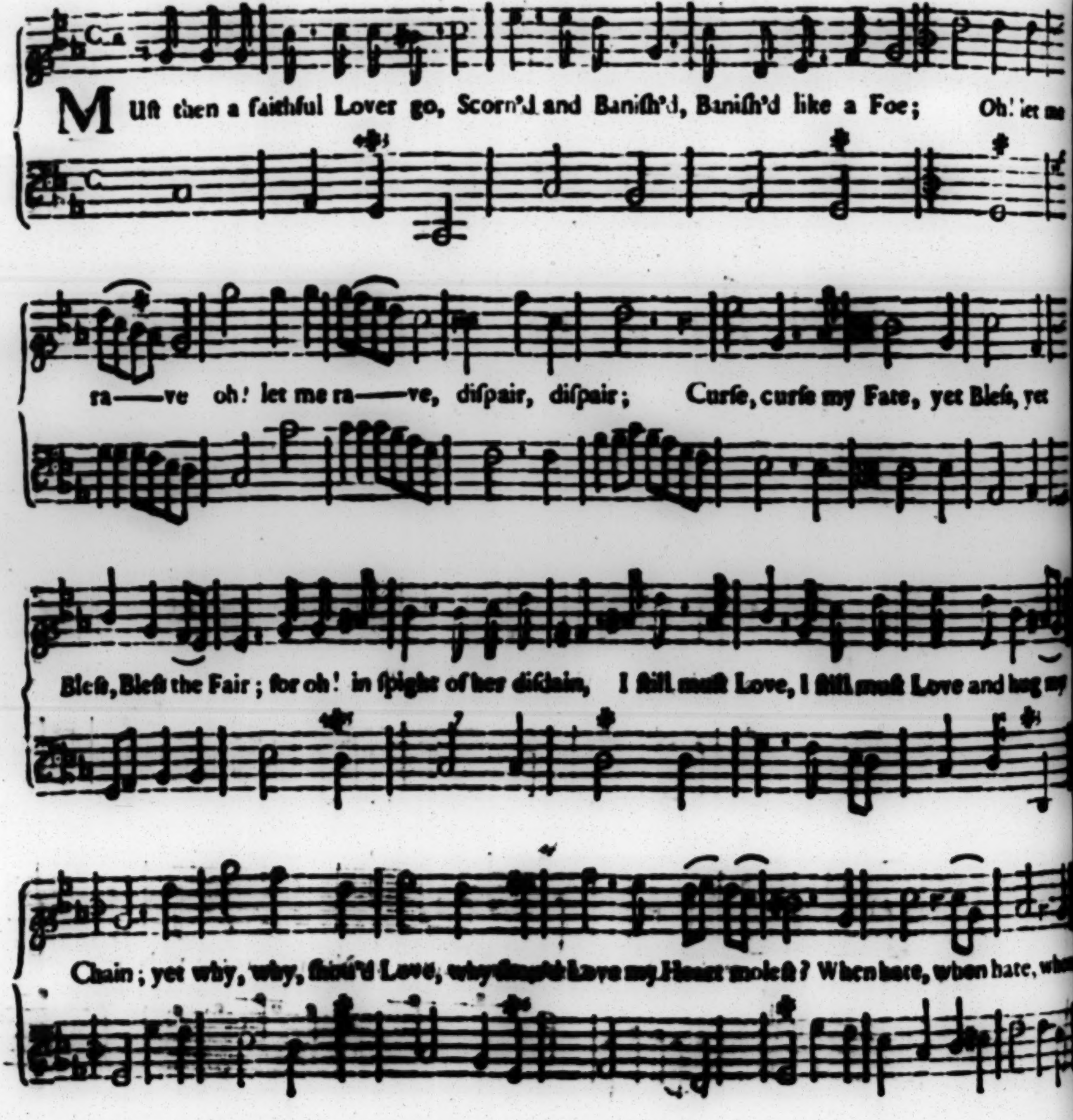

Oh! then think! oh! then think! oh! then think how great his Bliſſes
mov—ing Glances, Bal——my Kiſſes char—ming Raptures, match—leſs Sweets, Love,
Love alone, Love, Love a—lone, Love, Love alone, all joys com—pleat.

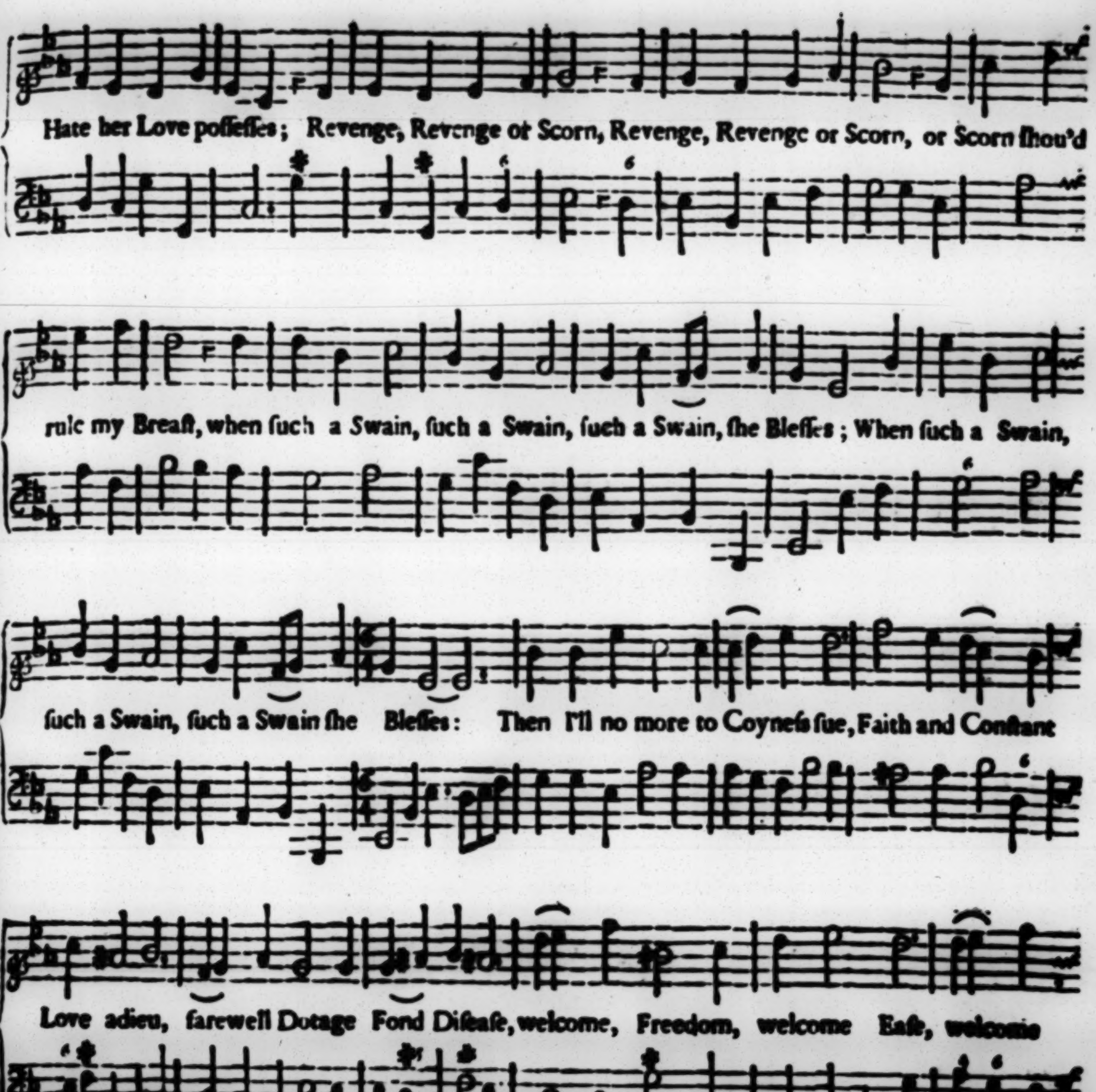
Sung by Mrs. Bracegirdle.

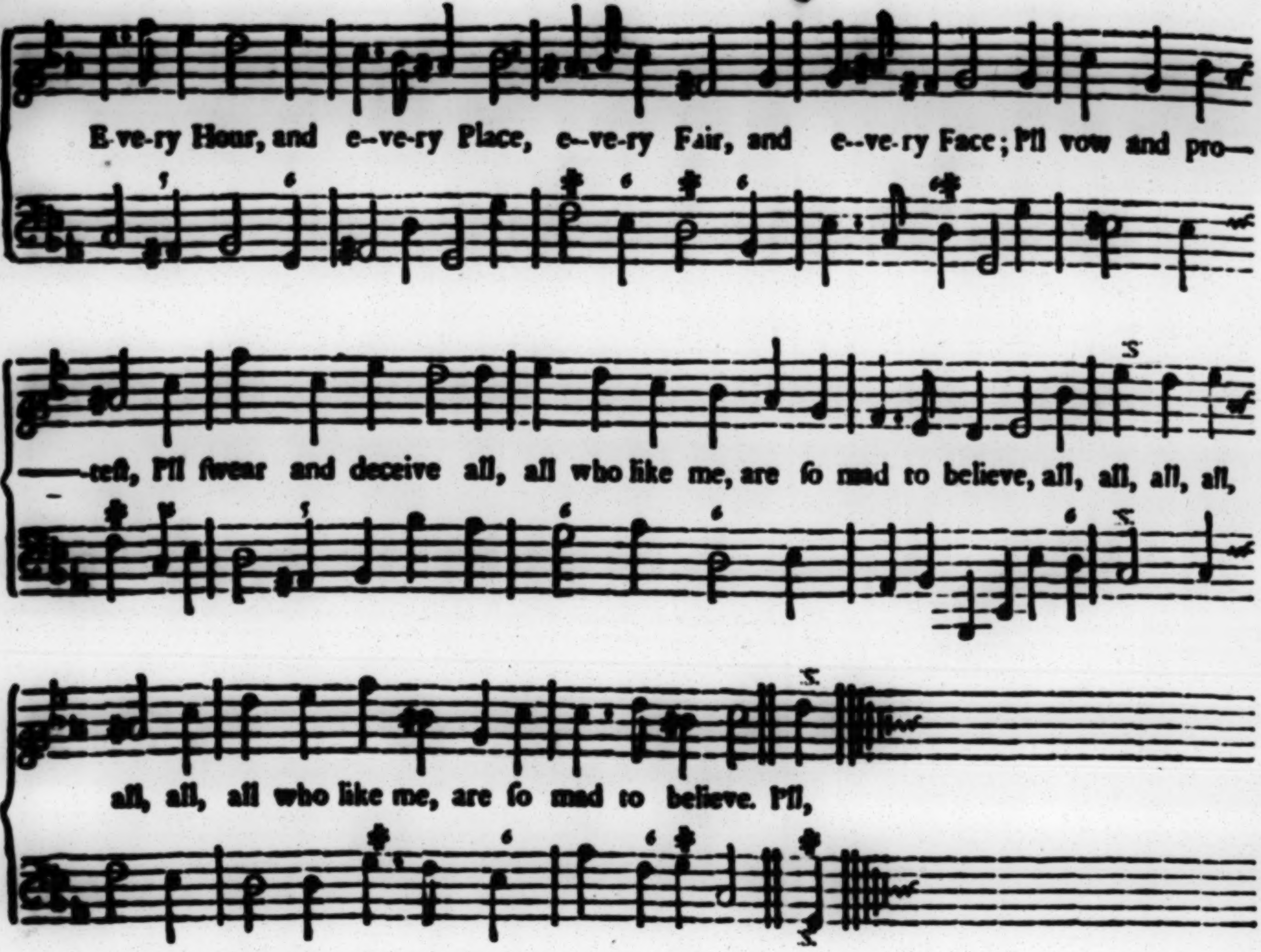

C Ome, come ye Nymphs come ye Nymhs and ev'-ry Swain, come ye Nymphs and ev'ry
Swain, *Ga-la—te—a* leave the Main, to revive us on the Plain, to revive us, to revive us,
to revive us, on the Plain: Come, come, come, come ye Nymphs, come ye Nymphs and


ev'-ry Swain, come ye Nymphs and ev'ry Swain; Gala--te--a leaves the Main, to re--vive us
on the Plain, to revive us on the Plain, come ye Nymphs and ev'—ry Swain.

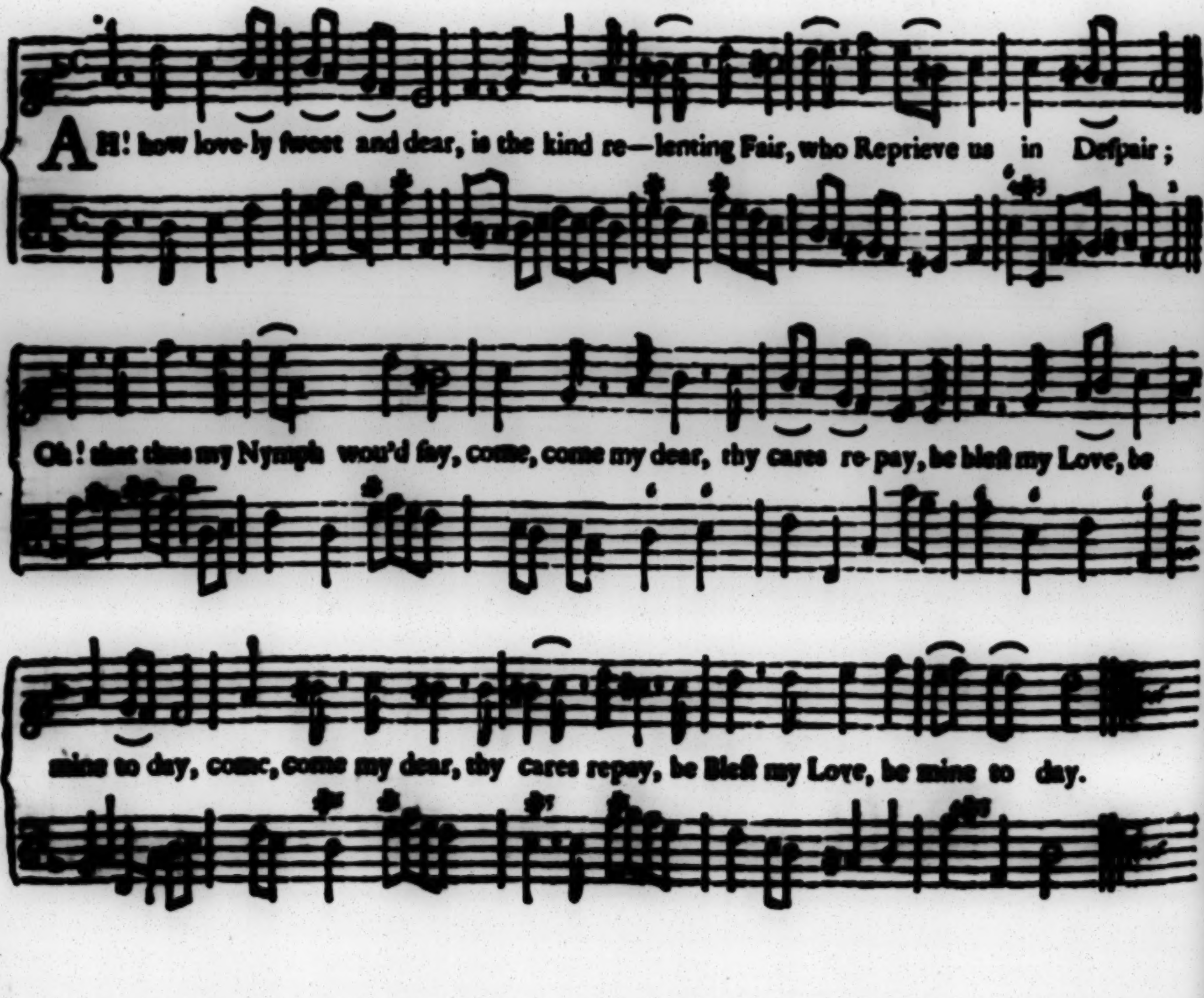
A SONG Sung by Mrs. Bracegirdle.


Must then a faithful Lover go, Scorn'd and Banish'd, Banish'd like a Foe; Oh! let me
ra——ve oh! let me ra——ve, dispair, dispair; Curse, curse my Fate, yet Bless, yet
Bless, Bless the Fair; for oh! in spight of her disdain, I still must Love, I still must Love and hug my
Chain; yet why, why, shou'd Love, why shou'd Love my Heart molest? When hate, when hate, wh

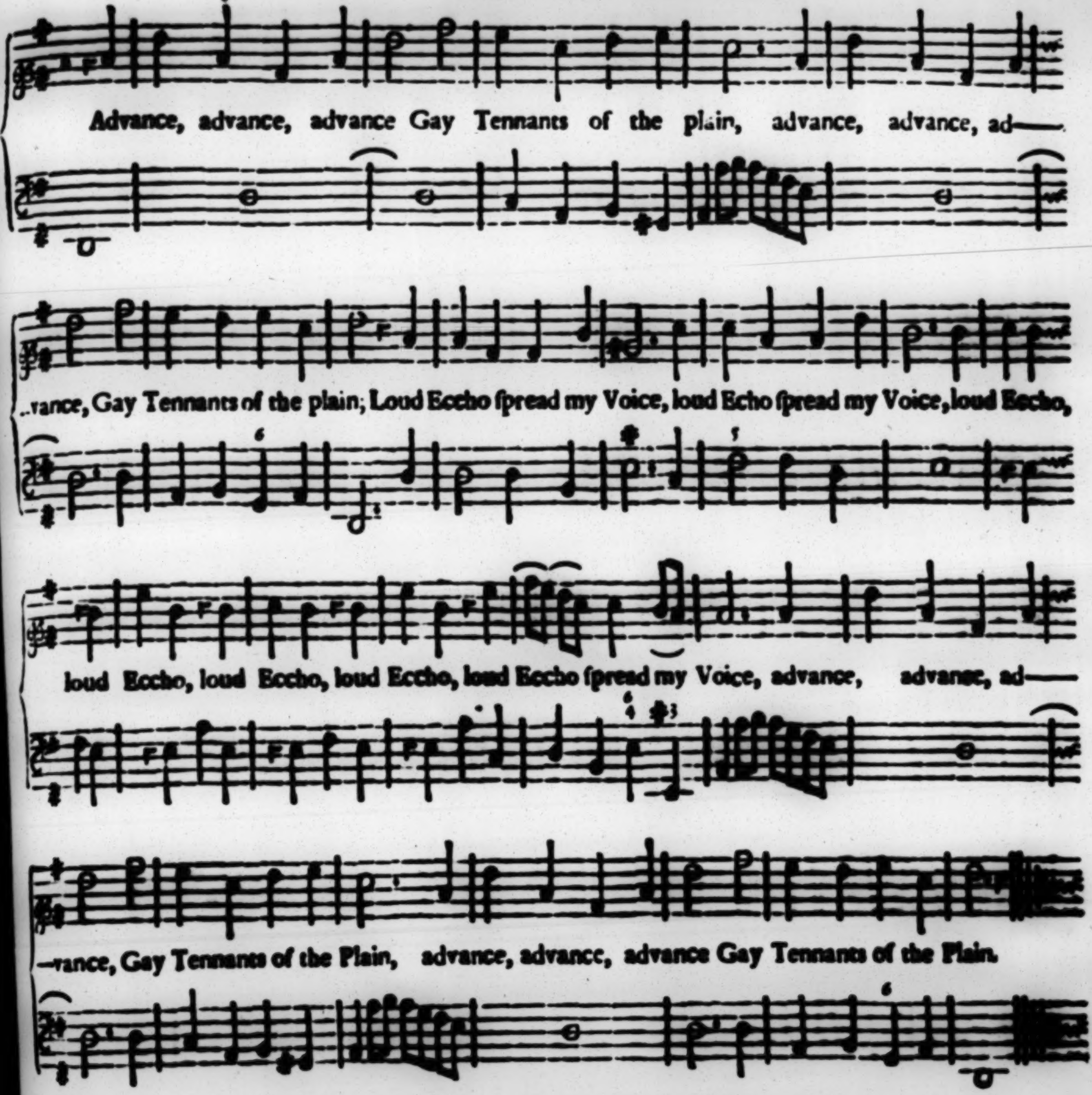

Hate her Love poſſeſſes; Revenge, Revenge or Scorn, Revenge, Revenge or Scorn, or Scorn ſhou'd
rule my Breaſt, when ſuch a Swain, ſuch a Swain, ſuch a Swain, ſhe Bleſſes; When ſuch a Swain,
ſuch a Swain, ſuch a Swain ſhe Bleſſes: Then I'll no more to Coyneſs ſue, Faith and Conſtant
Love adieu, farewell Dotage Fond Diſeaſe, welcome, Freedom, welcome Eaſe, welcome
Freedom, welcome Eaſe;
I'll Rove, and I'll Range, I'll
Love and I'll Change, I'll Rove and I'll Range, I'll Love and I'll Change;


E-ve-ry Hour, and e--ve-ry Place, e--ve-ry Fair, and e--ve-ry Face; I'll vow and pro—
—teſt, I'll ſwear and deceive all, all who like me, are ſo mad to believe, all, all, all, all,
all, all, all who like me, are ſo mad to believe. I'll,

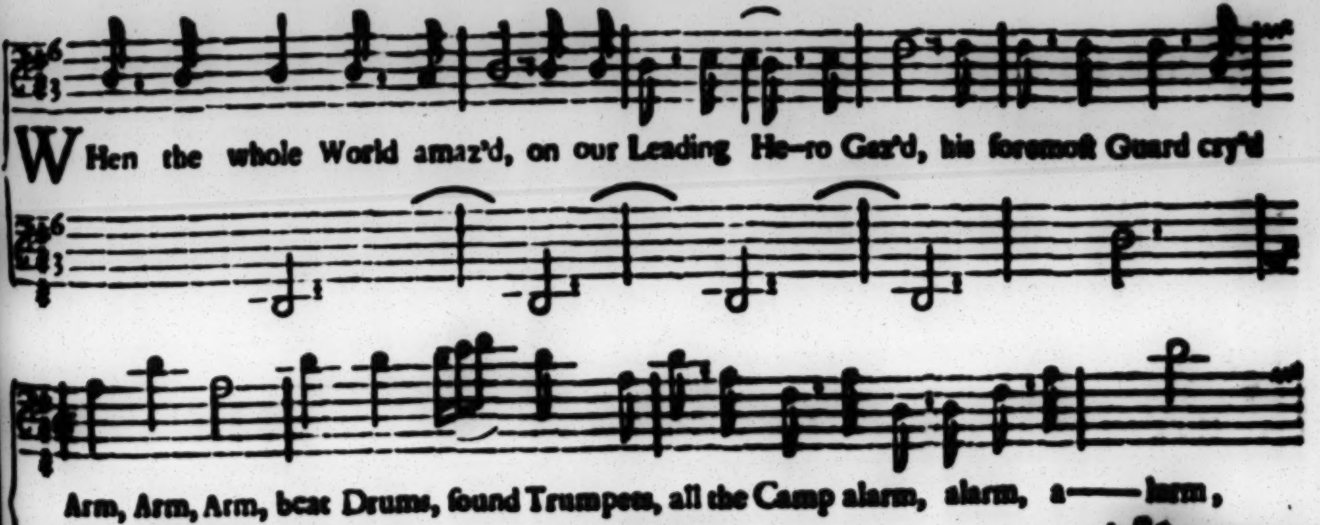
SONG.

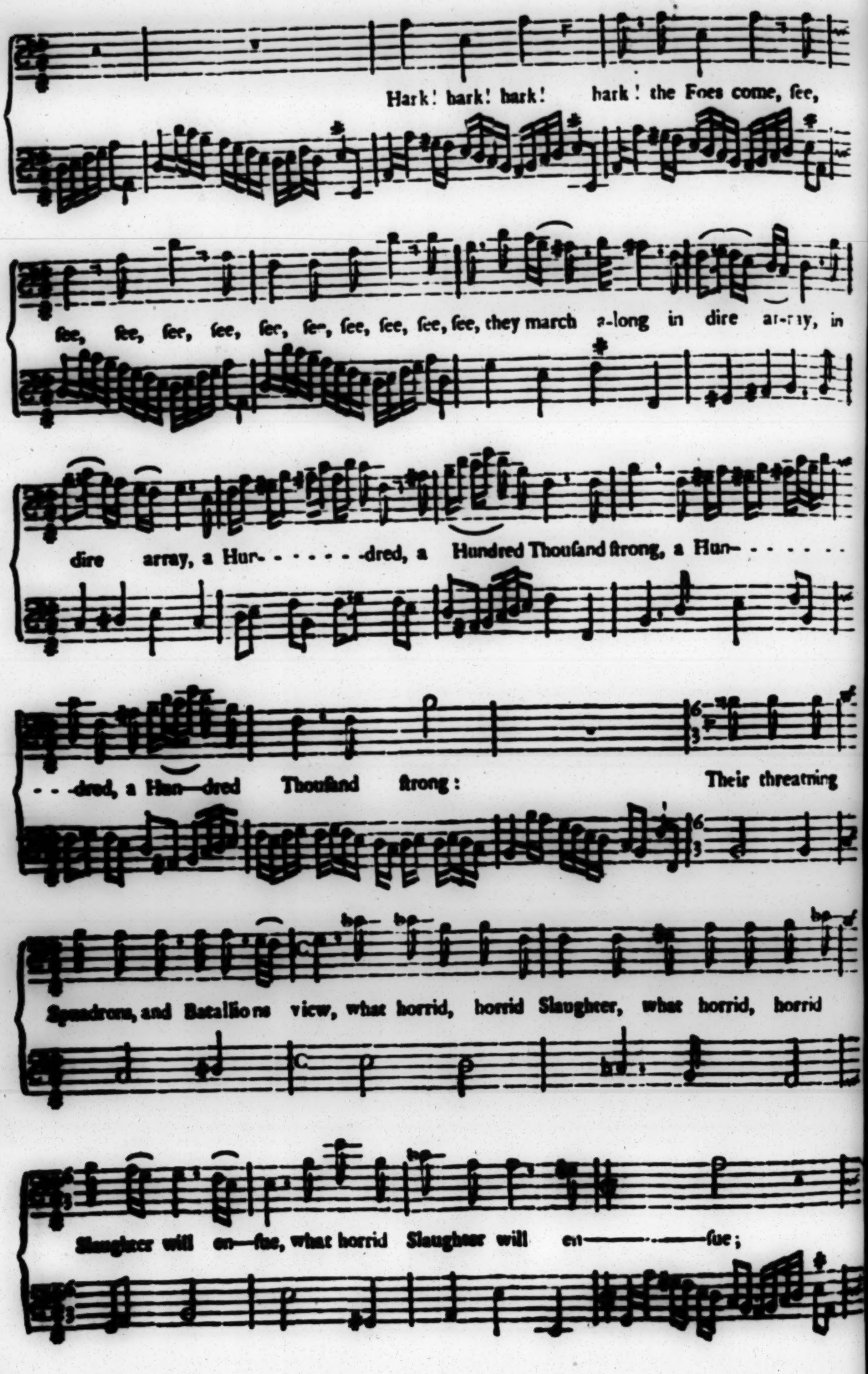

AH! how love-ly ſweet and dear, is the kind re—lenting Fair, who Reprieve us in Deſpair;
Oh! that thus my Nymph wou'd ſay, come, come my dear, thy cares re-pay, be bleſt my Love, be
mine to day, come, come my dear, thy cares repay, be Bleſt my Love, be mine to day.

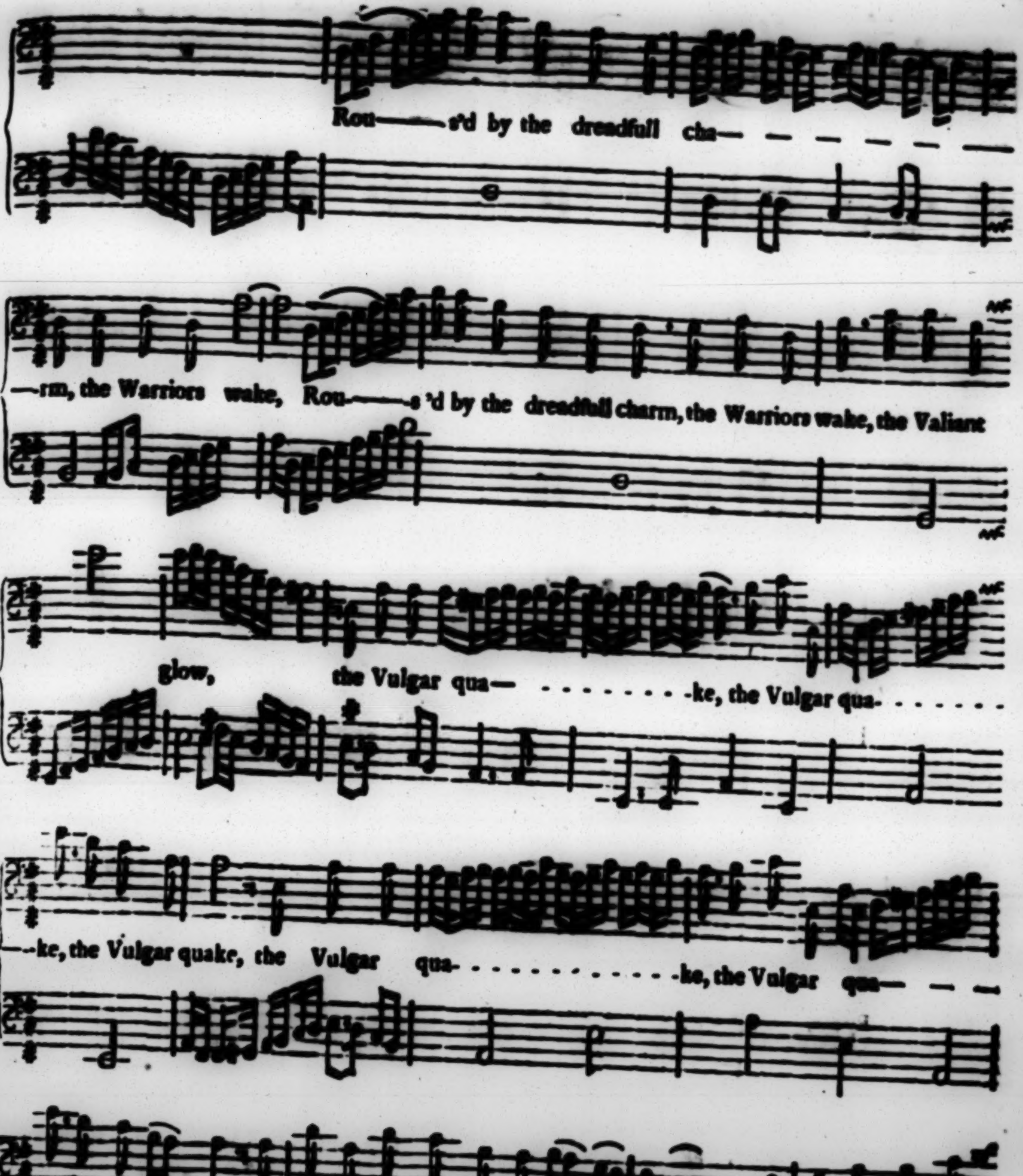
A SONG Sung by Mrs. Bracegirdle.

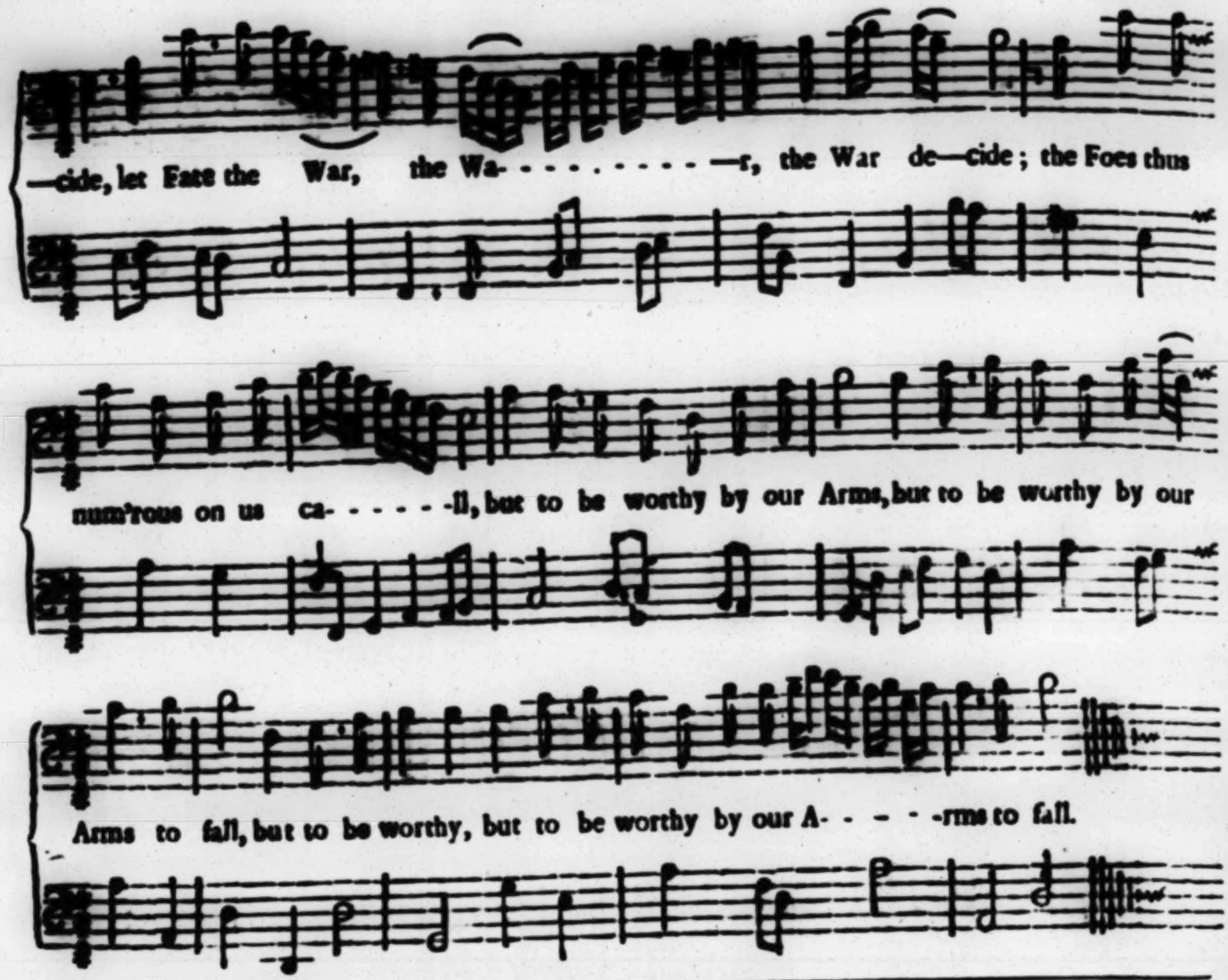

Advance, advance, advance Gay Tennants of the plain, advance, advance, ad—
-vance, Gay Tennants of the plain; Loud Eccho ſpread my Voice, loud Echo ſpread my Voice, loud Eccho,
loud Eccho, loud Eccho, loud Eccho, loud Eccho ſpread my Voice, advance, advange, ad—
-vance, Gay Tennants of the Plain, advance, advance, advance Gay Tennants of the Plain.

A SONG Sung by Mr. Cook.

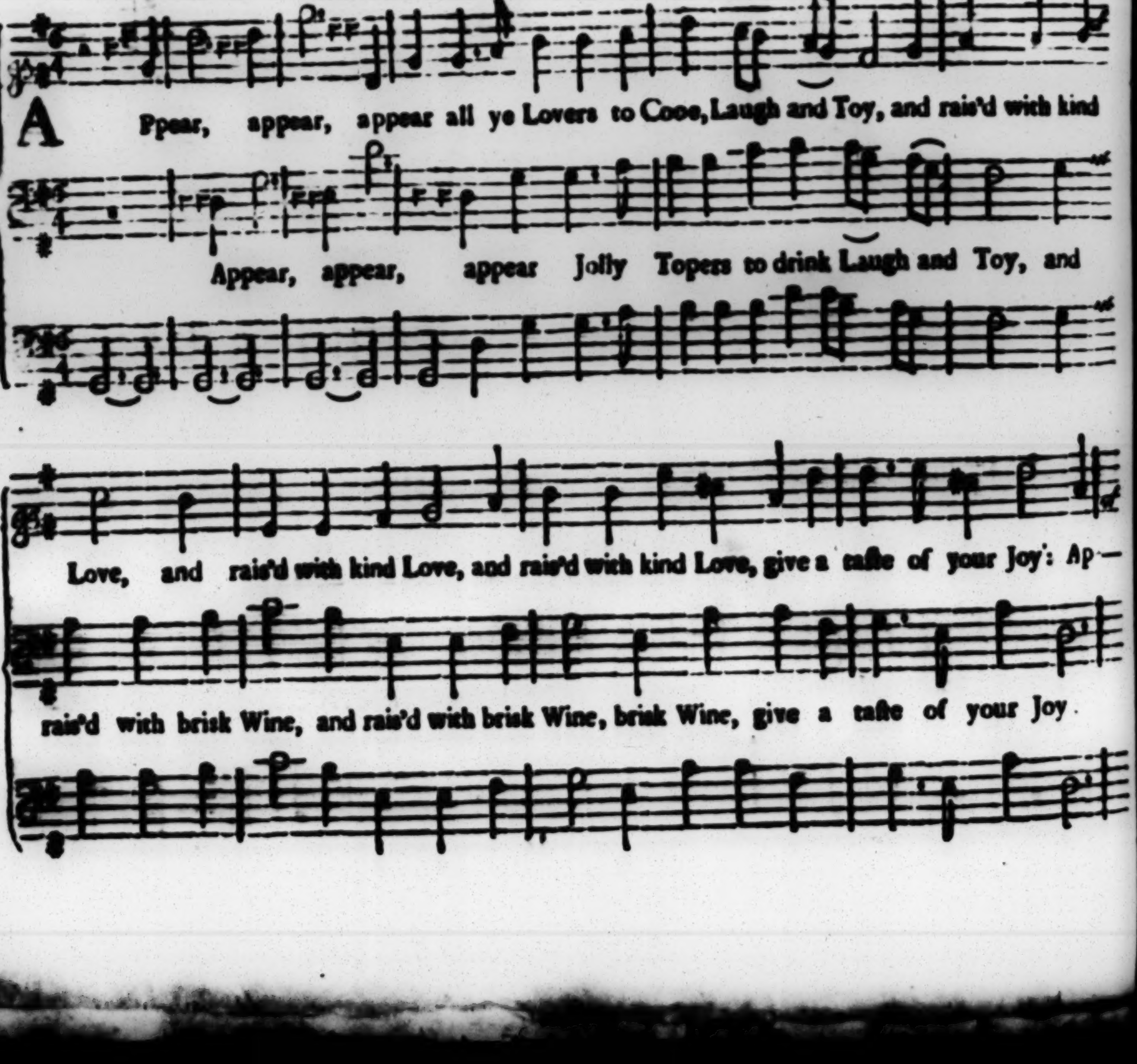

WHen the whole World amaz'd, on our Leading He-ro Gaz'd, his foremoſt Guard cry'd
Arm, Arm, Arm, beat Drums, ſound Trumpets, all the Camp alarm, alarm, a——larm,

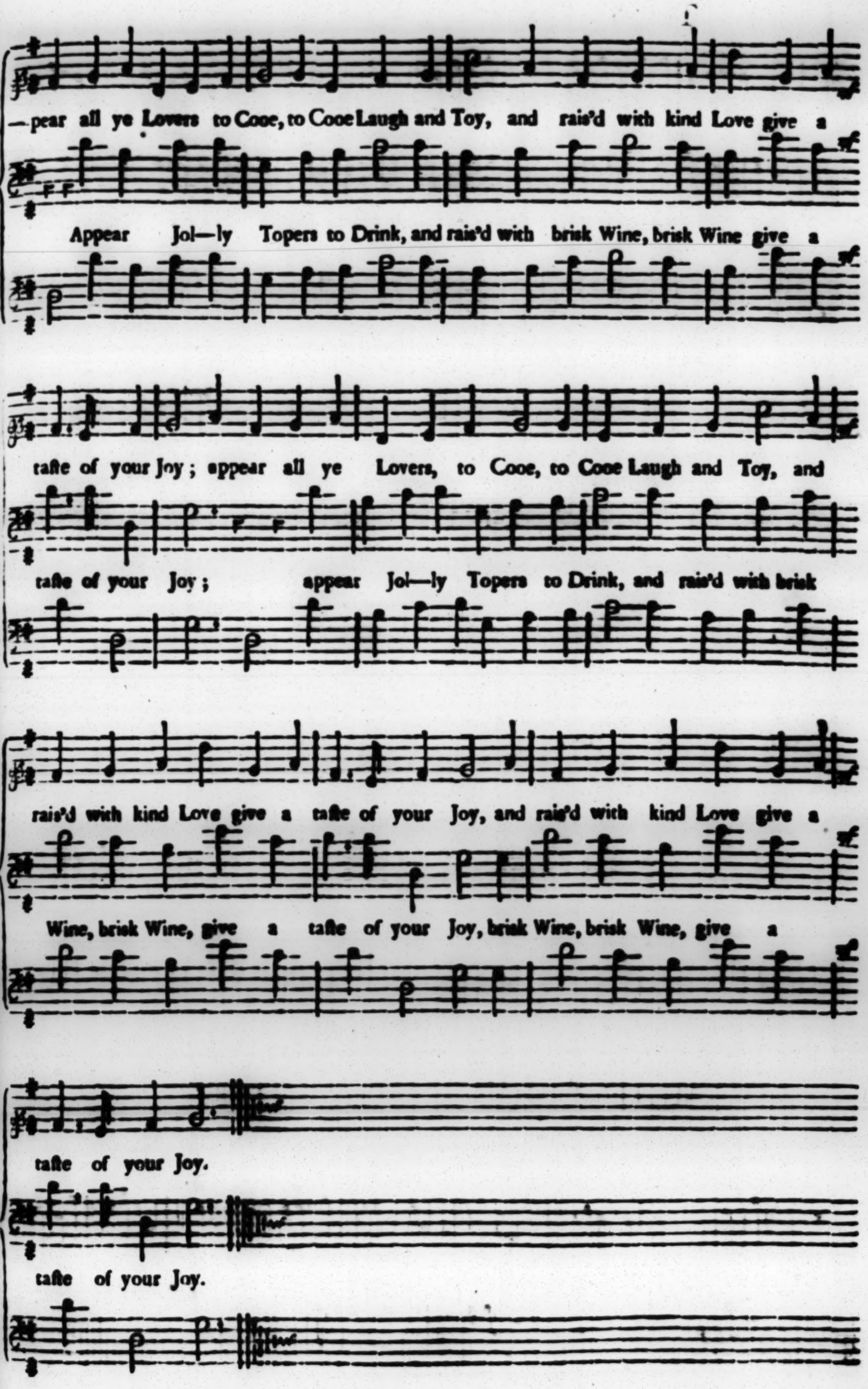

Hark! hark! hark! hark! the Foes come, ſee,
ſee, ſee, ſee, ſee, ſee, ſee, ſee, ſee, ſee, ſee, they march a-long in dire ar-ray, in
dire array, a Hun-------dred, a Hundred Thouſand ſtrong, a Hun-------
---dred, a Hun—dred Thouſand ſtrong: Their threatning
Squadrons, and Batallions view, what horrid, horrid Slaughter, what horrid, horrid
Slaughter will en—ſue, what horrid Slaughter will en———ſue;
6
3


Rou——s'd by the dreadfull cha— — — — — — — —
—rm, the Warriors wake, Rou——s'd by the dreadfull charm, the Warriors wake, the Valiant
glow, the Vulgar qua— - - - - - - - - -ke, the Vulgar qua- - - - - - -
-ke, the Vulgar quake, the Vulgar qua- - - - - - - - - - - - - -ke, the Vulgar qua— — —
—ke, the Vulgar quake, but nothing, nothing can our leading Hero ſhake, no, nothing, nothing
can our leading Hero ſhake, let 'em come on, let 'em come on he cry'd, let Fate the War de—

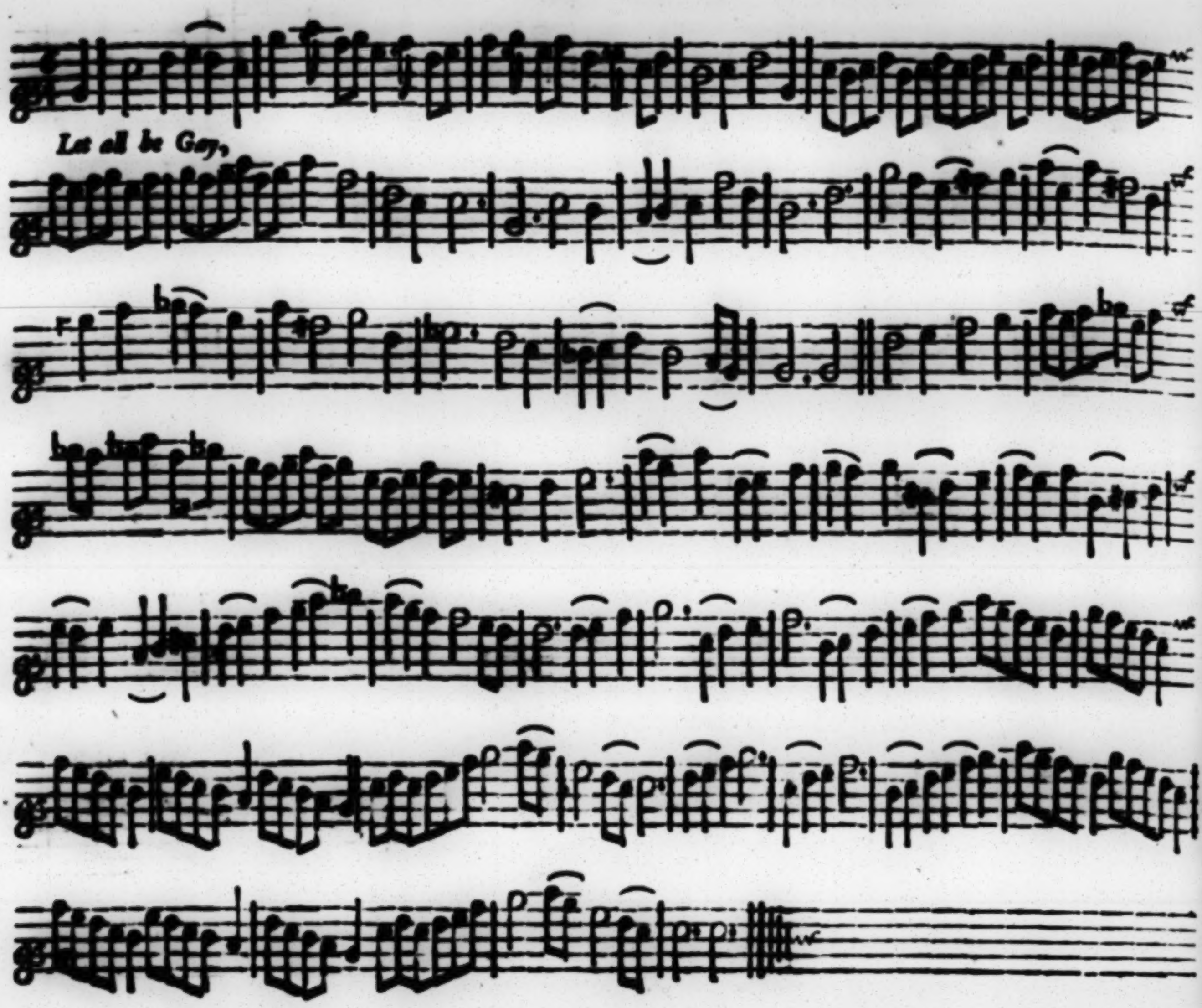

—cide, let Fate the War, the Wa- - - - - - - - - - -r, the War de—cide; the Foes thus
num'rous on us ca- - - - - -ll, but to be worthy by our Arms, but to be worthy by our
Arms to fall, but to be worthy, but to be worthy by our A- - - - -rms to fall.

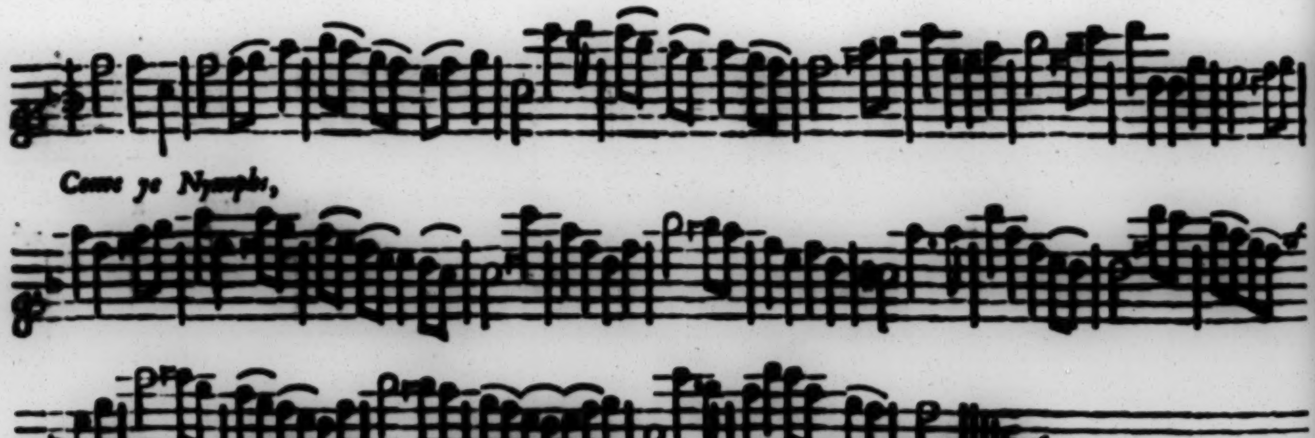
A SONG *Sung by Mrs.* Bracegirdle, *and Mr.* Wiltſhire.

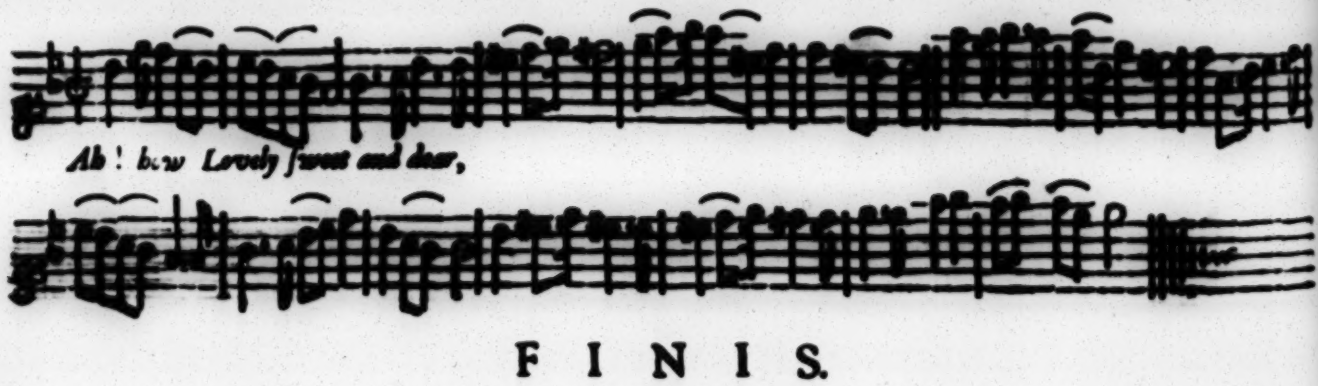

A Ppear, appear, appear all ye Lovers to Cooe, Laugh and Toy, and rais'd with kind
Appear, appear, appear Jolly Topers to drink Laugh and Toy, and
Love, and rais'd with kind Love, and rais'd with kind Love, give a taſte of your Joy: Ap—
rais'd with brisk Wine, and rais'd with brisk Wine, brisk Wine, give a taſte of your Joy.


—pear all ye Lovers to Cooe, to Cooe Laugh and Toy, and rais'd with kind Love give a
Appear Jol—ly Topers to Drink, and rais'd with brisk Wine, brisk Wine give a
taſte of your Joy; appear all ye Lovers, to Cooe, to Cooe Laugh and Toy, and
taſte of your Joy; appear Jol—ly Topers to Drink, and rais'd with brisk
rais'd with kind Love give a taſte of your Joy, and rais'd with kind Love give a
Wine, brisk Wine, give a taſte of your Joy, brisk Wine, brisk Wine, give a
taſte of your Joy.
taſte of your Joy.

The SONG Tunes for the *FLUTE*.


Let all be Gay,

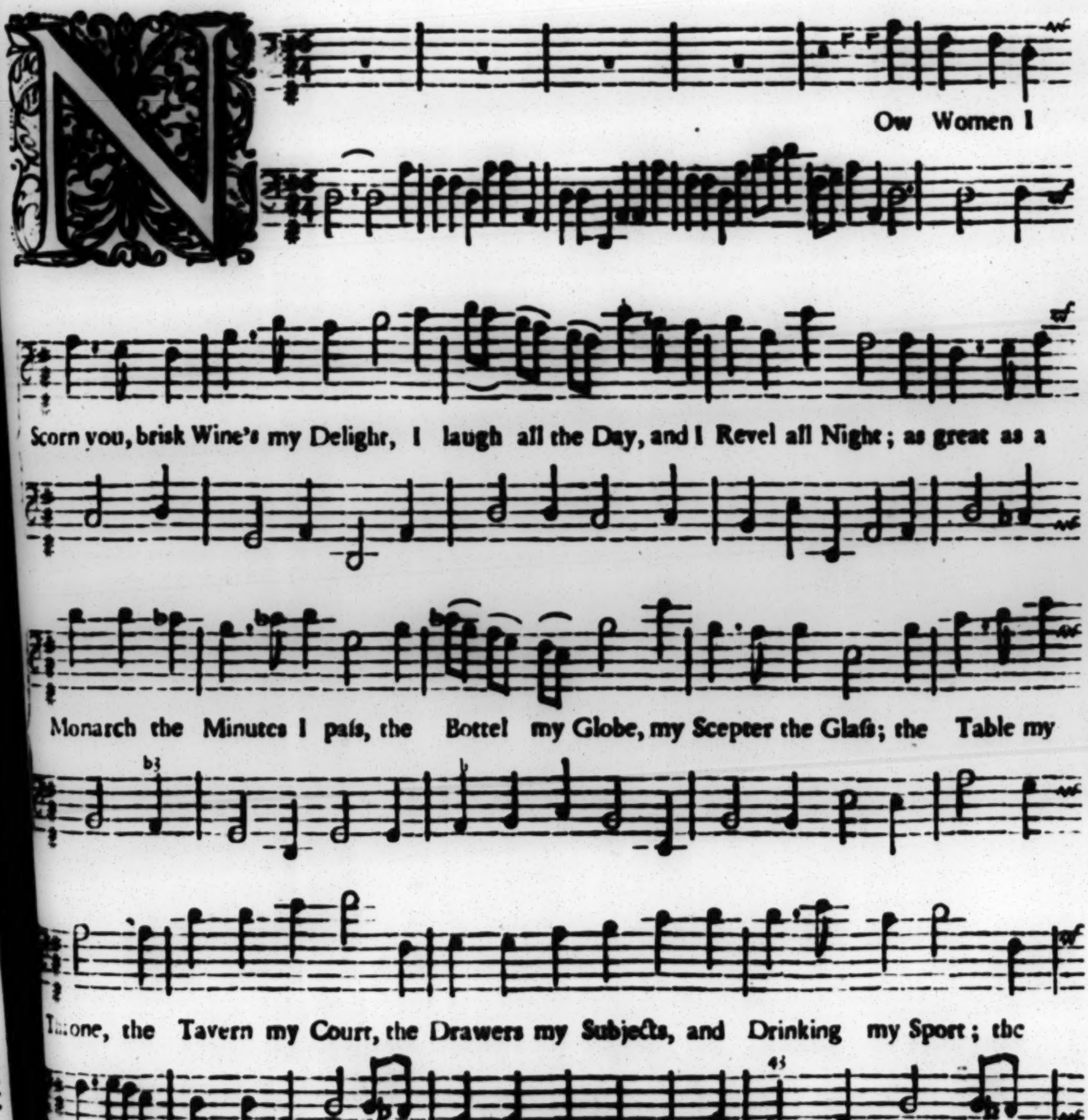

Come ye Nymphs,

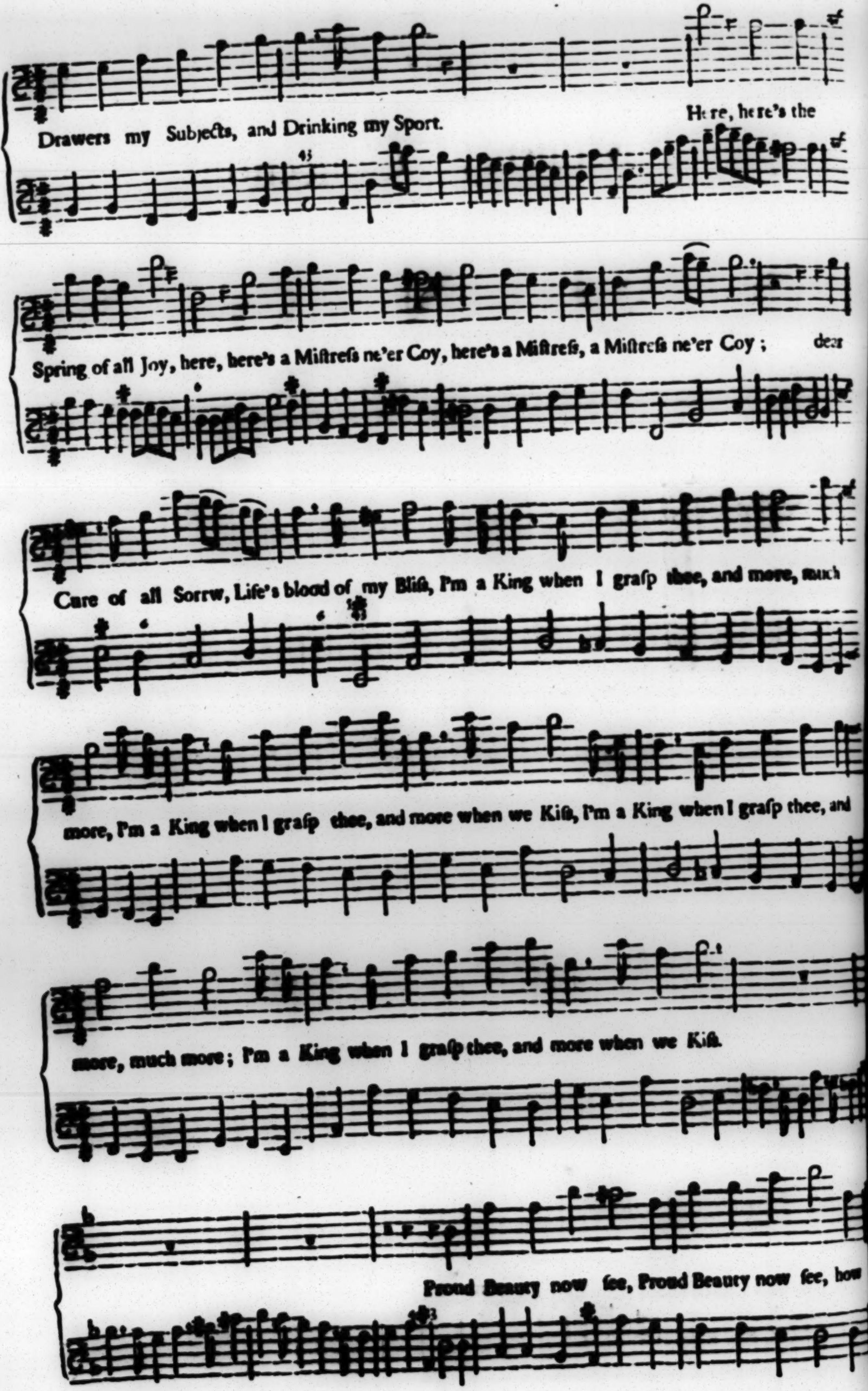

Ah! how Lovely sweet and dear,

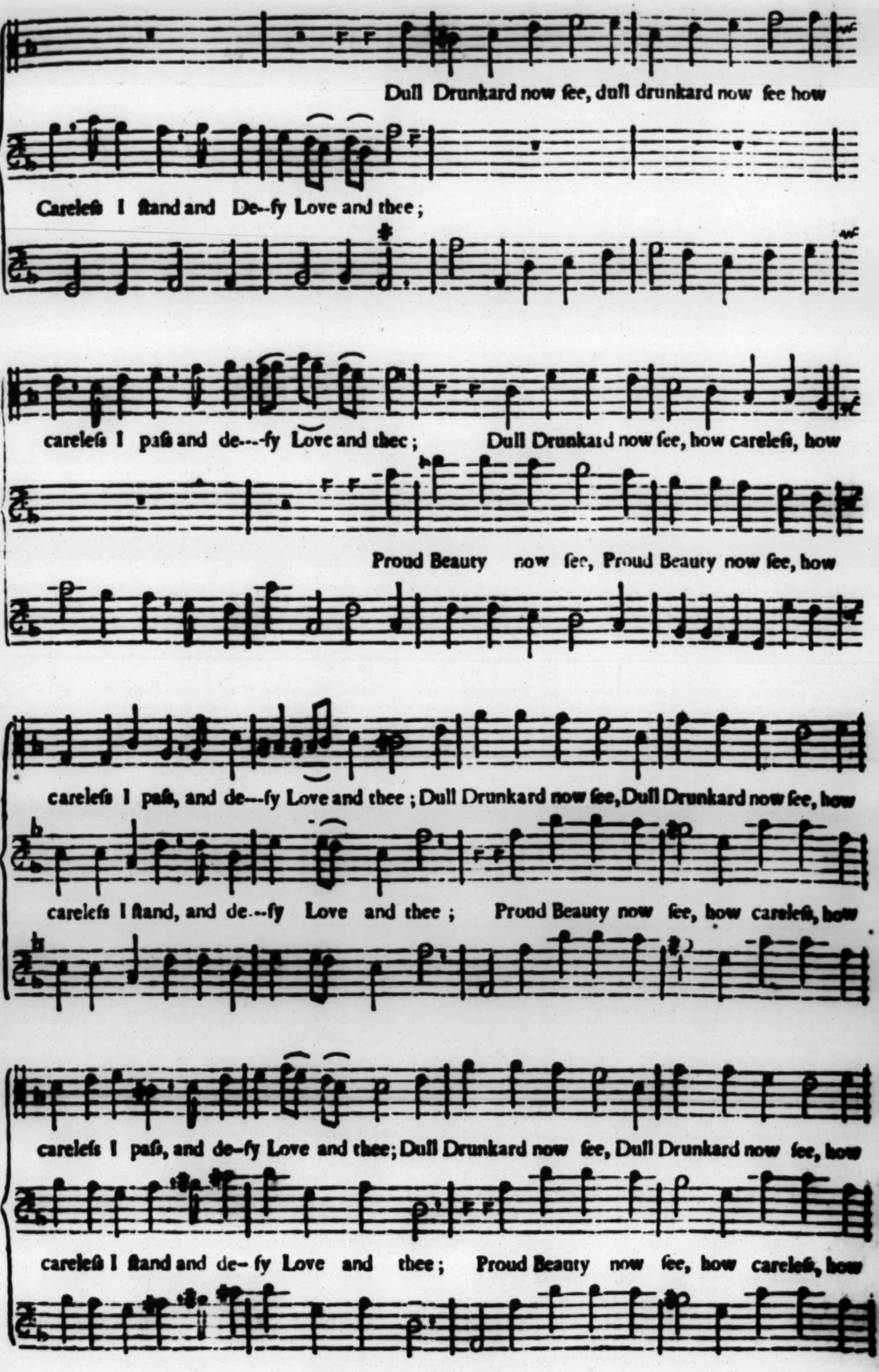
FINIS.

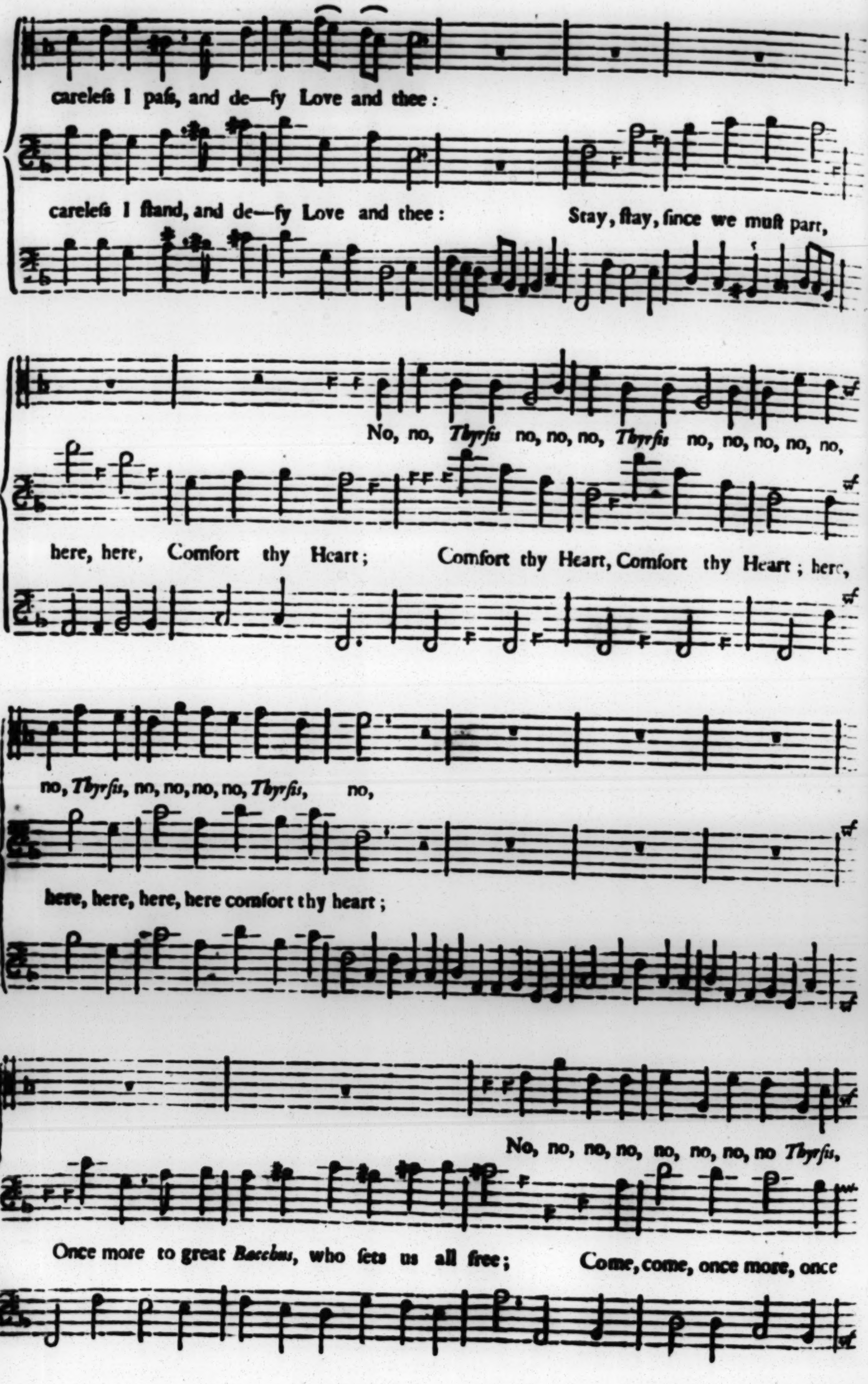
MERCVRIVS MVSICVS:
OR, THE
Monthly Collection
Of New TEACHING
SONGS.

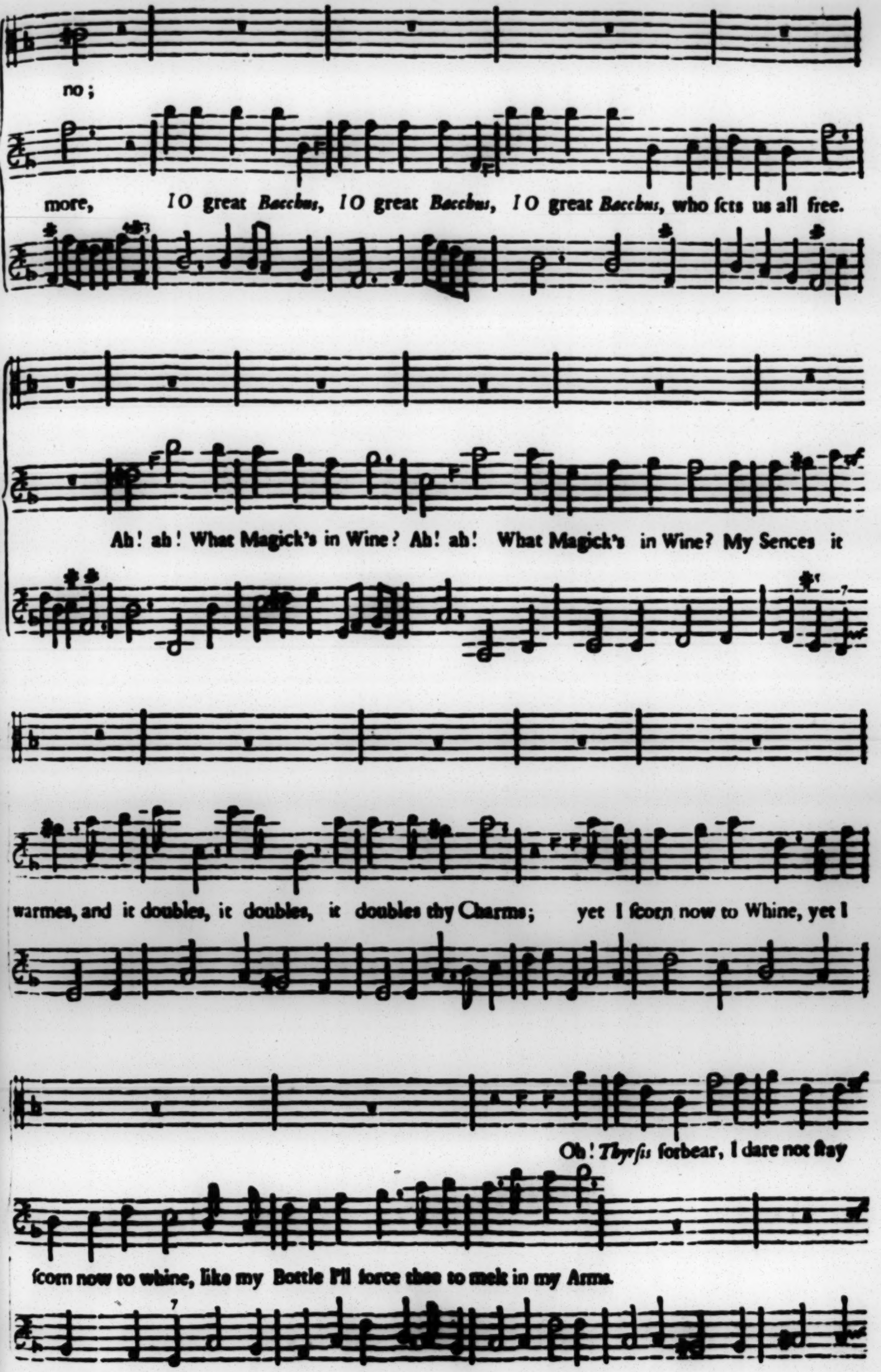
For *March* and *April*.

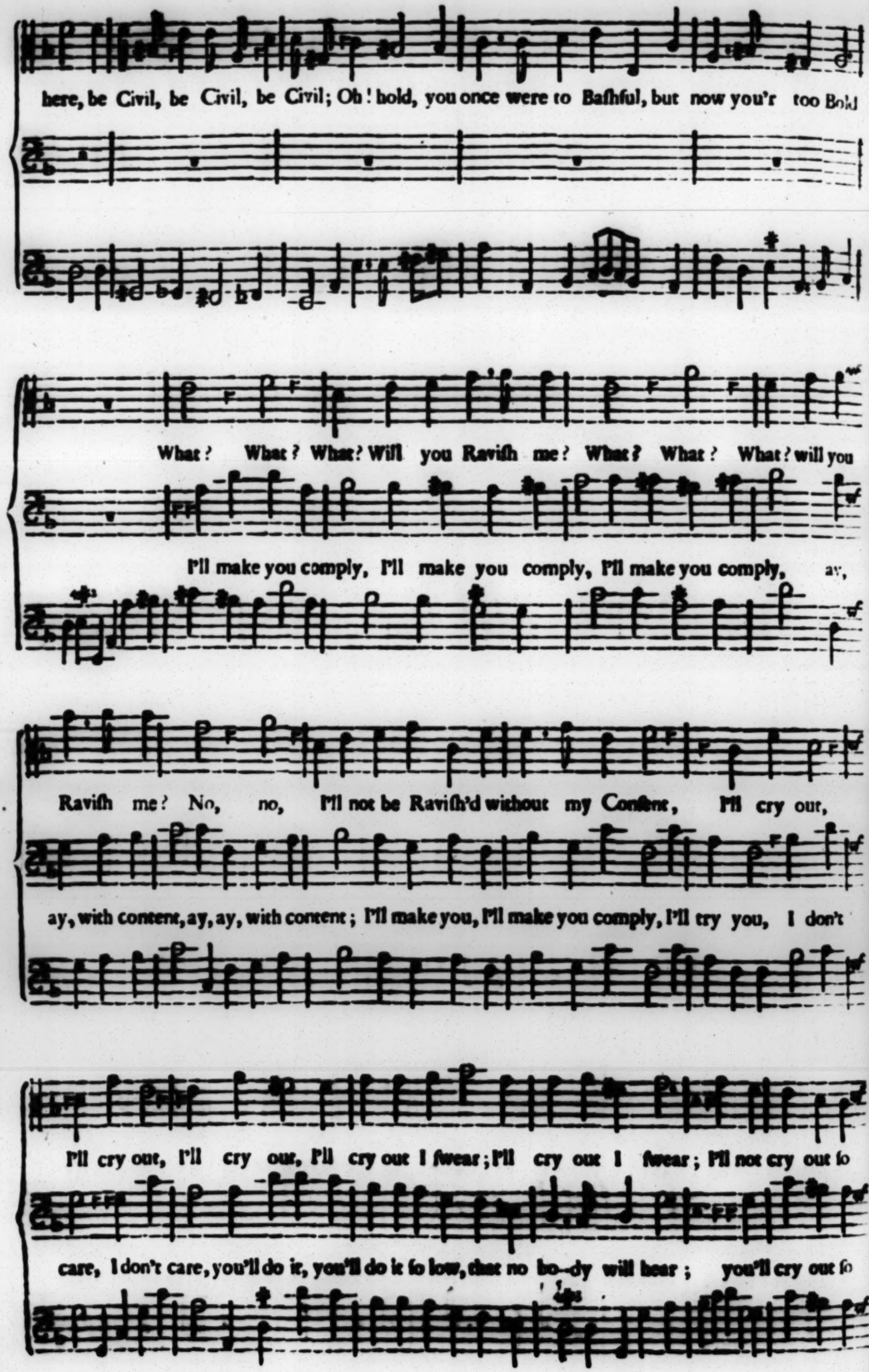

N
Ow Women I
Scorn you, brisk Wine's my Delight, I laugh all the Day, and I Revel all Night; as great as a
Monarch the Minutes I paſs, the Bottel my Globe, my Scepter the Glaſs; the Table my
Throne, the Tavern my Court, the Drawers my Subjects, and Drinking my Sport; the

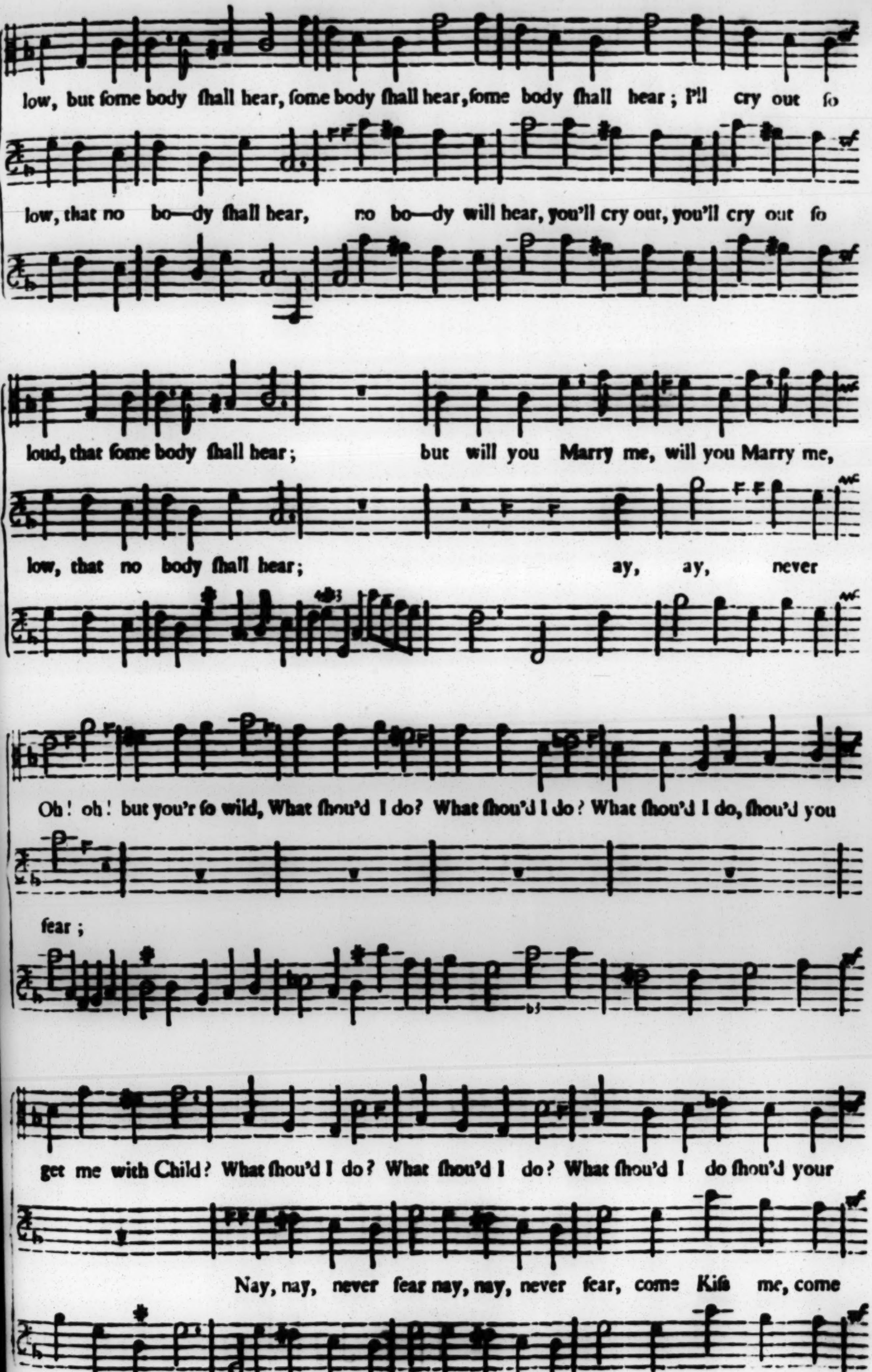

Drawers my Subjects, and Drinking my Sport. Here, here's the
Spring of all Joy, here, here's a Miſtreſs ne'er Coy, here's a Miſtreſs, a Miſtreſs ne'er Coy; dear
Cure of all Sorrw, Life's blood of my Bliſs, I'm a King when I graſp thee, and more, much
more, I'm a King when I graſp thee, and more when we Kiſs, I'm a King when I graſp thee, and
more, much more; I'm a King when I graſp thee, and more when we Kiſs.
Proud Beauty now ſee, Proud Beauty now ſee, how

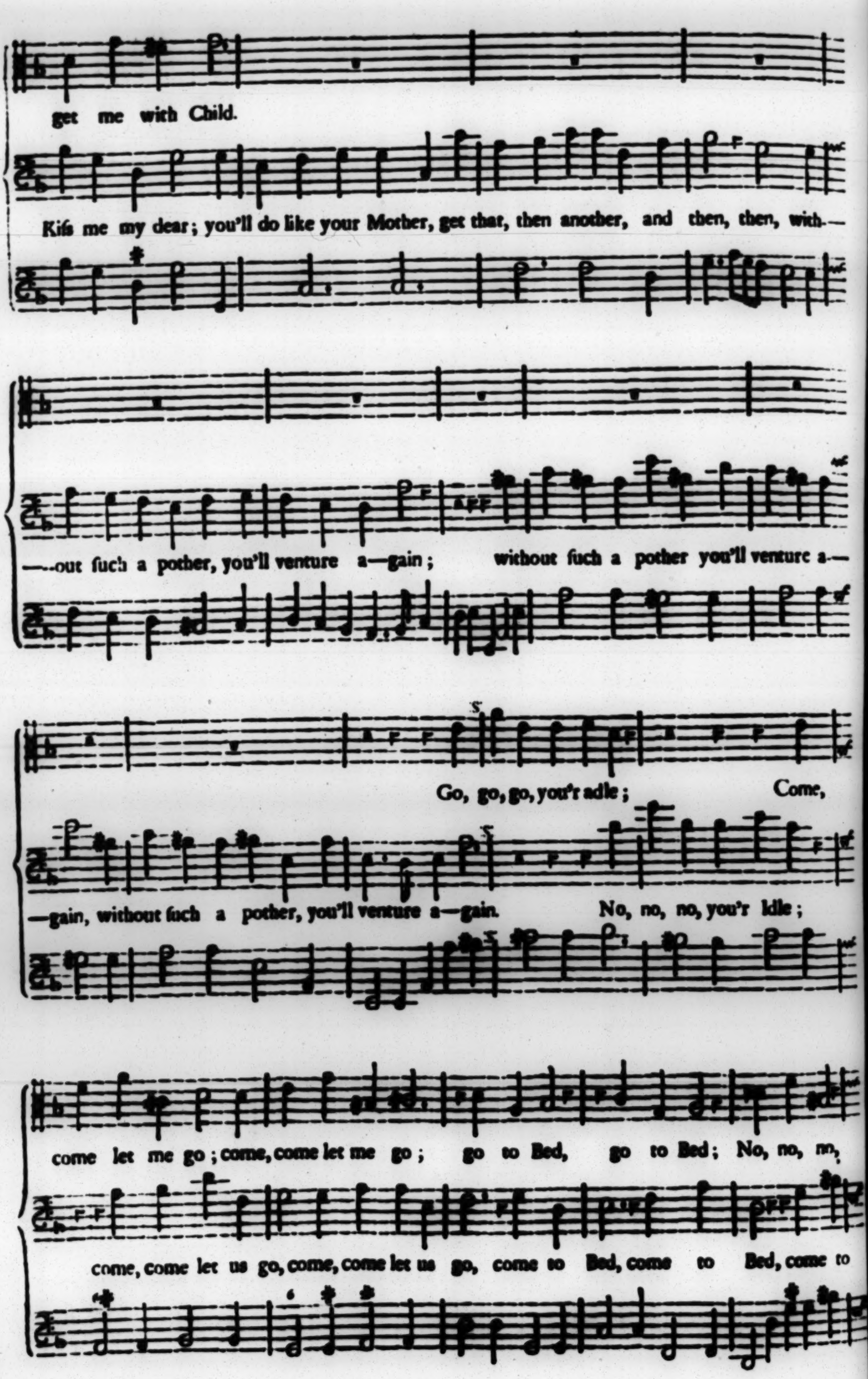

Dull Drunkard now ſee, dull drunkard now ſee how
Careleſs I ſtand and De--fy Love and thee ;
careleſs I paſs and de---fy Love and thee ;
Dull Drunkard now ſee, how careleſs, how
Proud Beauty now ſee, Proud Beauty now ſee, how
careleſs I paſs, and de---fy Love and thee ; Dull Drunkard now ſee, Dull Drunkard now ſee, how
careleſs I ſtand, and de.--ſy Love and thee ; Proud Beauty now ſee, how careleſs, how
careleſs I paſs, and de-ſy Love and thee; Dull Drunkard now ſee, Dull Drunkard now ſee, how
careleſs I ſtand and de- fy Love and thee ; Proud Beauty now ſee, how careleſs, how

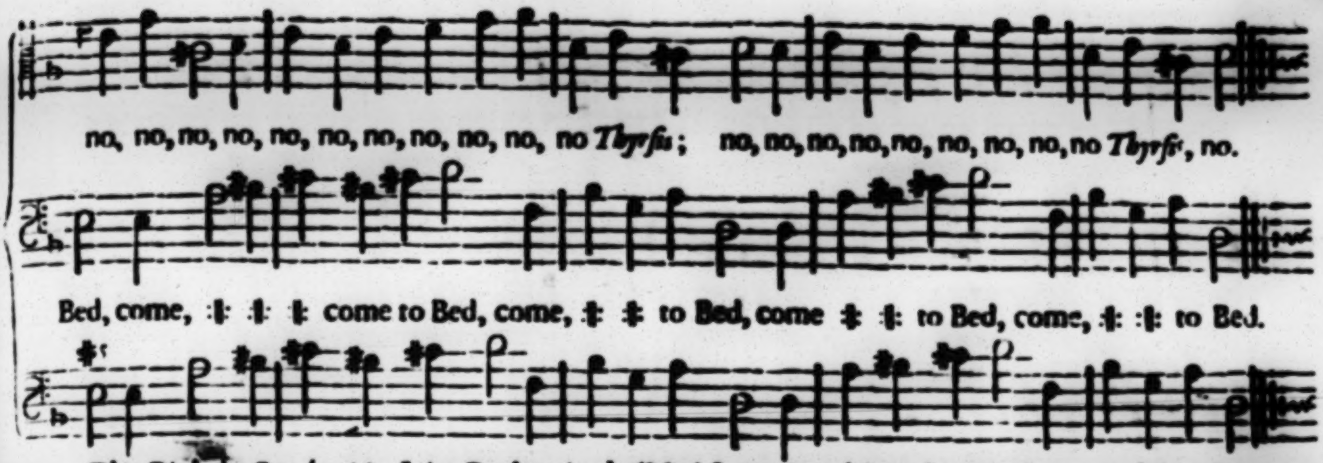

careleſs I paſs, and de—fy Love and thee:
careleſs I ſtand, and de—fy Love and thee:
Stay, ſtay, ſince we muſt part,
No, no, *Thyrſis* no, no, no, *Thyrſis* no, no, no, no, no,
here, here, Comfort thy Heart; Comfort thy Heart, Comfort thy Heart; here,
no, *Thyrſis*, no, no, no, no, *Thyrſis*, no,
here, here, here, here comfort thy heart;
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no *Thyrſis*,
Once more to great *Bacchus*, who ſets us all free;
Come, come, once more, once


no;
more, IO great *Bacchus*, IO great *Bacchus*, IO great *Bacchus*, who ſets us all free.
Ah! ah! What Magick's in Wine? Ah! ah! What Magick's in Wine? My Sences it
warmes, and it doubles, it doubles, it doubles thy Charms; yet I ſcorn now to Whine, yet I
Oh! *Thyrſis* forbear, I dare not ſtay
ſcorn now to whine, like my Bottle I'll force thee to melt in my Arms.
7
7


here, be Civil, be Civil, be Civil; Oh! hold, you once were to Bashful, but now you'r too Bold
What? What? What? Will you Ravish me? What? What? What? will you
I'll make you comply, I'll make you comply, I'll make you comply, ay,
Ravish me? No, no, I'll not be Ravish'd without my Consent, I'll cry out,
ay, with content, ay, ay, with content; I'll make you, I'll make you comply, I'll try you, I don't
I'll cry out, I'll cry out, I'll cry out I swear; I'll cry out I swear; I'll not cry out so
care, I don't care, you'll do it, you'll do it so low, that no bo-dy will hear; you'll cry out so


low, but ſome body ſhall hear, ſome body ſhall hear, ſome body ſhall hear; I'll cry out ſo
low, that no bo—dy ſhall hear, no bo—dy will hear, you'll cry out, you'll cry out ſo
loud, that ſome body ſhall hear; but will you Marry me, will you Marry me,
low, that no body ſhall hear; ay, ay, never
Oh! oh! but you'r ſo wild, What ſhou'd I do? What ſhou'd I do? What ſhou'd I do, ſhou'd you
fear;
get me with Child? What ſhou'd I do? What ſhou'd I do? What ſhou'd I do ſhou'd your
Nay, nay, never fear nay, nay, never fear, come Kiſs me, come

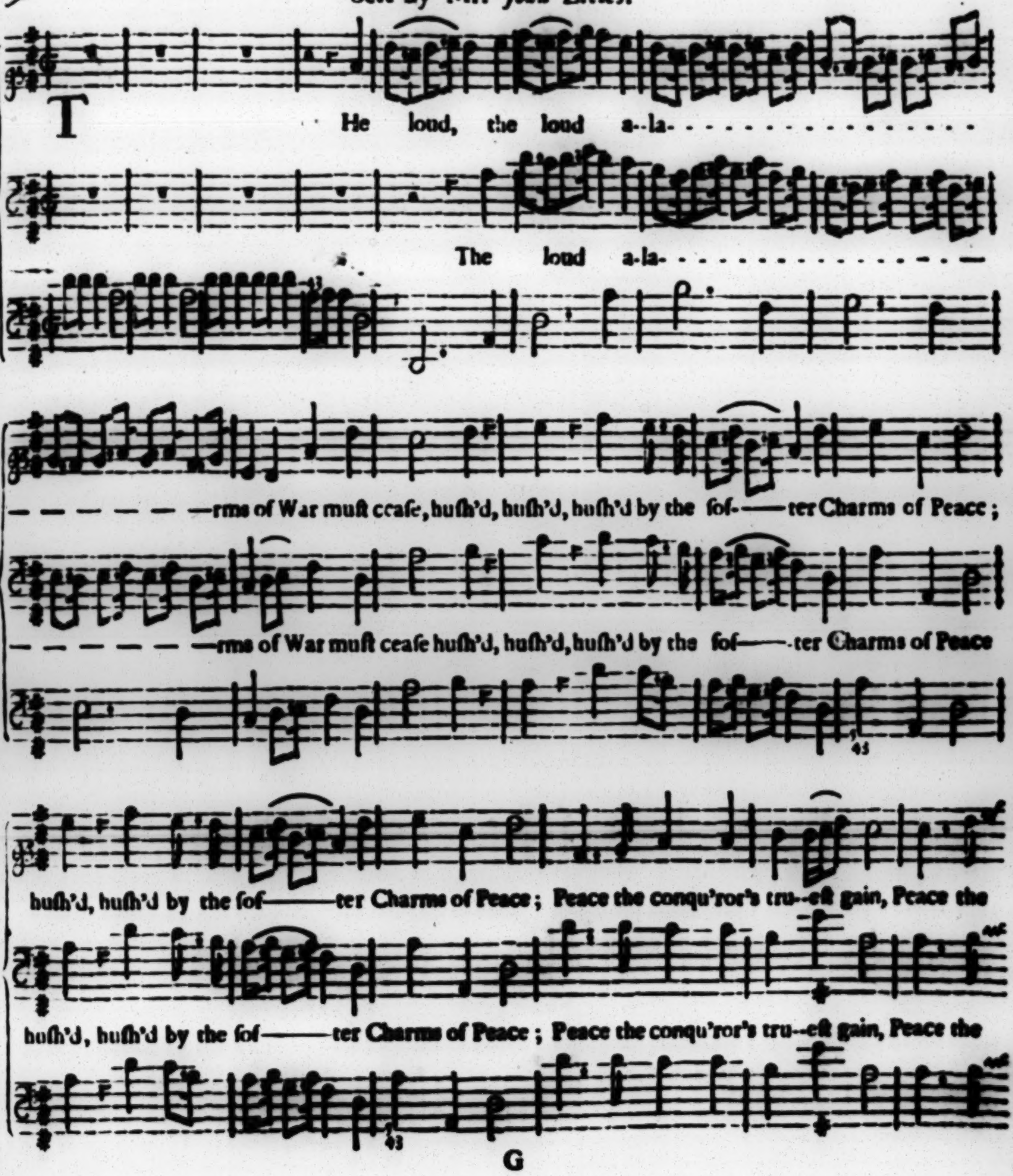

get me with Child.
Kiſs me my dear; you'll do like your Mother, get that, then another, and then, then, with-
-out ſuch a pother, you'll venture a-gain; without ſuch a pother you'll venture a-
-gain, without ſuch a pother, you'll venture a-gain.
Go, go, go, you'r idle;
Come,
No, no, no, you'r Idle;
come let me go; come, come let me go; go to Bed, go to Bed; No, no, no,
come, come let us go, come, come let us go, come to Bed, come to Bed, come to

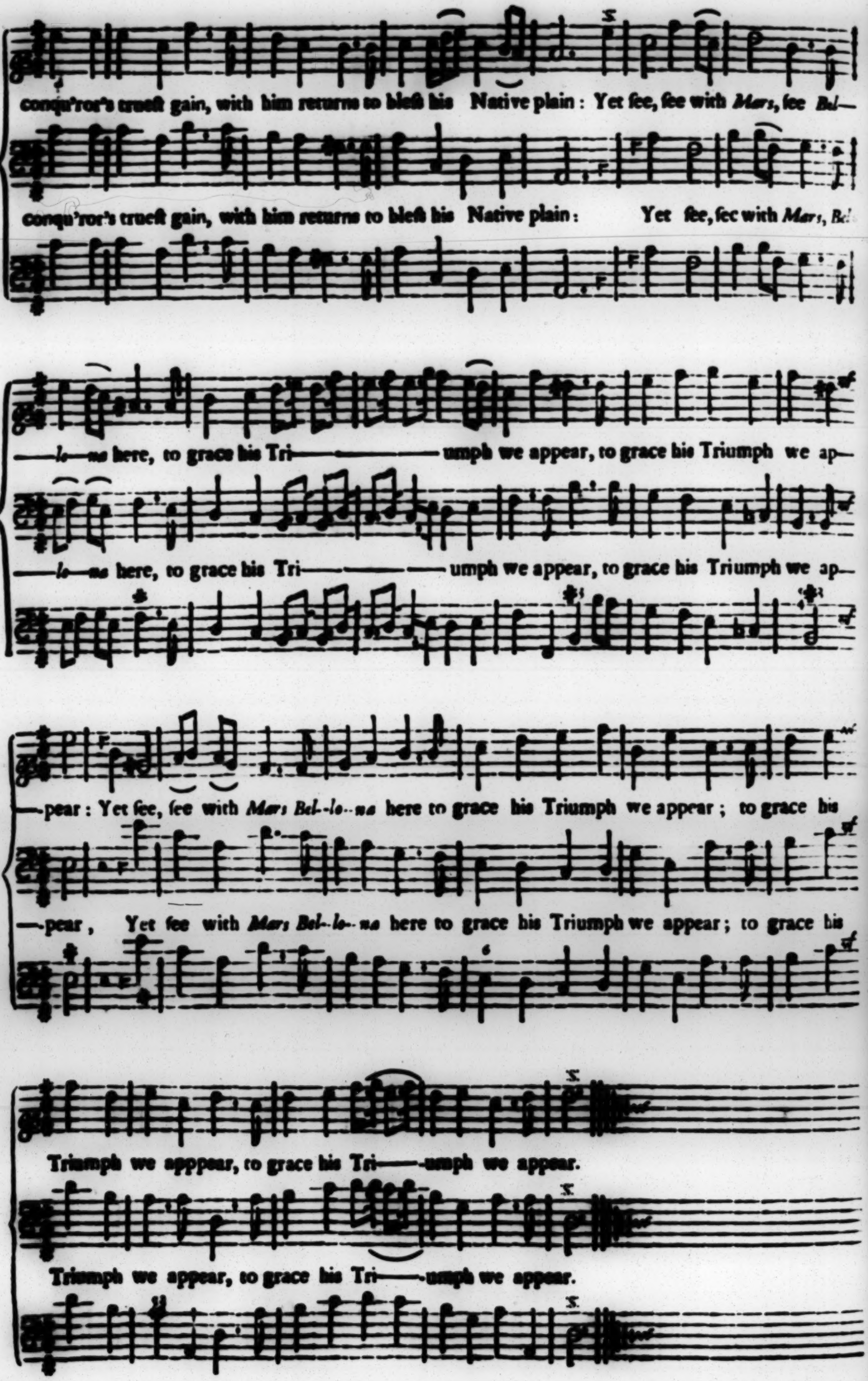

no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no Thyrſis; no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no Thyrſis, no.
Bed, come, :‖: :‖: :‖: come to Bed, come, :‖: :‖: to Bed, come :‖: :‖: to Bed, come, :‖: :‖: to Bed.

This Dialogue Sett by Mr John Eccles, *in the* (Mad Lover) *and Sung by Mr* Doget *and Mr. Bowman.*

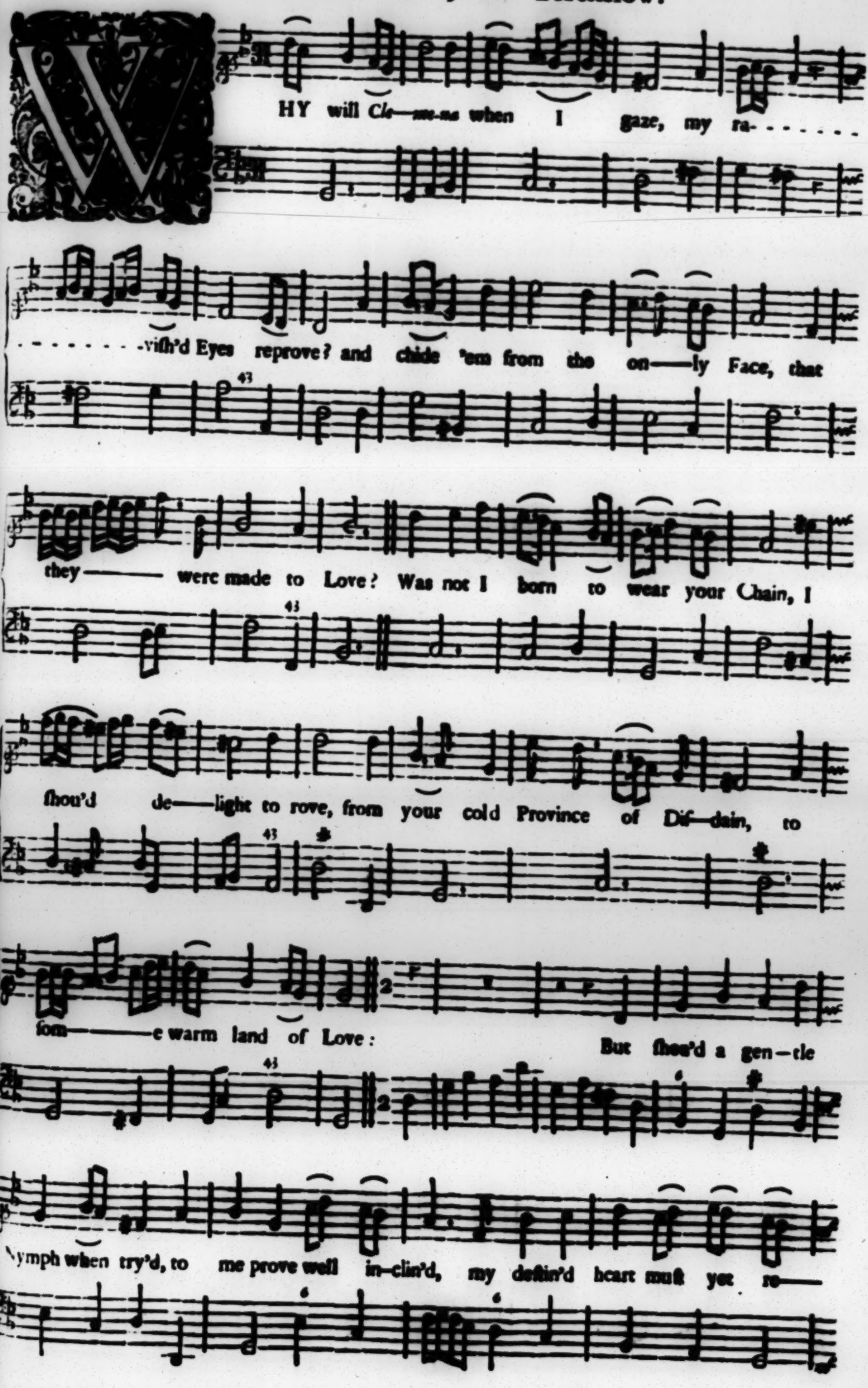
A Song in the (Mad-Lover,) *Sung by Mr.* Cooper *and Mrs.* Haynes.

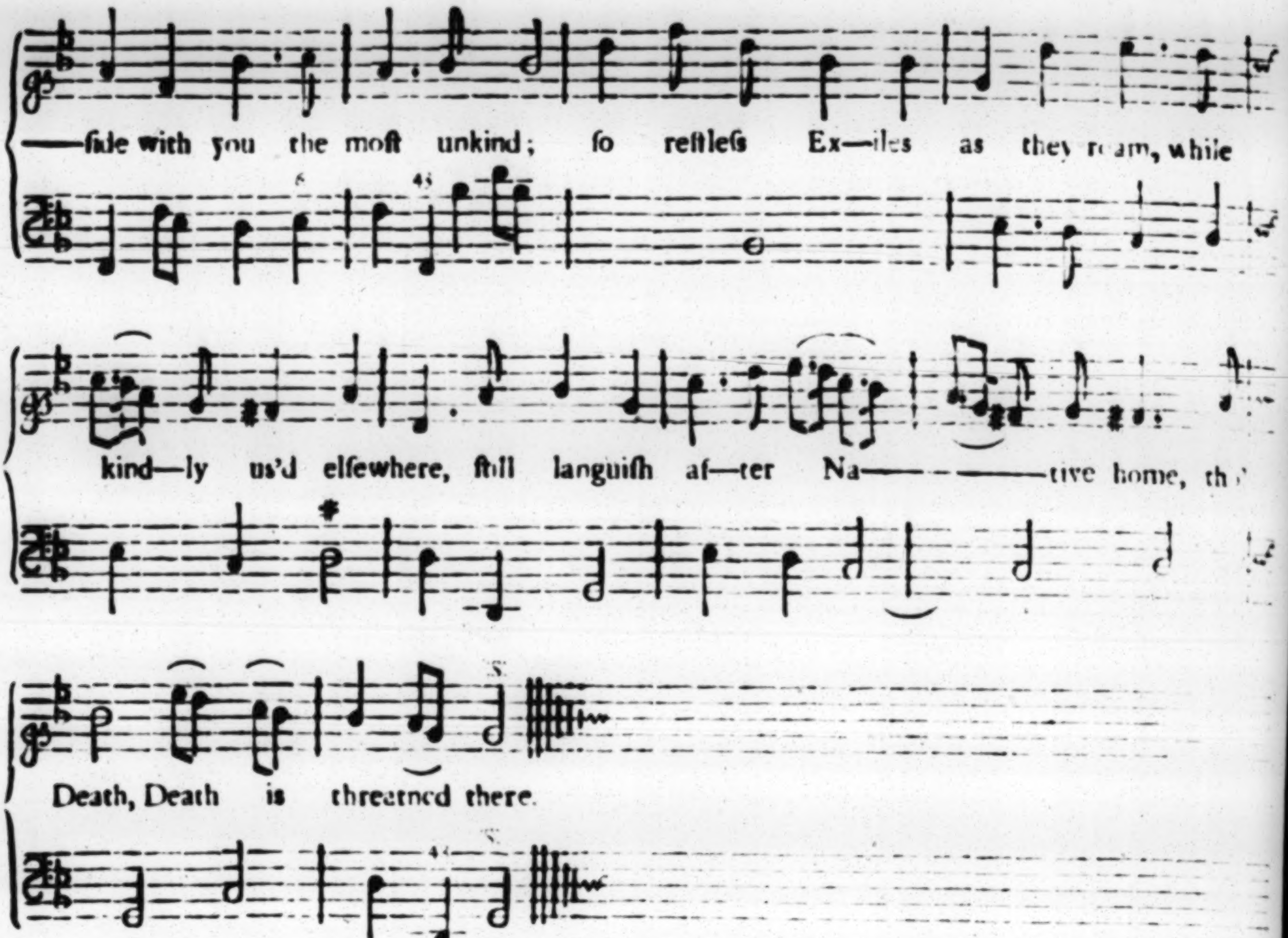
Sett by Mr. *John Eccles.*


THe loud, the loud a-la-
The loud a-la-
—rms of War muſt ceaſe, huſh'd, huſh'd, huſh'd by the ſof——ter Charms of Peace;
—rms of War muſt ceaſe huſh'd, huſh'd, huſh'd by the ſof——ter Charms of Peace
huſh'd, huſh'd by the ſof——ter Charms of Peace; Peace the conqu'ror's tru--eſt gain, Peace the
huſh'd, huſh'd by the ſof——ter Charms of Peace; Peace the conqu'ror's tru--eſt gain, Peace the

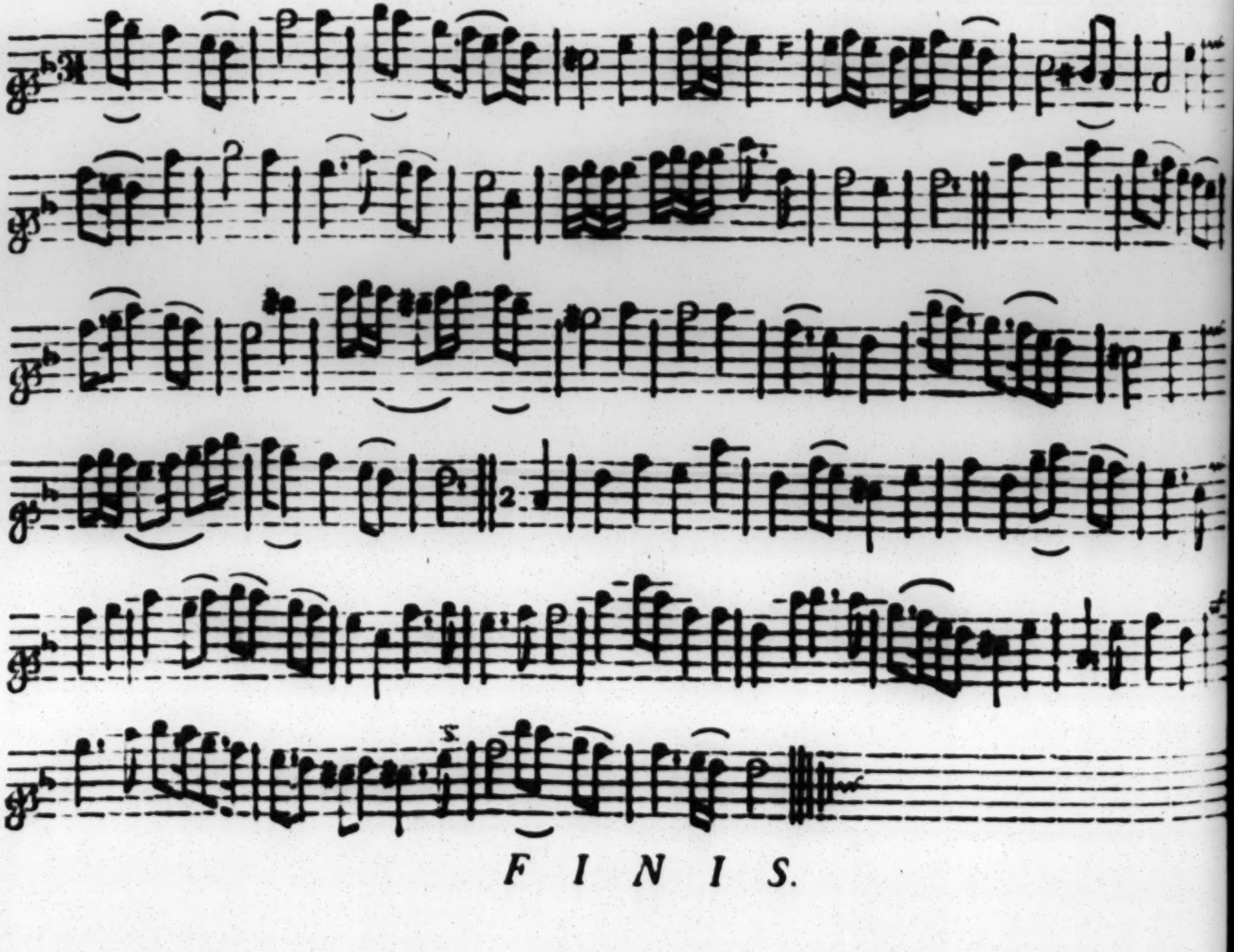

conqu'ror's trueſt gain, with him returns to bleſs his Native plain: Yet ſee, ſee with *Mars*, ſee *Bel*—
conqu'ror's trueſt gain, with him returns to bleſs his Native plain: Yet ſee, ſee with *Mars*, *Bel*
—*lo*—*na* here, to grace his Tri———umph we appear, to grace his Triumph we ap—
—*lo*—*na* here, to grace his Tri———umph we appear, to grace his Triumph we ap—
—pear: Yet ſee, ſee with *Mars Bel*-*lo*-*na* here to grace his Triumph we appear; to grace his
—pear, Yet ſee with *Mars Bel*-*lo*-*na* here to grace his Triumph we appear; to grace his
Triumph we apppear, to grace his Tri——umph we appear.
Triumph we appear, to grace his Tri——umph we appear.

A SONG *Set by Mr.* Berenclow.


W
HY will Cle—me-na when I gaze, my ra- - - - - - -
- - - - - - - -viſh'd Eyes reprove? and chide 'em from the on—ly Face, that
they——— were made to Love? Was not I born to wear your Chain, I
ſhou'd de——light to rove, from your cold Province of Diſ—dain, to
ſom——e warm land of Love: But ſhou'd a gen—tle
Nymph when try'd, to me prove well in—clin'd, my deſtin'd heart muſt yet re—
43
6


—ſide with you the moſt unkind; ſo reſtleſs Ex—iles as they roam, while
6
4 3
kind—ly us'd elſewhere, ſtill languiſh af—ter Na———tive home, tho'
Death, Death is threatned there.

For the FLUTE.

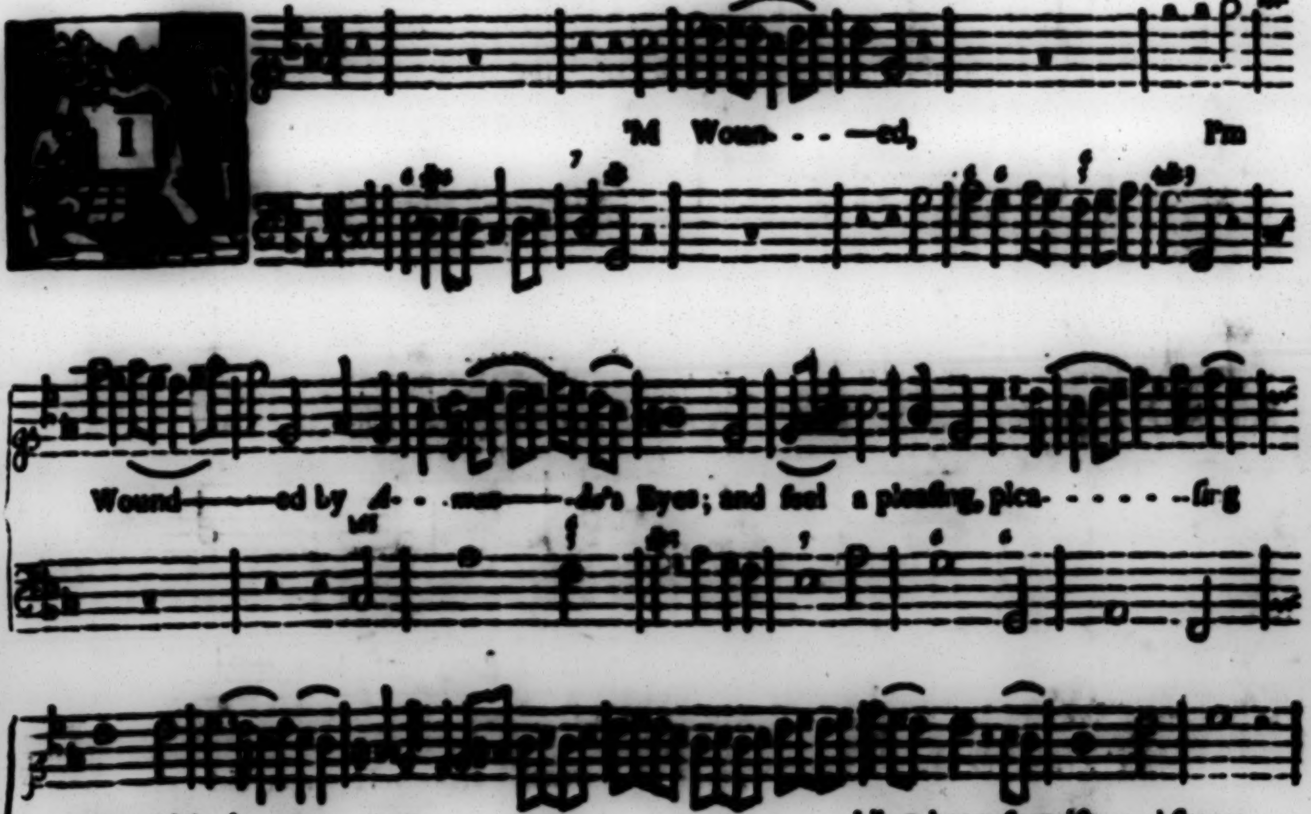


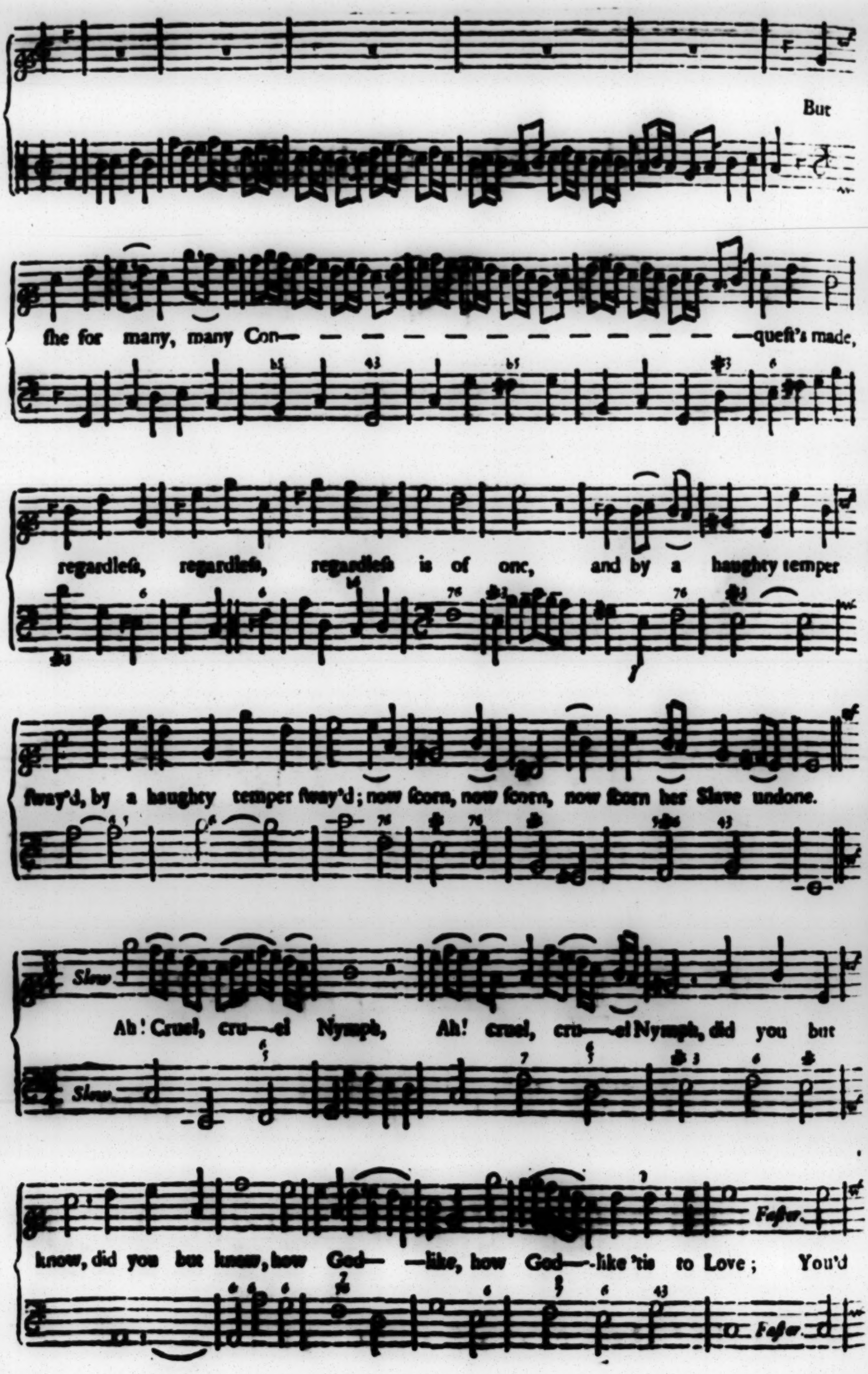
FINIS.

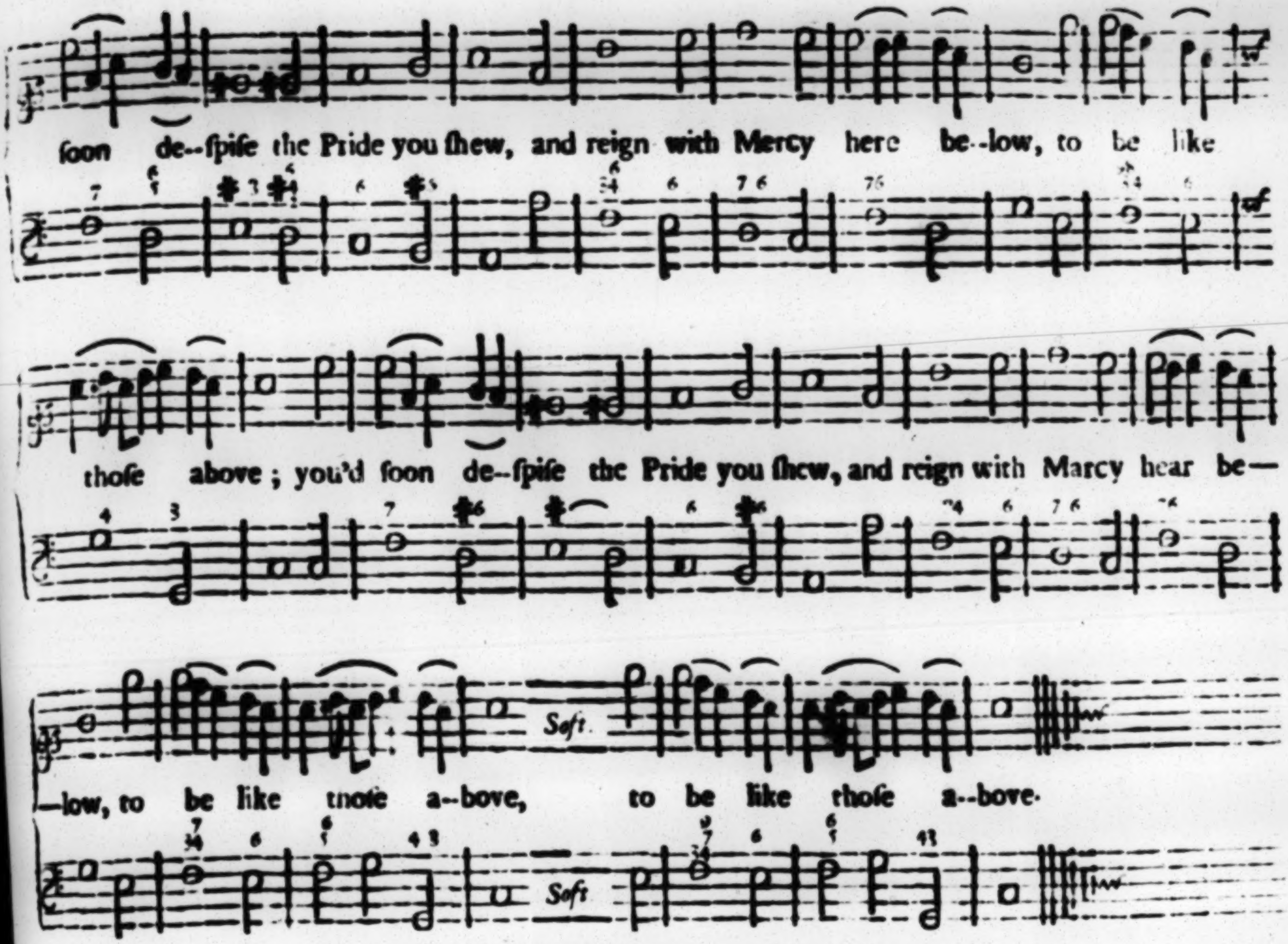
MERCURIUS MUSICUS:
OR, THE
Monthly Collection
Of New TEACHING
SONGS.

For *May* and *June*.

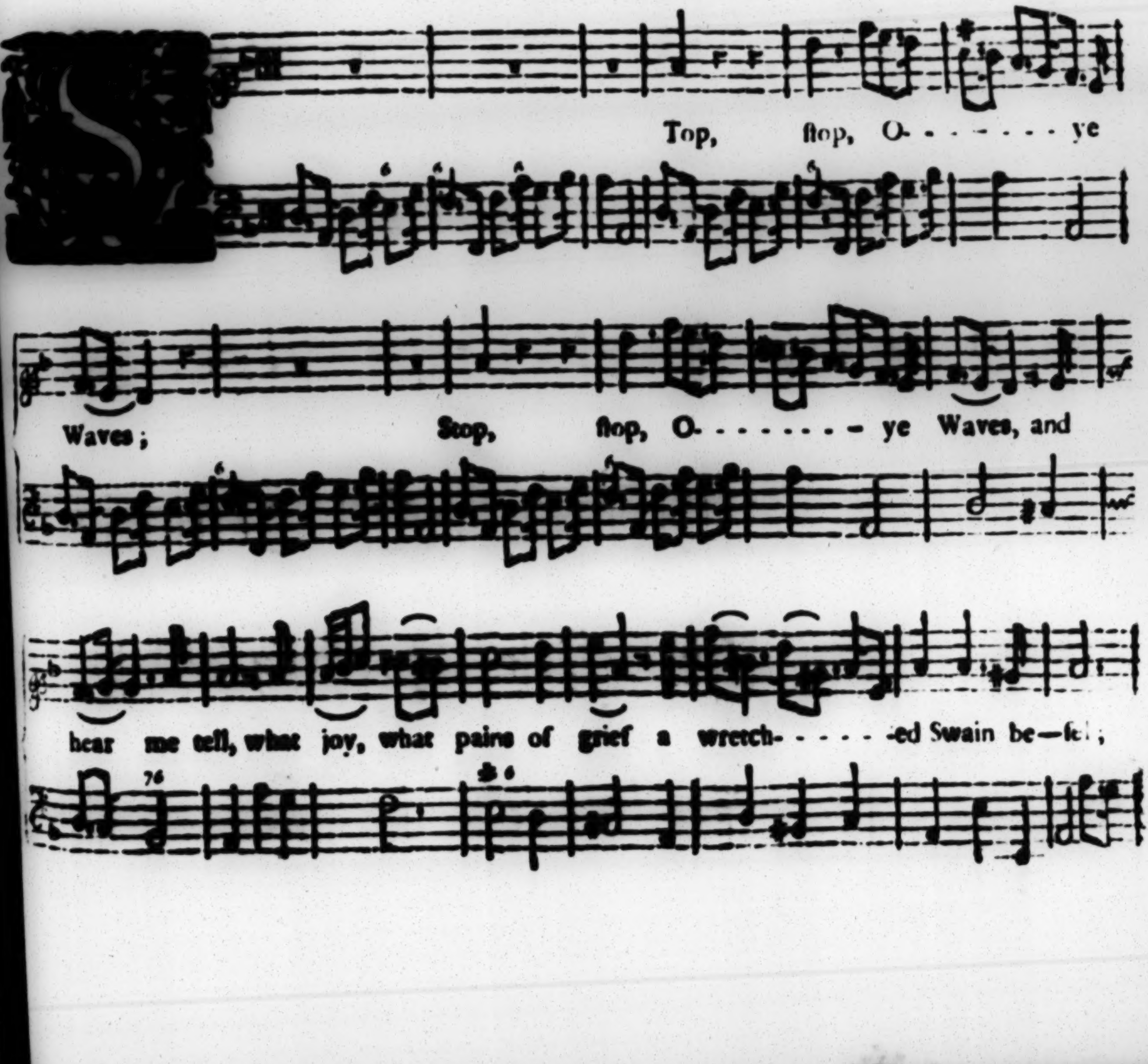
A SONG Sett by Mr. Jeremiah Clark.

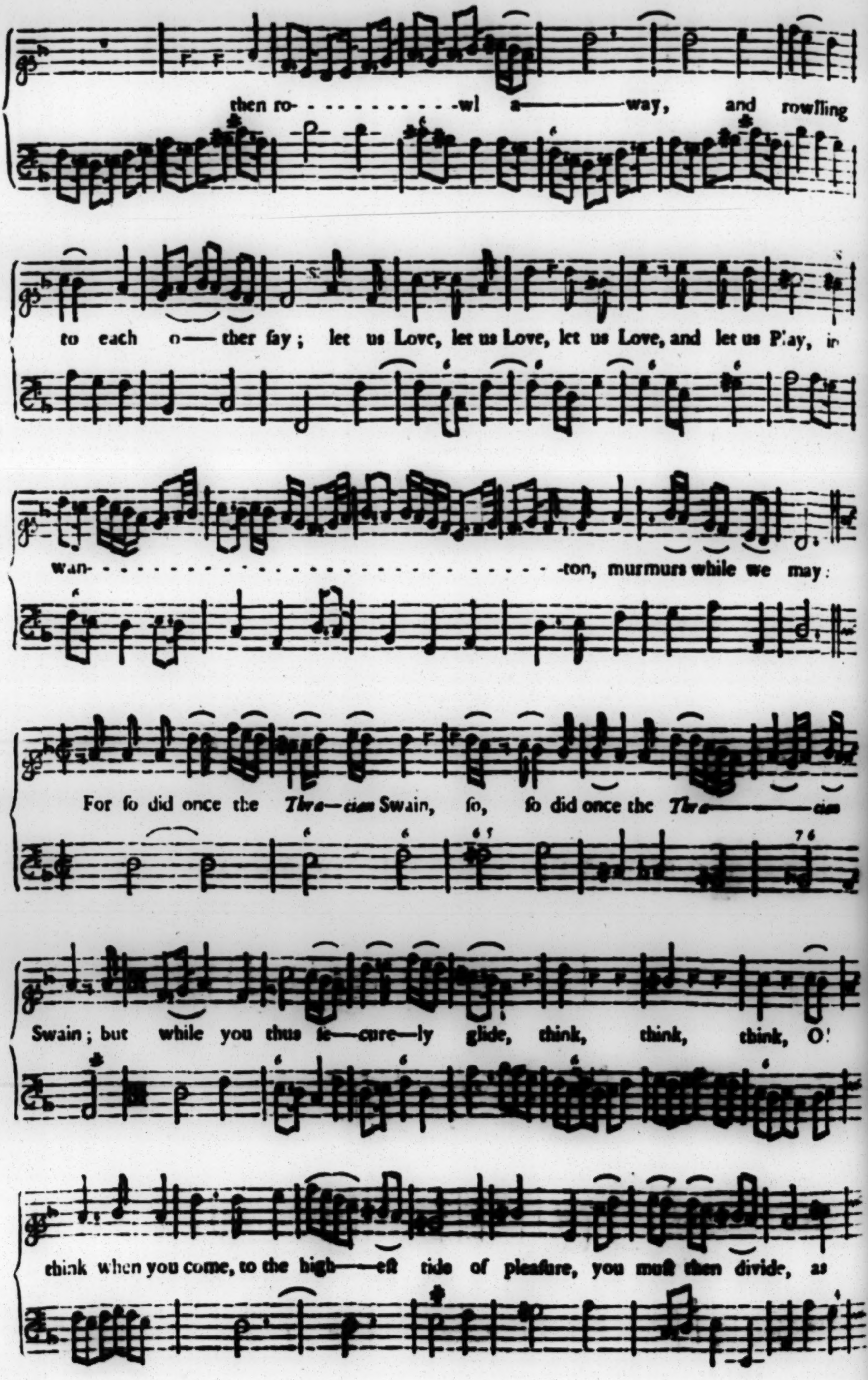

I
'M Woun- - - -ed, I'm
Wound——ed by *A*- - man——da's Eyes; and feel a pleaſing, plea- - - - - -ſing
pain, which does my trem- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -bling heart ſurpriſe, and ſhoots,
ſhoots, and ſhoots, ſhoo- - - - - - - - - - - - -ts, ſhoots thro' ev'—ry vein:

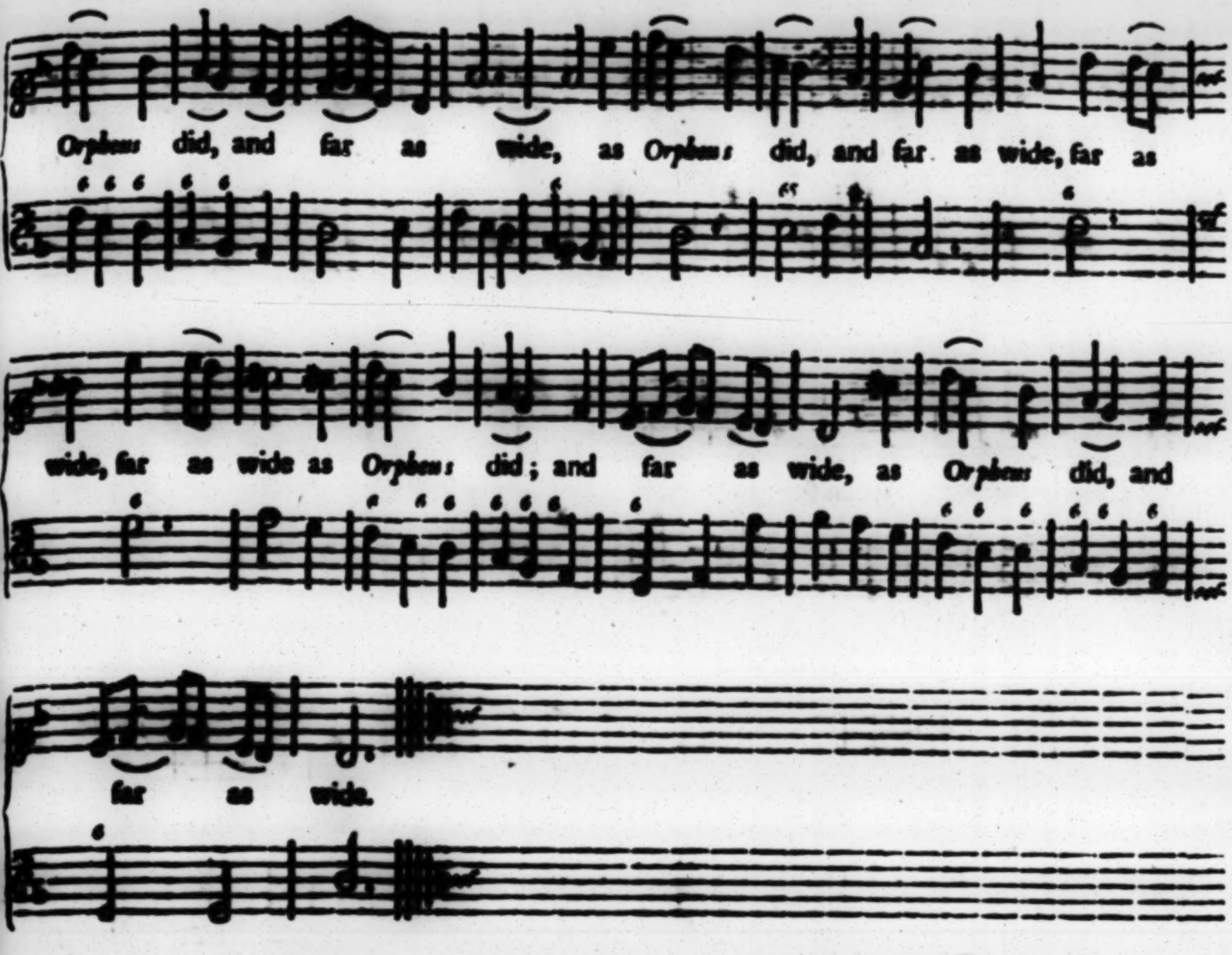

But
ſhe for many, many Con— — — — — — — — — — — — —queſt's made,
regardleſs, regardleſs, regardleſs is of one, and by a haughty temper
ſway'd, by a haughty temper ſway'd; now ſcorn, now ſcorn, now ſcorn her Slave undone.
Slow
Ah! Cruel, cru—el Nymph, Ah! cruel, cru—el Nymph, did you but
Slow
know, did you but know, how God— —like, how God—-like 'tis to Love; You'd
Faſter
Faſter


ſoon de--ſpiſe the Pride you ſhew, and reign with Mercy here be--low, to be like
thoſe above; you'd ſoon de--ſpiſe the Pride you ſhew, and reign with Marcy hear be—
—low, to be like thoſe a--bove, to be like thoſe a--bove.
Soft
Soft

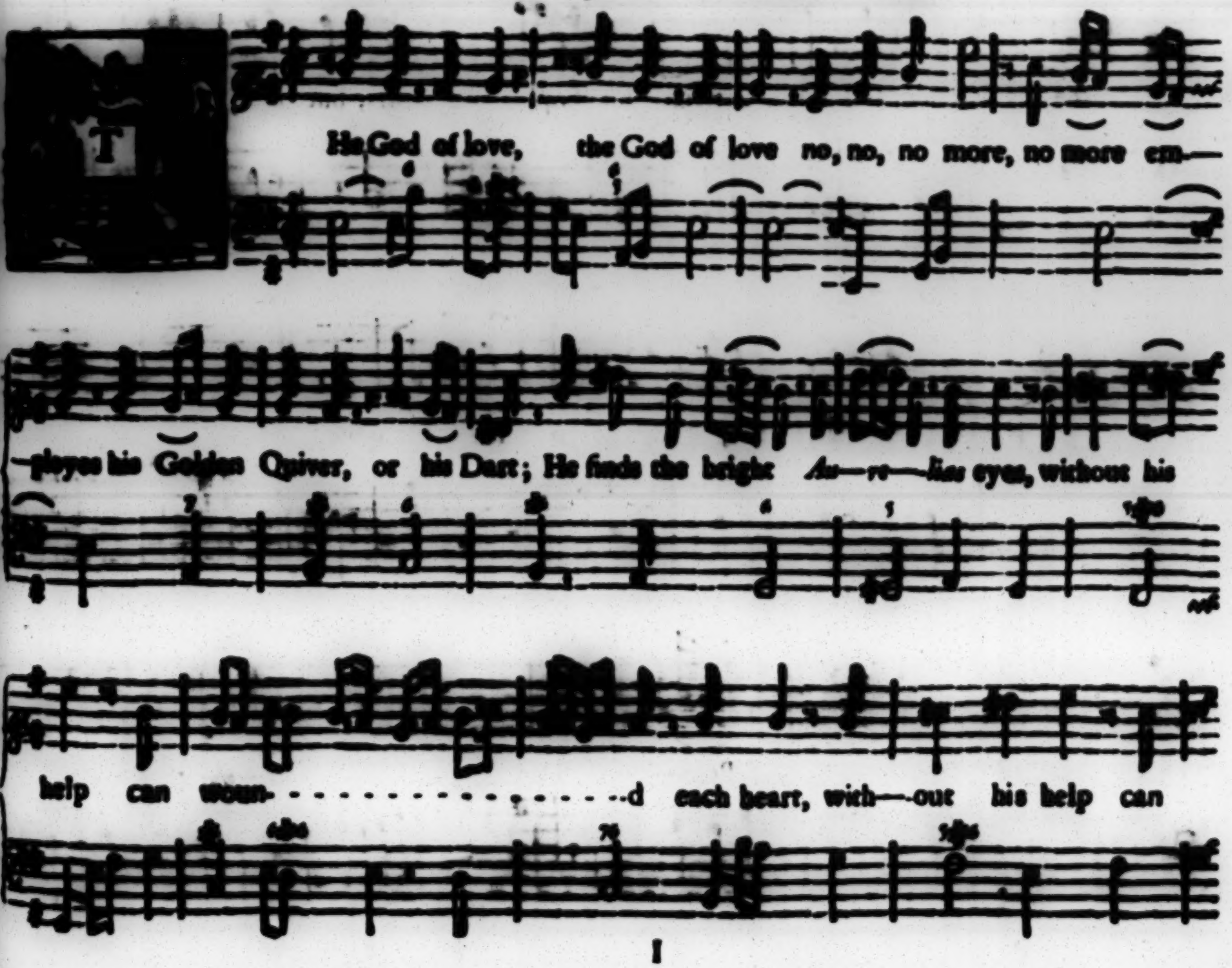
Orpheus's Song to the Waves, in the Mask of (*Orphus and Euridice*) Sung by Mrs *Linſey*. Sett by Mr. *William Weldon* of *Oxon*.

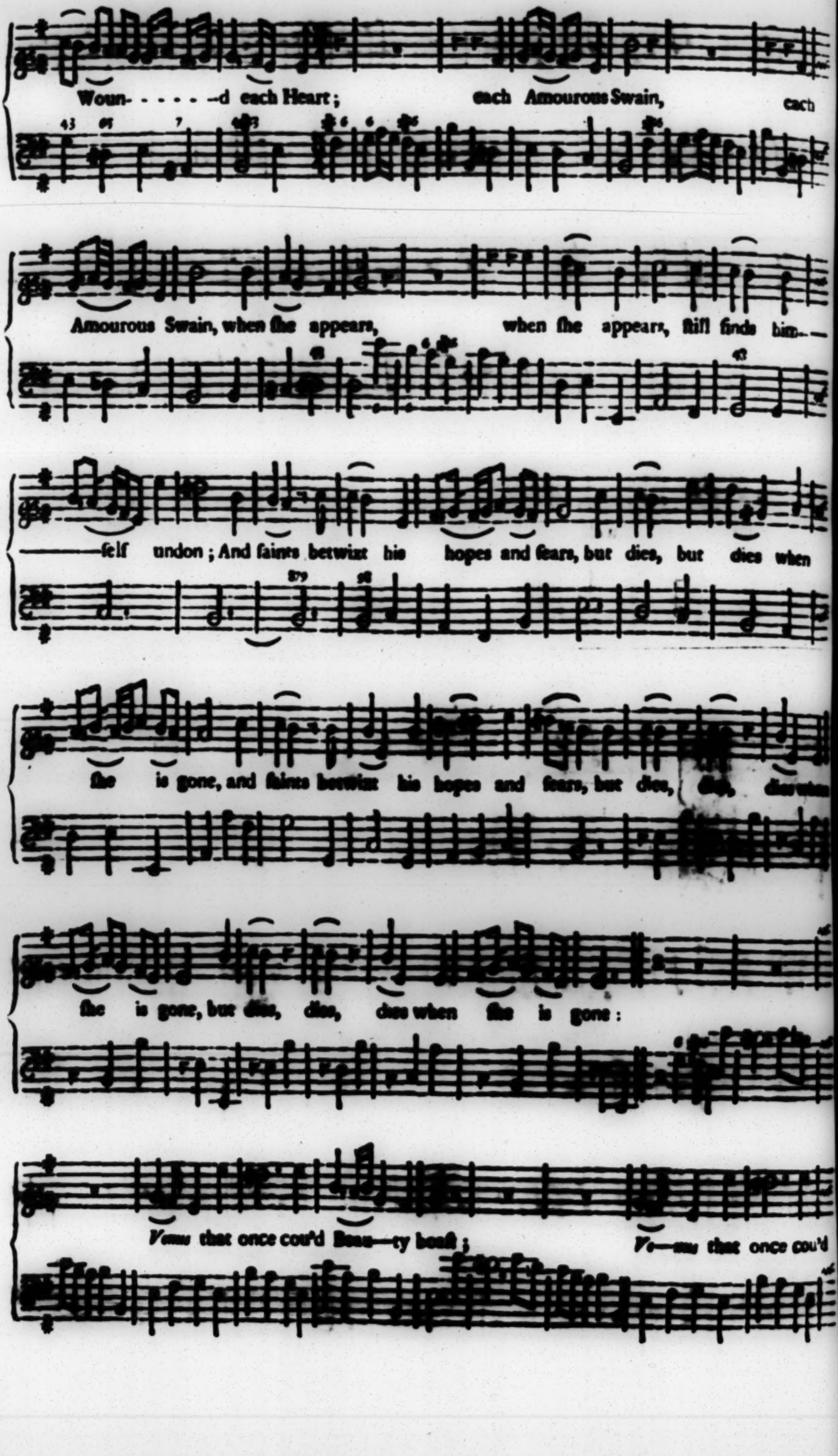

Top, ſtop, O- - - - - - - ye
Waves; Stop, ſtop, O- - - - - - - ye Waves, and
hear me tell, what joy, what pains of grief a wretch- - - - - -ed Swain be—fel;

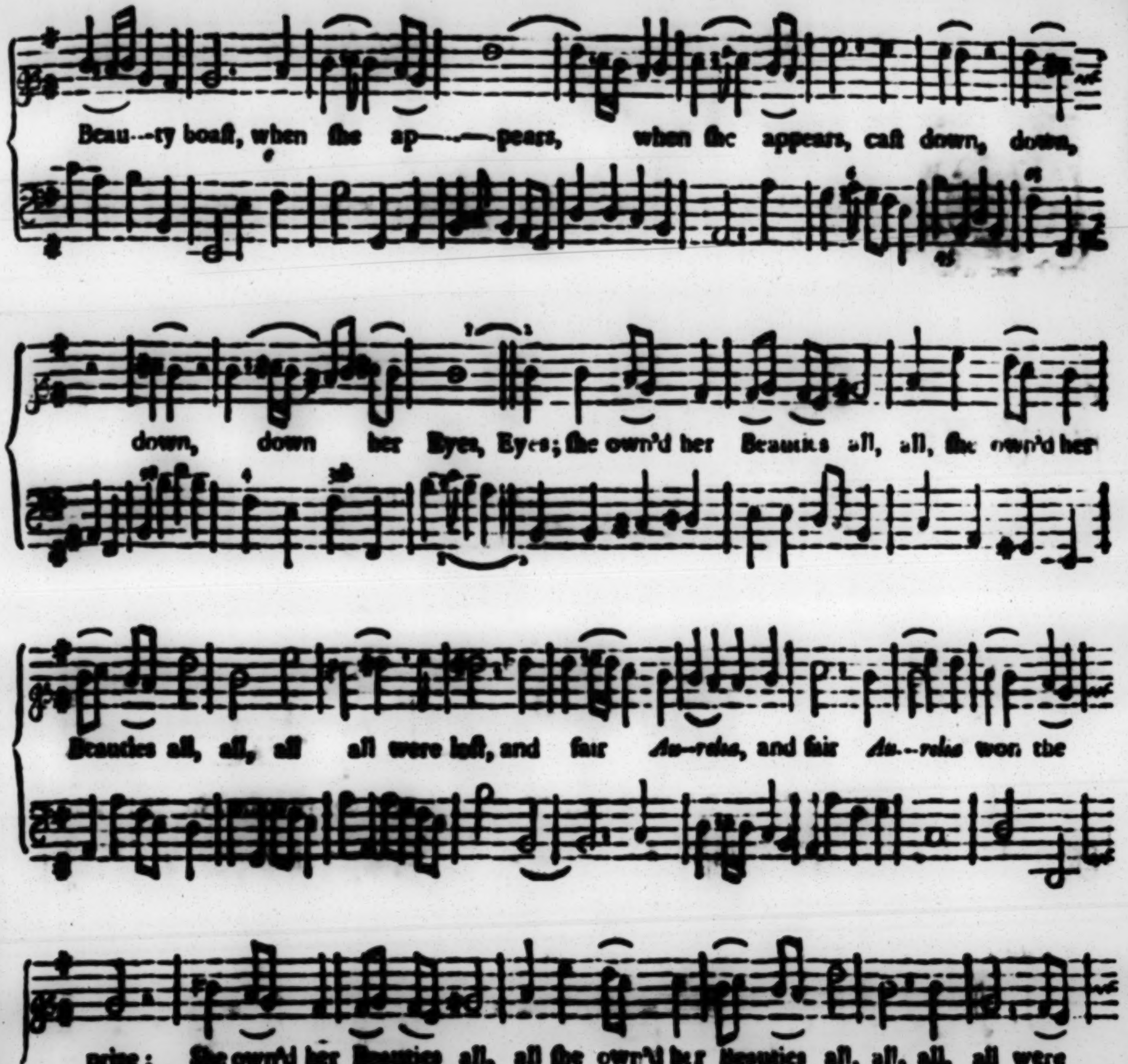

then ro- - - - - - - - - - - - -wl a——— way, and rowlling
to each o—— ther ſay; let us Love, let us Love, let us Love, and let us Play, in
wan- -ton, murmurs while we may:
For ſo did once the Thra—cian Swain, ſo, ſo did once the Thra——— cian
Swain; but while you thus ſe—cure—ly glide, think, think, think, O!
think when you come, to the high——eſt tide of pleaſure, you muſt then divide, as


Orpheus did, and far as wide, as Orpheus did, and far as wide, far as
wide, far as wide as Orpheus did; and far as wide, as Orpheus did, and
far as wide.

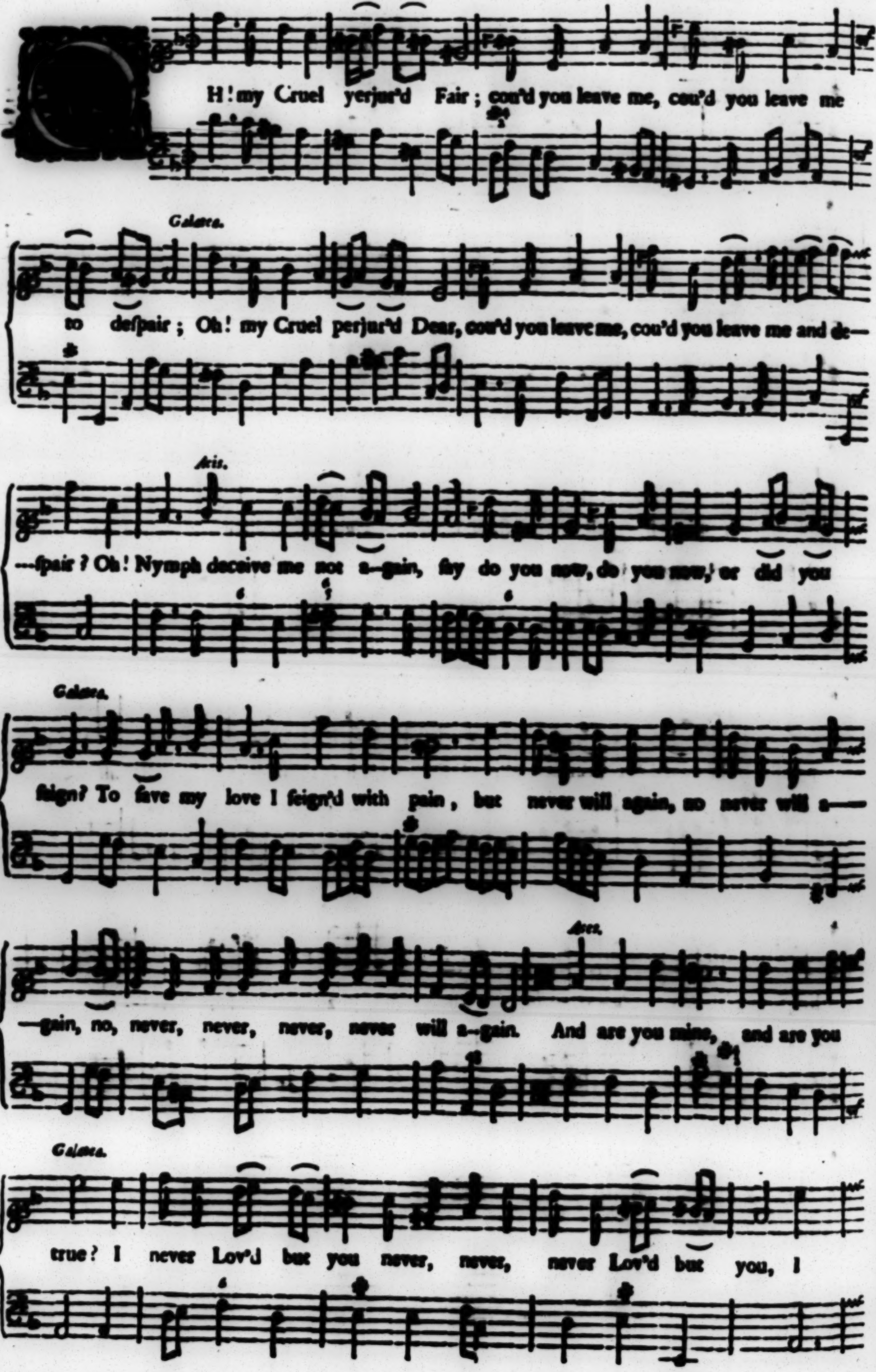
A SONG *Sett by Mr.* William Croft.

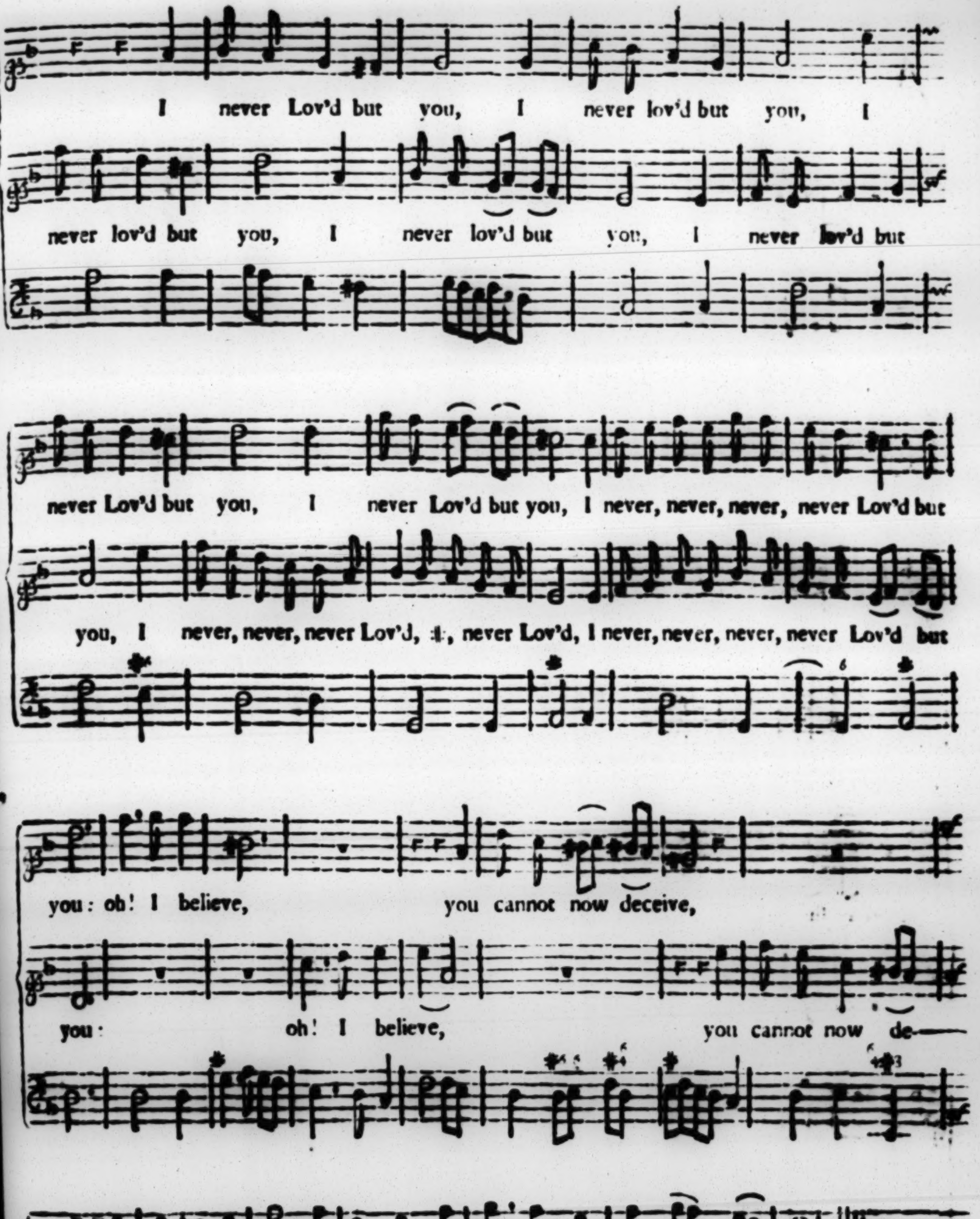

T
He God of love, the God of love no, no, no more, no more em—
—ployes his Golden Quiver, or his Dart; He finds the bright Au—re—lias eyes, without his
help can woun- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -d each heart, with—out his help can


Woun- - - - - -d each Heart; each Amourous Swain, each
Amourous Swain, when ſhe appears, when ſhe appears, ſtill finds him-
-ſelf undon; And faints betwixt his hopes and fears, but dies, but dies when
ſhe is gone, and faints betwixt his hopes and fears, but dies, dies, dies when
ſhe is gone, but dies, dies, dies when ſhe is gone:
Venus that once cou'd Beau—ty boaſt; *Ve—nus* that once cou'd

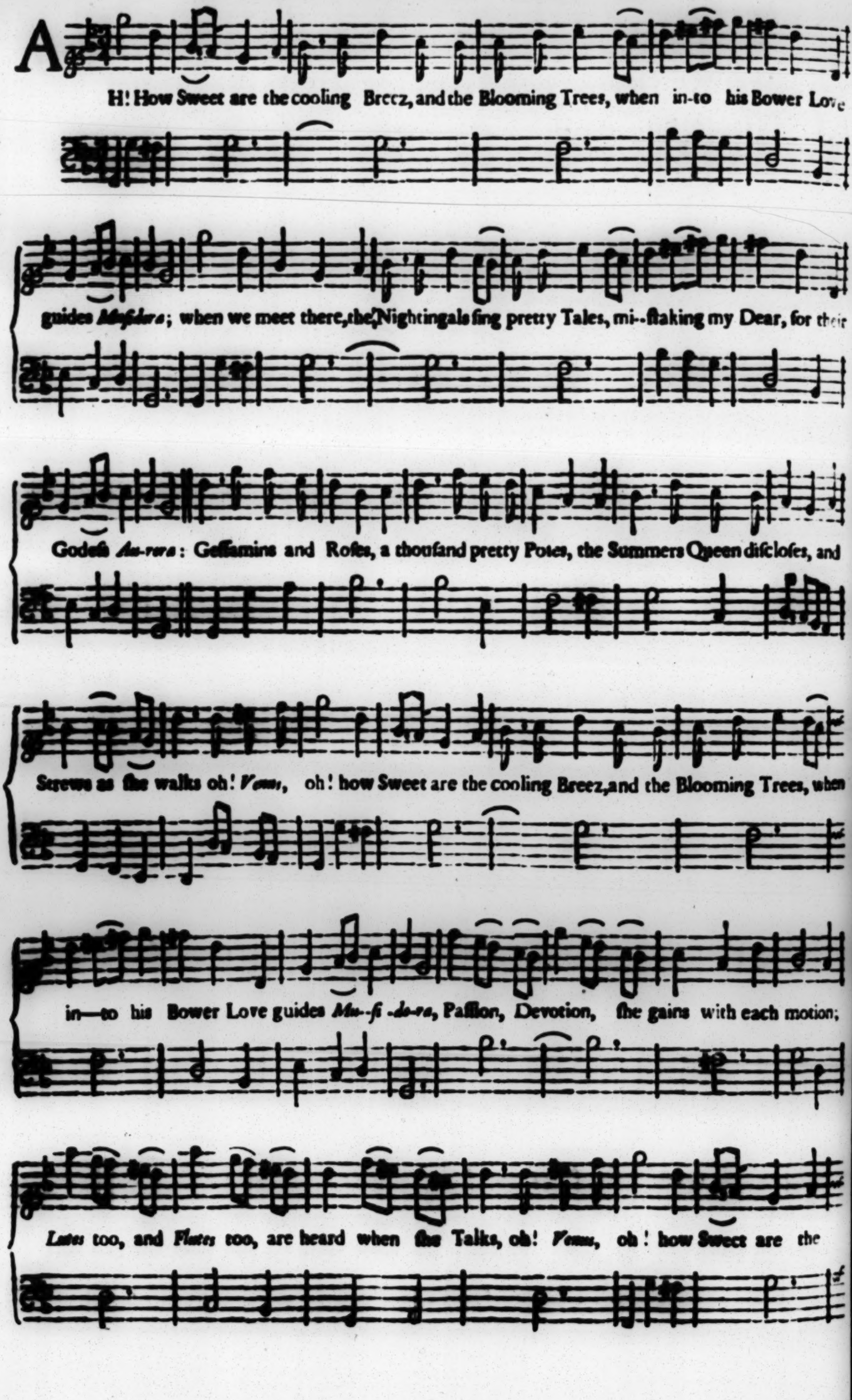

Beau--ty boaſt, when ſhe ap——pears, when ſhe appears, caſt down, down,
down, down her Eyes, Eyes; ſhe own'd her Beauties all, all, ſhe own'd her
Beauties all, all, all all were loſt, and fair Au-relia, and fair Au--relia won the
prize; She own'd her Beauties all, all ſhe own'd her Beauties all, all, all, all were
loſt, and fair Au—re—lia won the prize, and fair Au—re—lia
won the prize, prize.

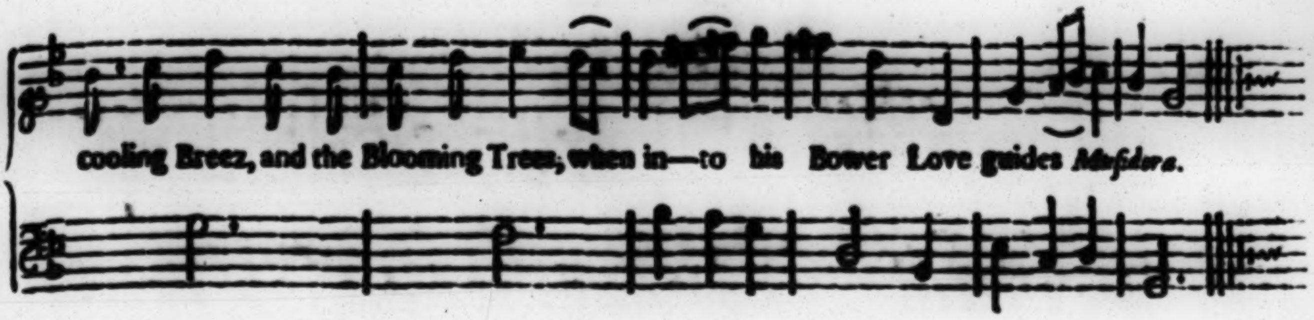
Acis *and* Galatea: *A Dialogue in the* Mad Lover. *Sett by Mr.* John Eccles, *and Sung* by *Mrs.* Bracegirdle, *and Mr.* Bowman.


Acis.
O
H! my Cruel yerjur'd Fair; cou'd you leave me, cou'd you leave me
Galatea.
to despair; Oh! my Cruel perjur'd Dear, cou'd you leave me, cou'd you leave me and de-
Acis.
-spair? Oh! Nymph deceive me not a-gain, fay do you now, do you now, or did you
Galatea.
feign? To fave my love I feign'd with pain, but never will again, no never will a-
-gain, no, never, never, never, never will a-gain.
Acis.
And are you mine, and are you
Galatea.
true? I never Lov'd but you never, never, never Lov'd but you, I

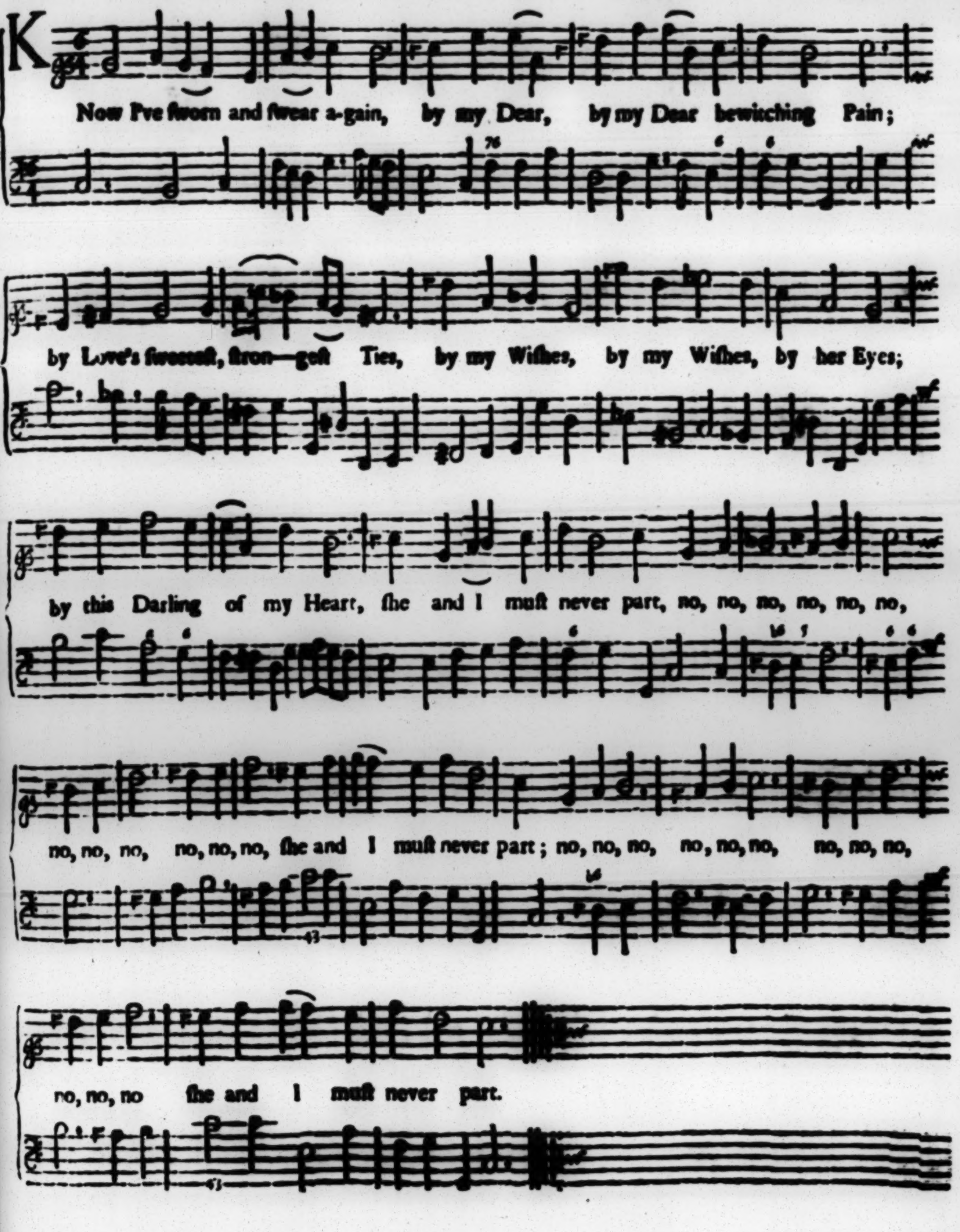

I never Lov'd but you, I never lov'd but you, I
never lov'd but you, I never lov'd but you, I never lov'd but
never Lov'd but you, I never Lov'd but you, I never, never, never, never Lov'd but
you, I never, never, never Lov'd, I, never Lov'd, I never, never, never, never Lov'd but
you: oh! I believe, you cannot now deceive,
you: oh! I believe, you cannot now de-
the joy is too great, the joy is too great, too great not to be true.
-ceive, the joy is too great, the joy is too great, too great not to be true.

A SONG *Sett by Mr.* William Croft.

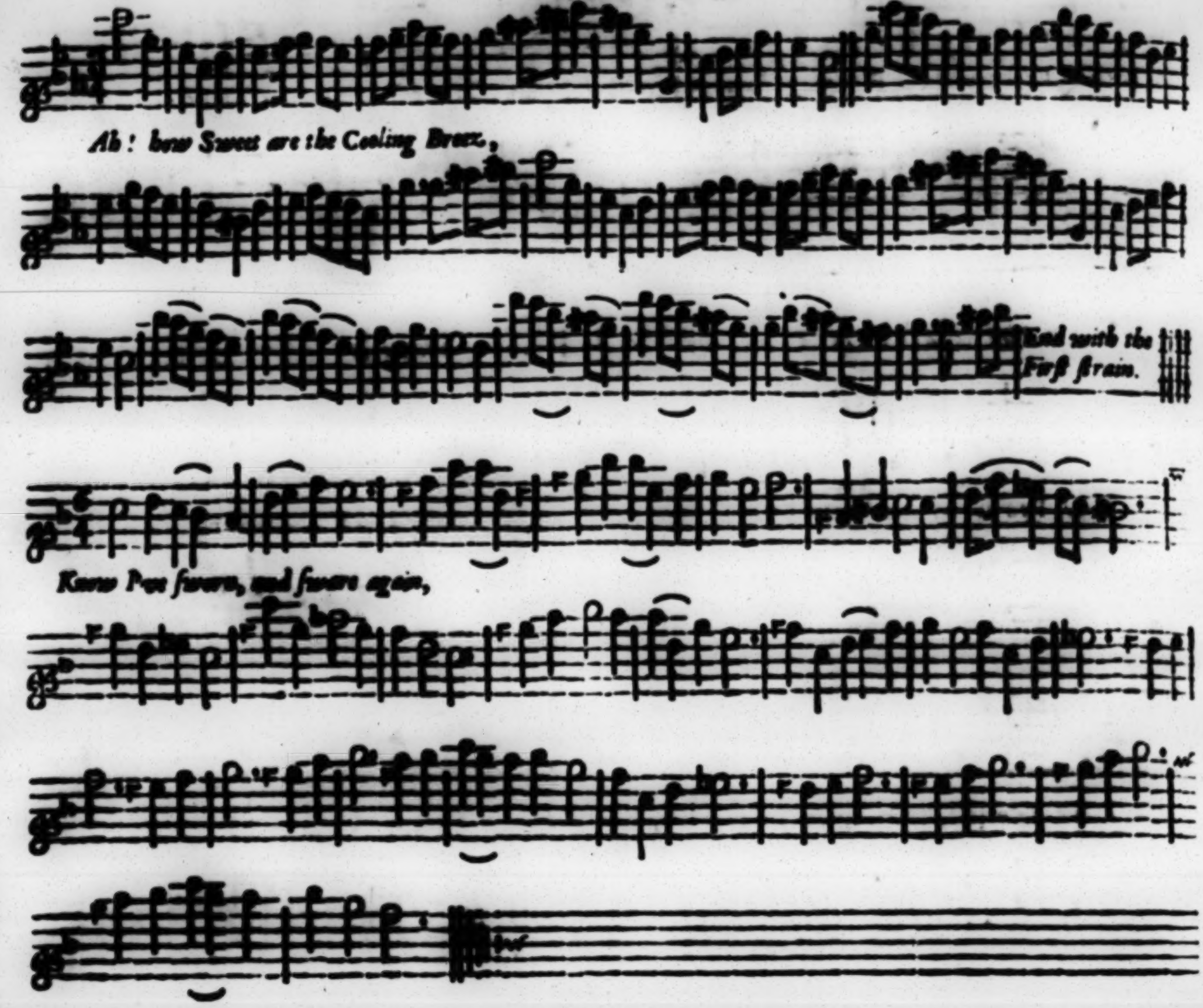

AH! How Sweet are the cooling Breez, and the Blooming Trees, when in-to his Bower Love
guides *Muſidora*; when we meet there, the Nightingals ſing pretty Tales, mi--ſtaking my Dear, for their
Godeſs *Au-rora*: Geſſamins and Roſes, a thouſand pretty Poſes, the Summers Queen diſcloſes, and
Strews as ſhe walks oh! *Venus*, oh! how Sweet are the cooling Breez, and the Blooming Trees, when
in—to his Bower Love guides *Mu--ſi -do-ra*, Paſſion, Devotion, ſhe gains with each motion;
Lutes too, and *Flutes* too, are heard when ſhe Talks, oh! *Venus*, oh! how Sweet are the


cooling Breez, and the Blooming Trees, when in—to his Bower Love guides Muſidora.

SONG *in the* Mad Lover, *Set by Mr.* J. Eccles, *Sung* by *Mrs.* Bracegirdle.


K
Now I've ſworn and ſwear a-gain, by my Dear, by my Dear bewitching Pain;
by Love's ſureſt, ſtron—geſt Ties, by my Wiſhes, by my Wiſhes, by her Eyes;
by this Darling of my Heart, ſhe and I muſt never part, no, no, no, no, no, no,
no, no, no, no, no, no, ſhe and I muſt never part; no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,
no, no, no ſhe and I muſt never part.

The SONG Tunes for the FLUTE.


Ah: how Sweet are the Cooling Breez,
End with the First ſtrain.
Know Poe ſworn, and ſwore again,

F I N I S.

B *O O K S lately Printed, and Re-printed, for* Henry Playford, *at his Shop in the Temple-Change* Fleet-ſtreet.

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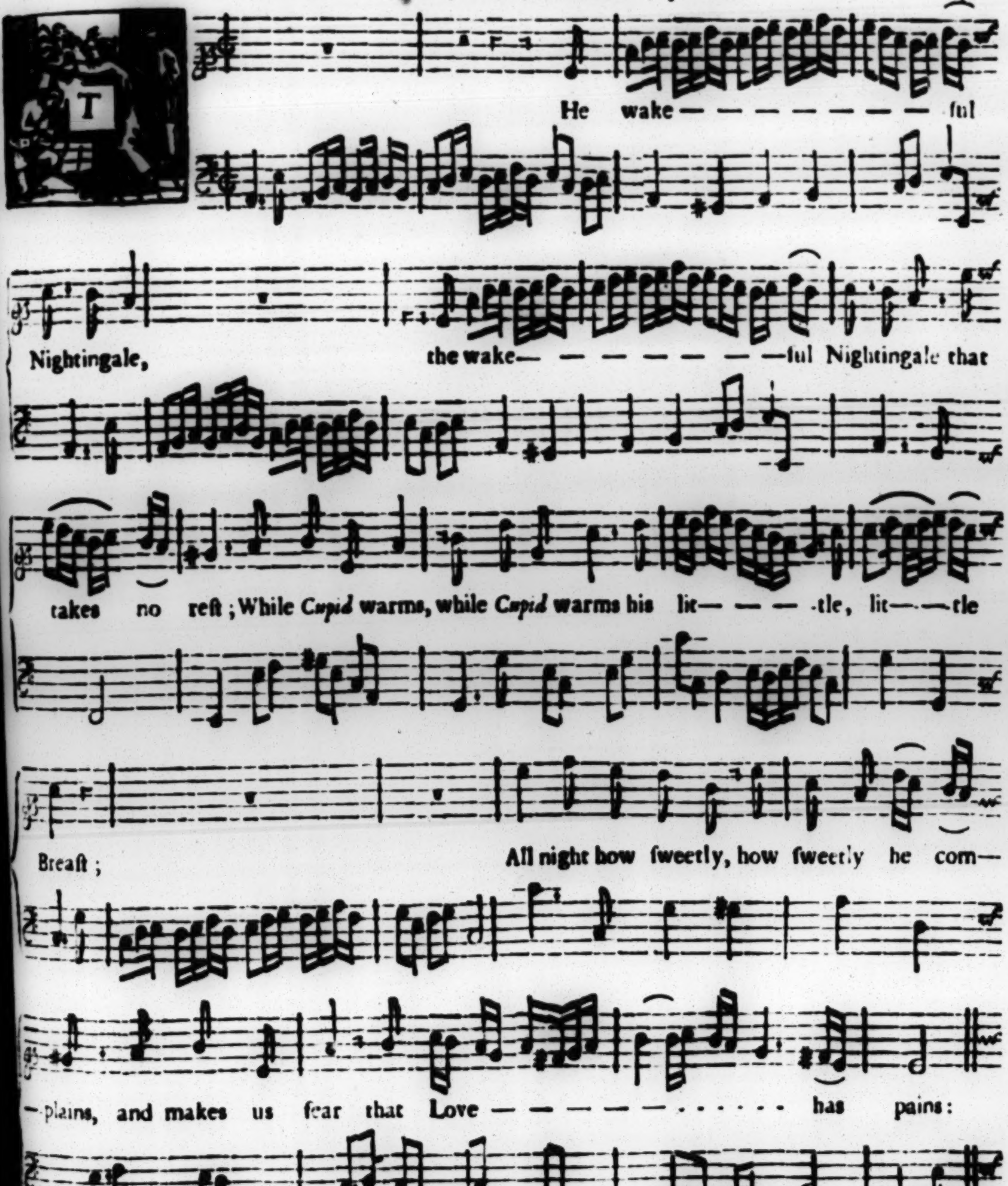
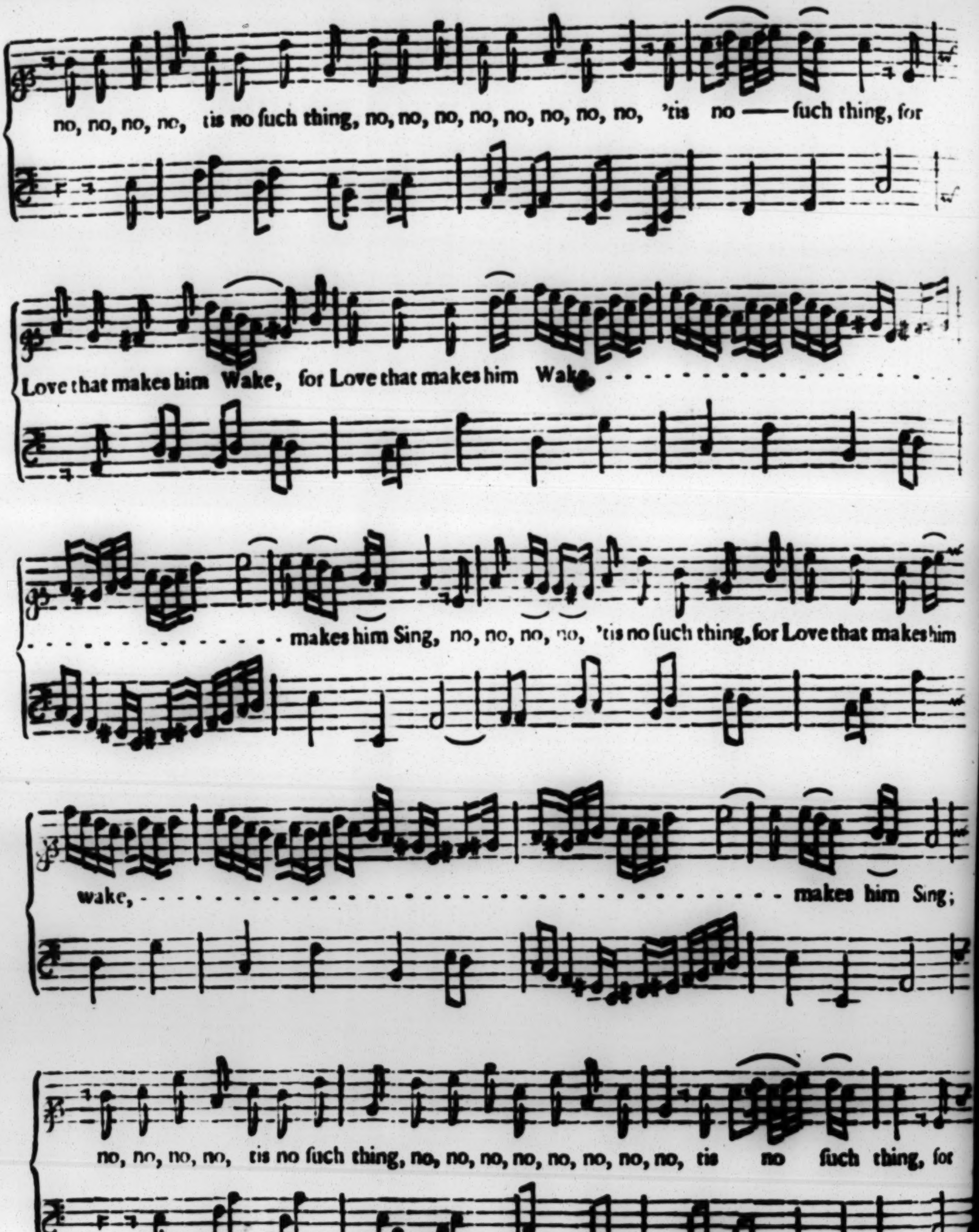
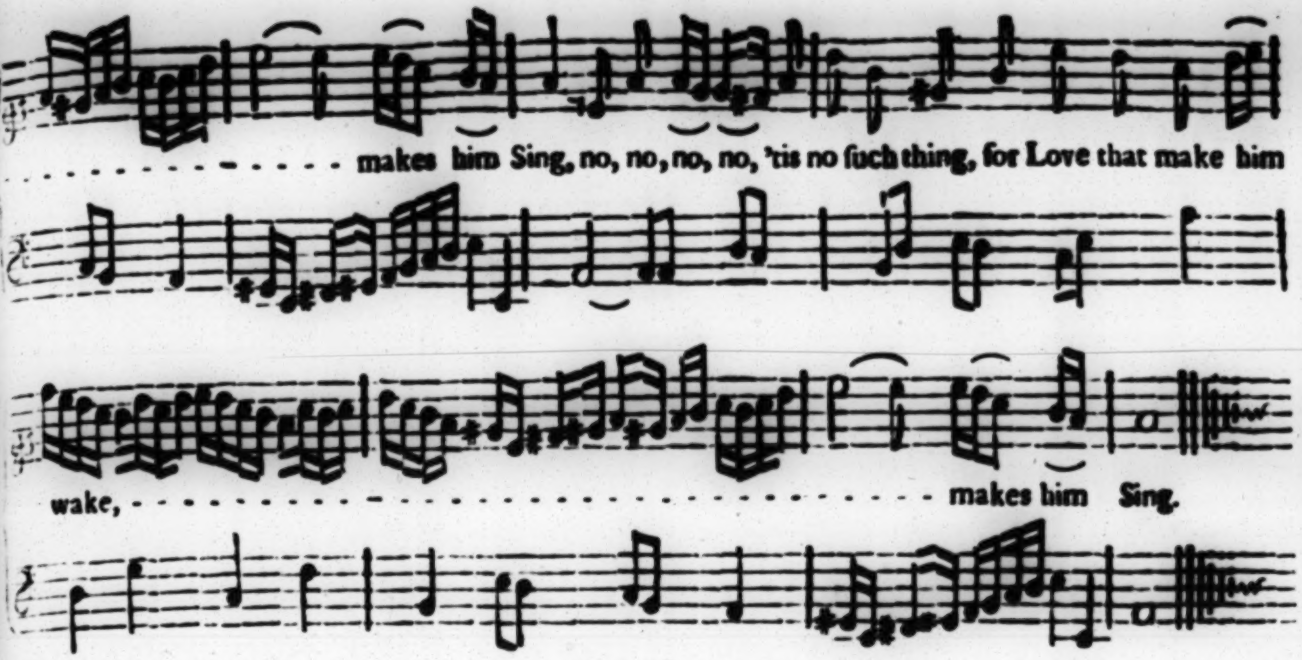
MERCVRIVS MVSICVS:
OR, THE
Monthly Collection
Of New TEACHING
SONGS.

For *July* and *Auguſt*.

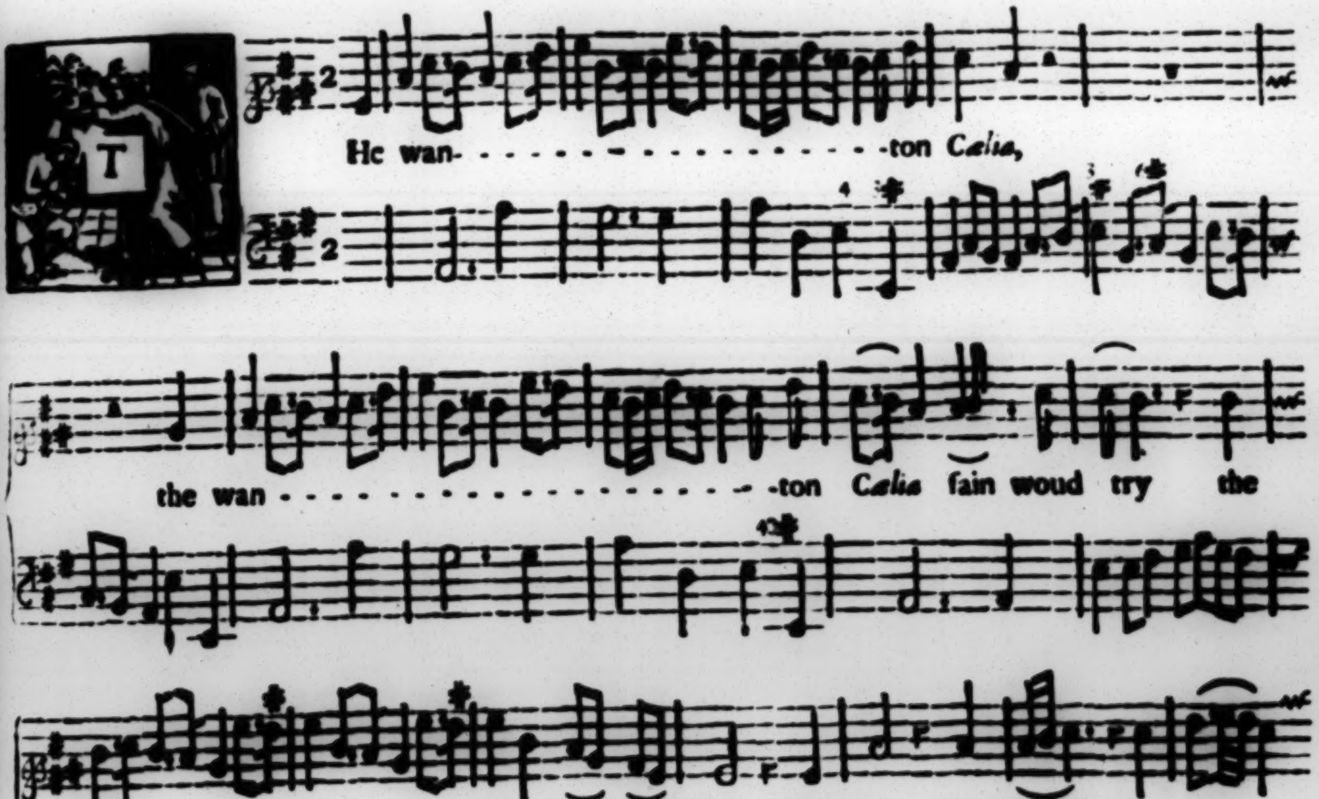
A SONG Sett by Mr. John Weldon, *of* Oxon.

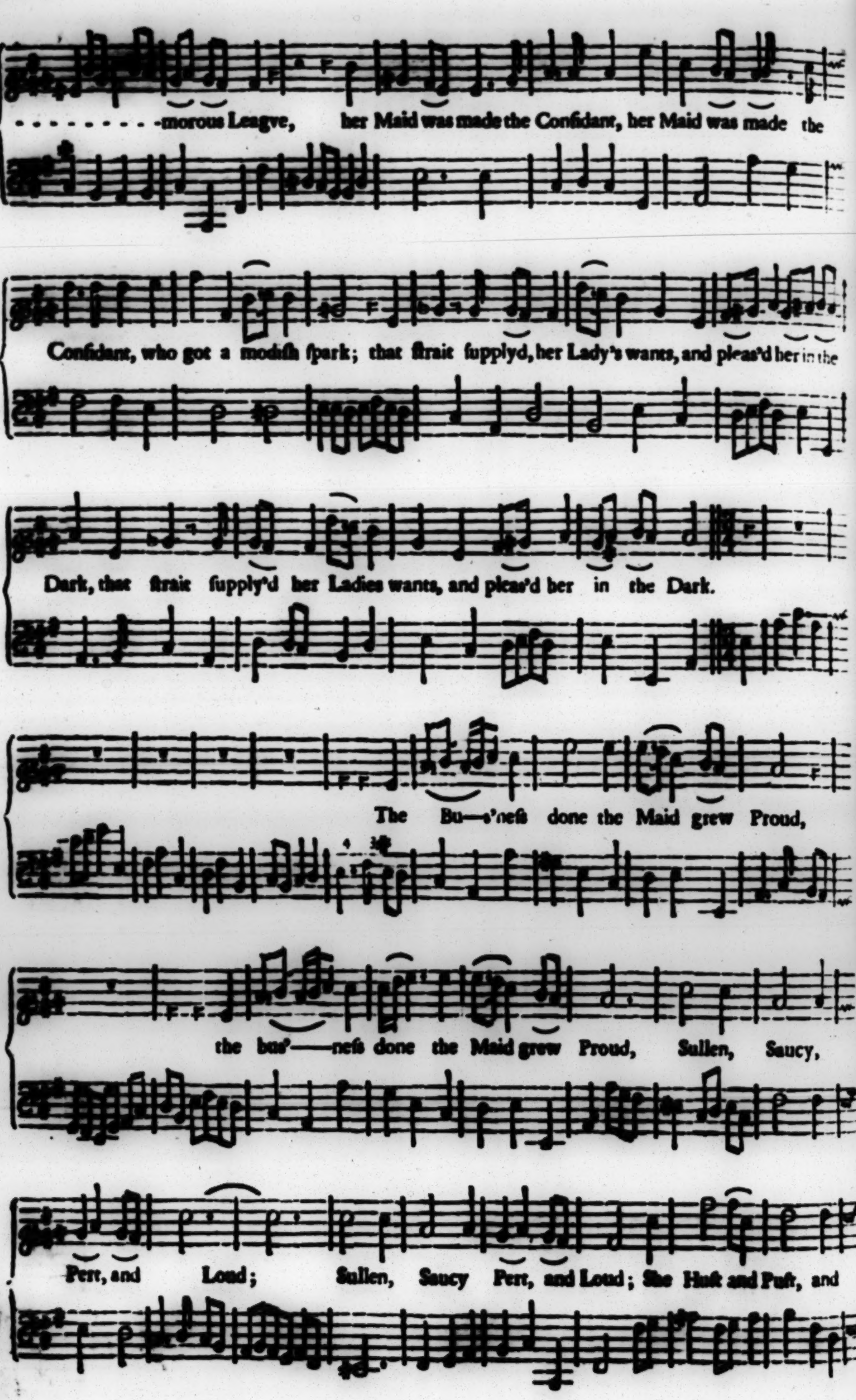

T
He wake — — — — — — — ful
Nightingale, the wake— — — — — — — — ful Nightingale that
takes no reſt; While *Cupid* warms, while *Cupid* warms his lit— — — tle, lit— — tle
Breaſt; All night how ſweetly, how ſweetly he com—
—plains, and makes us fear that Love — — — — — — . . . . . . has pains:

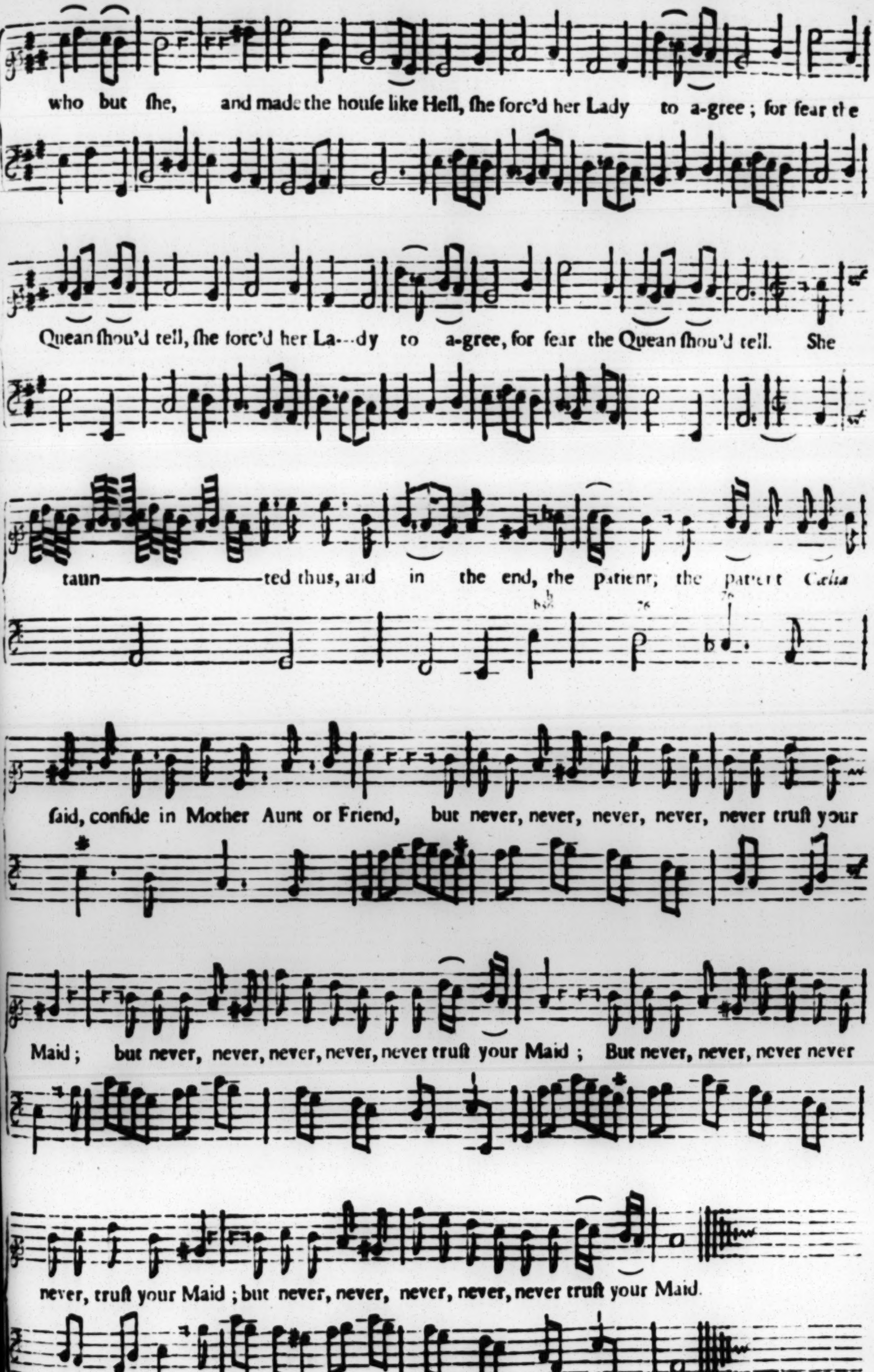

no, no, no, no, tis no ſuch thing, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, 'tis no —— ſuch thing, for
Love that makes him Wake, for Love that makes him Wake. . . . .
. . . . makes him Sing, no, no, no, no, 'tis no ſuch thing, for Love that makes him
wake, ... makes him Sing;
no, no, no, no, tis no ſuch thing, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, tis no ſuch thing, for
Love that makes him wake, for Love that makes him wake, ...


makes him Sing, no, no, no, no, 'tis no ſuch thing, for Love that make him
wake, - makes him Sing.

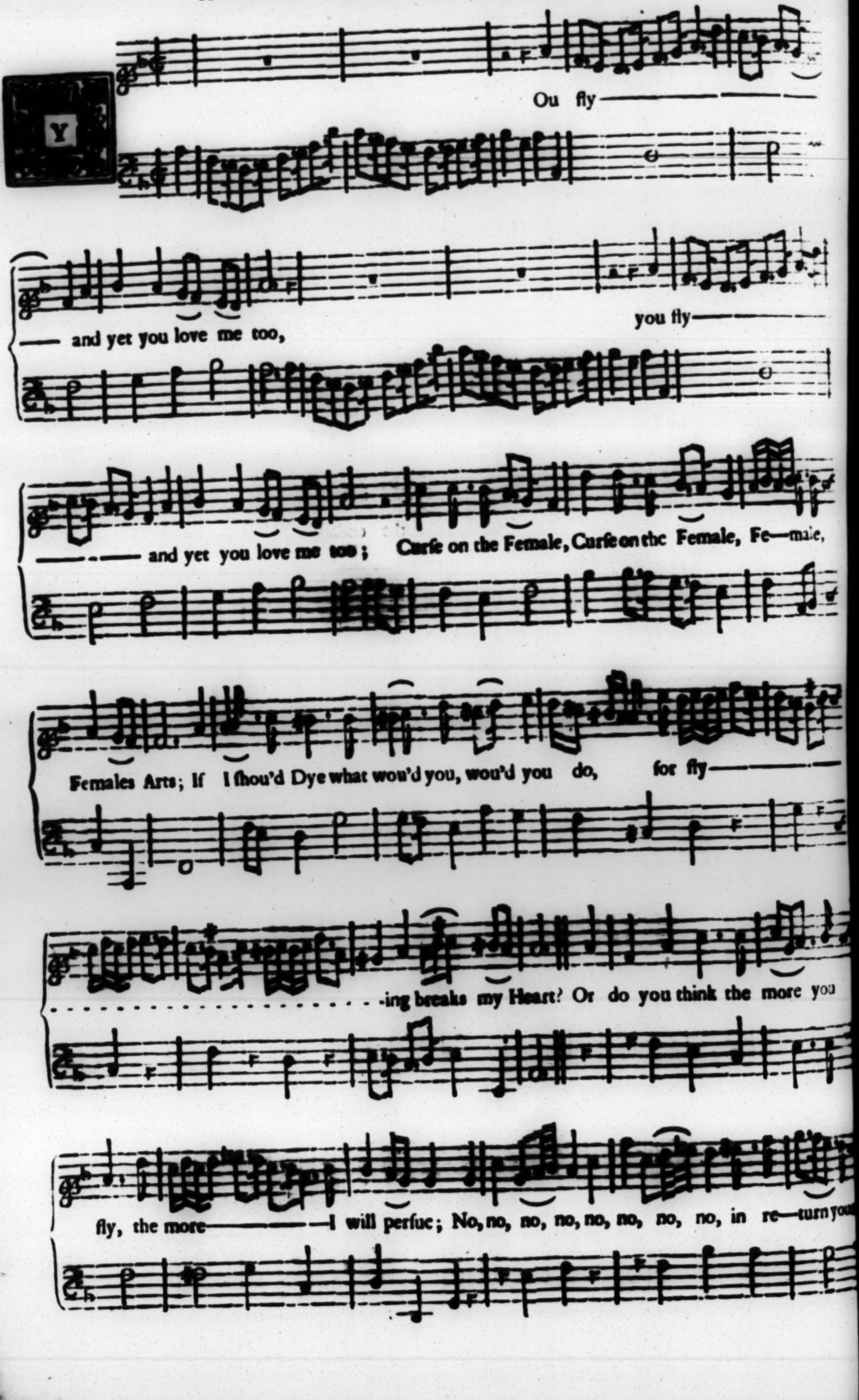
A SONG *Set by Mr.* Crofts.

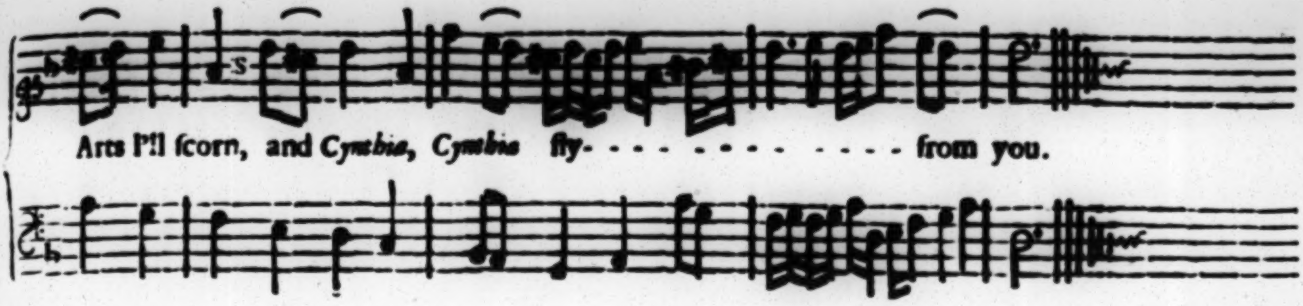

T
He wan- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -ton Cælia,
the wan- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -ton Cælia fain woud try the
plea- - - - - - - - - - - - - - -ſures of Intreague: Her Wit, her Charms did all,
all, all, all, all com—ply; to form an a- - - - - - - - - - - - - -


- - - - - - - - - -morous Leagve, her Maid was made the Confidant, her Maid was made the
Confidant, who got a modiſh ſpark; that ſtrait ſupplyd, her Lady's wants, and pleas'd her in the
Dark, that ſtrait ſupply'd her Ladies wants, and pleas'd her in the Dark.
The Bu—ſ'neſs done the Maid grew Proud,
the buſ'——neſs done the Maid grew Proud, Sullen, Saucy,
Pert, and Loud; Sullen, Saucy Pert, and Loud; She Huſt and Puſt, and

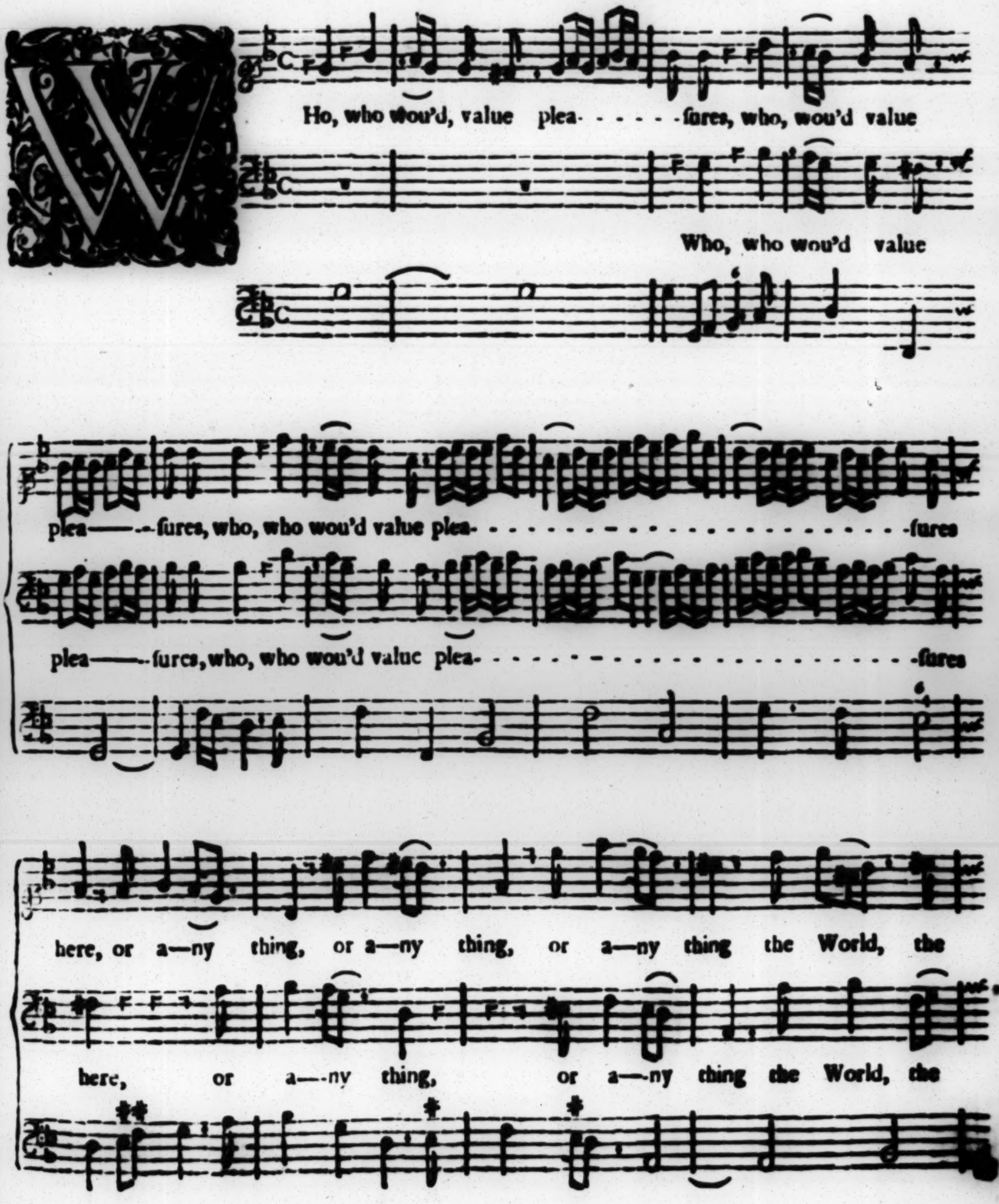

who but ſhe, and made the houſe like Hell, ſhe forc'd her Lady to a-gree ; for fear the
Quean ſhou'd tell, ſhe forc'd her La---dy to a-gree, for fear the Quean ſhou'd tell. She
taun——ted thus, and in the end, the patient, the patient Cælia
ſaid, confide in Mother Aunt or Friend, but never, never, never, never, never truſt your
Maid ; but never, never, never, never, never truſt your Maid ; But never, never, never never
never, truſt your Maid ; but never, never, never, never, never truſt your Maid.

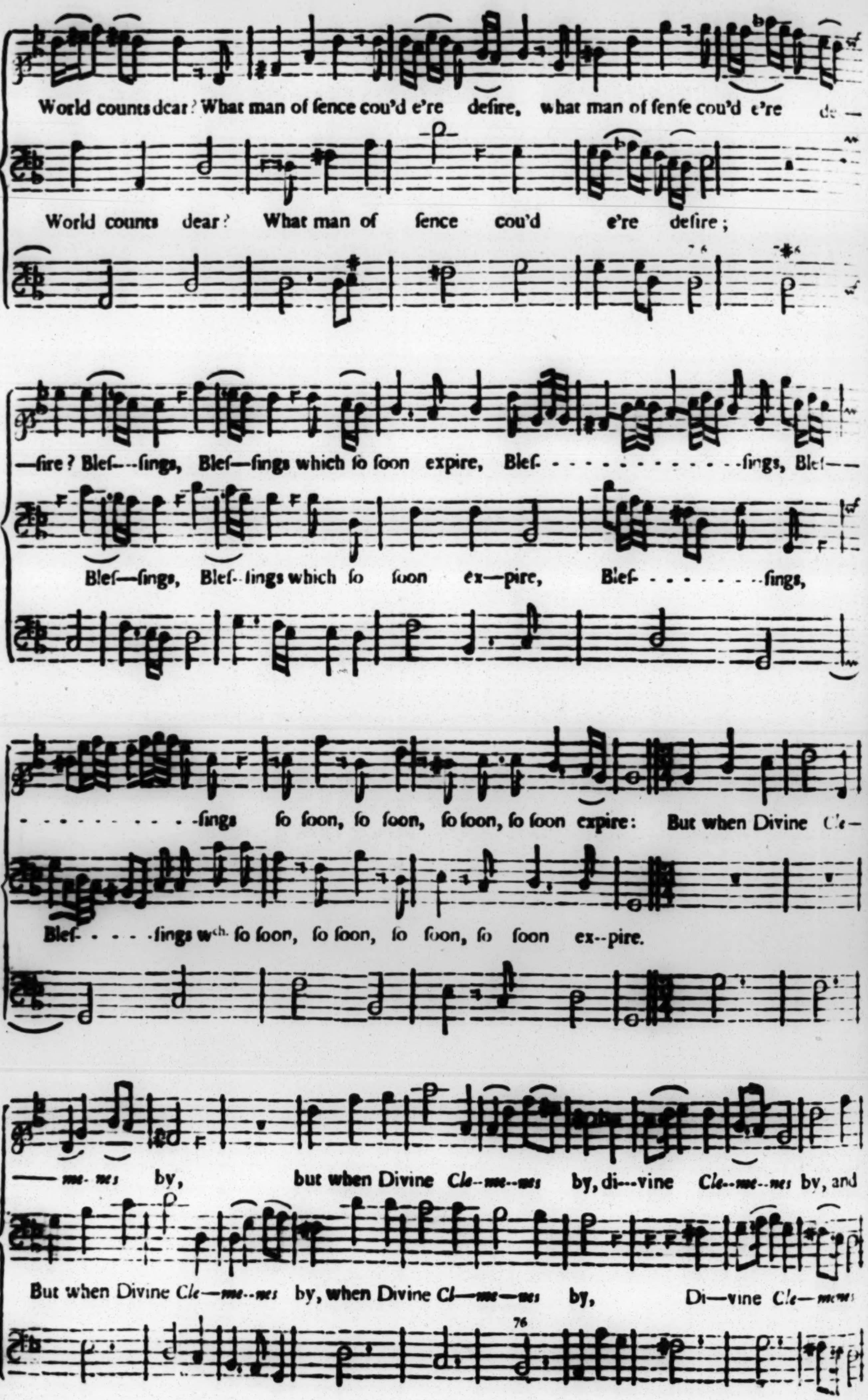
A SONG Sett by Mr. John Barrett.

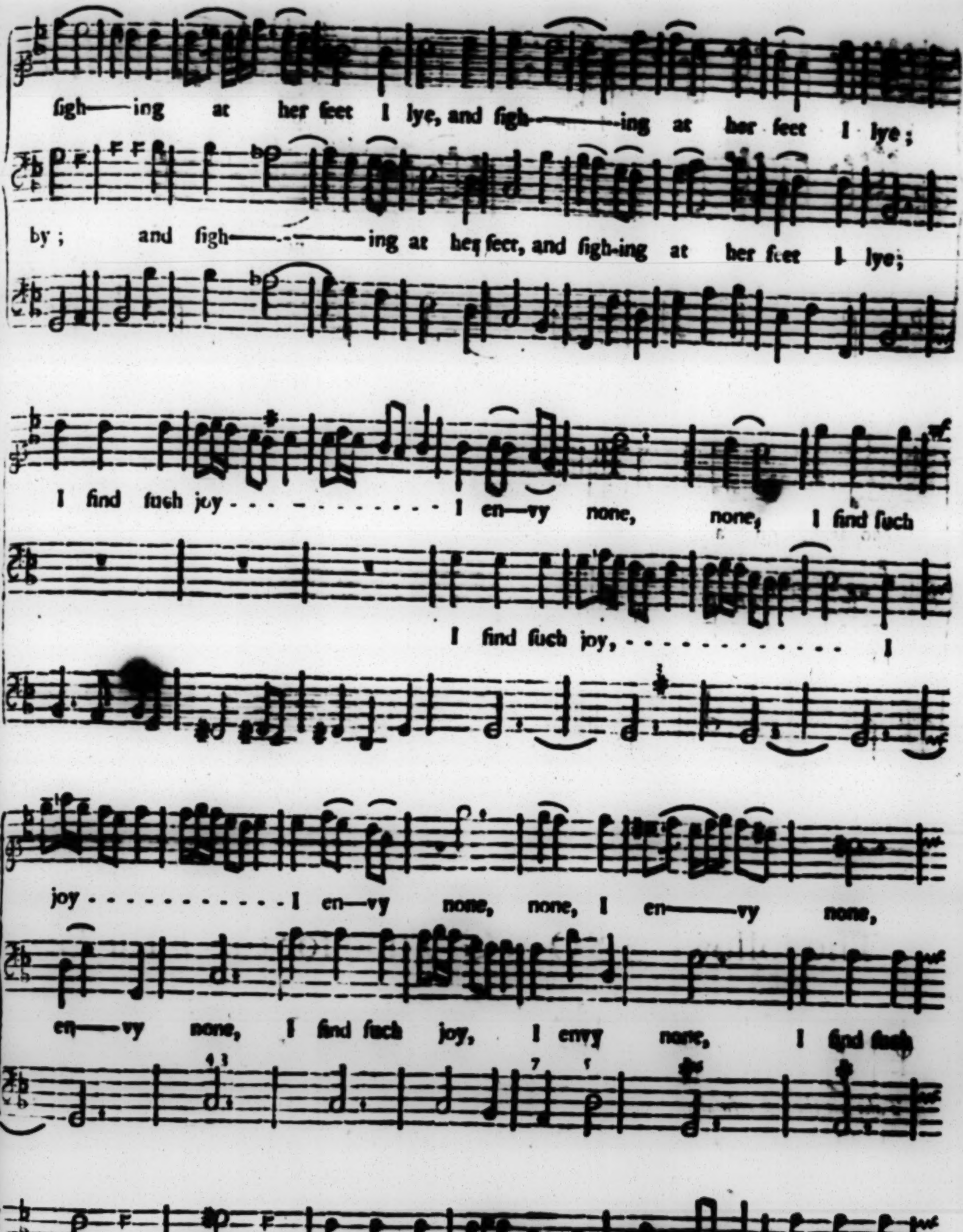

Y
Ou fly ——
—— and yet you love me too,
you fly ——
—— —— and yet you love me too;
Curse on the Female, Curse on the Female, Fe—male,
Females Arts; If I shou'd Dye what wou'd you, wou'd you do,
for fly ——
-ing breaks my Heart? Or do you think the more you
fly, the more —— I will persue; No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, in re—turn you

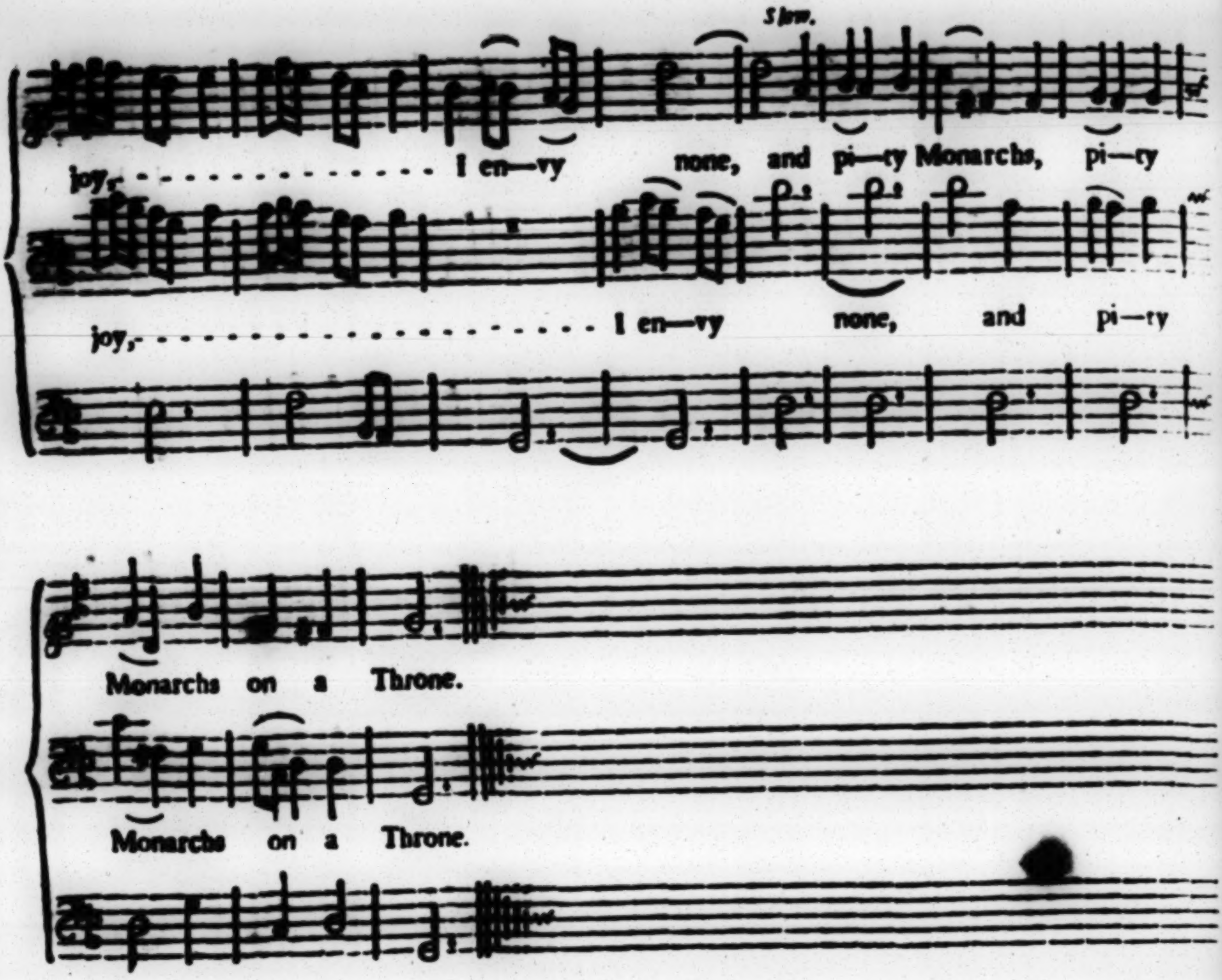

Arts I'll ſcorn, and Cynthia, Cynthia fly- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - from you.

A Two Part SONG Set by Mr. Crofts.

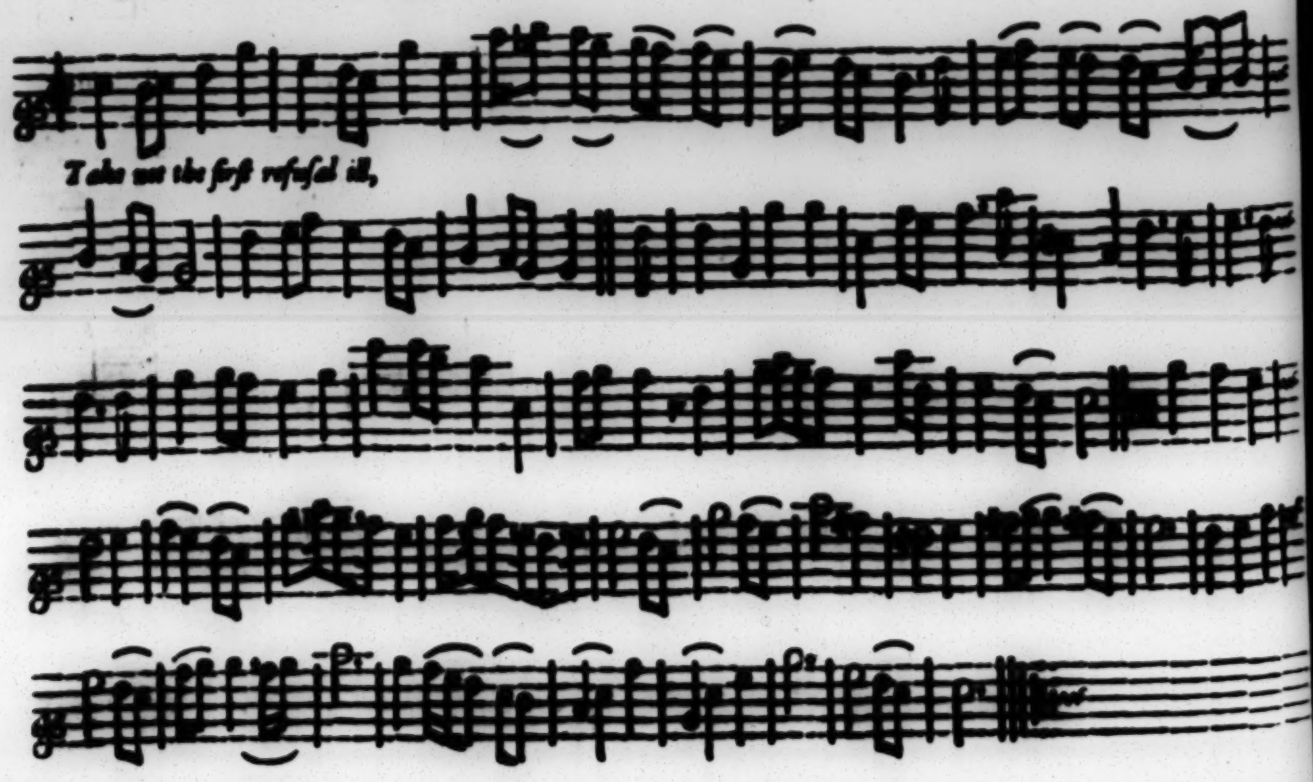

WHo, who wou'd, value plea- - - - - - ſures, who, wou'd value
Who, who wou'd value
plea——-ſures, who, who wou'd value plea- -ſures
plea——-ſures, who, who wou'd value plea- -ſures
here, or a—ny thing, or a—ny thing, or a—ny thing the World, the
here, or a—ny thing, or a—ny thing the World, the


World counts dear? What man of ſence cou'd e're deſire, what man of ſenſe cou'd e're de—
World counts dear? What man of ſence cou'd e're deſire;
—ſire? Bleſ—ſings, Bleſ—ſings which ſo ſoon expire, Bleſ- - - - - - - - - - - - - -ſings, Bleſ——
Bleſ—ſings, Bleſ- ſings which ſo ſoon ex—pire, Bleſ- - - - - - - - -ſings,
- - - - - - - - - - -ſings ſo ſoon, ſo ſoon, ſo ſoon, ſo ſoon expire: But when Divine Cle—
Bleſ- - - - -ſings wch. ſo ſoon, ſo ſoon, ſo ſoon, ſo ſoon ex--pire.
——me- nes by, but when Divine Cle—me--nes by, di---vine Cle--me--nes by, and
But when Divine Cle—me--nes by, when Divine Cl—me—nes by, Di—vine Cle—menes
76

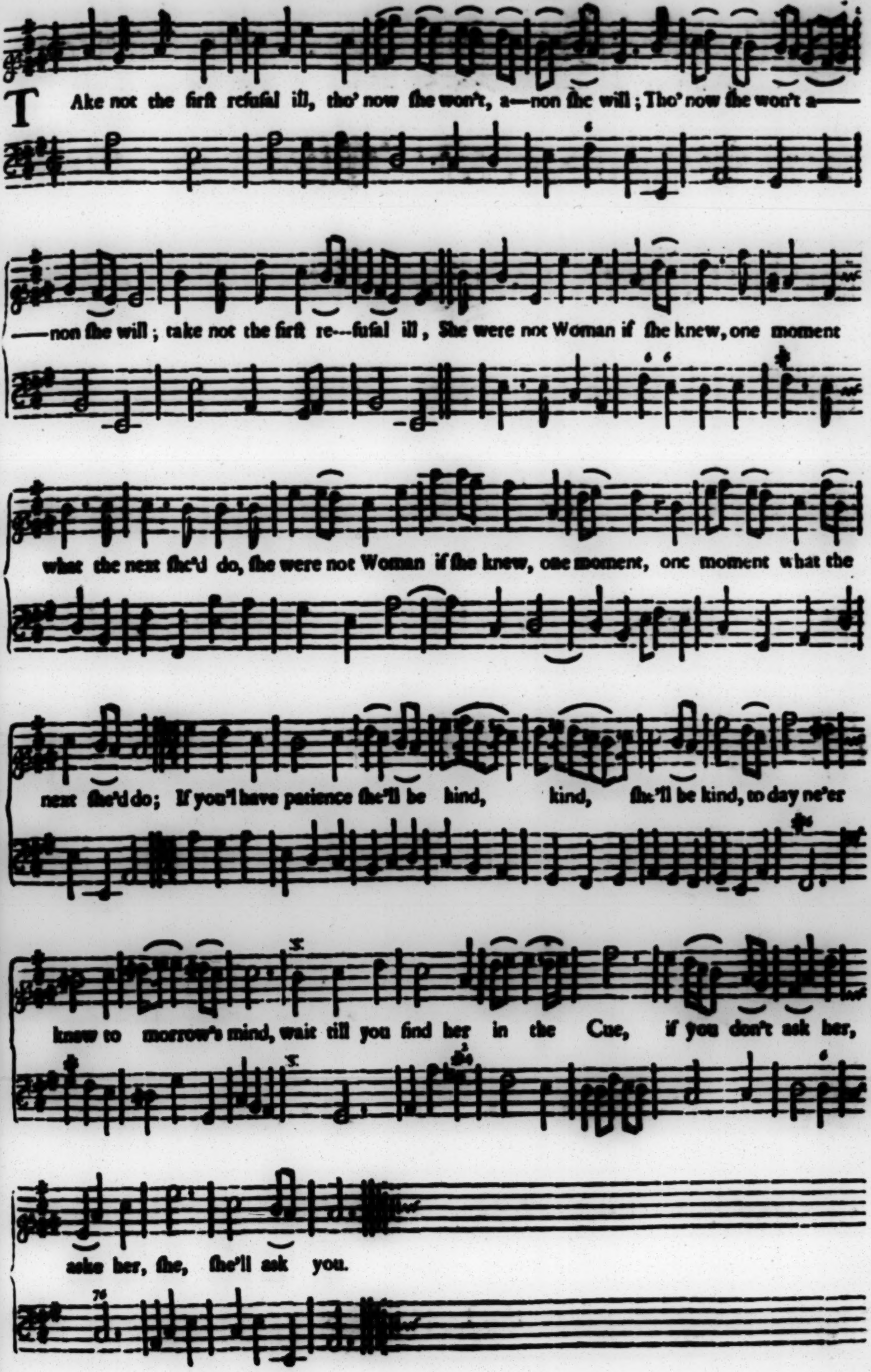

figh—— ing at her feet I lye, and figh———— ing at her feet I lye;
by; and figh—————— ing at her feet, and figh-ing at her feet I lye;
I find fuch joy - - - - - - - - - - - - - - I en—vy none, none, I find fuch
I find fuch joy, - - - - - - - - - - - - - I
joy - - - - - - - - - - - - I en—vy none, none, I en———vy none,
en—vy none, I find fuch joy, I envy none, I find fuch
4 3
7 5
none, none, I find fuch joy, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - I find fuch
joy - - - - - - - - - - I en—vy none, none, I find fuch
7 6


Slow.
joy, ... I en—vy none, and pi—ty Monarchs, pi—ty
joy, ... I en—vy none, and pi—ty
Monarchs on a Throne.
Monarchs on a Throne.

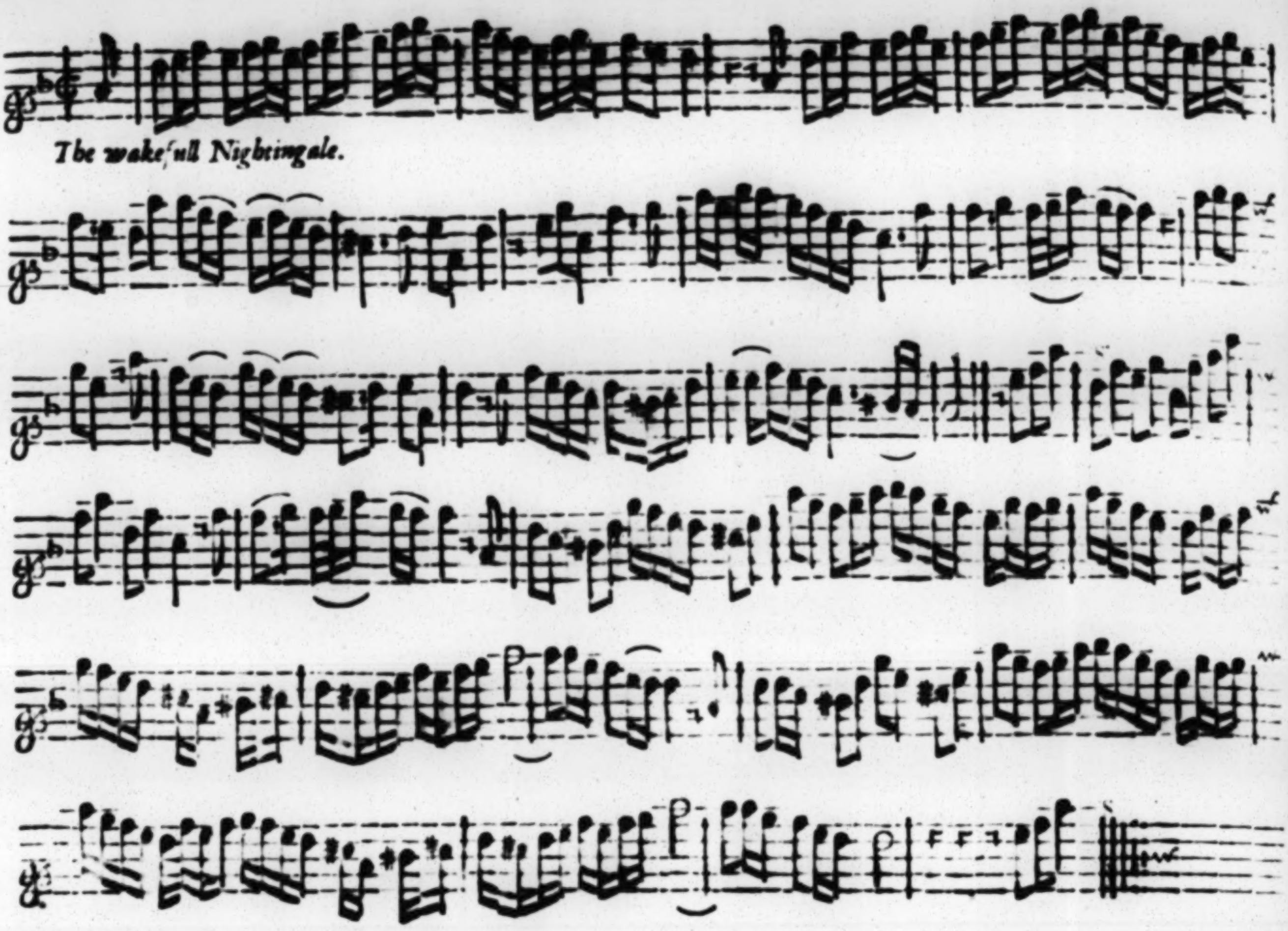
The following SONG Tune for the *FLUTE*.


Take not the first refusal ill,

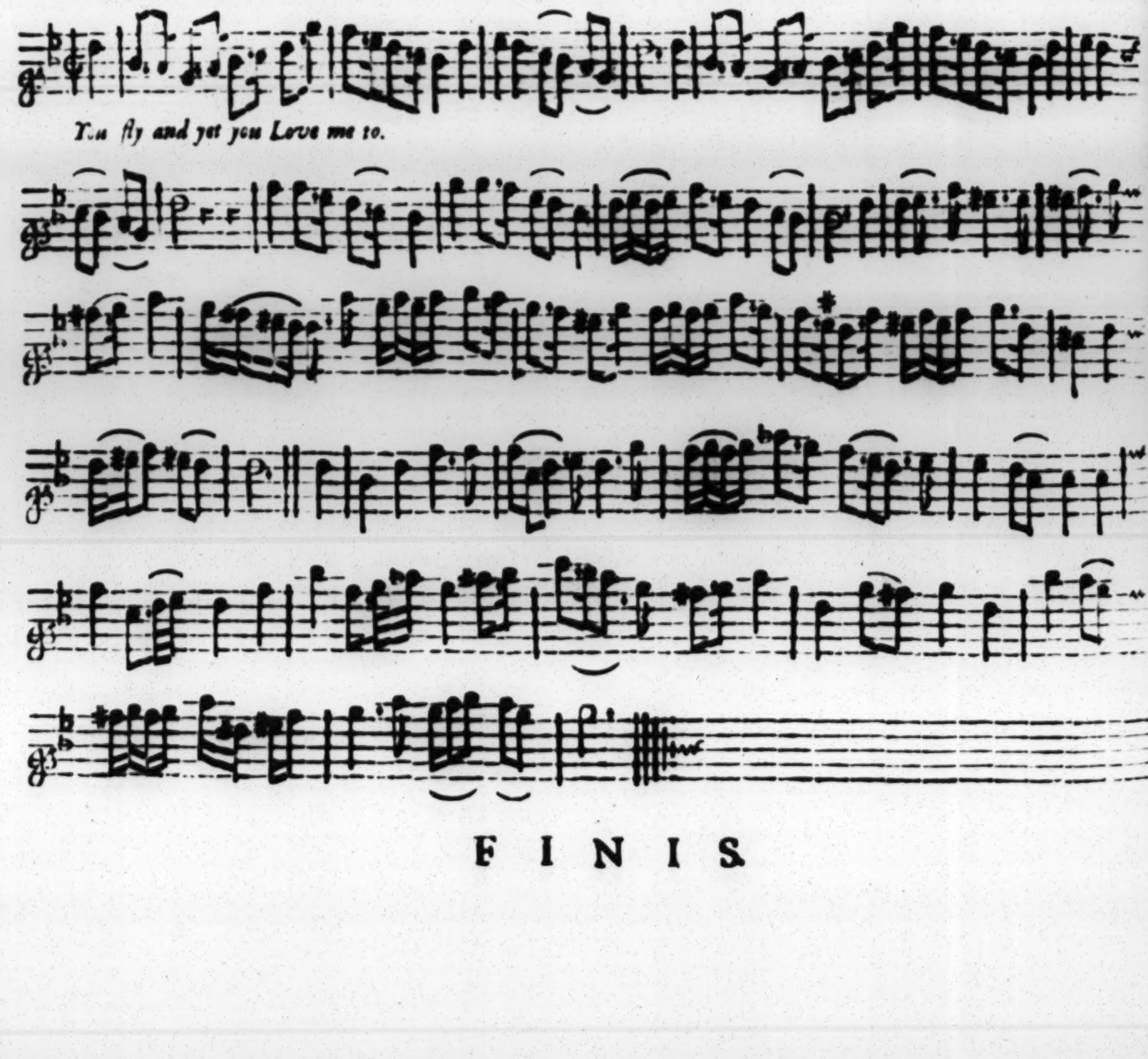
A SONG Sett by Mr. Berenclow.


TAke not the firſt refuſal ill, tho' now ſhe won't, a—non ſhe will; Tho' now ſhe won't a—
—non ſhe will; take not the firſt re---fuſal ill, She were not Woman if ſhe knew, one moment
what the next ſhe'd do, ſhe were not Woman if ſhe knew, one moment, one moment what the
next ſhe'd do; If you'l have patience ſhe'll be kind, kind, ſhe'll be kind, to day ne'er
know to morrow's mind, wait till you find her in the Cue, if you don't ask her,
aske her, ſhe, ſhe'll ask you.

For the FLUTE.



The wakefull Nightingale.



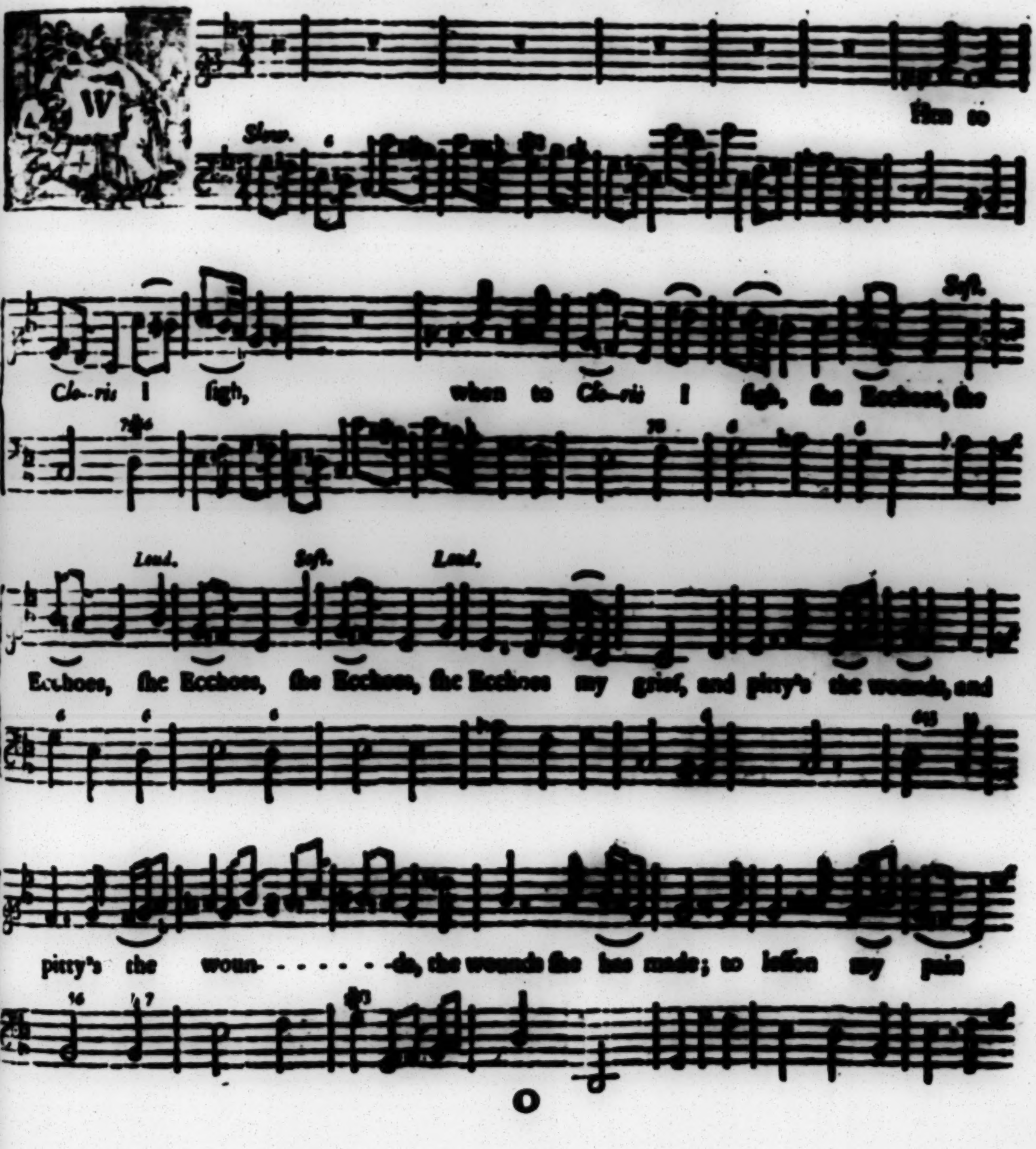
You fly and yet you Love me to.

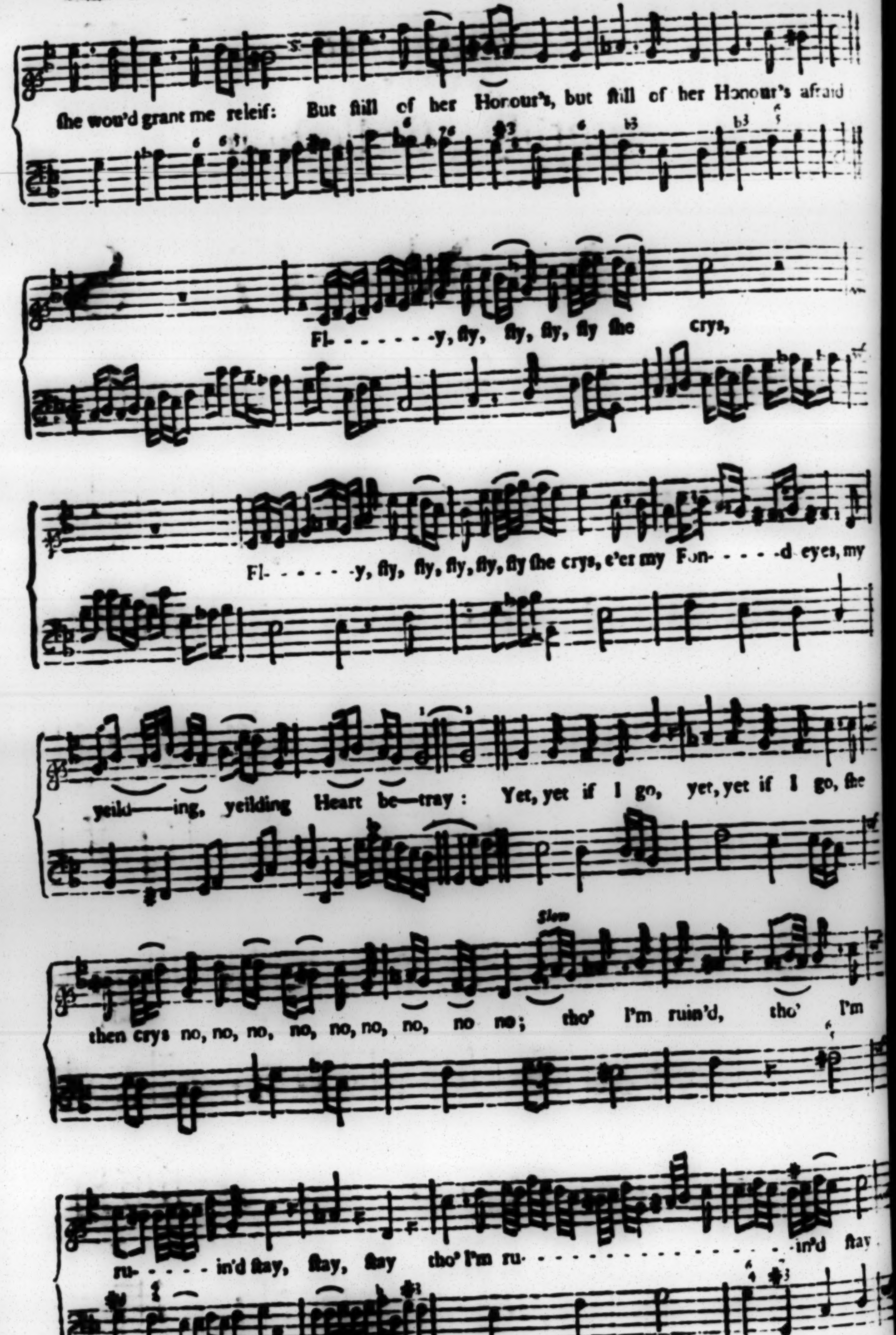
FINIS.

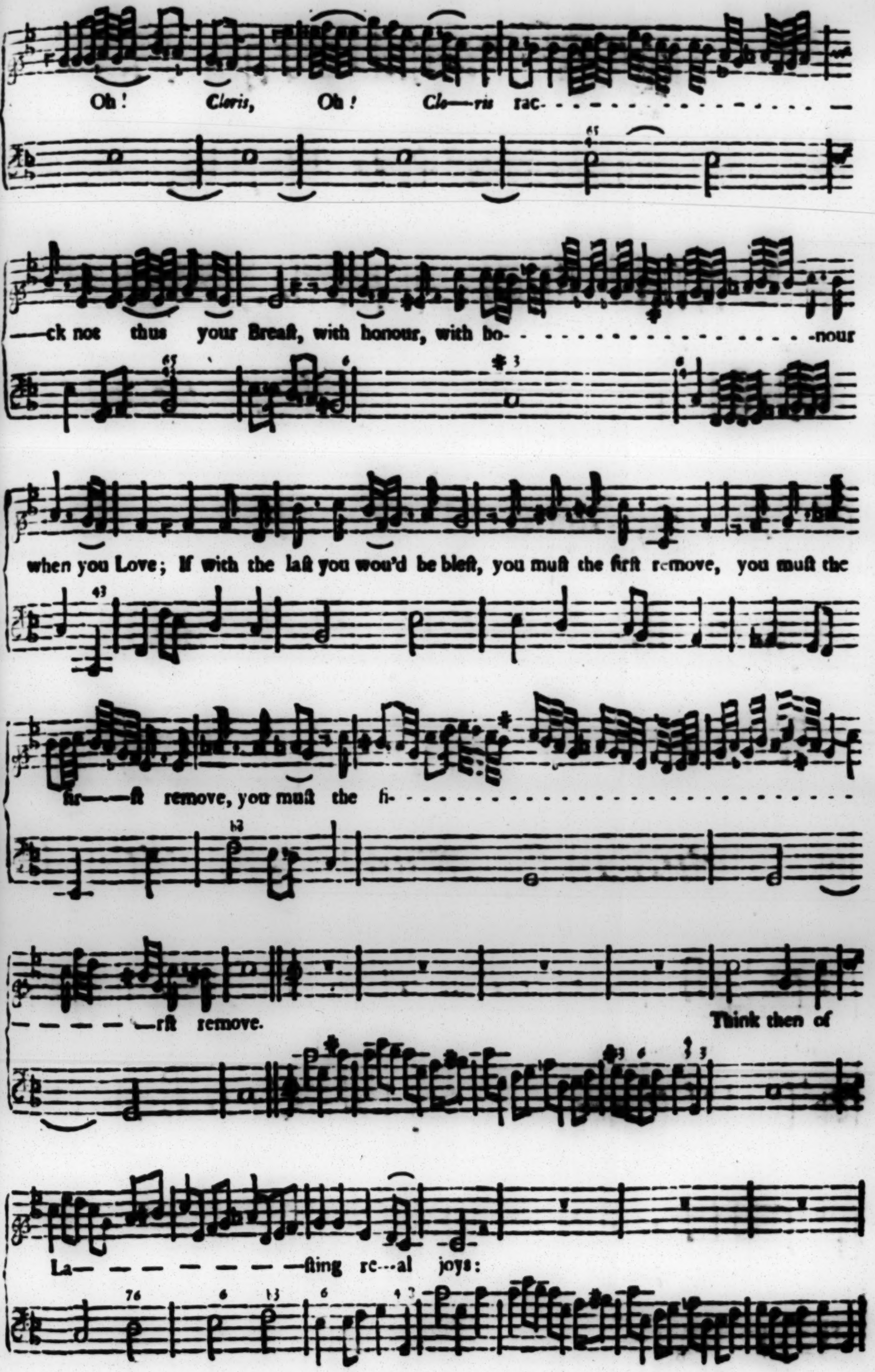
MERCURIUS MUSICUS:
OR, THE
Monthly Collection
Of New TEACHING
SONGS.

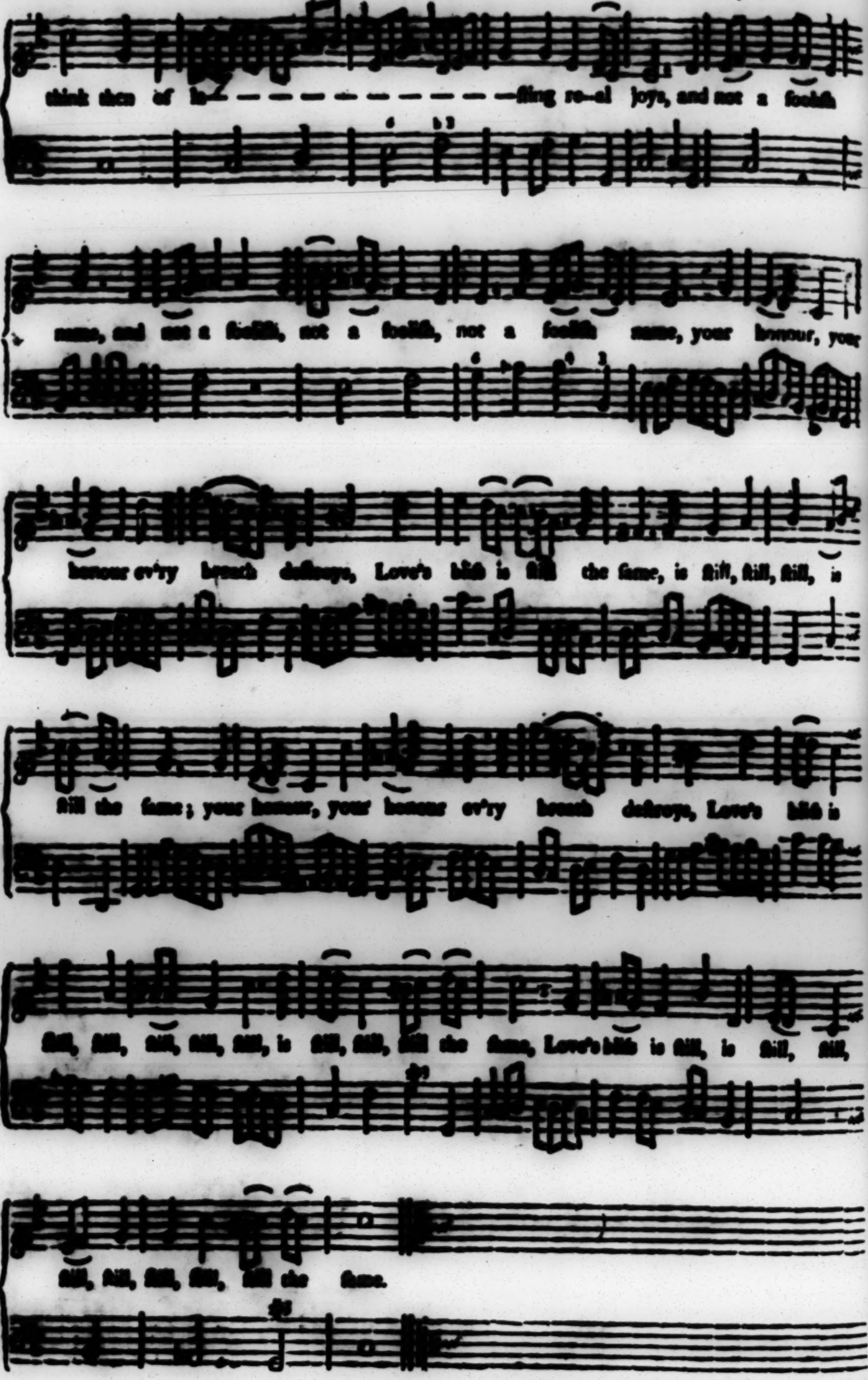
For *September*, *October*, *November*, and *December*.

A SONG Sett by Mr. Barrett.

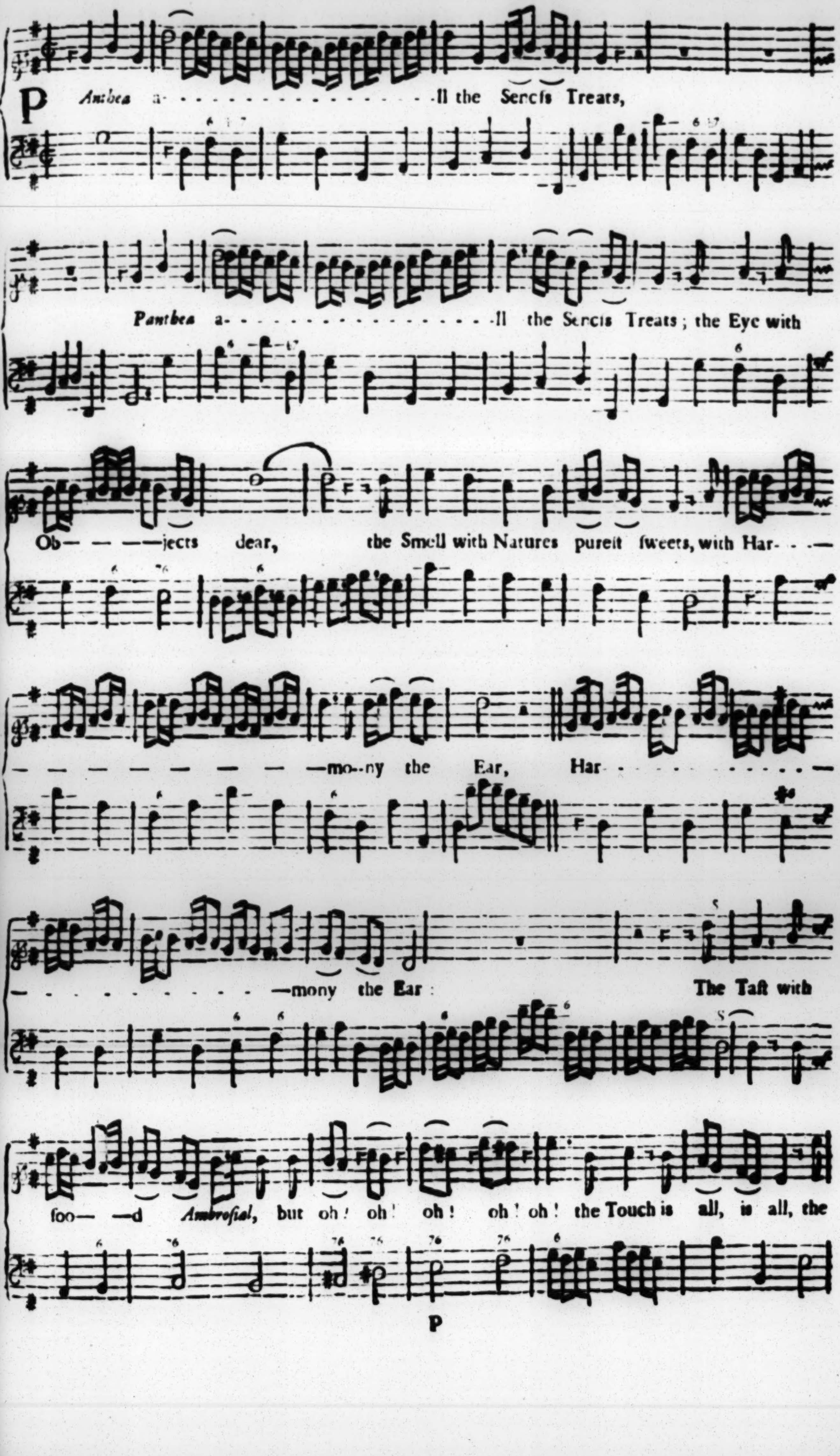

W
Slow.
Him to
Clo-ris I sigh, when to Clo-ris I sigh, the Ecchoes, the
Soft.
Loud.
Soft.
Loud.
Ecchoes, the Ecchoes, the Ecchoes, the Ecchoes my grief, and pitty's the wounds, and
pitty's the woun- - - - - - -ds, the wounds she has made; to lessen my pain

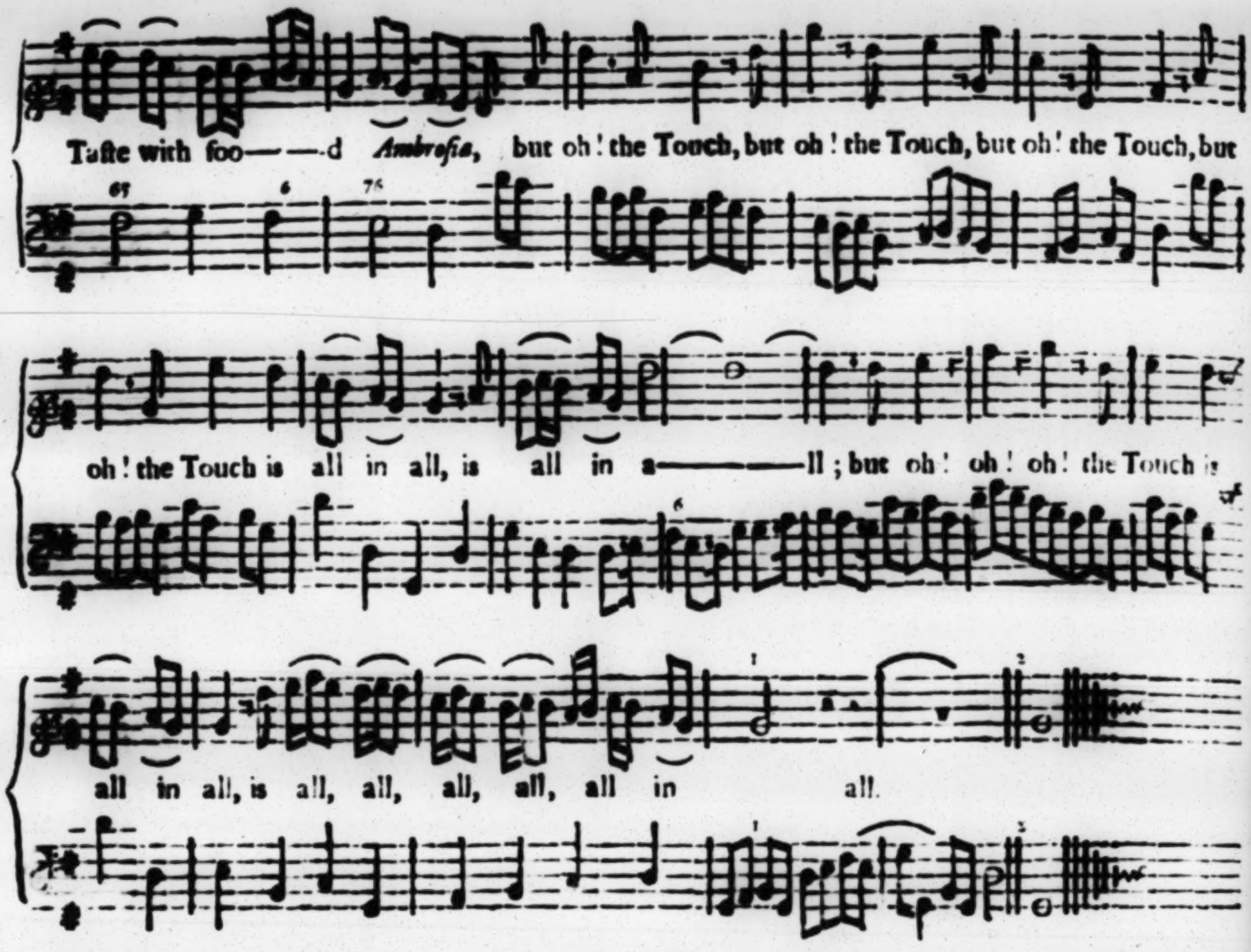

ſhe wou'd grant me releif: But ſtill of her Honour's, but ſtill of her Honour's afraid
Fl- - - - - - -y, fly, fly, fly, fly ſhe crys,
Fl- - - - - -y, fly, fly, fly, fly, fly ſhe crys, e'er my Fon- - - - -d eyes, my
yeild——ing, yeilding Heart be—tray: Yet, yet if I go, yet, yet if I go, ſhe
then crys no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no no; Slow tho' I'm ruin'd, tho' I'm
ru- - - - - in'd ſtay, ſtay, ſtay tho' I'm ru- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -in'd ſtay


Oh! Cloris, Oh! Clo——ris rac- - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
——ck not thus your Breaſt, with honour, with ho- -nour
when you Love; If with the laſt you wou'd be bleſt, you muſt the firſt remove, you muſt the
fir——ſt remove, you muſt the fi- -
- - - - - - —rſt remove. Think then of
La— — — — — — — — —ſting re---al joys:
65
6
♯3
43
♭3
♭3 6 ♭3
76
6
♭3
6
43

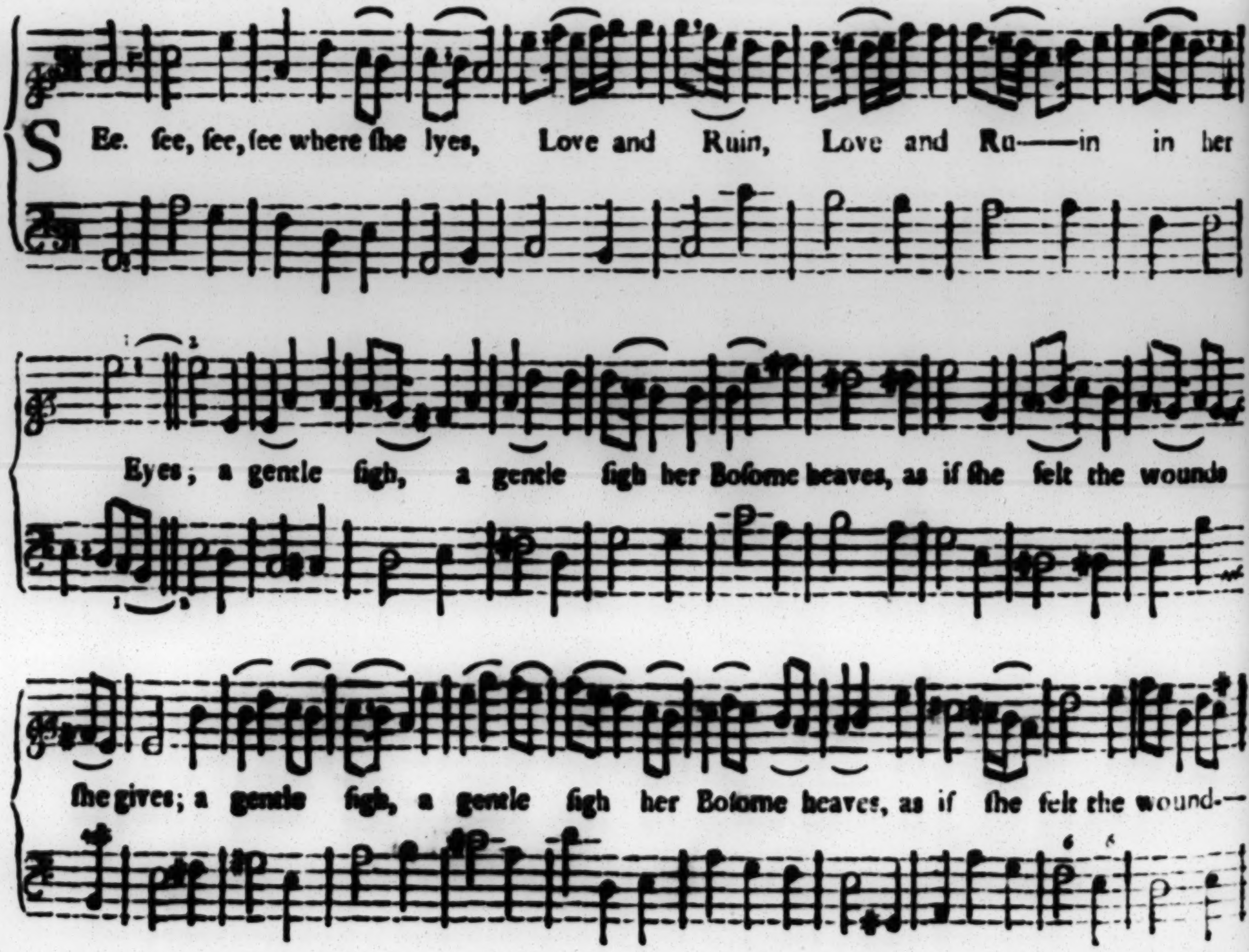

think then of la- - - - - - - - - - - - - ſting re-al joys, and not a fooliſh
name, and not a fooliſh, not a fooliſh, not a fooliſh name, your honour, your
honour ev'ry breath deſtroys, Love's bliſs is ſtill the ſame, is ſtill, ſtill, ſtill, is
ſtill the ſame; your honour, your honour ev'ry breath deſtroys, Love's bliſs is
ſtill, ſtill, ſtill, ſtill, ſtill, is ſtill, ſtill, ſtill the ſame, Love's bliſs is ſtill, is ſtill, ſtill,
ſtill, ſtill, ſtill, ſtill, ſtill the ſame.

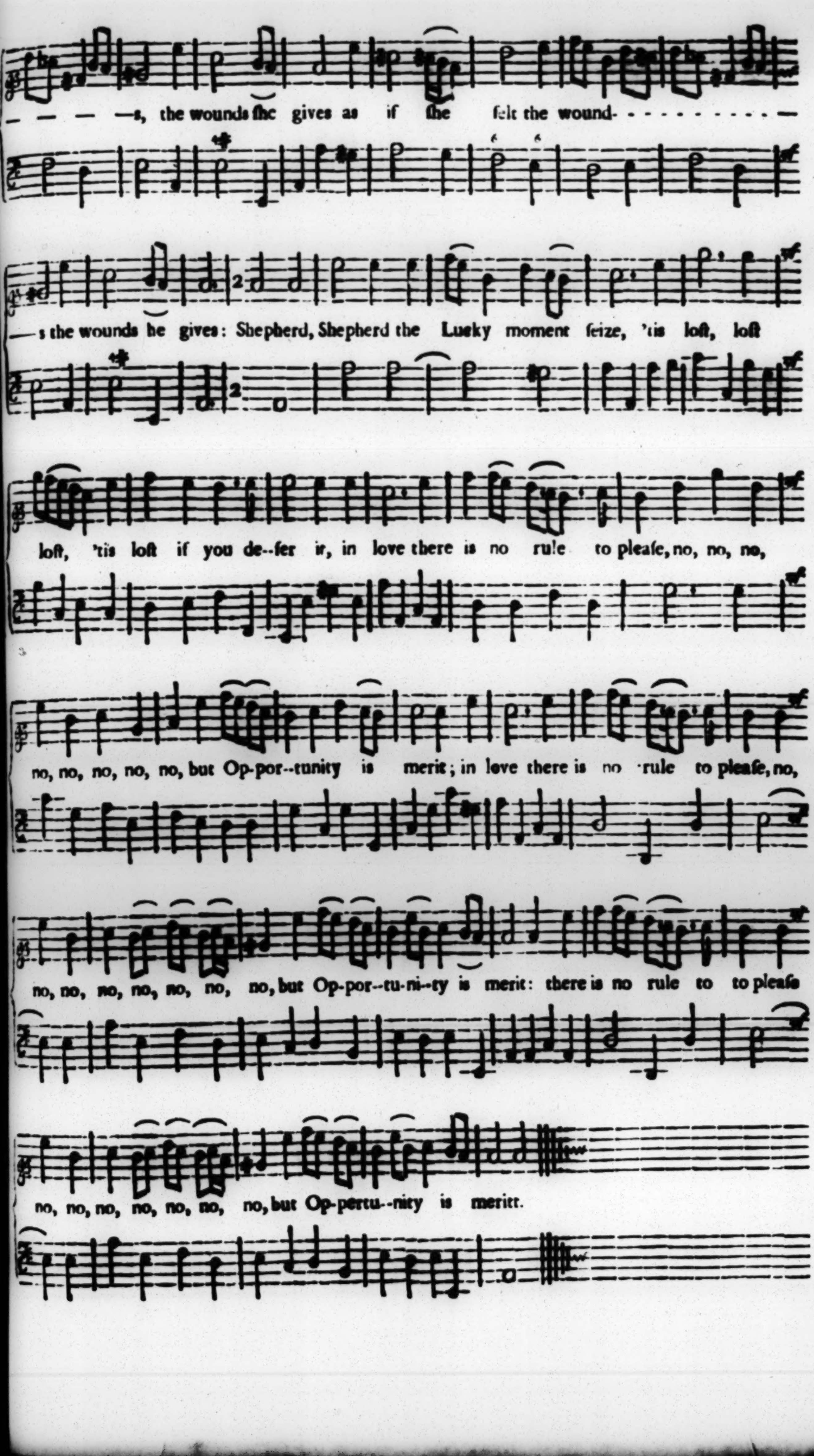
A SONG *Sett by* Mr. John Weldon. *The Words by a Perſon of Quality.*


P *Anthea* a- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -ll the Sencis Treats,
Panthea a- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -ll the Sencis Treats; the Eye with
Ob— — —jects dear, the Smell with Natures pureit ſweets, with Har- - -
— — — — — — — —mo--ny the Ear, Har- - - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - —mony the Ear: The Taſt with
foo— —d *Ambroſial*, but oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! the Touch is all, is all, the

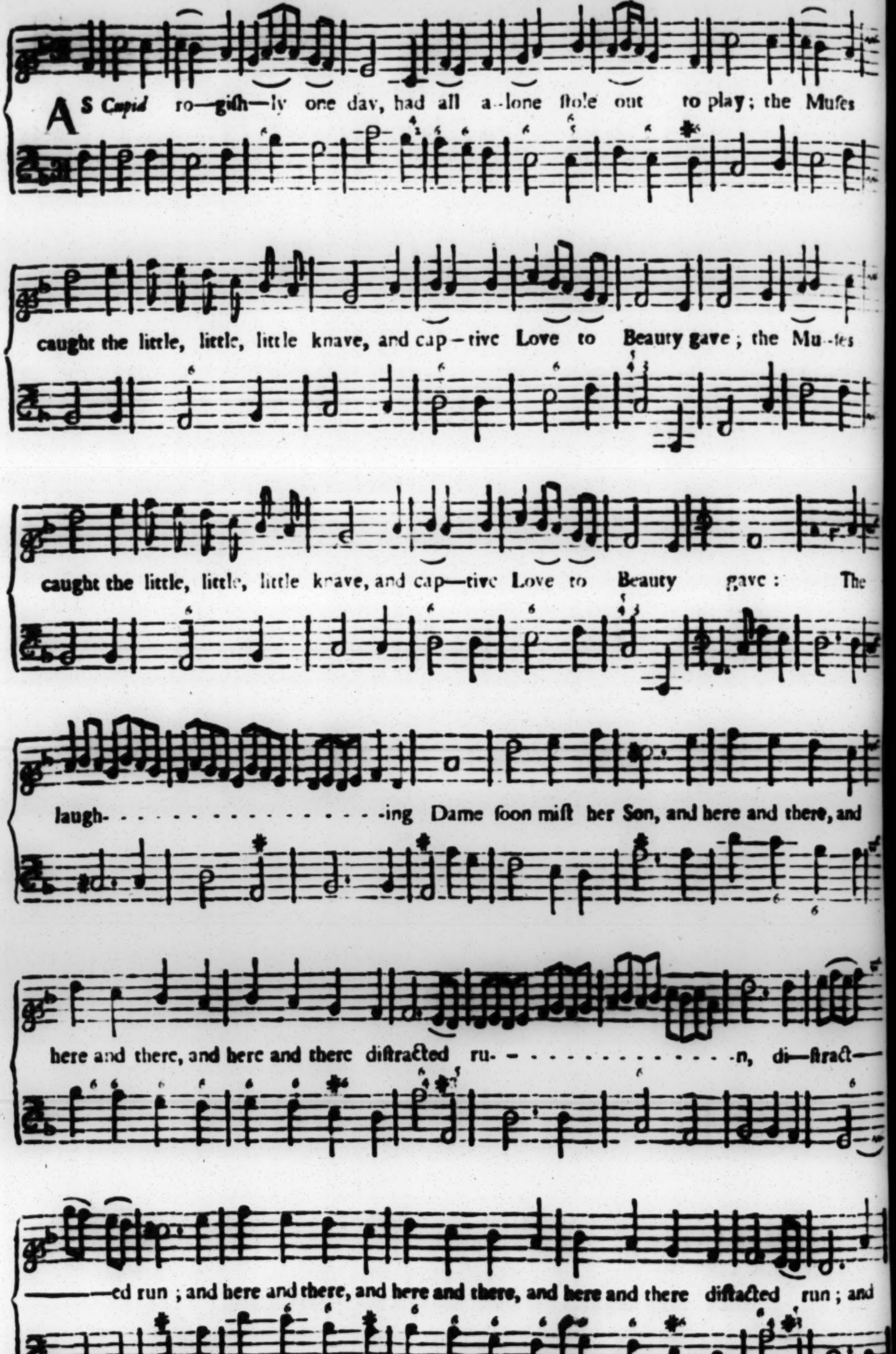

Taſte with foo——d *Ambroſia*, but oh! the Touch, but oh! the Touch, but oh! the Touch, but
oh! the Touch is all in all, is all in a————ll; but oh! oh! oh! the Touch is
all in all, is all, all, all, all, all in all.

SGNG Sett by Mr. Daniel. Purcell. *Sung by Mrs.* Lindſey.

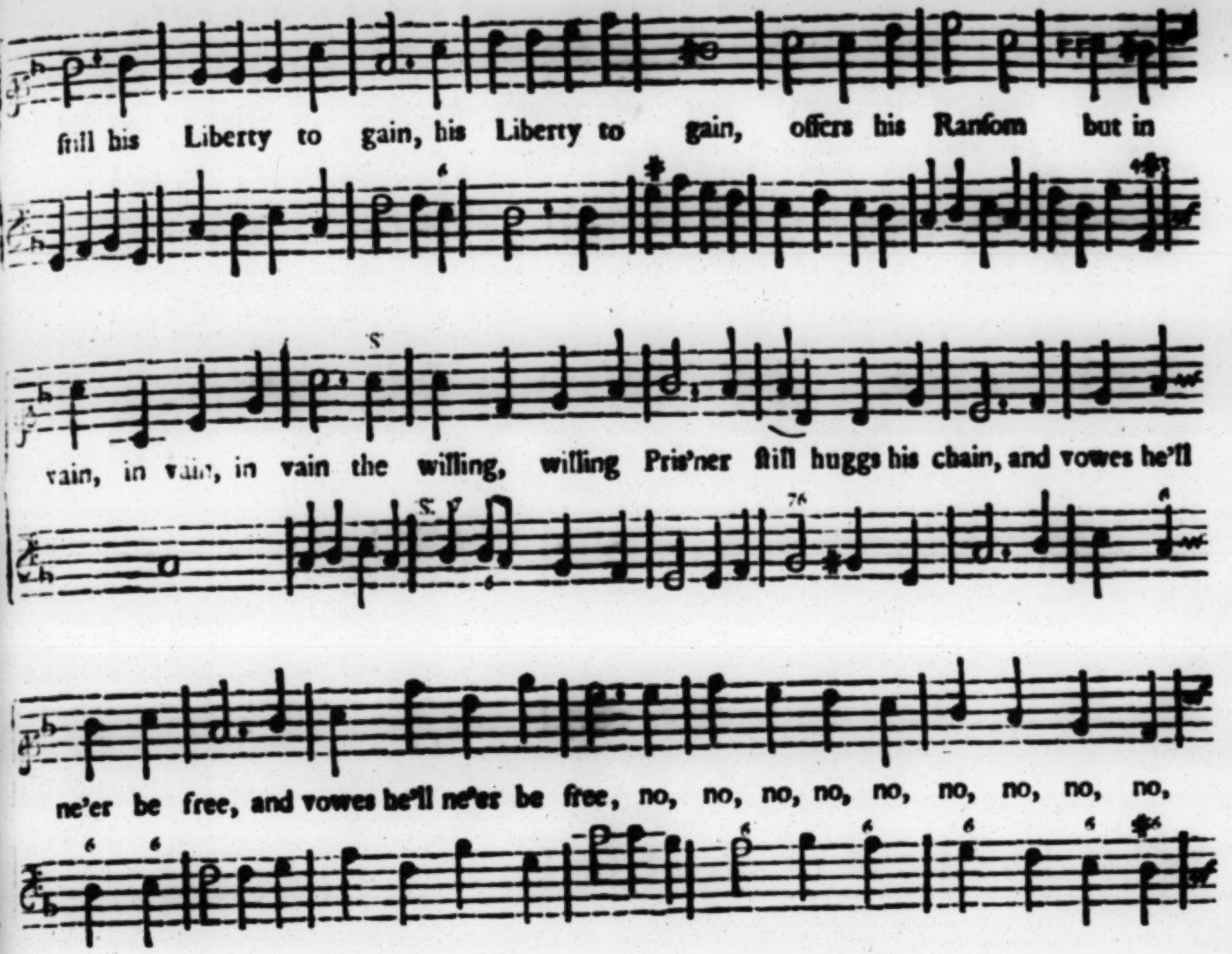

S Ee. ſee, ſee, ſee where ſhe lyes, Love and Ruin, Love and Ru——in in her
Eyes; a gentle ſigh, a gentle ſigh her Boſome heaves, as if ſhe felt the wounds
ſhe gives; a gentle ſigh, a gentle ſigh her Boſome heaves, as if ſhe felt the wound—


——s, the wounds she gives as if she felt the wound——
——s the wounds he gives: Shepherd, Shepherd the Lucky moment seize, 'tis lost, lost
lost, 'tis lost if you de--fer it, in love there is no rule to please, no, no, no,
no, no, no, no, no, but Op-por--tunity is merit; in love there is no rule to please, no,
no, no, no, no, no, no, no, but Op-por--tu-ni--ty is merit: there is no rule to to please
no, no, no, no, no, no, no, but Op-pertu--nity is meritt.

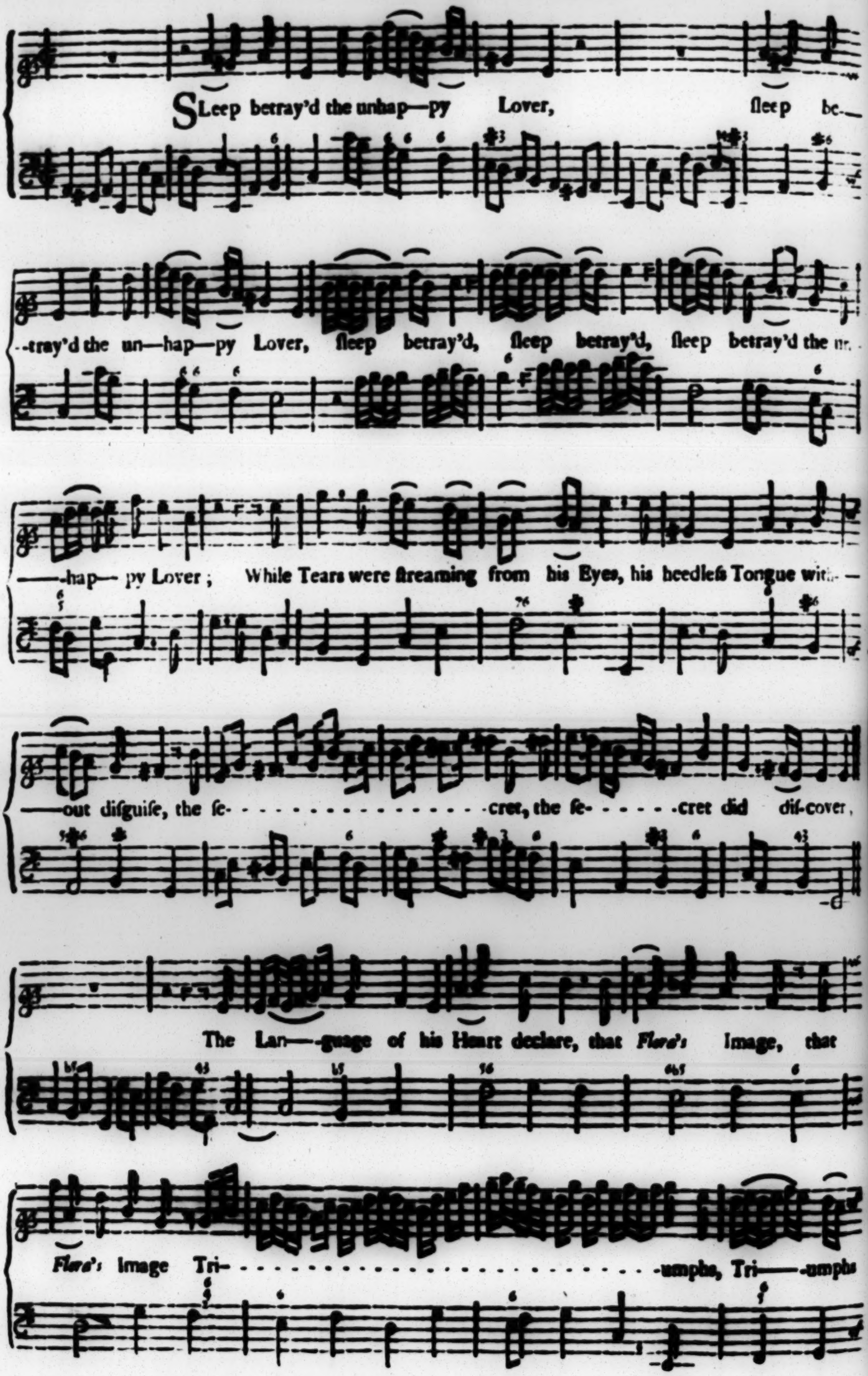
A SONG Sett by Mr. John Eccles.

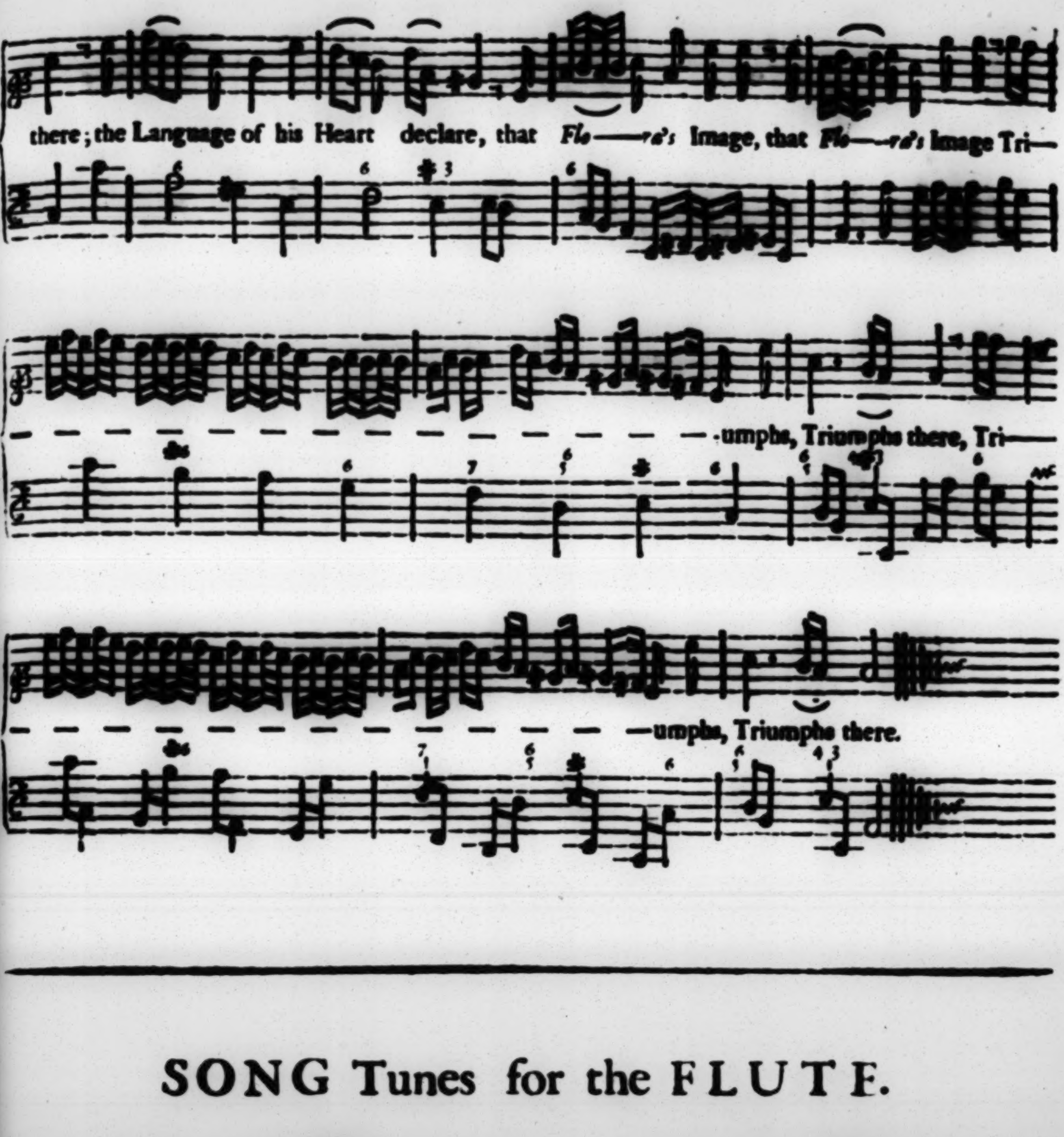

AS Cupid ro—giſh—ly one day, had all a-lone ſtole out to play; the Muſes
caught the little, little, little knave, and cap—tive Love to Beauty gave; the Mu-ſes
caught the little, little, little knave, and cap—tive Love to Beauty gave: The
laugh- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -ing Dame ſoon miſt her Son, and here and there, and
here and there, and here and there diſtracted ru- - - - - - - - - - - - - -n, di—ſtract—
—ed run; and here and there, and here and there, and here and there diſtracted run; and

(8731)

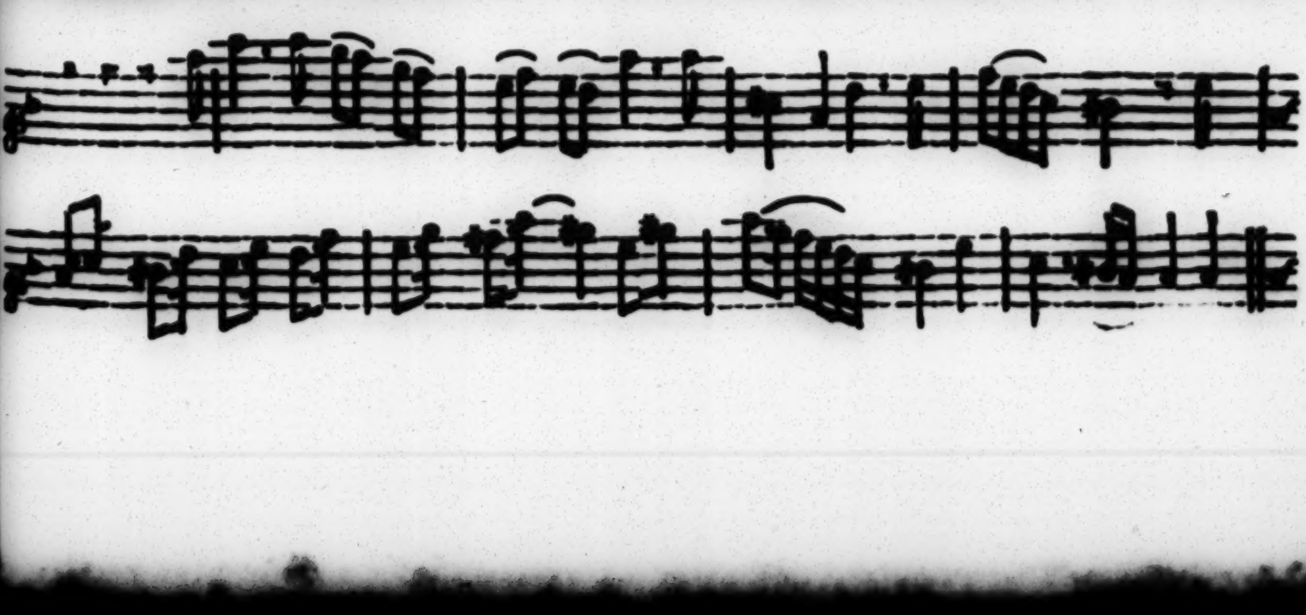

ſtill his Liberty to gain, his Liberty to gain, offers his Ranſom but in
vain, in vain, in vain the willing, willing Pris'ner ſtill huggs his chain, and vowes he'll
ne'er be free, and vowes he'll ne'er be free, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,
no, no, no, no, no, he'll ne'er be free, a—gain; no, no, no, no, no,
no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, he'll ne'er be free a—gain; —gain

A SONG by Mr. Jer. Clark.

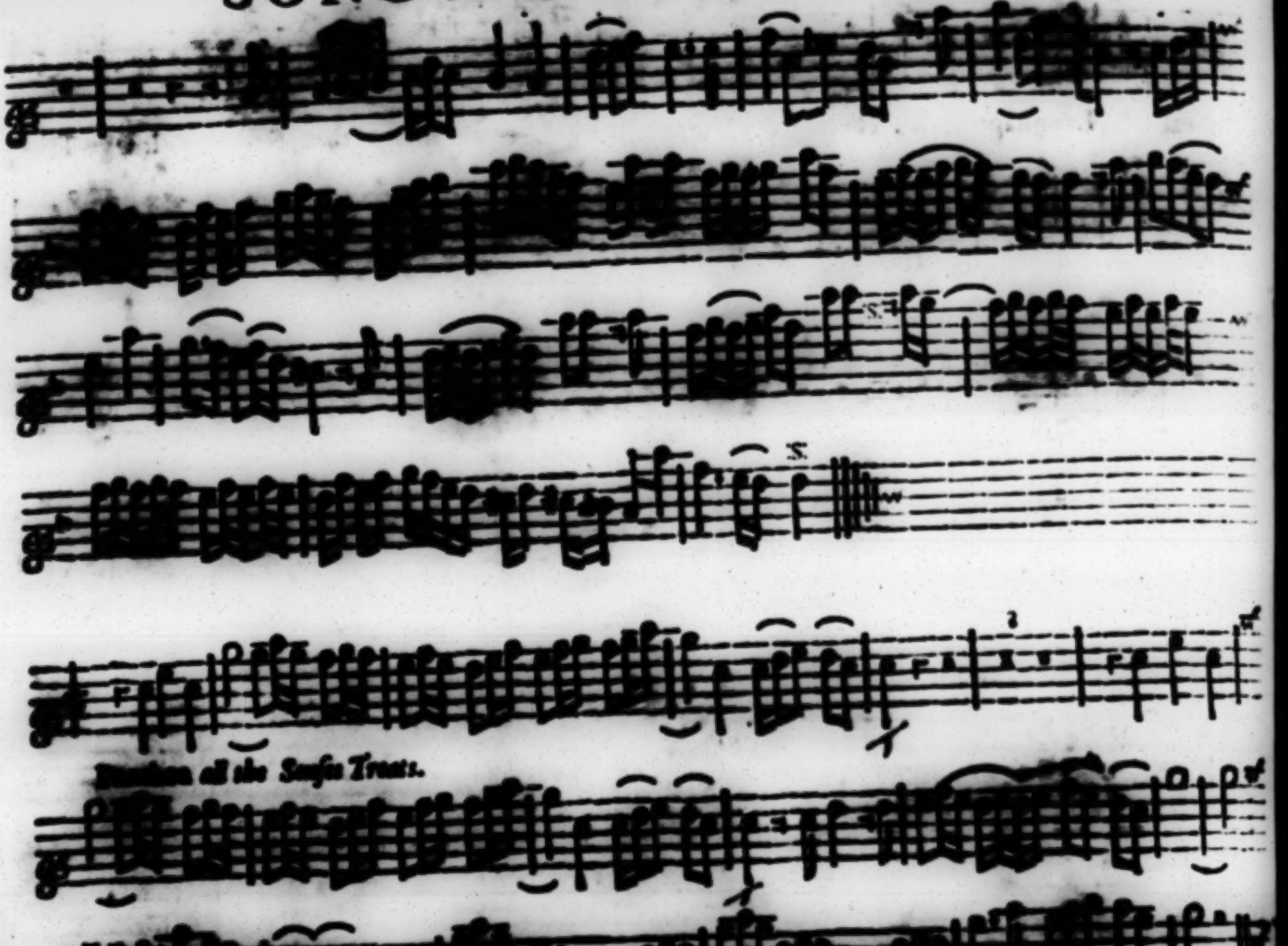

SLeep betray'd the unhap—py Lover, ſleep be-
-tray'd the un—hap—py Lover, ſleep betray'd, ſleep betray'd, ſleep betray'd the un-
—hap— py Lover; While Tears were ſtreaming from his Eyes, his heedleſs Tongue with-
—out diſguiſe, the ſe- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - cret, the ſe- - - - - -cret did diſ-cover,
The Lan—guage of his Heart declare, that *Flora's* Image, that
Flora's Image Tri- -umphs, Tri—umphs


there; the Language of his Heart declare, that Flo——ra's Image, that Flo——ra's Image Tri——
——umphs, Triumphs there, Tri——
——umphs, Triumphs there.

SONG Tunes for the FLUTE.


Sleep betray'd the unhappy Lover.

SONG Tunes for the FLUTE.



ADVERTISEMENT.

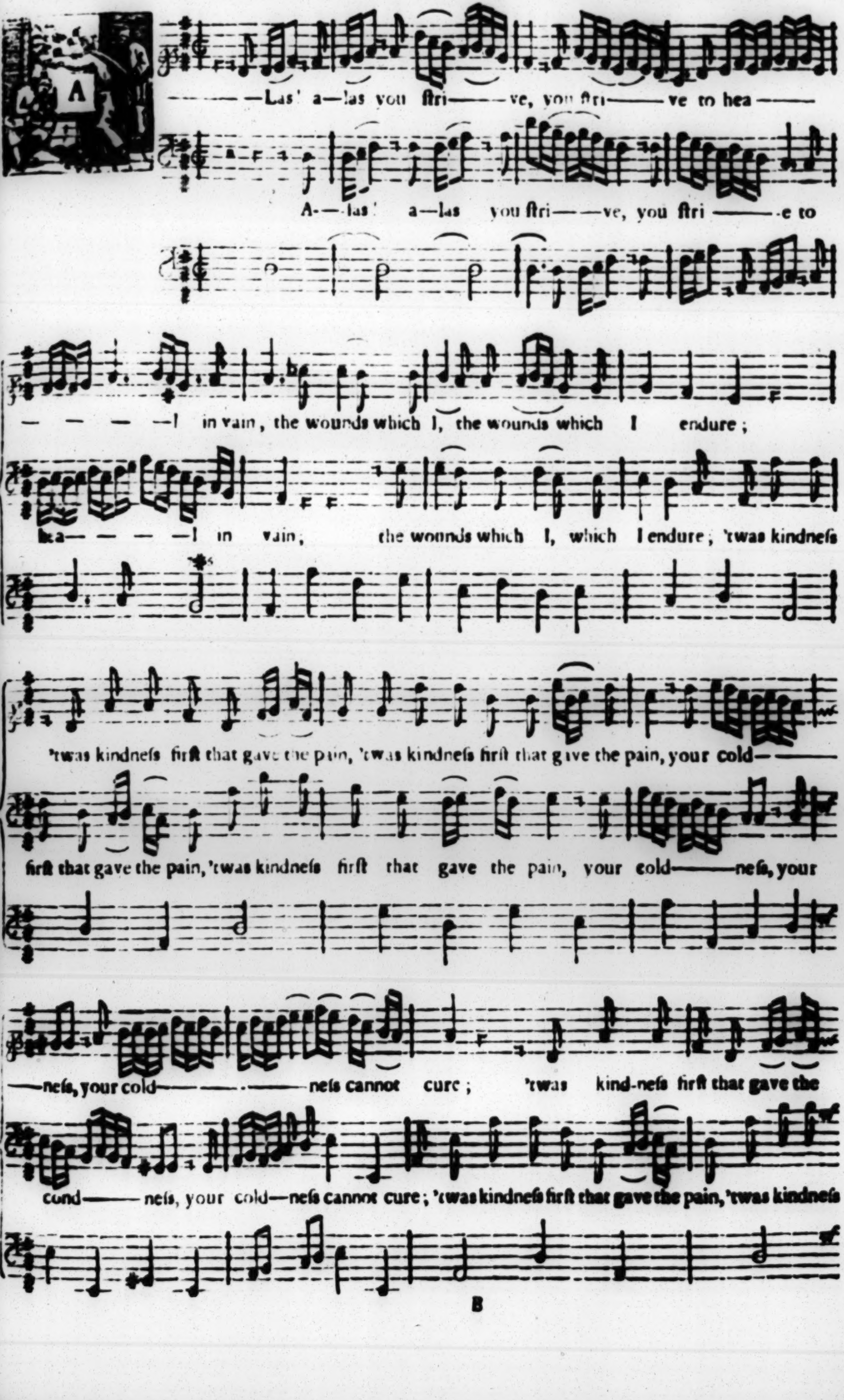
WHereas *Henry Playford* undertook a Monthly Collection of the Neweſt Songs, an hath Completed the ſame for the laſt Three Years; but he finding the Gentleme uneaſie that ſingle Songs very Imperfect ſhould be Extant before the Month was out, ha reſolv'd for the future, he will Print every New Song from the Maſter's Copy ſingly, a often as they come forth; and they ſhall be numbred by equal ſheets to be ſtitch'd up onc a Year, or once a Month if requir'd.

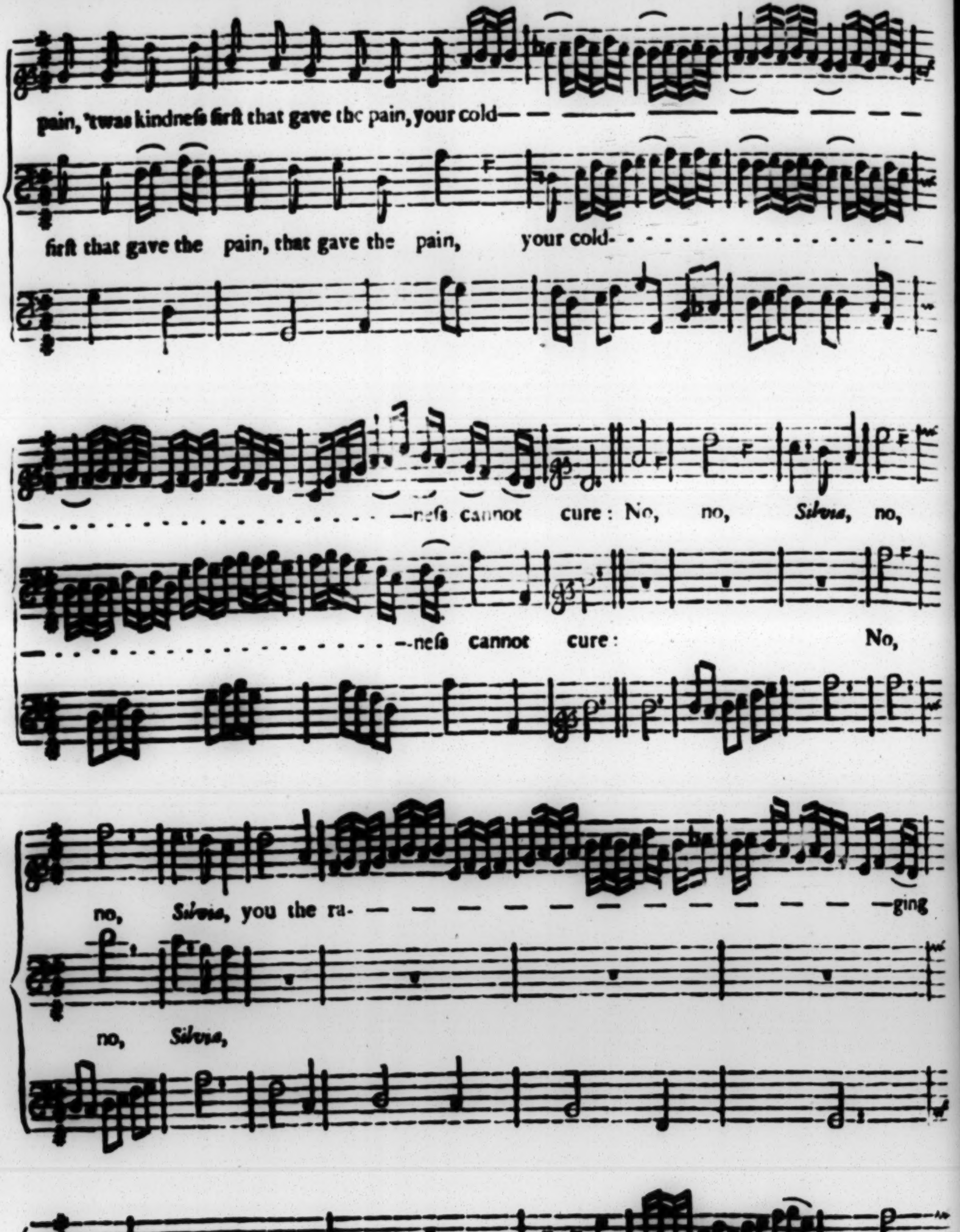
F I N I S.

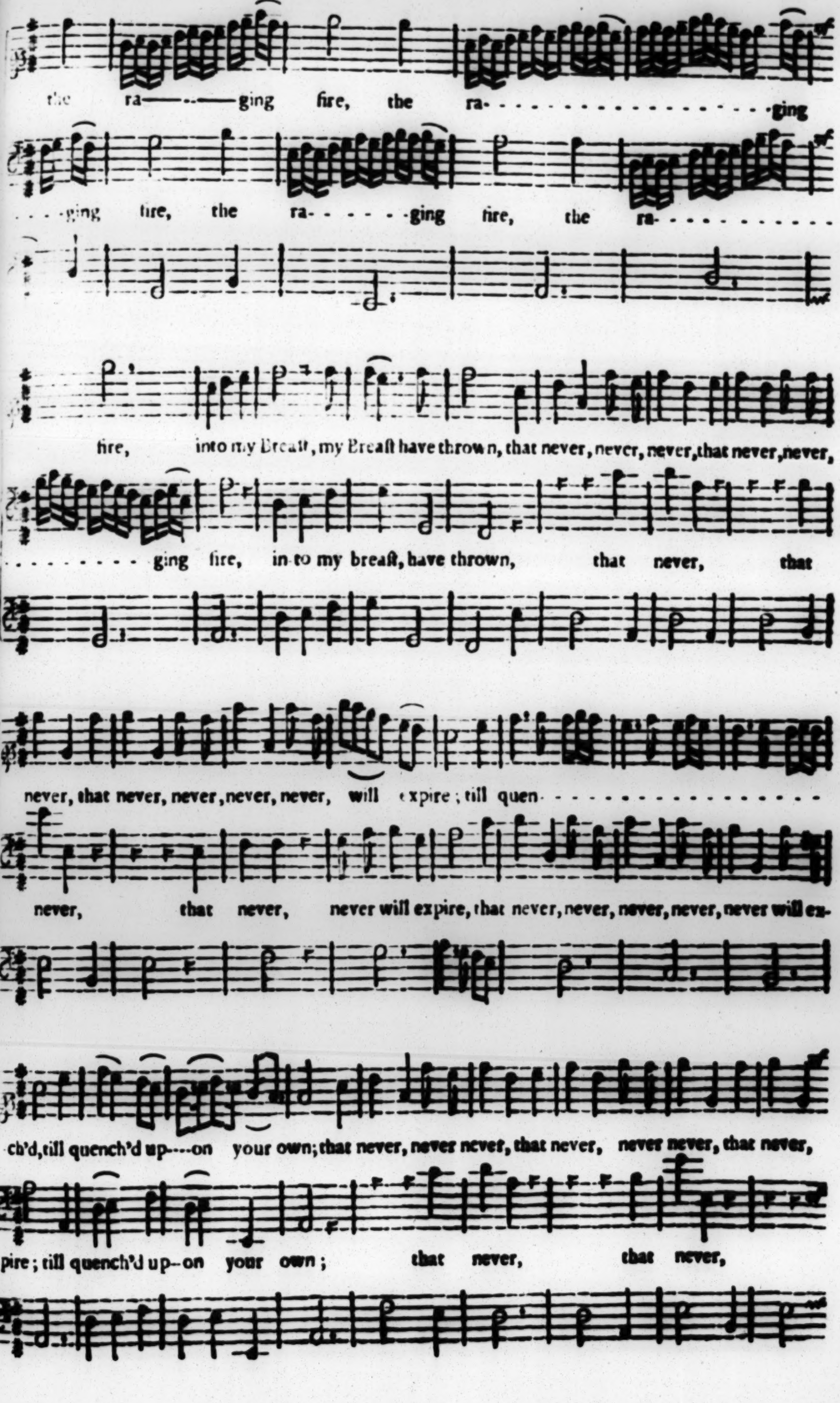
For JANUARY, 1702. [*Numb.* 1.]

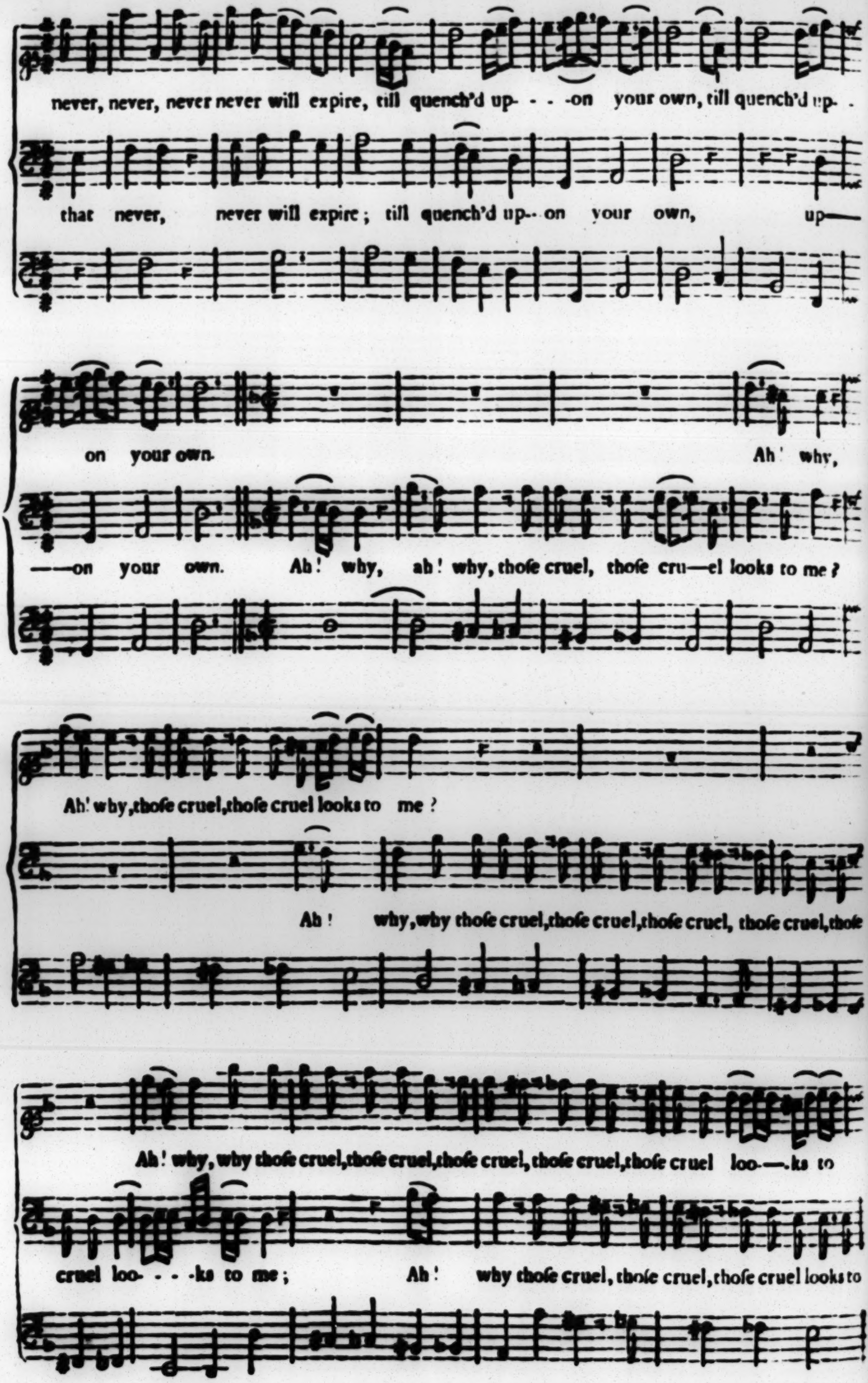
MERCURIUS MUSICUS.

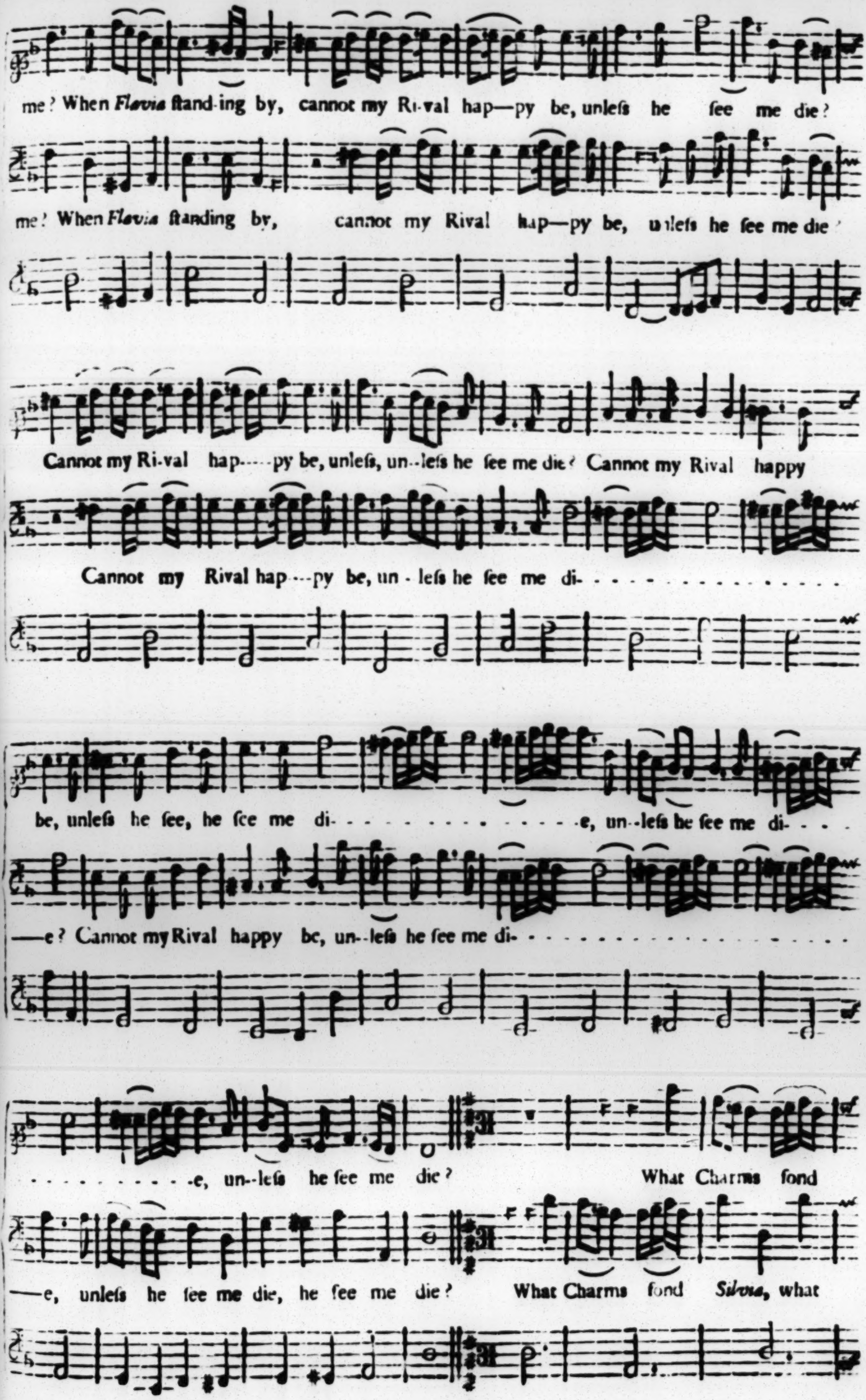
The Rival: *A* SONG *for Two Voices, Sett by Mr.* John Weldon.

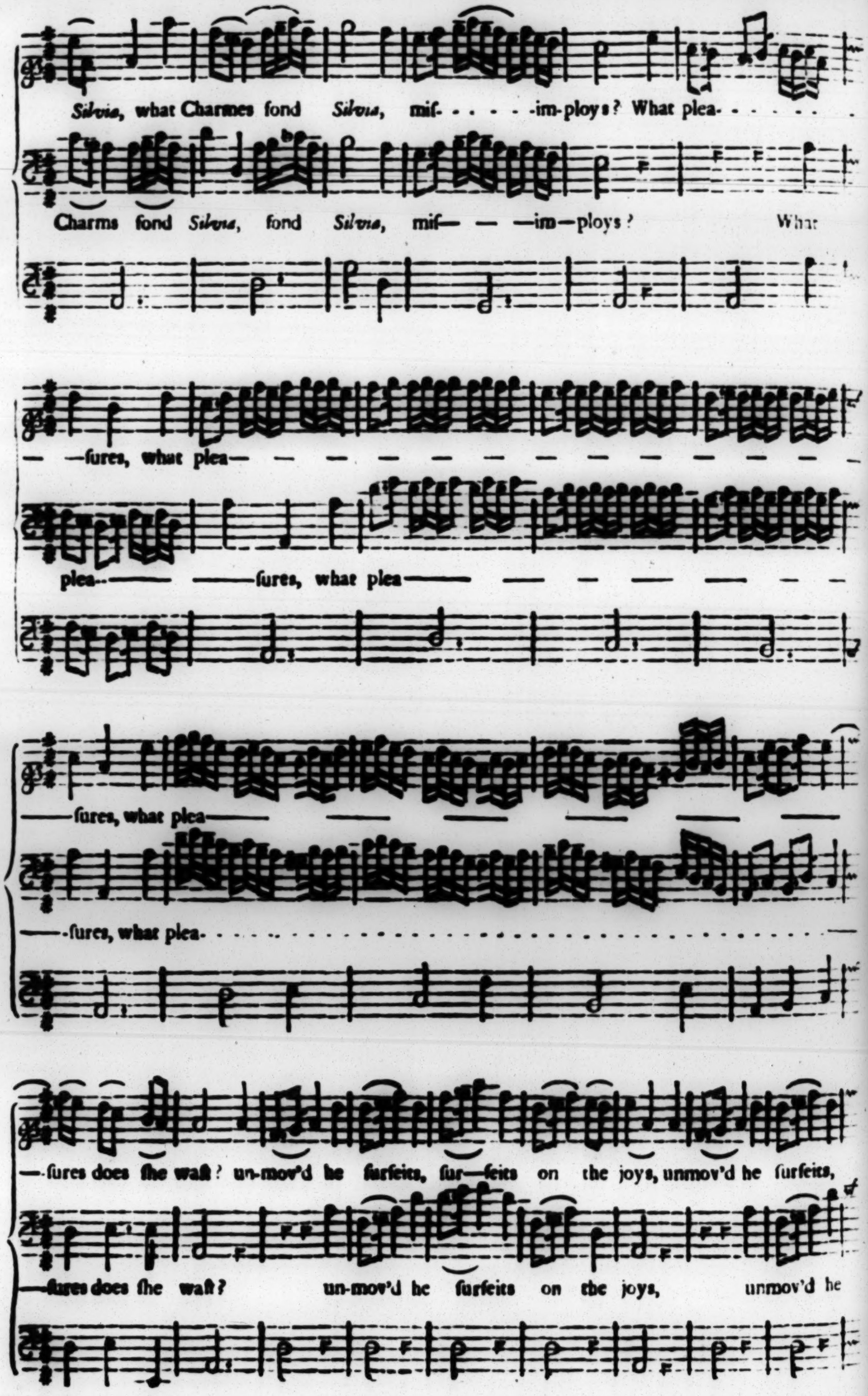

A
——Las! a—las you ſtri——ve, you ſtri——ve to hea——
A——las! a—las you ſtri——ve, you ſtri——e to
——I in vain, the wounds which I, the wounds which I endure;
hea——I in vain; the wounds which I, which I endure; 'twas kindneſs
'twas kindneſs firſt that gave the pain, 'twas kindneſs firſt that gave the pain, your cold——
firſt that gave the pain, 'twas kindneſs firſt that gave the pain, your cold——neſs, your
—neſs, your cold————neſs cannot cure; 'twas kind-neſs firſt that gave the
cond——neſs, your cold—neſs cannot cure; 'twas kindneſs firſt that gave the pain, 'twas kindneſs

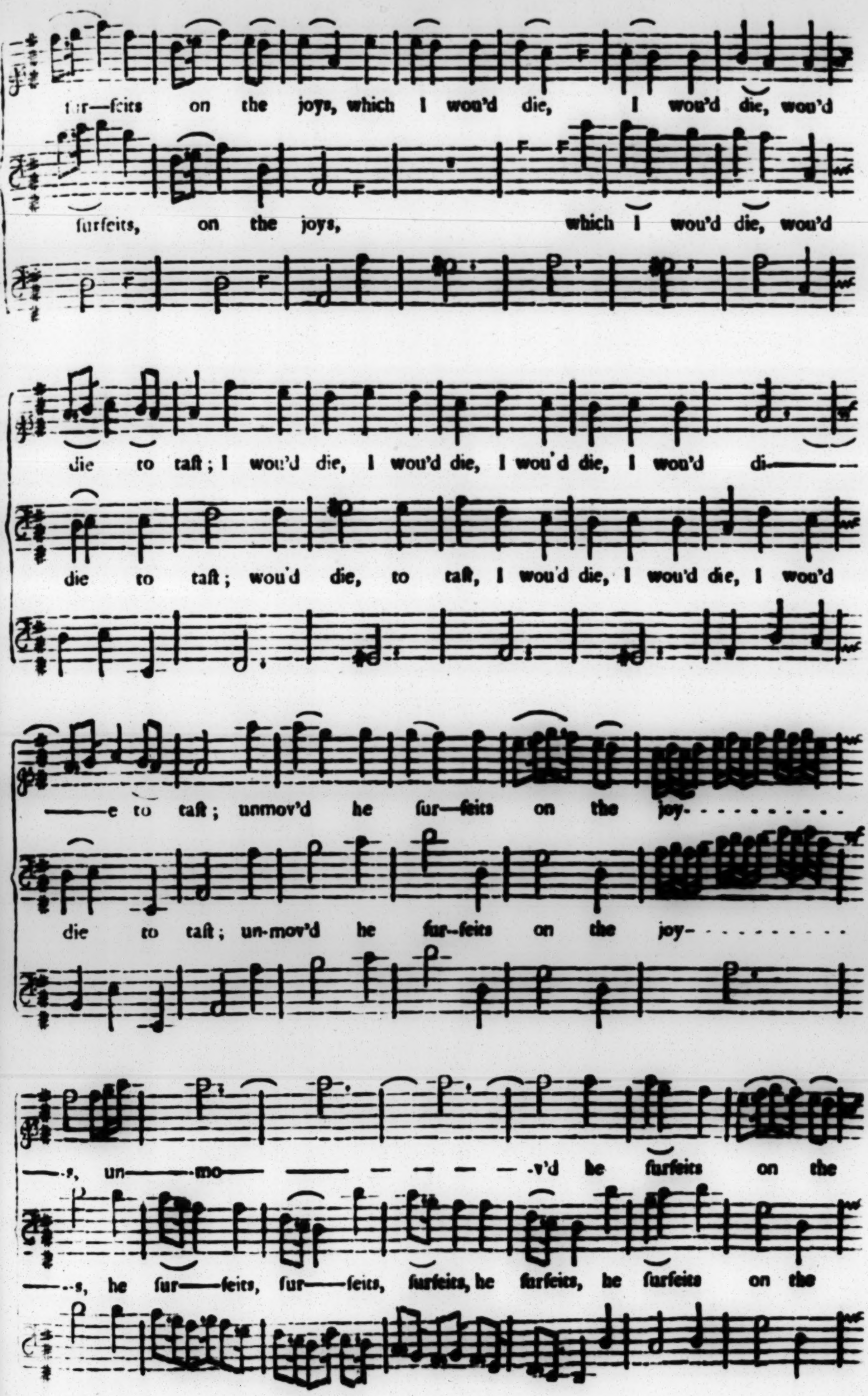

pain, 'twas kindneſs firſt that gave the pain, your cold—
firſt that gave the pain, that gave the pain, your cold-
—neſs cannot cure: No, no, *Silvia*, no,
—neſs cannot cure: No,
no, *Silvia*, you the ra- —ging
no, *Silvia*,
fire, the ra- - - - -ging fire,
you the ra— -ging fire, the ra—


the ra———ging fire, the ra-ging
-ging fire, the ra-ging fire, the ra-
fire, into my Breast, my Breast have thrown, that never, never, never, that never, never,
ging fire, in to my breast, have thrown, that never, that
never, that never, never, never, never, will expire; till quen-
never, that never, never will expire, that never, never, never, never, never will ex-
ch'd, till quench'd up-on your own; that never, never never, that never, never never, that never,
-pire; till quench'd up-on your own; that never, that never,

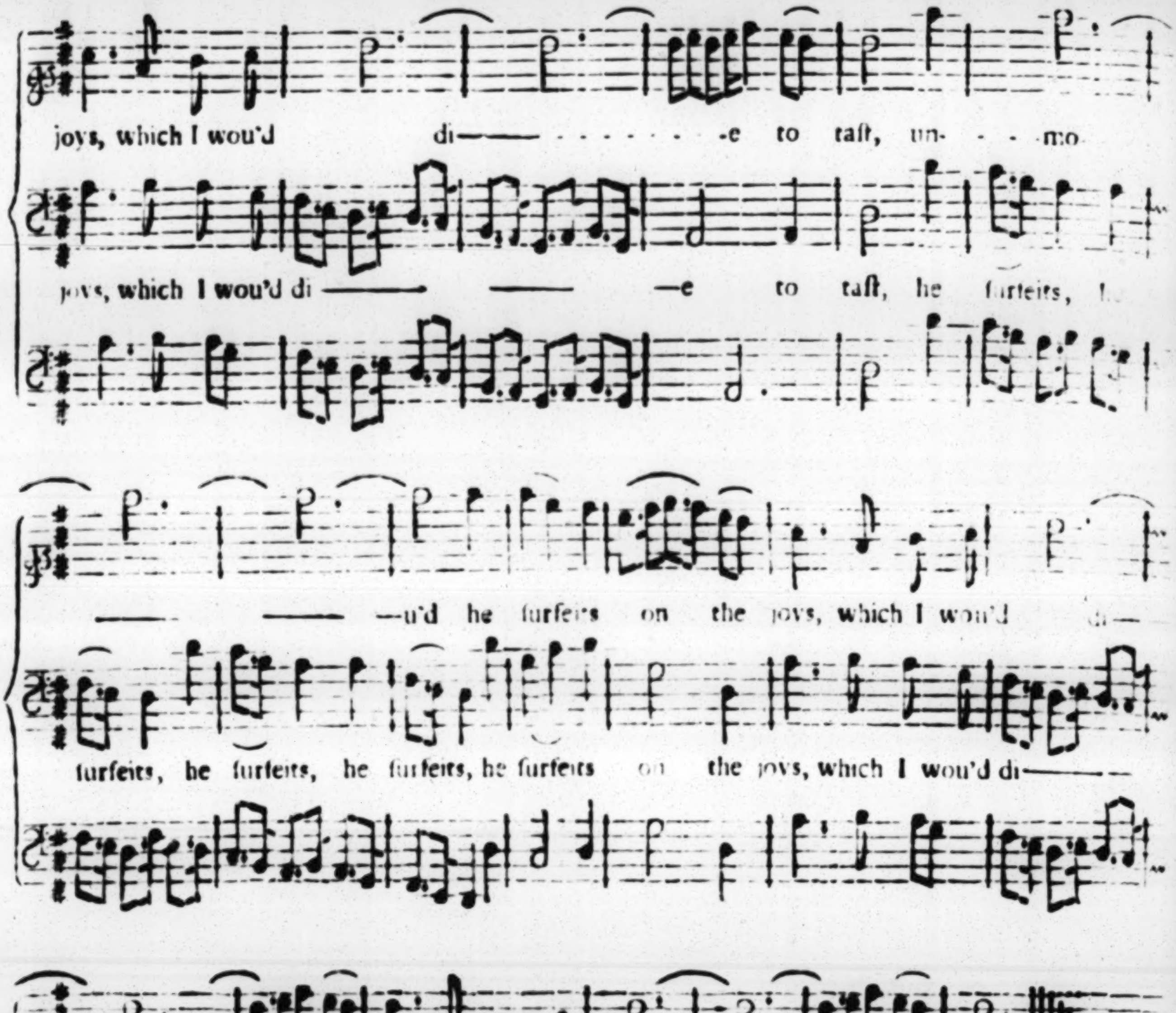

never, never, never never will expire, till quench'd up- - - -on your own, till quench'd up- -
that never, never will expire; till quench'd up- - on your own, up—
on your own. Ah! why,
——on your own. Ah! why, ah! why, those cruel, those cru—el looks to me?
Ah! why, those cruel, those cruel looks to me?
Ah! why, why those cruel, those cruel, those cruel, those cruel, those
Ah! why, why those cruel, those cruel, those cruel, those cruel, those cruel loo—.ks to
cruel loo- - -ks to me;
Ah! why those cruel, those cruel, those cruel looks to


me? When *Flavia* ſtand-ing by, cannot my Ri-val hap—py be, unleſs he ſee me die?
me? When *Flavia* ſtanding by, cannot my Rival hap—py be, unleſs he ſee me die?
Cannot my Ri-val hap-----py be, unleſs, un--leſs he ſee me die? Cannot my Rival happy
Cannot my Rival hap---py be, un-leſs he ſee me di- - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
be, unleſs he ſee, he ſee me di- - - - - - - - - - - - - - e, un--leſs he ſee me di- - - -
—e? Cannot my Rival happy be, un--leſs he ſee me di- - - - - - - - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - -e, un--leſs he ſee me die? What Charms fond
—e, unleſs he ſee me die, he ſee me die? What Charms fond *Silvia*, what


Silvia, what Charmes fond *Silvia*, miſ- - - - - -im-ploys? What plea- - - - - - -
Charms fond *Silvia*, fond *Silvia*, miſ— — — —im—ploys? What
— —ſures, what plea— — — — — — — — — — — — — — — —
plea—— ——ſures, what plea—— — — — — — — — —
——ſures, what plea—— —— —— —— —— —— ——
——ſures, what plea- —
—ſures does ſhe waſt? un-mov'd he ſurfeits, ſur—feits on the joys, unmov'd he ſurfeits,
—ſures does ſhe waſt? un-mov'd he ſurfeits on the joys, unmov'd he


fur—feits on the joys, which I wou'd die, I wou'd die, wou'd
furfeits, on the joys, which I wou'd die, wou'd
die to taſt; I wou'd die, I wou'd die, I wou'd die, I wou'd di———
die to taſt; wou'd die, to taſt, I wou'd die, I wou'd die, I wou'd
———e to taſt; unmov'd he fur—feits on the joy- - - - - - - - - - -
die to taſt; un-mov'd he fur-feits on the joy- - - - - - - - - -
——s, un———mo——— ——— — — — — — -v'd he furfeits on the
——s, he fur——feits, fur——feits, furfeits, he furfeits, he furfeits on the

[*Numb.* 1.] *For* JANUARY, 1702.


joys, which I wou'd di——— - - - - - - - -e to taſt, un- - - mo-
joys, which I wou'd di——— ——— —e to taſt, he ſurfeits, h-
——— ——— —u'd he ſurfeits on the joys, which I wou'd di—
ſurfeits, he ſurfeits, he ſurfeits, he ſurfeits on the joys, which I wou'd di———
——— ———e to taſt, which I wou'd di— — — —e to taſt
— — — —e, to taſt; wou'd die, wou'd die, die to taſt

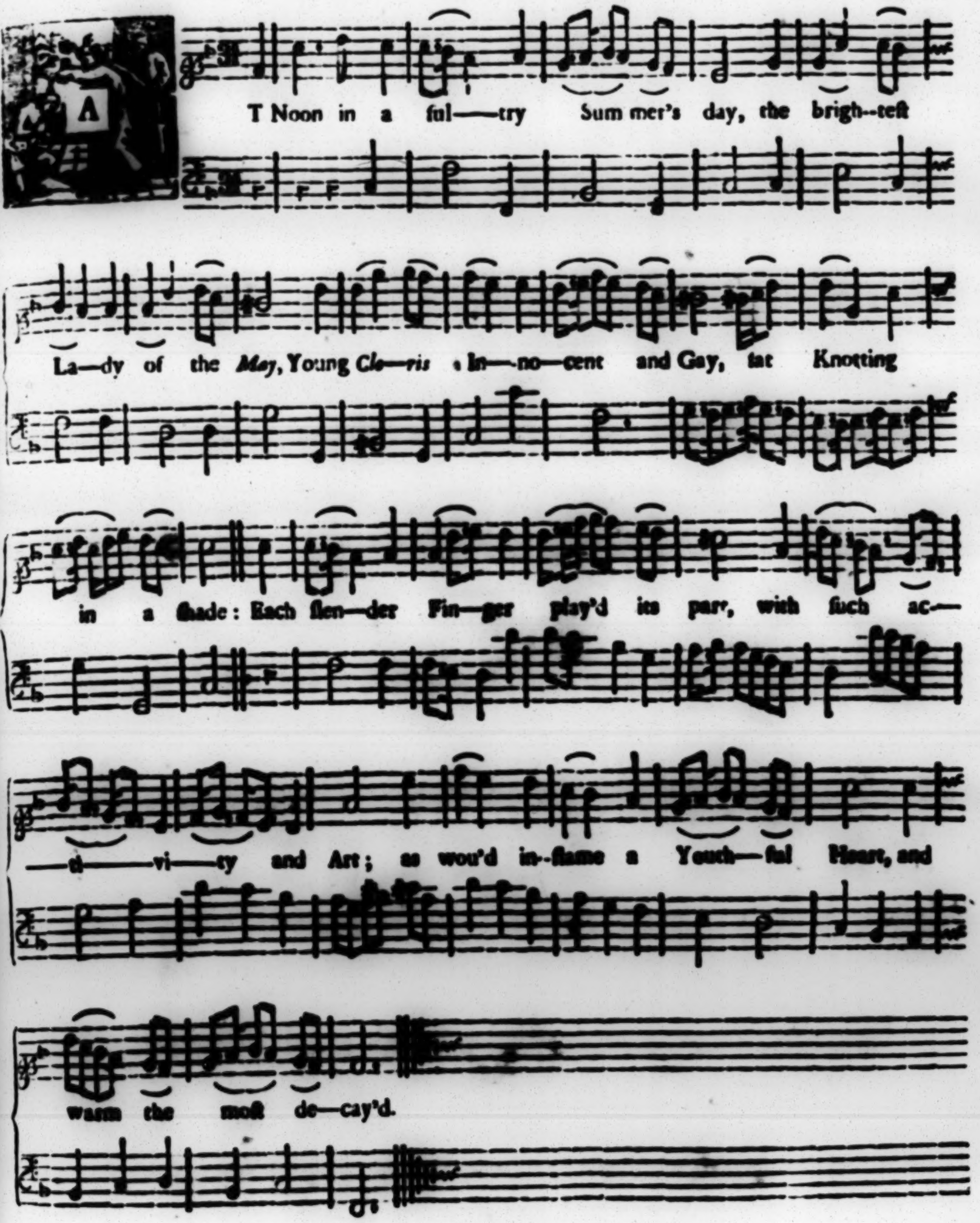
F I N I S.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WHereas *Henry Playford* undertook a Monthly Collection of the Neweſt Songs, and hath Compleated the ſame for the laſt Three Years; but he finding the Gentlemen uneaſie that ſingle Songs very Imperfect ſhould be Extant before the Month was out, has reſolv'd for the future, he will Print every New Song from the Maſter's Copy ſingly, as ſoon as they come forth; and they ſhall be numbred by equal ſheets to be ſtitch'd up once a Year, or once a Month if requir'd.

London, Printed for *Henry Playford*, and Sold by him at his Shop in the *Temple-Change, Fleet ſtreet*, and Mr. *John Hare*, at the Golden *Viol* in St. *Paul's* Church-Yard, and at his Shop, in *Freeman's Yard* in Cornhill.

A SONG *by a Perſon of Honour: Sett to Muſick by Mr.* John Weldon.


A
T Noon in a ſul——try Sum mer's day, the brigh--teſt
La—dy of the *May*, Young *Clo—ris* In—no—cent and Gay, ſat Knotting
in a ſhade: Each ſlen—der Fin—ger play'd its part, with ſuch ac—
—ti——vi——ty and Art; as wou'd in-flame a Youth—ful Heart, and
warm the moſt de—cay'd.

Her Fav'rite Swain by chance came by;
She had him quickly in her Eye,
Yet when the Baſhfull Boy drew nigh,
She wou'd have ſeem'd afraid.

She let her Iv'ry Needle fall,
And hurl'd away the twiſted Ball;
Then gave her *Strephon* ſuch a call,
As wou'd have wak'd the Dead.

Dear gentle Youth is't none but thee?
With Innocence I dare be free;
By ſo much truſt and modeſty,
No Nymph was e'er betray'd.

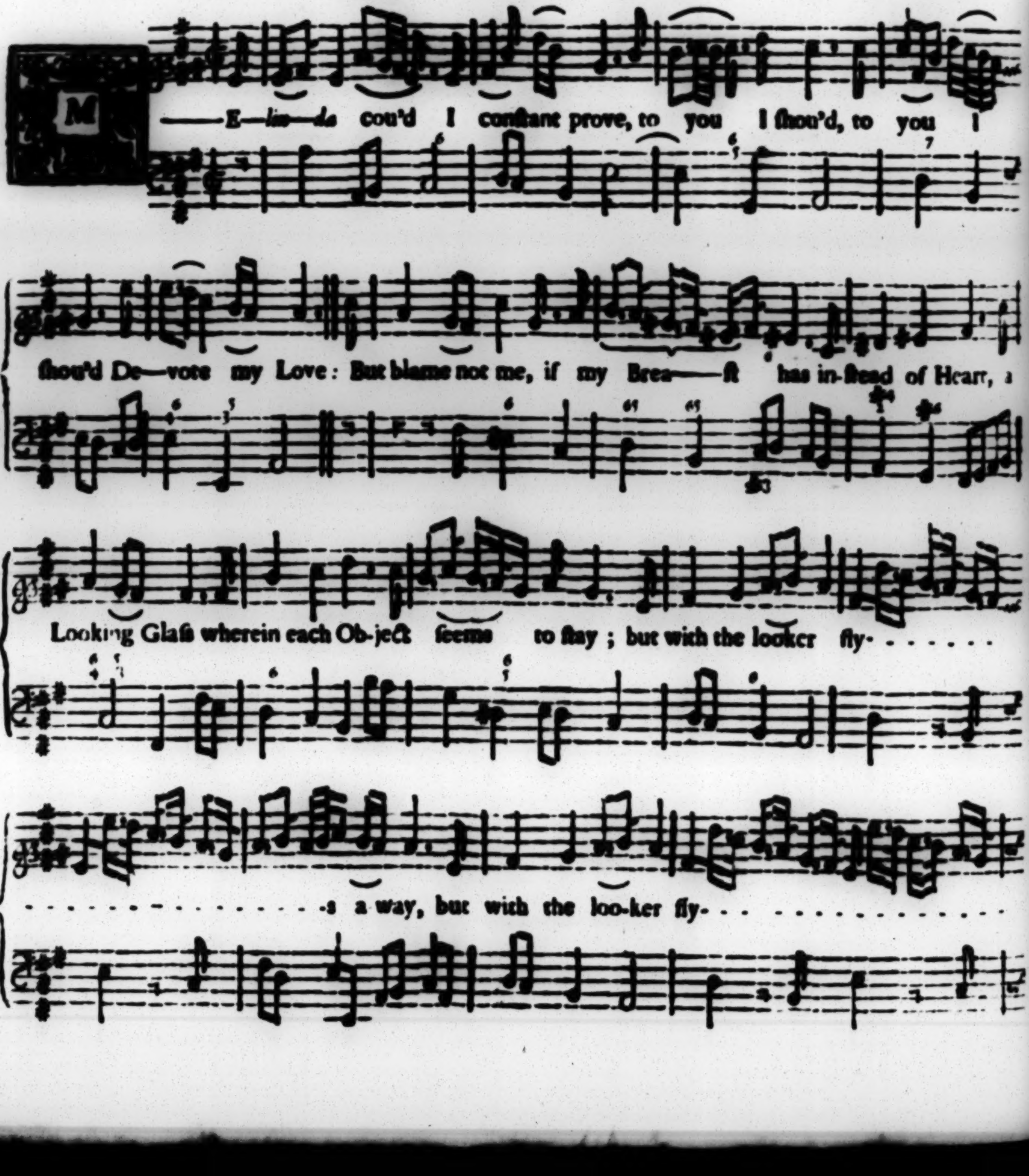
Come lean thy Head upon my Lap,
While thy ſoft Cheeks I ſtroak and clap;
Thou may'ſt ſecurely take a Nap,
Which he poor Fool, obey'd.

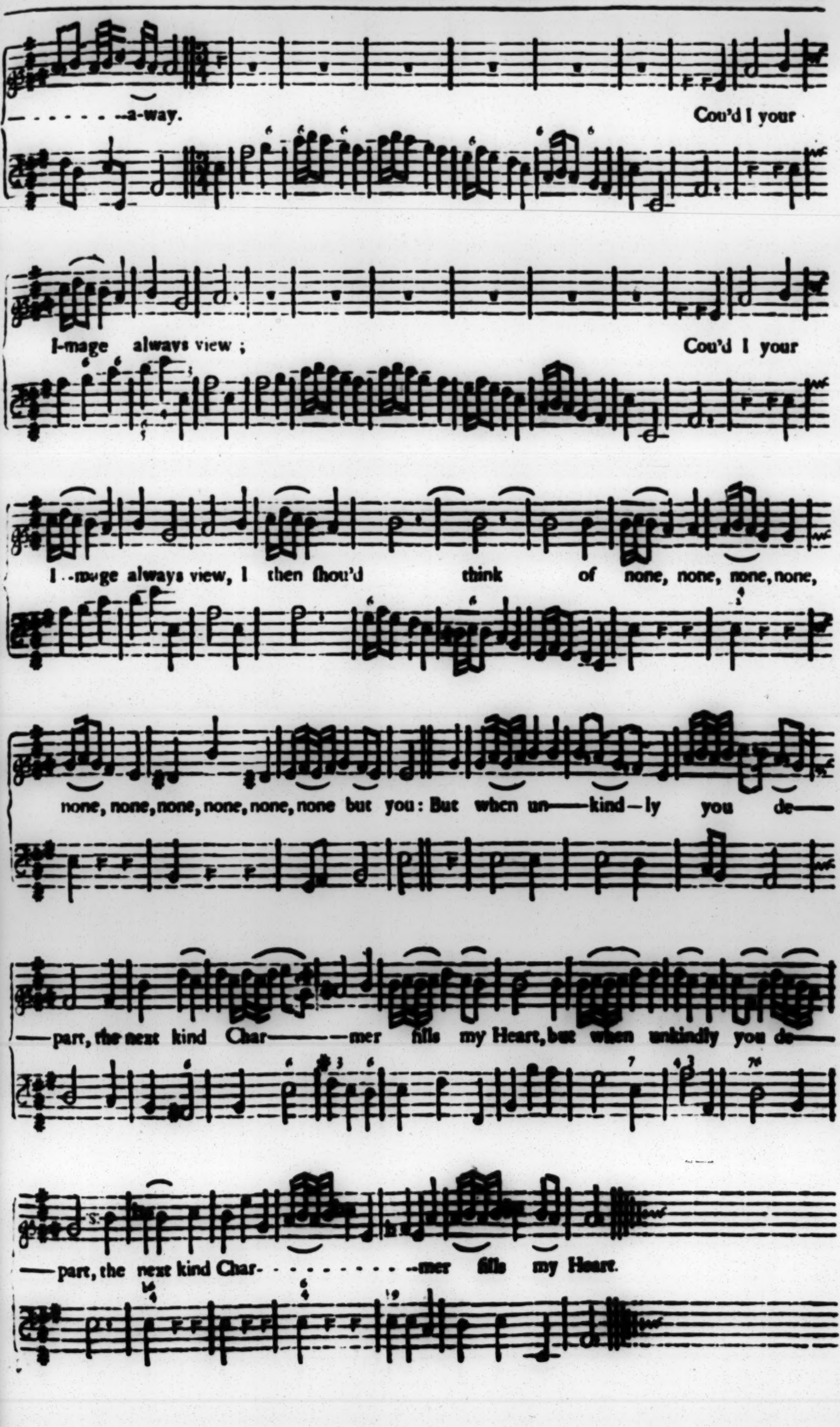
She ſaw him Yawn and heard him Snore,
And found him faſt aſleep all o're;
She ſigh'd ——— and cou'd no more,
but Starting up ſhe ſaid.

Such Vertue ſhou'd rewarded be,
For this thy dull fidelity;
I'll truſt thee with my Flocks, not me,
Purſue thy Grazing trade.

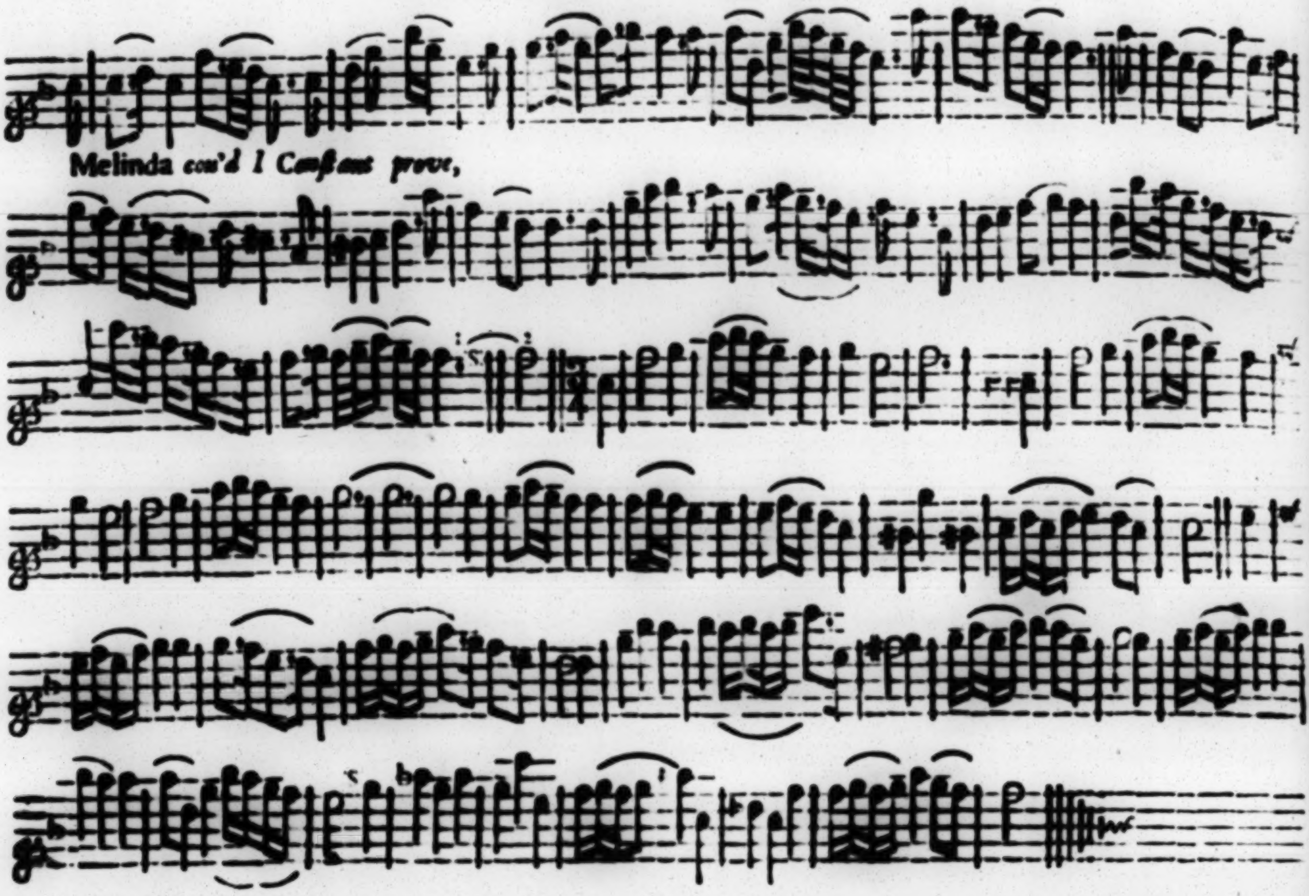
Go milk thy Goats and Sheer thy Sheep,
And watch all night thy Flocks, to keep;
Thou ſhalt no more be lull'd aſleep,
By me miſtaken Maid.

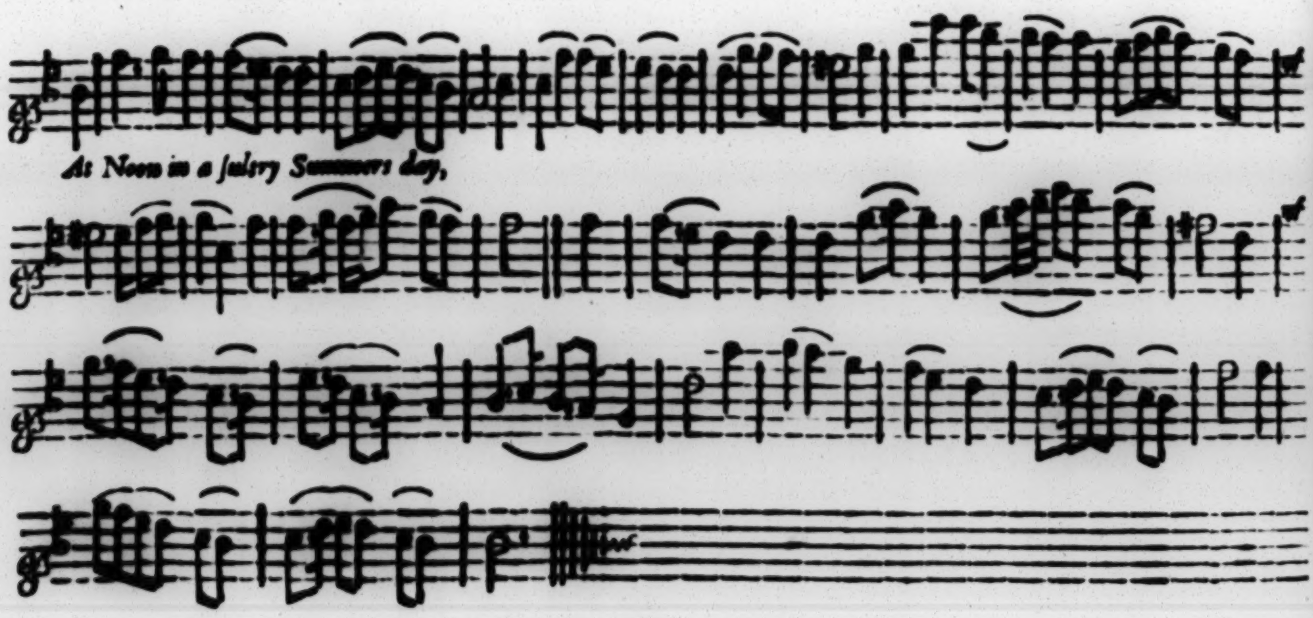
A SONG *Sung by Mrs.* Hudſon, *at* Lincolns-Inn *Play-houſe*; *Sett by Mr.* John Barrett.


M
——E—lin—da cou'd I conſtant prove, to you I ſhou'd, to you I
ſhou'd De—vote my Love: But blame not me, if my Brea——ſt has in-ſtead of Heart, a
Looking Glaſs wherein each Ob-ject ſeems to ſtay; but with the looker fly- - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - -s a way, but with the loo-ker fly- - - - - - - - - - - - -


- - - - - - - - a-way. Cou'd I your
I-mage always view ; Cou'd I your
I - mage always view, I then ſhou'd think of none, none, none, none,
none, none, none, none, none, none but you: But when un——kind—ly you de——
——part, the next kind Char————mer fills my Heart, but when unkindly you de——
——part, the next kind Char- - - - - - - - - - - -mer fills my Heart.

For the FLUTE.





F I N I S.

ADVERTISEMENT.

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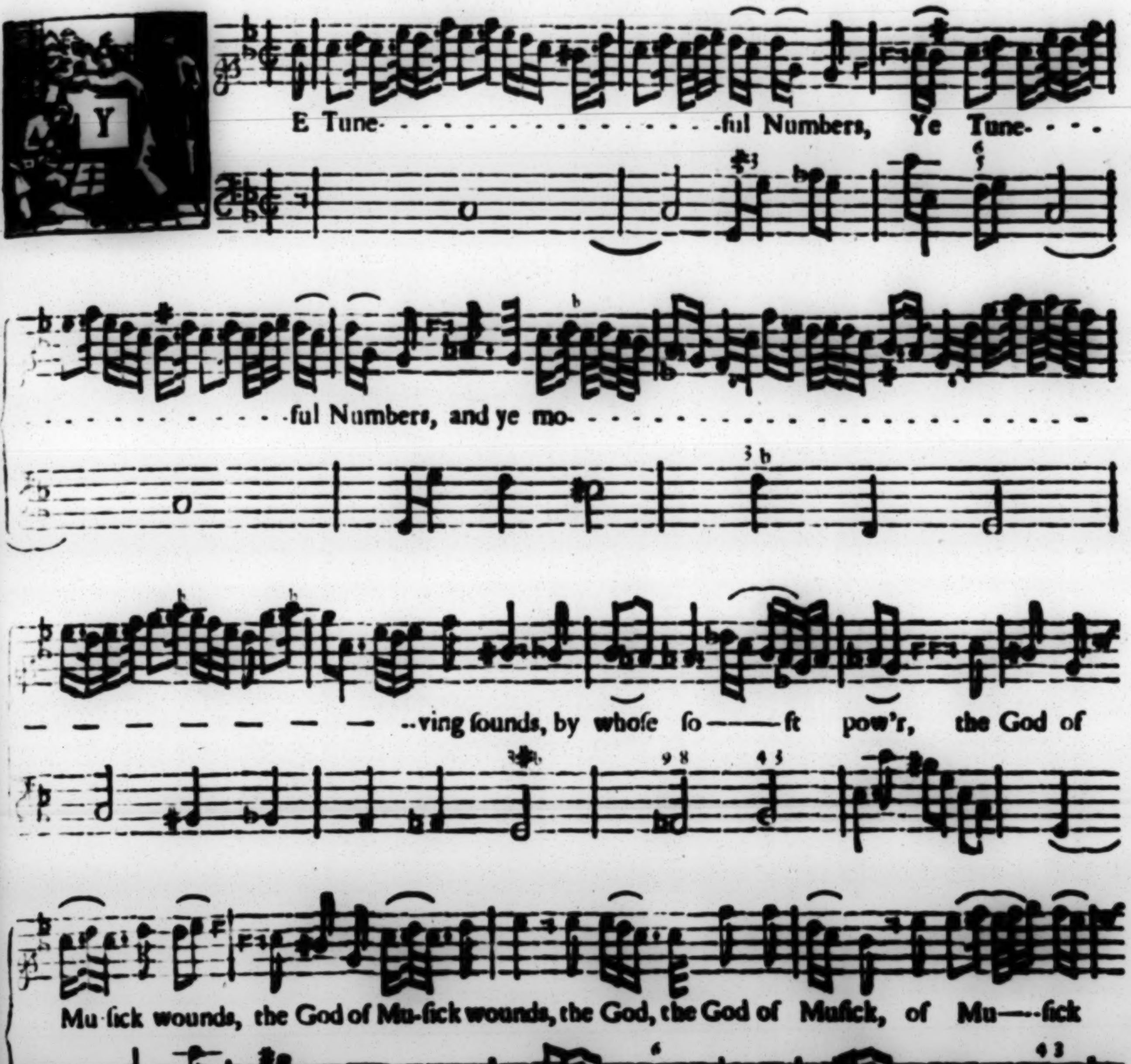
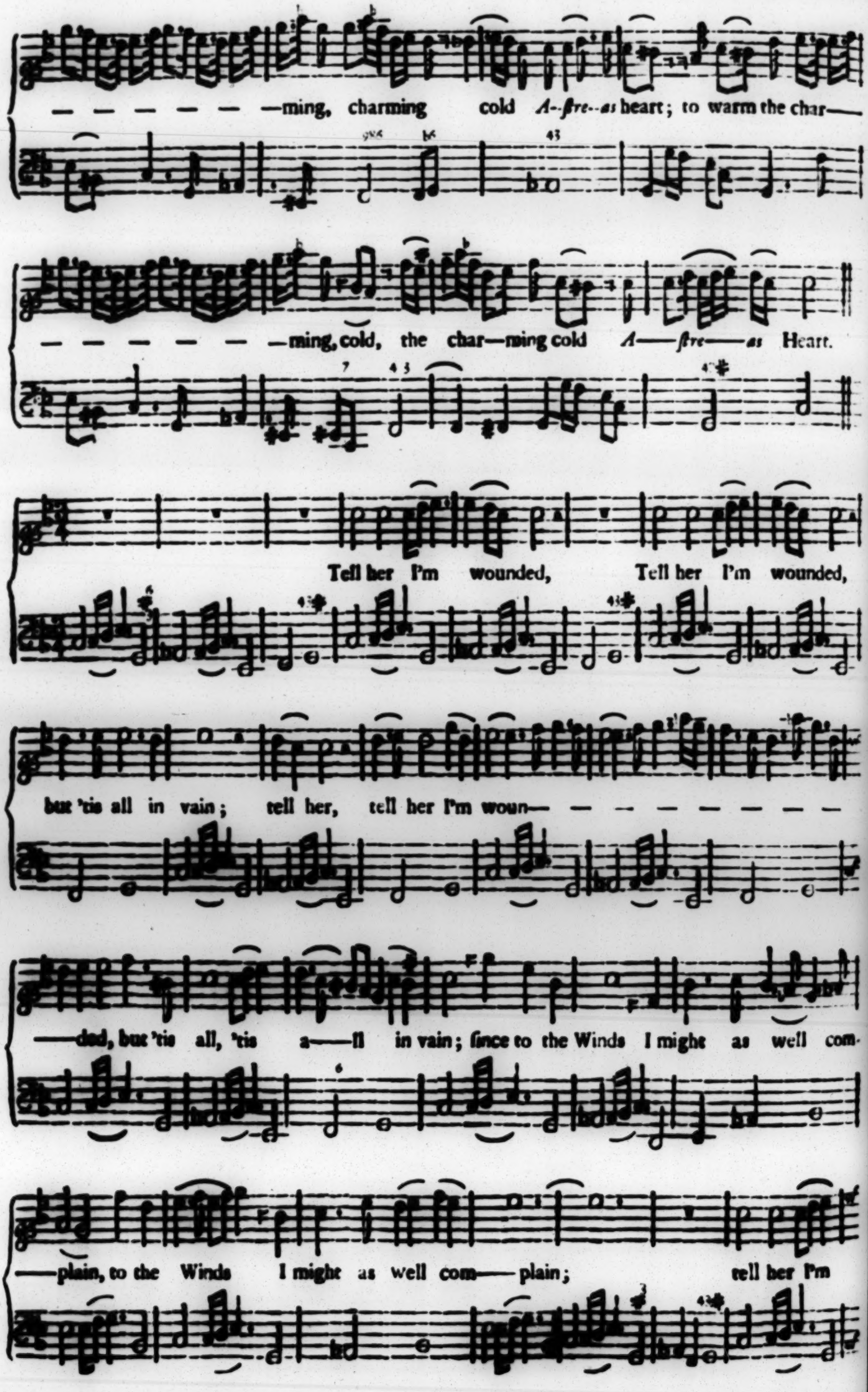
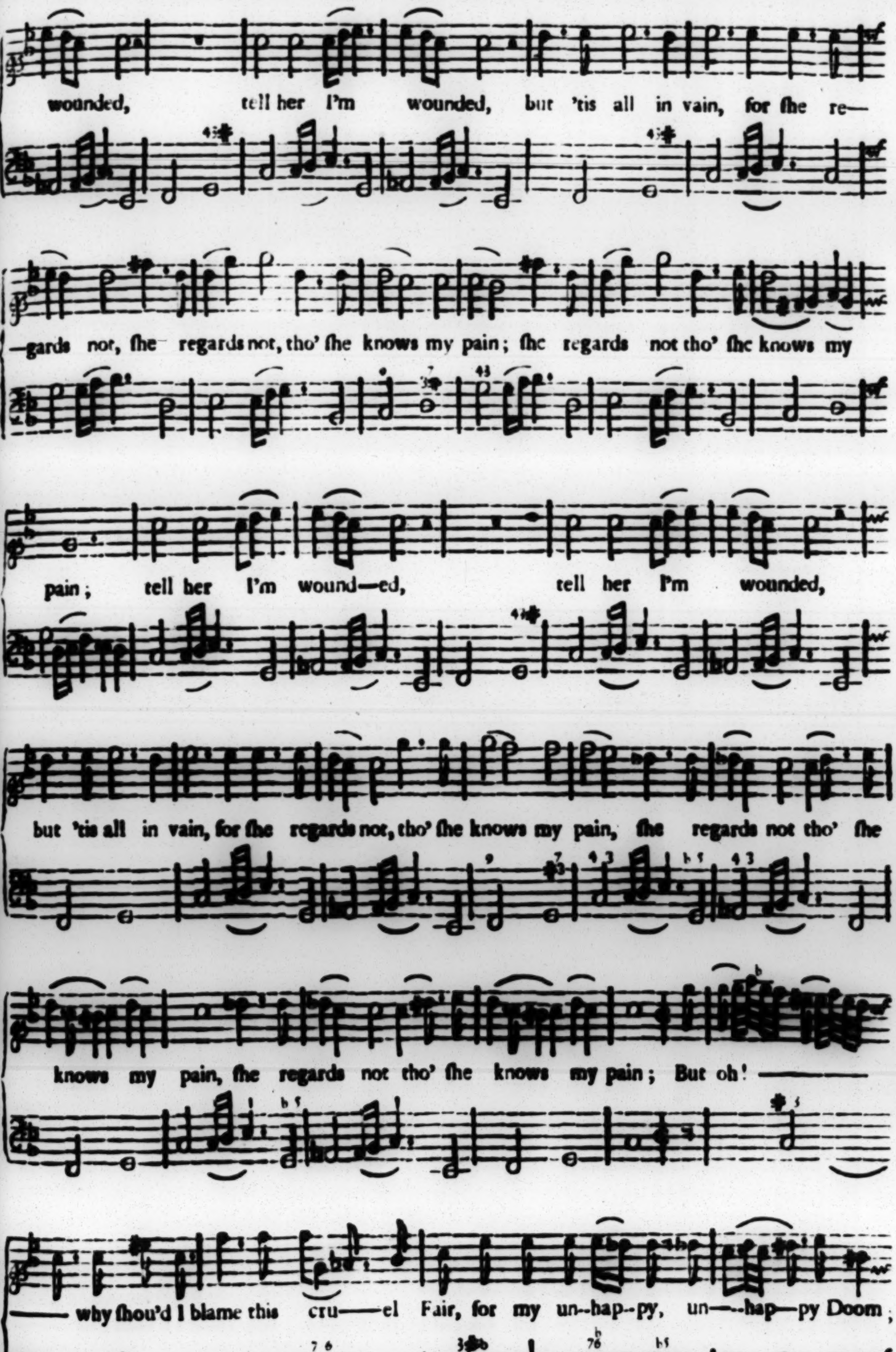
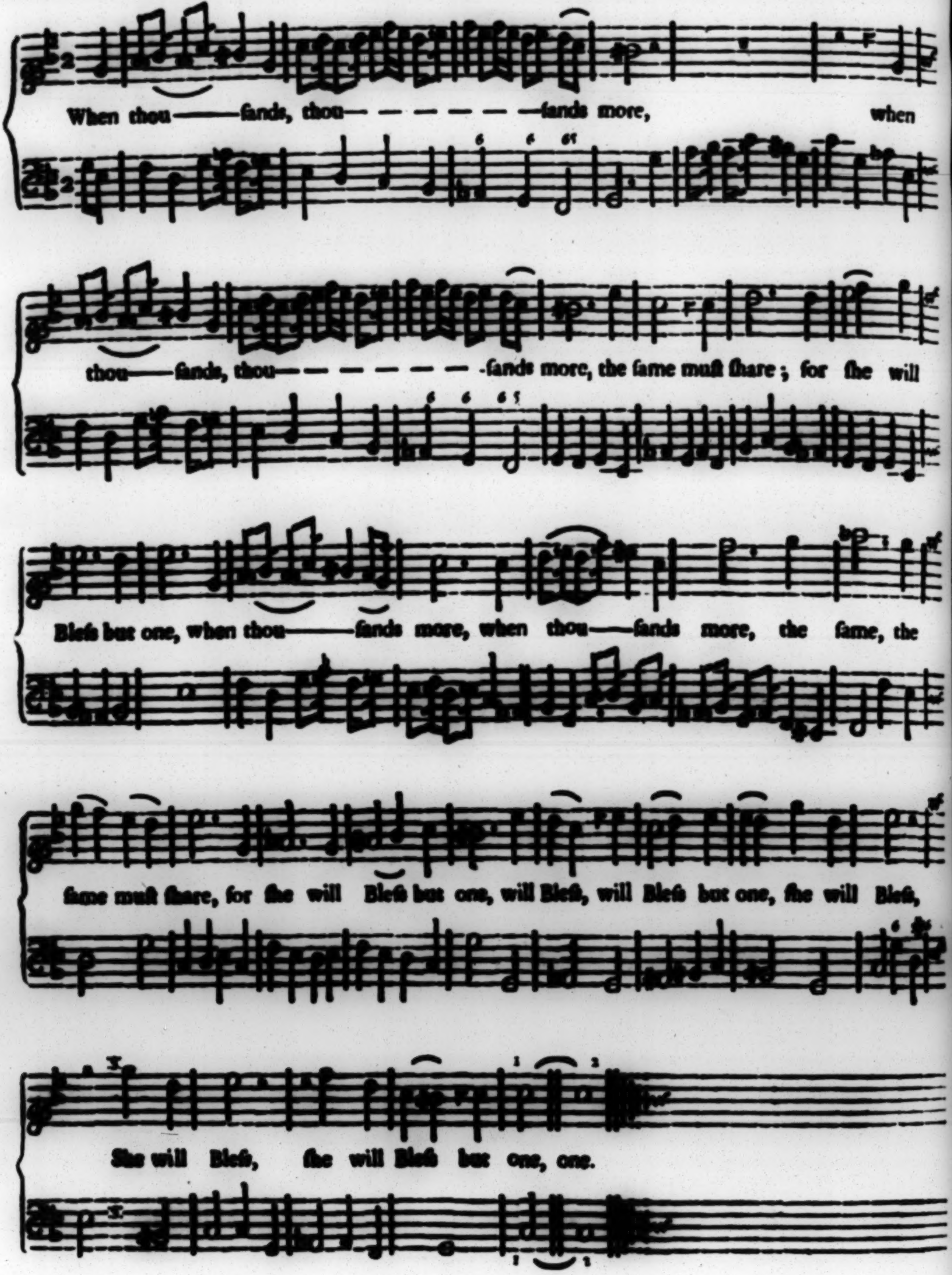
A SONG Sung by Mr. Bowen *at the Conſort in* York-Buildings.

Sett to Muſick by Mr. William Croft.


Y
E Tune- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -ful Numbers, Ye Tune- - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - -ful Numbers, and ye mo- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
-- - - - - - - - --ving ſounds, by whoſe ſo——ft pow'r, the God of
Mu-ſick wounds, the God of Mu-ſick wounds, the God, the God of Muſick, of Mu—-ſick
wounds here, ſhow the migh--ty, the migh- - - - - - -ty Magick of your Art; ſhow the mighty, the
migh———————ty Magick of your Art, to warm the char———


ming, charming cold *A--ſtre--as* heart; to warm the char—
ming, cold, the char—ming cold *A*—*ſtre*—*as* Heart.
Tell her I'm wounded, Tell her I'm wounded,
but 'tis all in vain; tell her, tell her I'm woun—
—ded, but 'tis all, 'tis a—ll in vain; ſince to the Winds I might as well com-
—plain, to the Winds I might as well com— plain; tell her I'm


wounded, tell her I'm wounded, but 'tis all in vain, for ſhe re—
—gards not, ſhe regards not, tho' ſhe knows my pain; ſhe regards not tho' ſhe knows my
pain; tell her I'm wound—ed, tell her I'm wounded,
but 'tis all in vain, for ſhe regards not, tho' ſhe knows my pain, ſhe regards not tho' ſhe
knows my pain, ſhe regards not tho' ſhe knows my pain; But oh! ——
—— why ſhou'd I blame this cru——el Fair, for my un--hap--py, un——hap—py Doom;

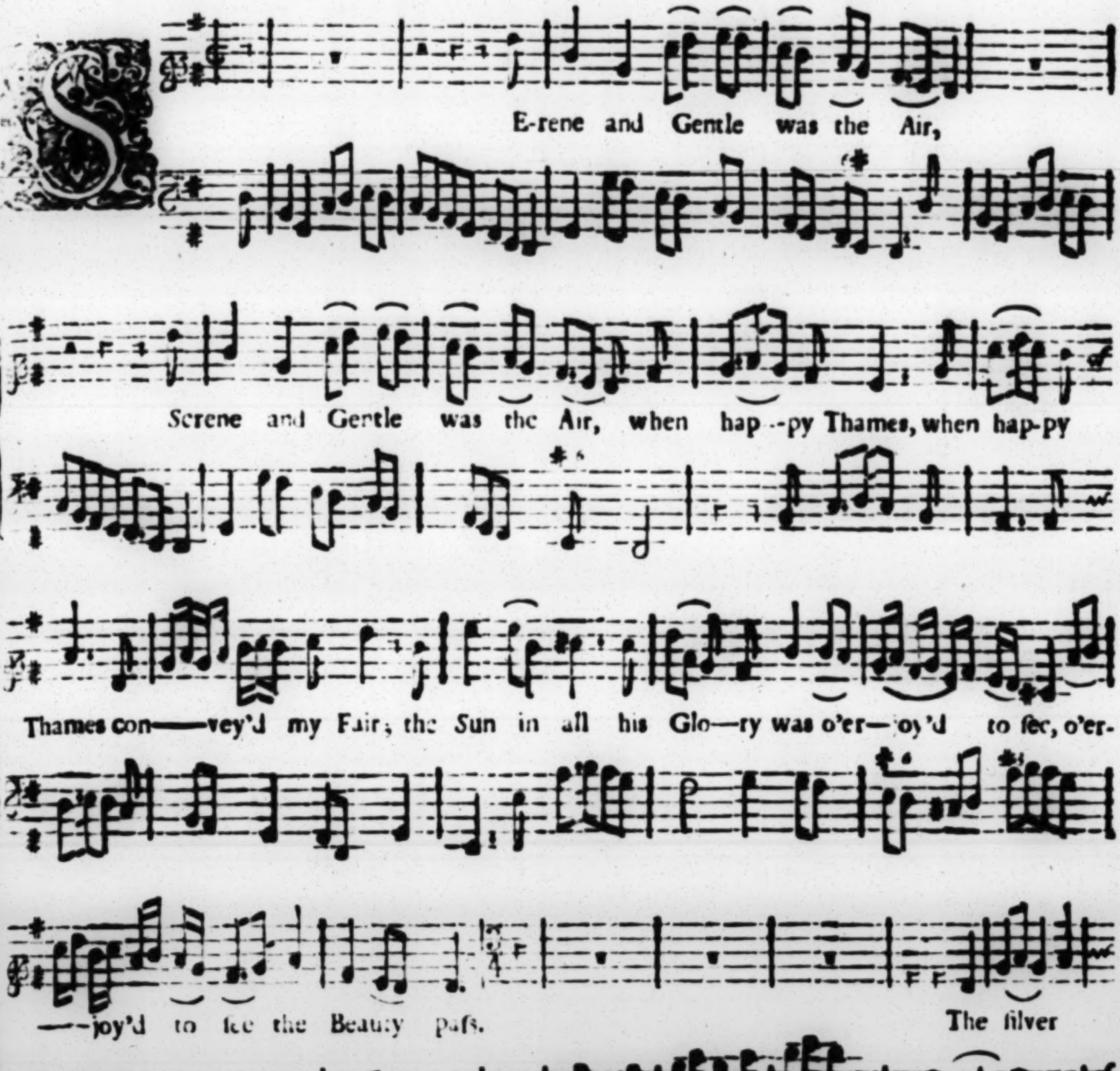

When thou——sands, thou- - - - - - - -sands more, when
thou——sands, thou- - - - - - - -sands more, the ſame muſt ſhare; for ſhe will
Bleſs but one, when thou——ſands more, when thou——ſands more, the ſame, the
ſame muſt ſhare, for ſhe will Bleſs but one, will Bleſs, will Bleſs but one, ſhe will Bleſs,
She will Bleſs, ſhe will Bleſs but one, one.

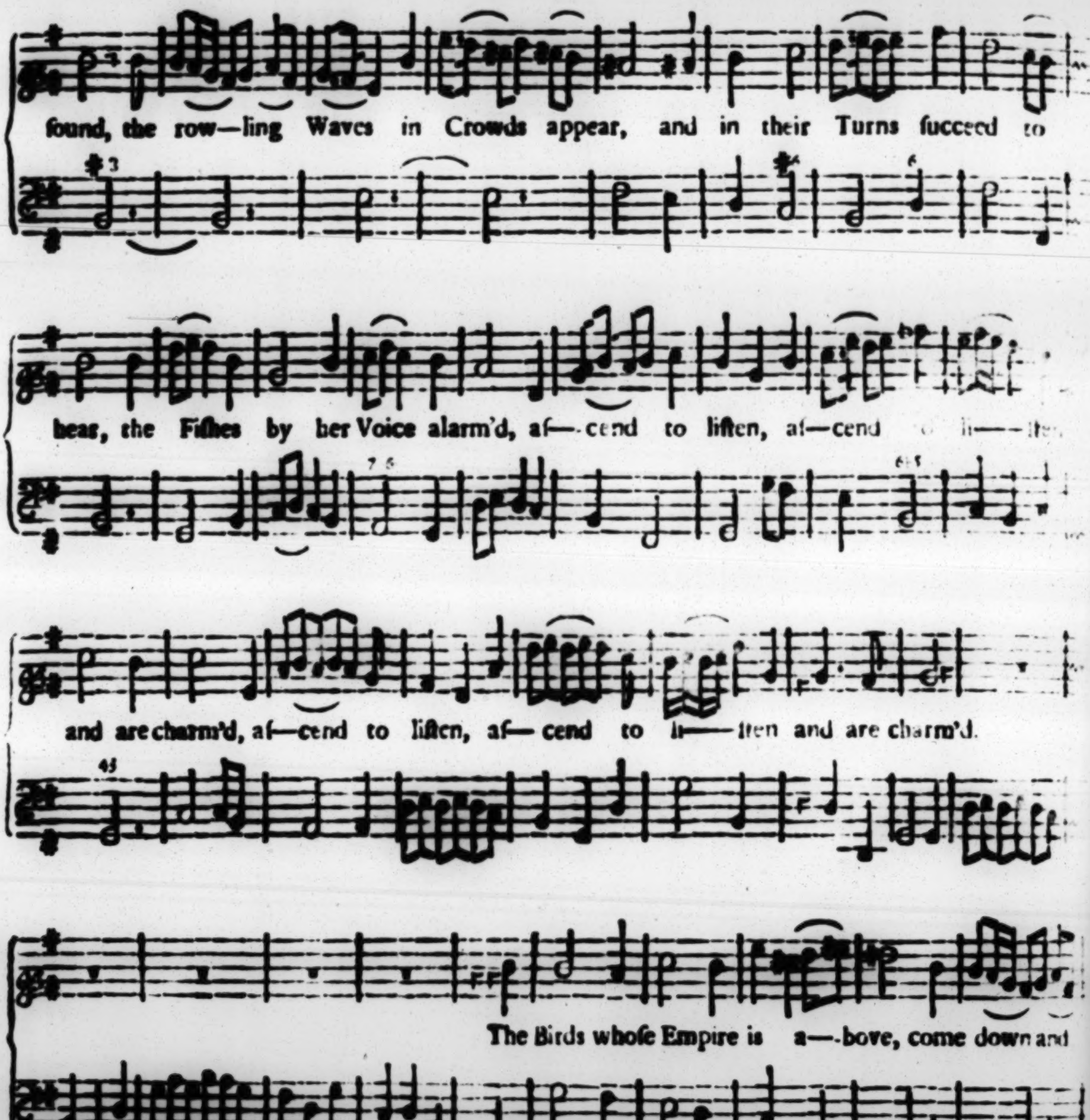
F I N I S.

London, Printed for *Henry Playford*, and Sold by him at his Shop in the *Temple-Change*, *Fleet-ſtreet*; and Mr. *John Hare*, at the Golden *Viol* in *St. Paul's* Church-Yard, and at his Shop, in *Freeman's-Yard* in *Cornhill*; and all other Muſick Shops in Town: Where are to be had the Monthly Collections for three Years paſt.

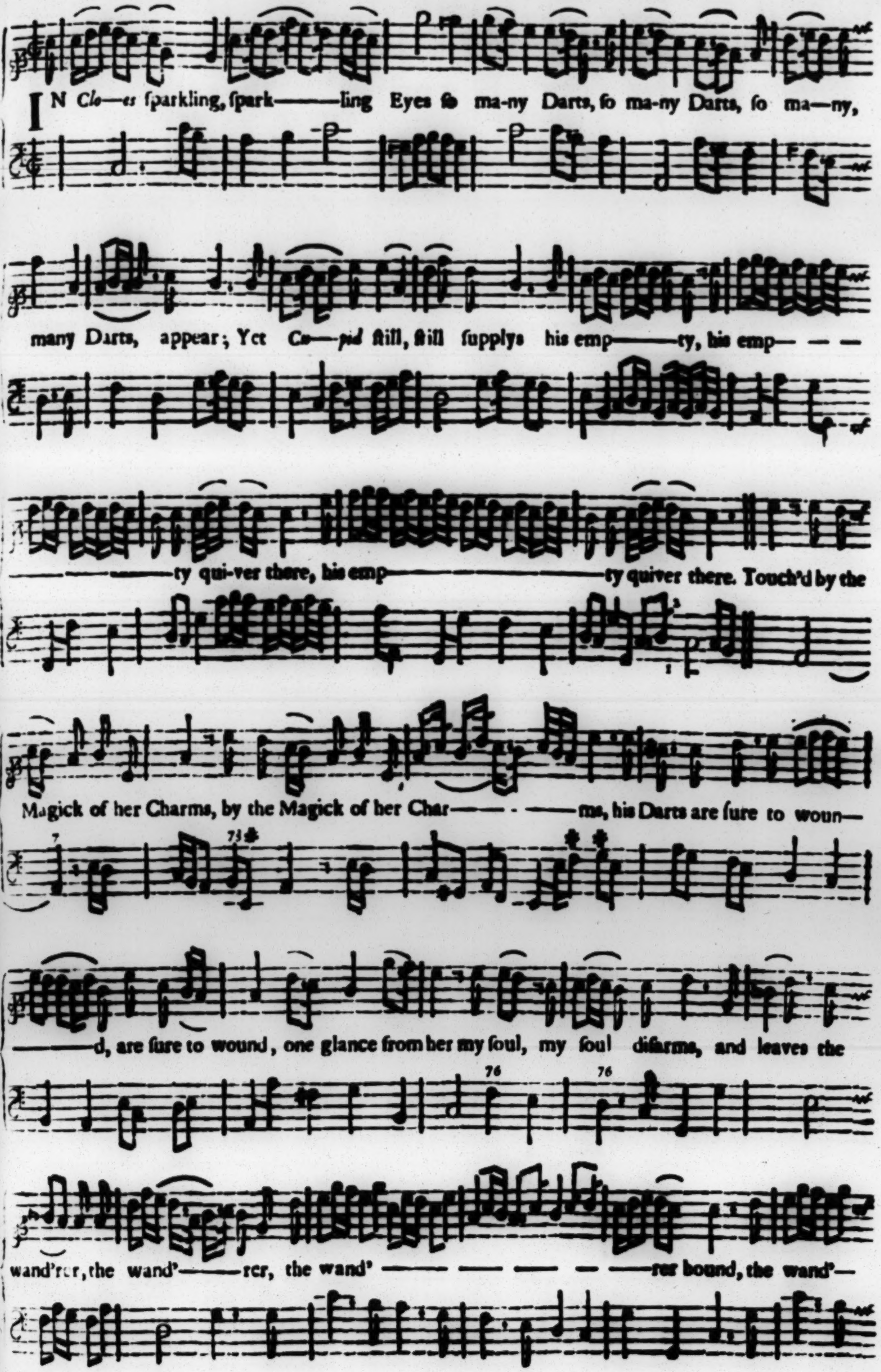
For APRIL. 1702. [*Numb.* 5.]

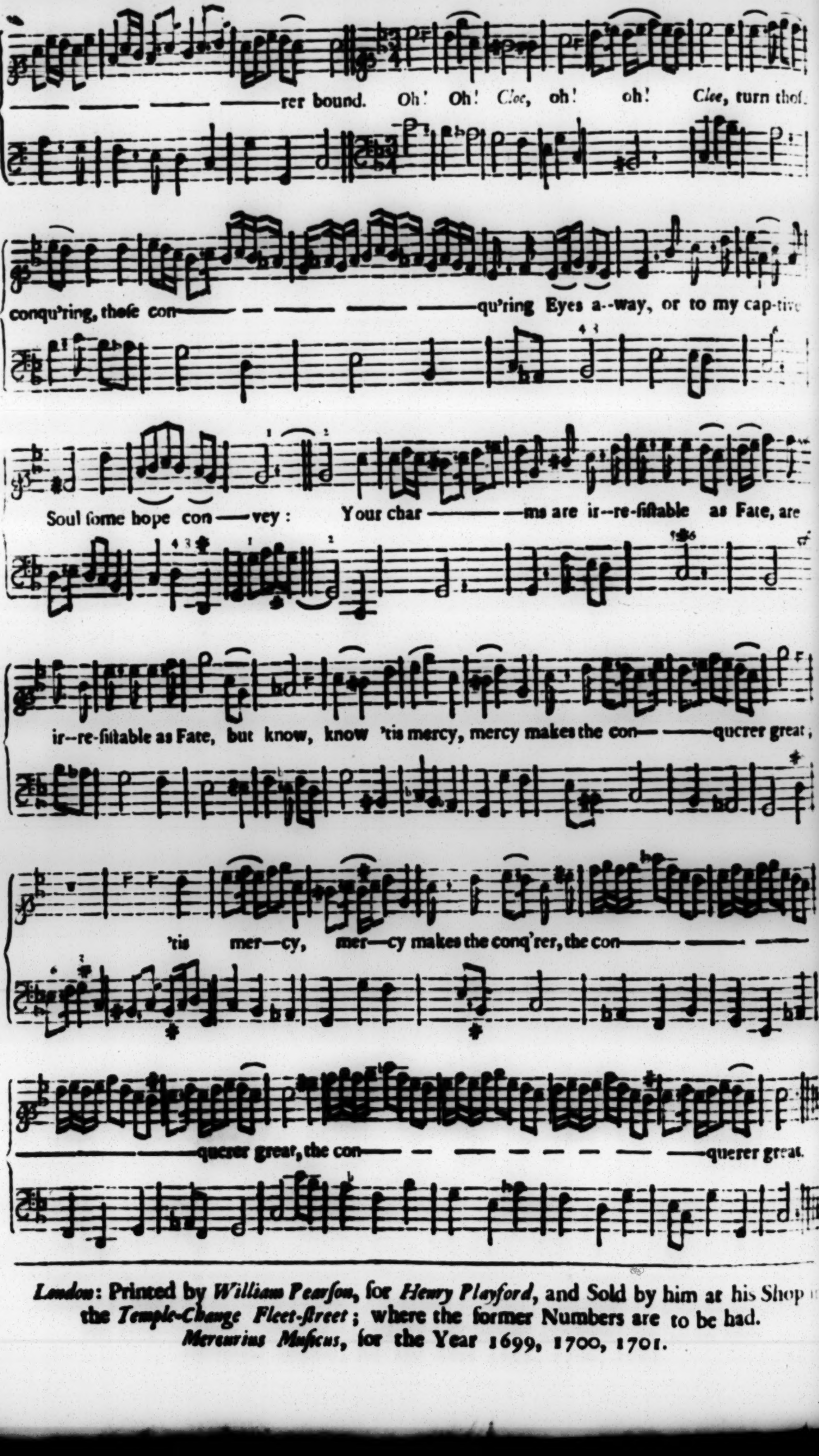
Words by Mr. Manning. *Sett by Mr.* Jer. Clark.


S
E-rene and Gentle was the Air,
Serene and Gentle was the Air, when hap--py Thames, when hap-py
Thames con——vey'd my Fair; the Sun in all his Glo—ry was o'er—joy'd to ſee, o'er-
——joy'd to ſee the Beauty paſs. The ſilver
Swans came ſwim— —— —ing round the Boat; The
ſilver Swans came ſwim— ——ing round the Boat, attending, at—tending to the
6
6
6
6


found, the row—ling Waves in Crowds appear, and in their Turns ſucceed to
hear, the Fiſhes by her Voice alarm'd, aſ—cend to liſten, aſ—cend to li—ſten,
and are charm'd, aſ—cend to liſten, aſ—cend to li—ſten and are charm'd.
The Birds whoſe Empire is a—bove, come down and
learn, come dow——n, come down and learn to ſing of Love; come down and
learn, come dow—— ——n, come down and learn to ſing of love.

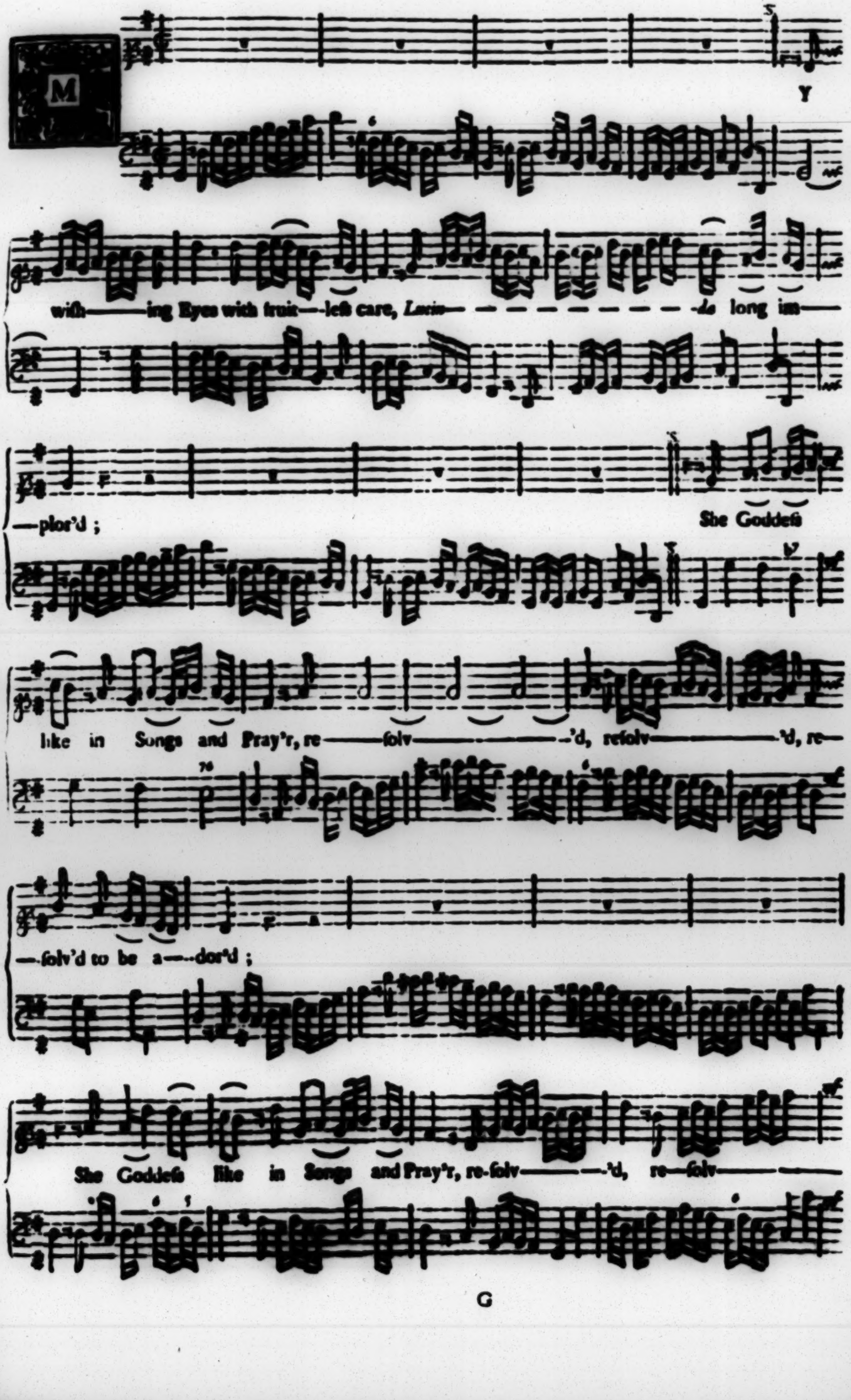
A SONG *Sett by Mr.* William Croft.

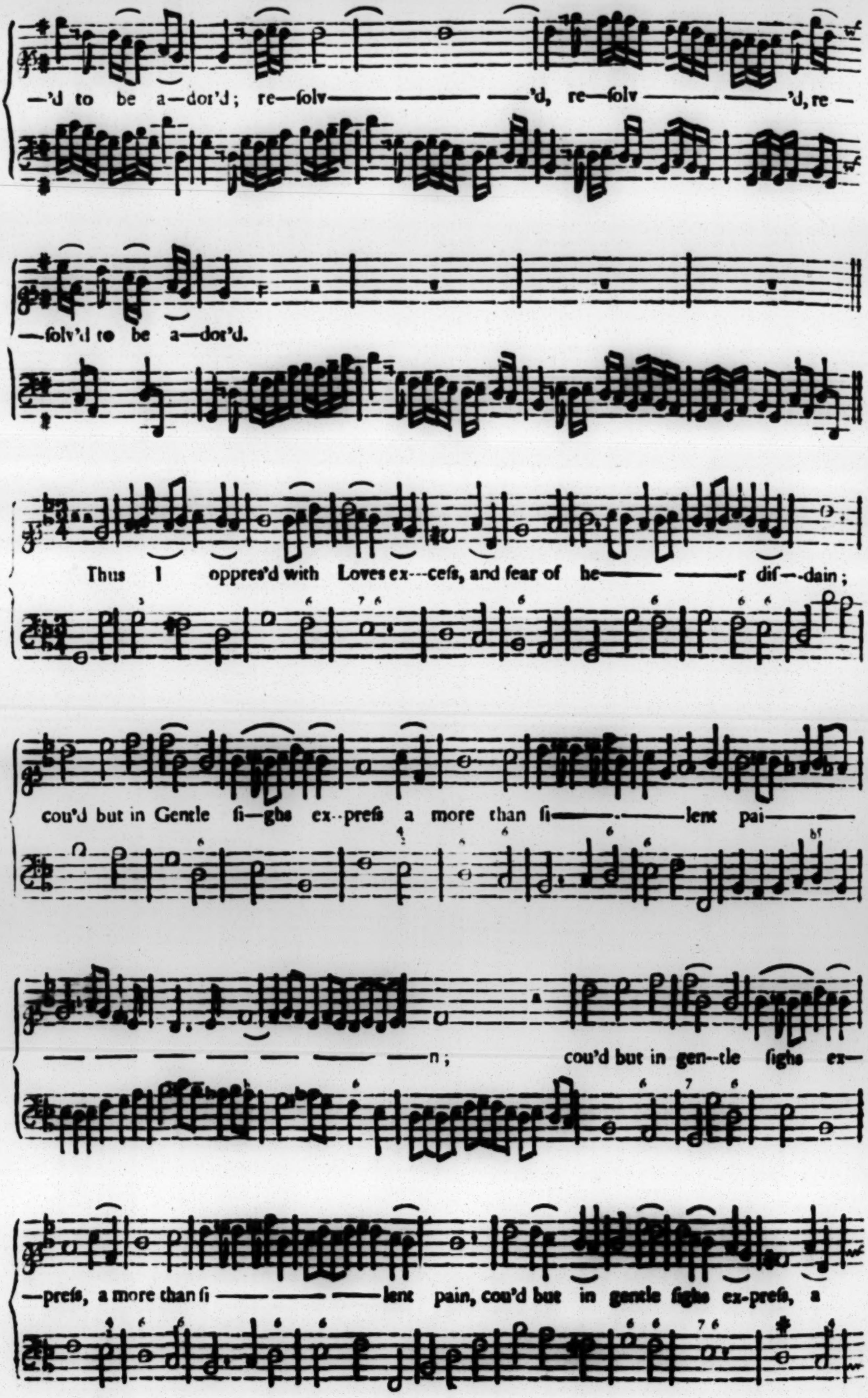

IN *Clo—es* ſparkling, ſpark———ling Eyes ſo ma-ny Darts, ſo ma-ny Darts, ſo ma—ny,
many Darts, appear; Yet *Cu—pid* ſtill, ſtill ſupplys his emp———ty, his emp— — —
———————ty qui-ver there, his emp——————————ty quiver there. Touch'd by the
Magick of her Charms, by the Magick of her Char— — - ——ms, his Darts are ſure to woun—
———d, are ſure to wound, one glance from her my ſoul, my ſoul diſarms, and leaves the
wand'rer, the wand'———rer, the wand' — — — — — ———rer bound, the wand'—
73
76
76

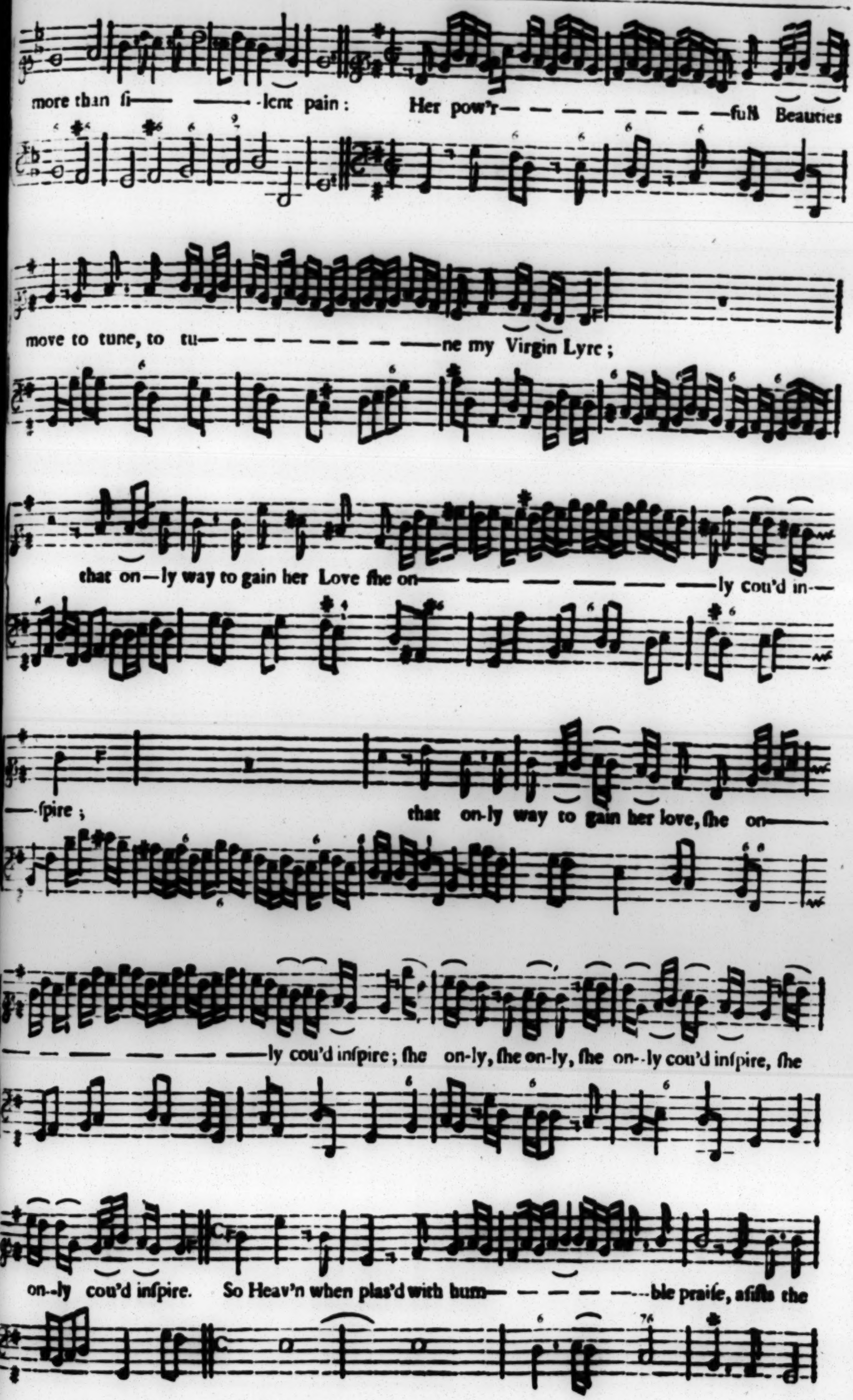

——— ——— ——— ———rer bound. Oh! Oh! *Cloe*, oh! oh! *Cloe*, turn thoſe
conqu'ring, thoſe con——— — ——— ——— ———qu'ring Eyes a-way, or to my cap-tive
Soul ſome hope con——vey: Your char———ms are ir--re-ſiſtable as Fate, are
ir--re-ſiſtable as Fate, but know, know 'tis mercy, mercy makes the con———querer great;
'tis mer—cy, mer—cy makes the conq'rer, the con——— ——— ———
———querer great, the con— — — — — — — — ———querer great.

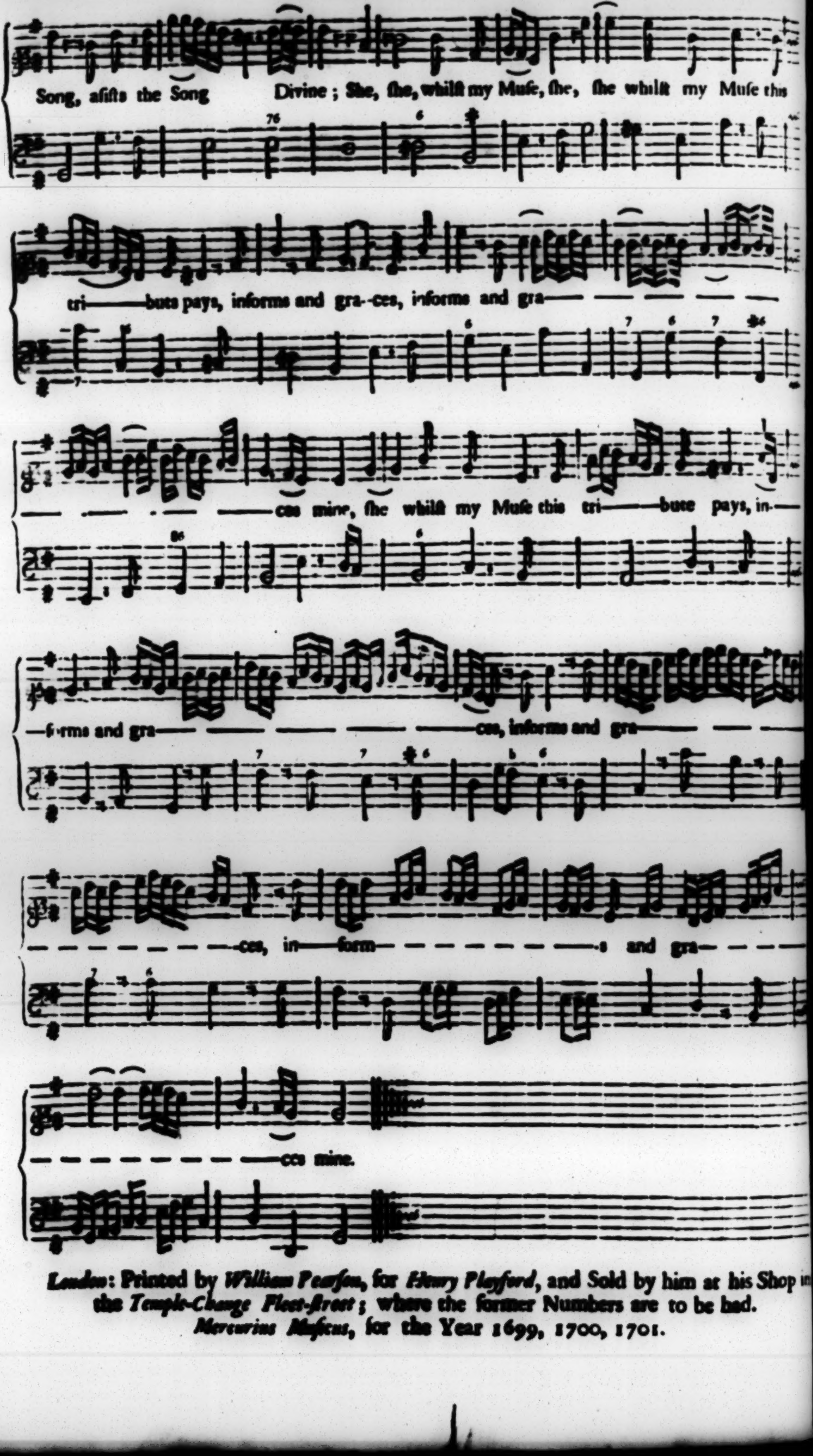
London: Printed by *William Pearſon*, for *Henry Playford*, and Sold by him at his Shop in the *Temple-Change Fleet-ſtreet*; where the former Numbers are to be had.
Mercurius Muſicus, for the Year 1699, 1700, 1701.

A SONG Sett by Mr. John Weldon.


M
Y
wish——ing Eyes with fruit——less care, *Lucin*- - - - - - - - - -*da* long im——
—plor'd ;
She Goddess
like in Songs and Pray'r, re——solv——'d, resolv——'d, re-
—solv'd to be a——dor'd ;
She Goddess like in Songs and Pray'r, re-solv——'d, re—solv——


—'d to be a—dor'd; re—solv———'d, re—solv———'d, re—
—solv'd to be a—dor'd.
Thus I oppres'd with Loves ex---cess, and fear of he———r dis—-dain;
cou'd but in Gentle si—ghs ex··press a more than si———lent pai———
———n; cou'd but in gen--tle sighs ex—
—press, a more than si———lent pain, cou'd but in gentle sighs ex-press, a

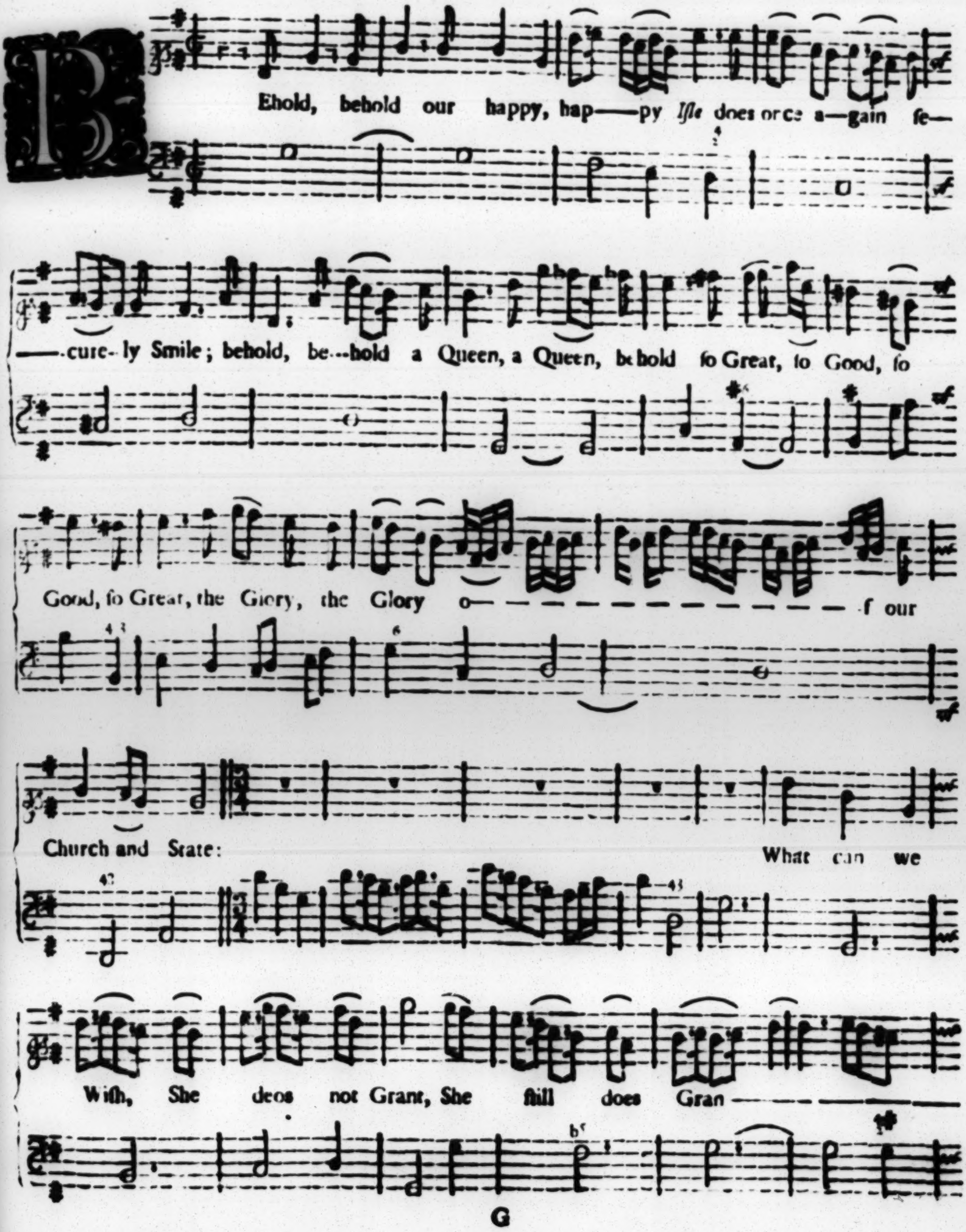

more than ſi— —-lent pain: Her pow'r— — — — — — — —full Beauties
move to tune, to tu— — — — — — — — — —ne my Virgin Lyre;
that on—ly way to gain her Love ſhe on— — — — — — — —ly cou'd in-
—ſpire; that on-ly way to gain her love, ſhe on—
— — — — — — —ly cou'd inſpire; ſhe on-ly, ſhe on-ly, ſhe on--ly cou'd inſpire, ſhe
on--ly cou'd inſpire. So Heav'n when plas'd with hum— — — — — —-ble praiſe, aſſiſts the

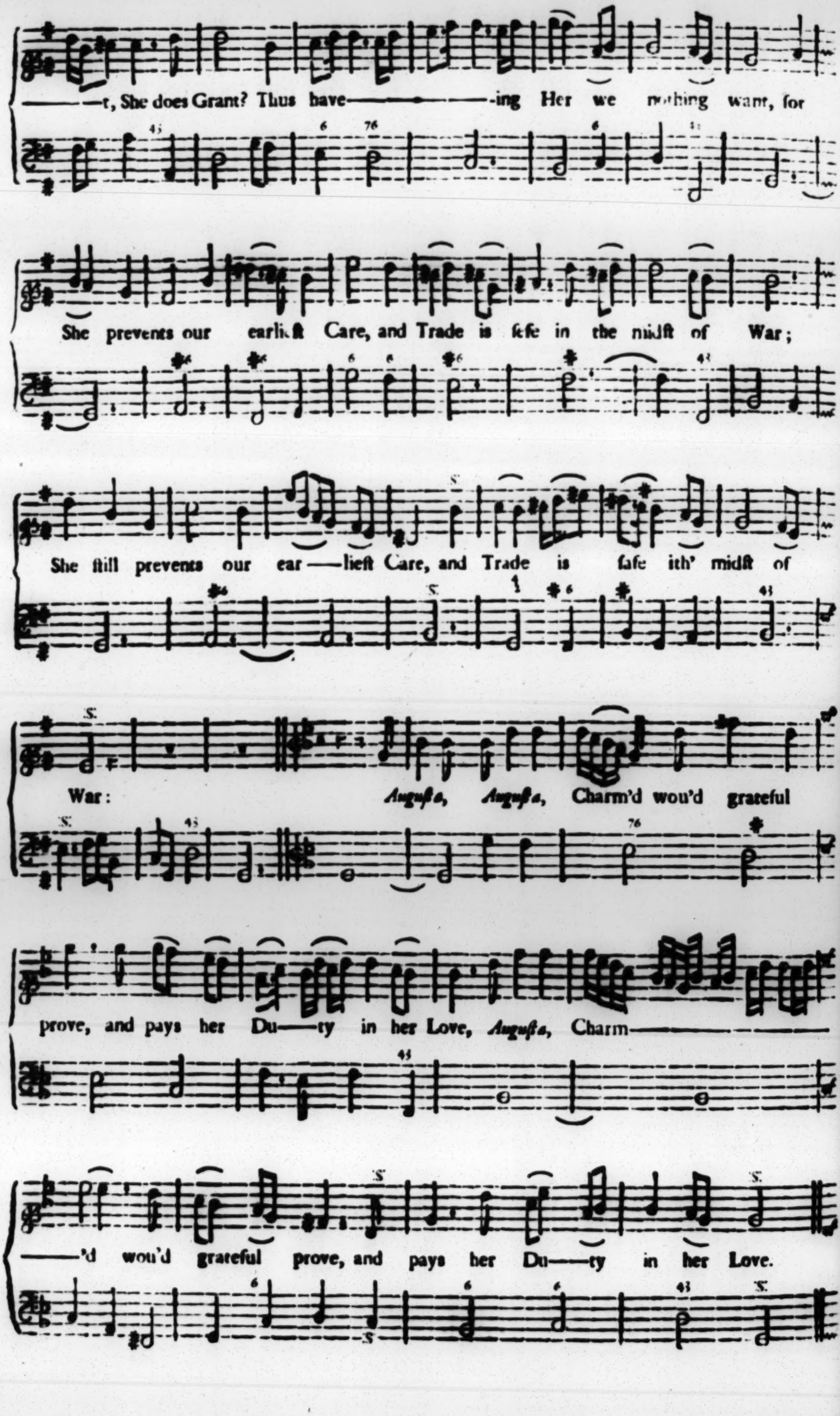

Song, aſſiſts the Song Divine; She, ſhe, whilſt my Muſe, ſhe, ſhe whilſt my Muſe this
tri——buts pays, informs and gra-ces, informs and gra—— —— —— ——
—— —— —— ——ces mine, ſhe whilſt my Muſe this tri——bute pays, in—
—forms and gra—— —— —— —— ——ces, informs and gra—— ——
——————————ces, in—form——————————s and gra——
——————————ces mine.

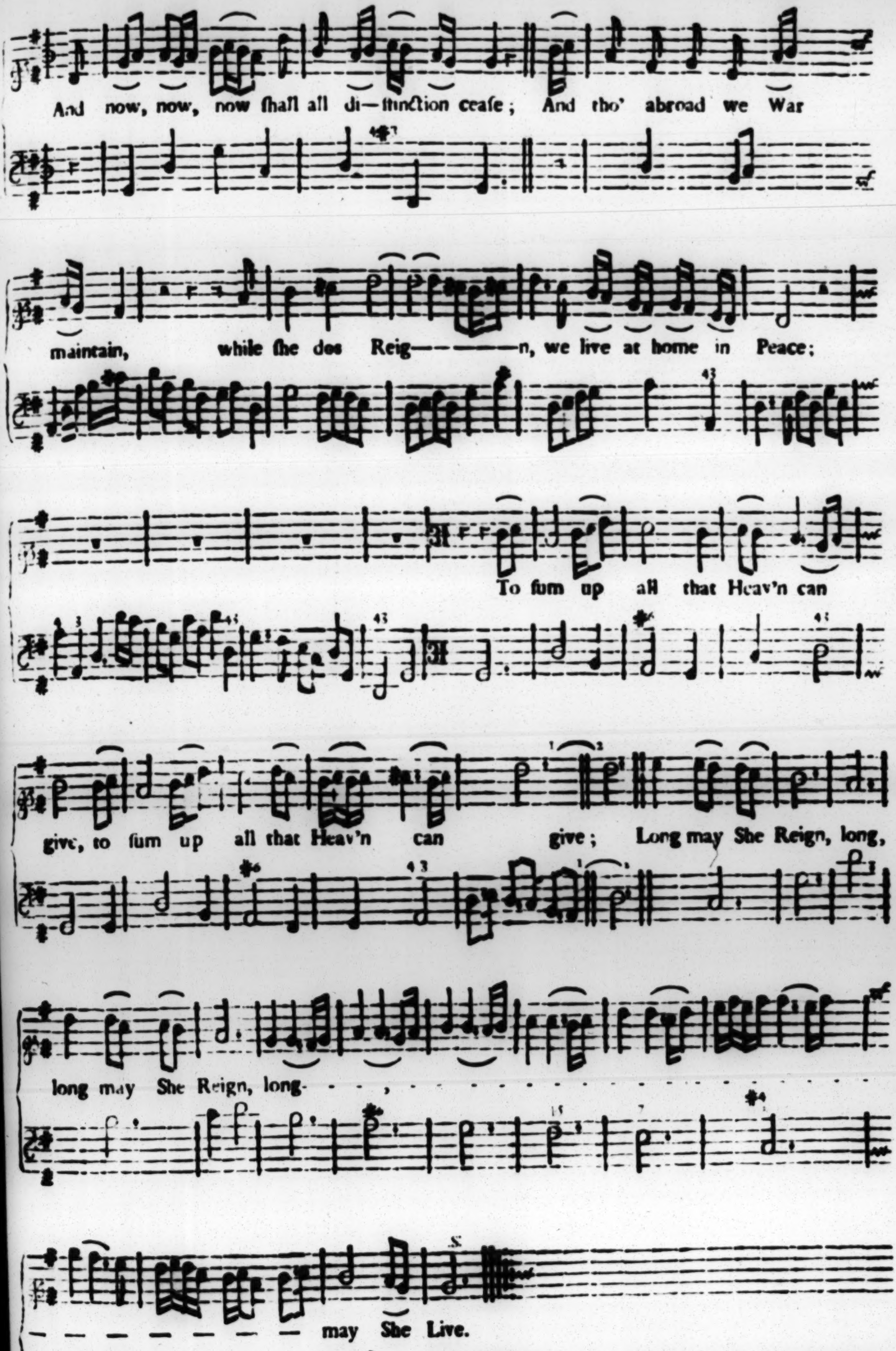
London: Printed by *William Pearſon*, for *Henry Playford*, and Sold by him at his Shop in
the *Temple-Change Fleet-ſtreet*; where the former Numbers are to be had.
Mercurius Muſicus, for the Year 1699, 1700, 1701.

A
SONG
Sung before the QUEEN, at *Guild-Hall.*

The Words and Tune by Mr. *Berenclow.*


B
Ehold, behold our happy, hap——py *Isle* does once a—gain se—
——cure-ly Smile; behold, be---hold a Queen, a Queen, behold so Great, so Good, so
Good, so Great, the Glory, the Glory o————————f our
Church and State: What can we
Wish, She deos not Grant, She still does Gran——————
43
6
43
43
b6

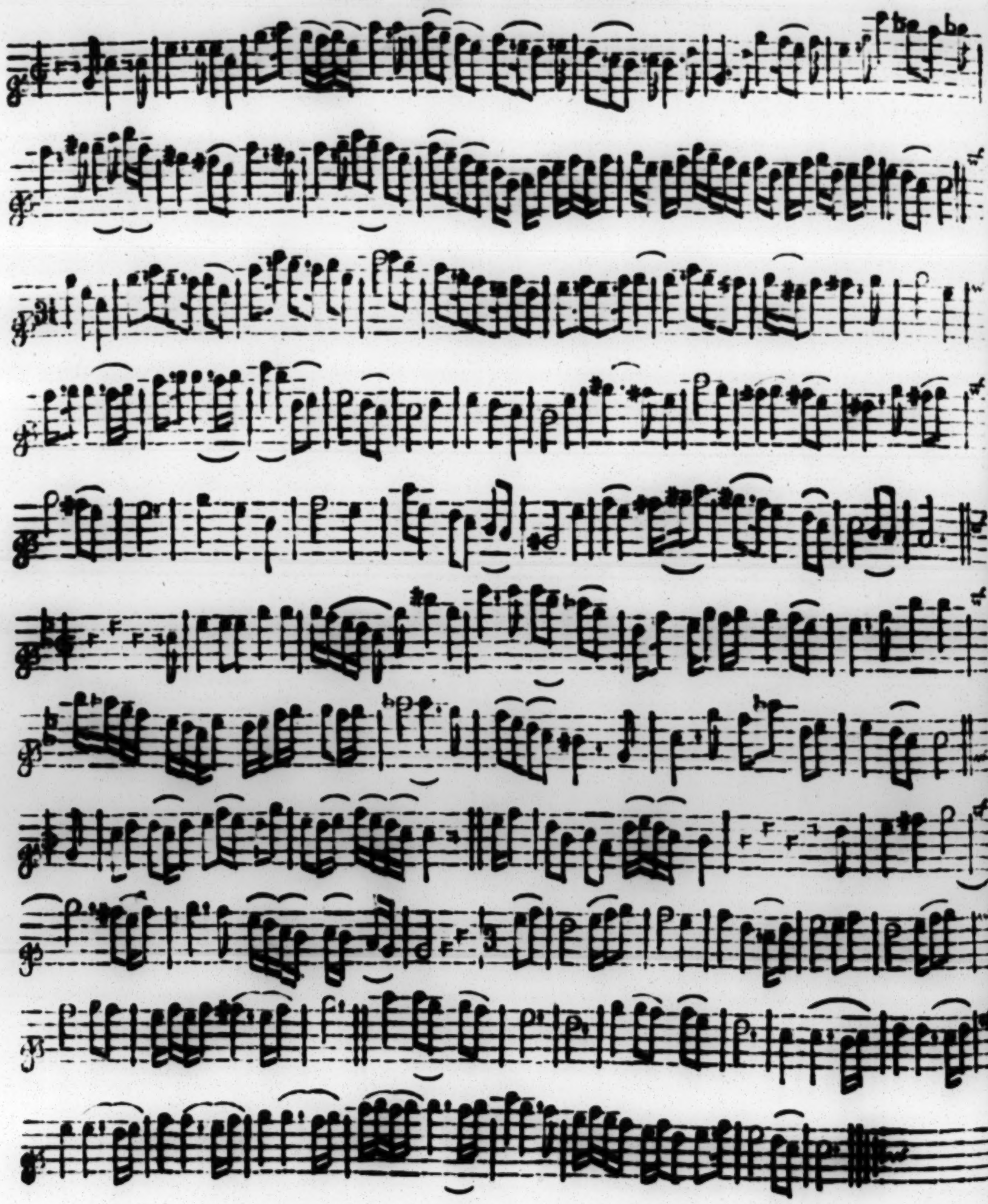

——t, She does Grant? Thus have——————ing Her we nothing want, for
She prevents our earlieſt Care, and Trade is ſafe in the midſt of War;
She ſtill prevents our ear——lieſt Care, and Trade is ſafe ith' midſt of
War: Auguſta, Auguſta, Charm'd wou'd grateful
prove, and pays her Du——ty in her Love, Auguſta, Charm————
——'d wou'd grateful prove, and pays her Du——ty in her Love.


And now, now, now ſhall all di—ſtinction ceaſe; And tho' abroad we War
maintain, while ſhe dos Reig——n, we live at home in Peace;
To ſum up all that Heav'n can
give, to ſum up all that Heav'n can give; Long may She Reign, long,
long may She Reign, long- -
— — — — — — — — — may She Live.

[*Numb.* 10.] *For* SEPTEMBER. 1702.

BEhold, behold, our Happy *Iſle*,
Does once again ſecurely Smile.
Behold a Queen, ſo Good, ſo Great,
The Glory of our Church and State.
What can we Wiſh She does not Grant?
Thus haveing Her we nothing want.
She ſtill Prevents our Earlieſt Care,
And Trade is ſafe i'th' midſt of War.
Auguſta Charm'd wou'd grateful prove,
And pays her Duty in her Love.
Now, now ſhall all Diſtinction ceaſe,
And tho' Abroad we War maintain.
While She does Reign,
We live at Home in Peace.
To ſum up all that Heav'n can give,
Long may She Reign, long may ſhe Live.

For the *FLUTE*.



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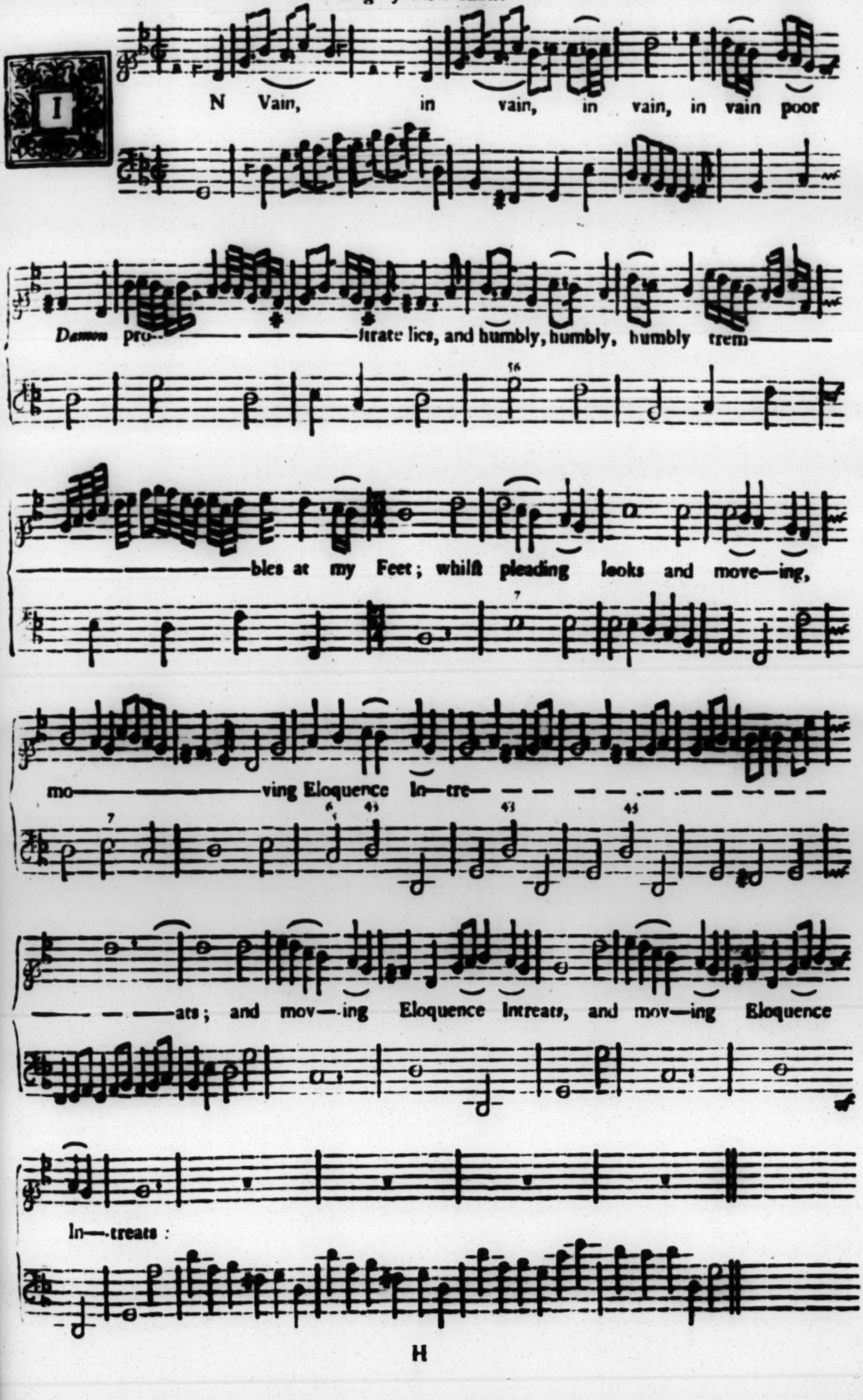
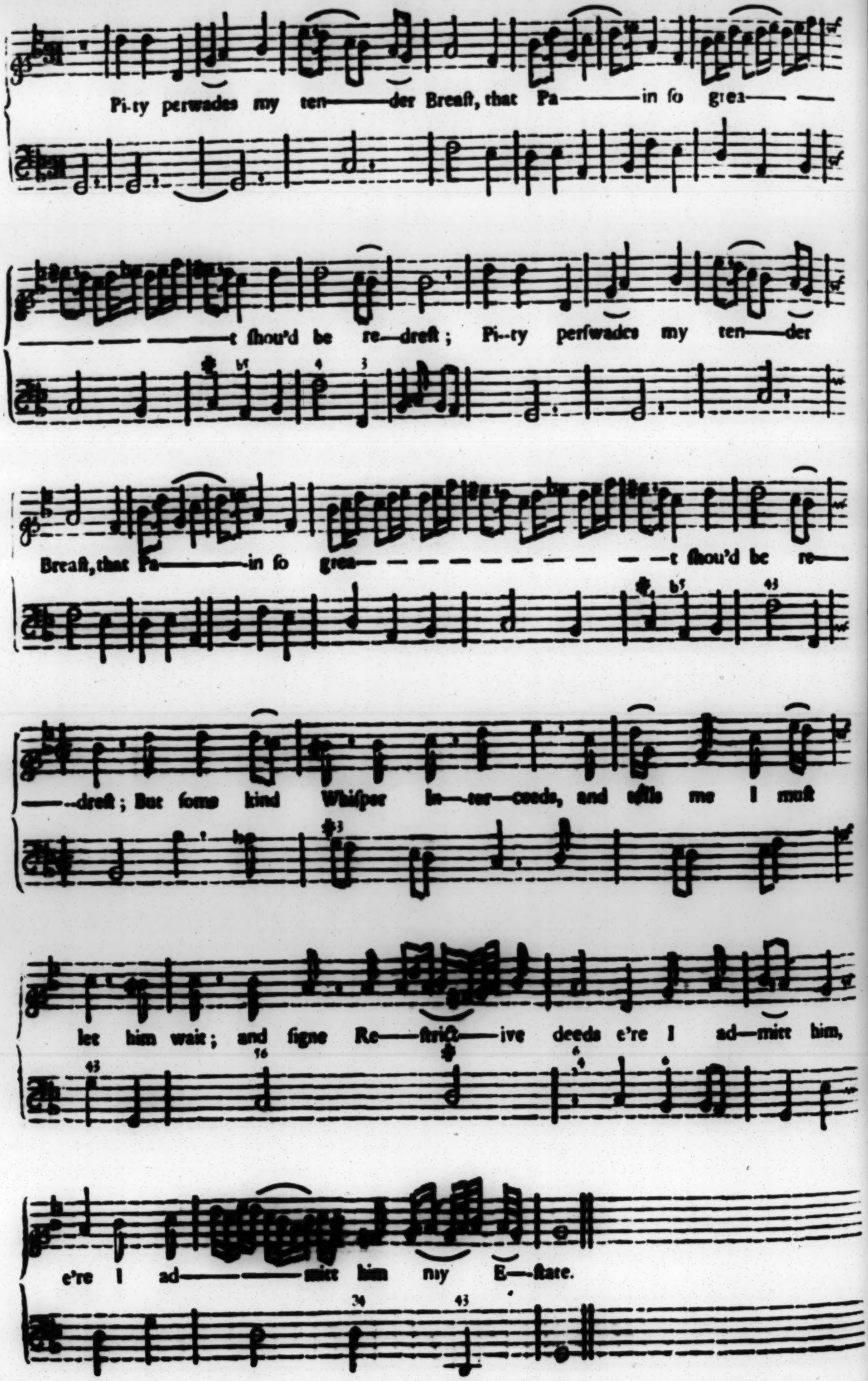
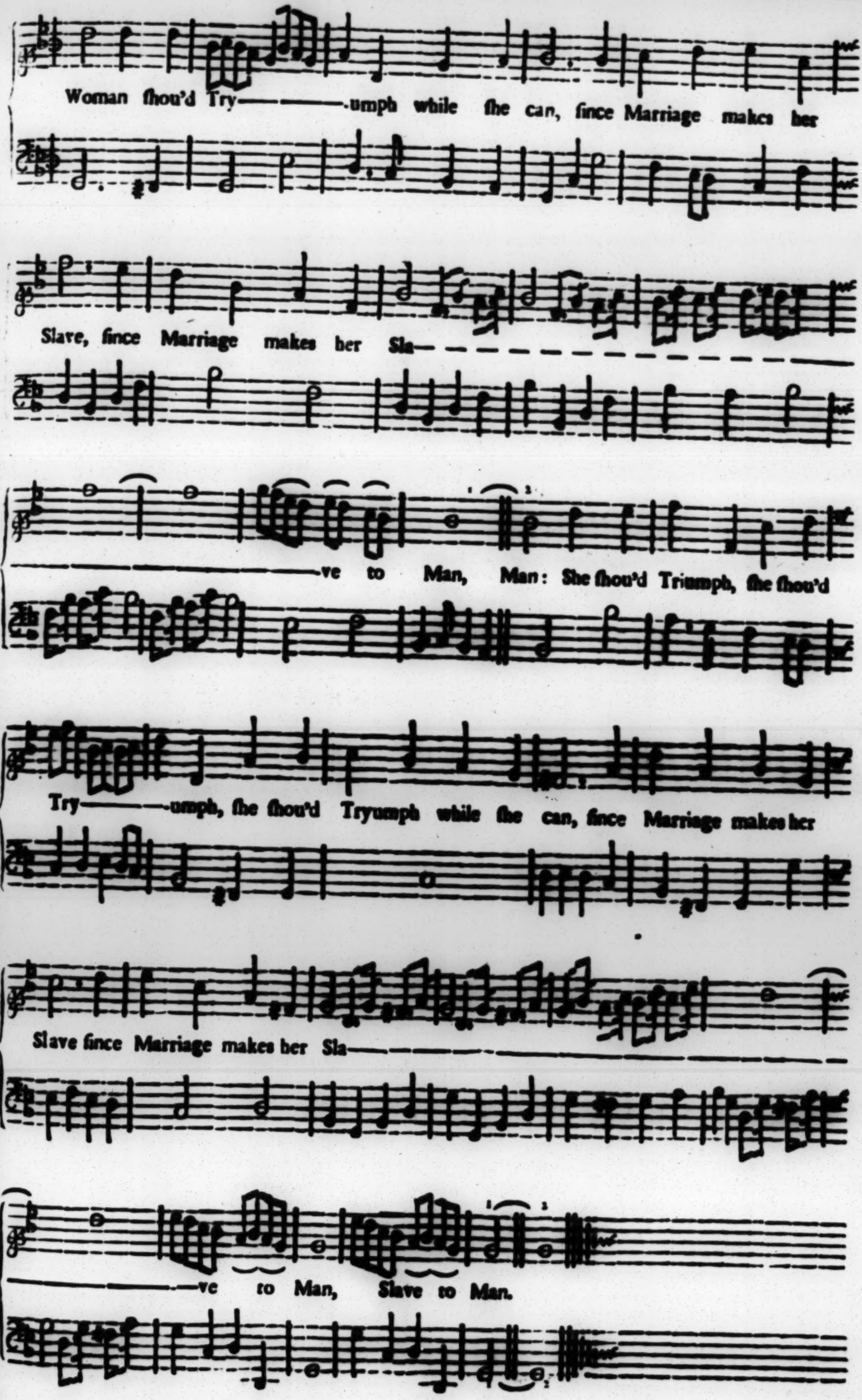
Mercurius Muſicus, for the Year 1699, 1700, 1701.

A New SONG, *The Words by a Lady; Compos'd by Mr.* Leveridge.

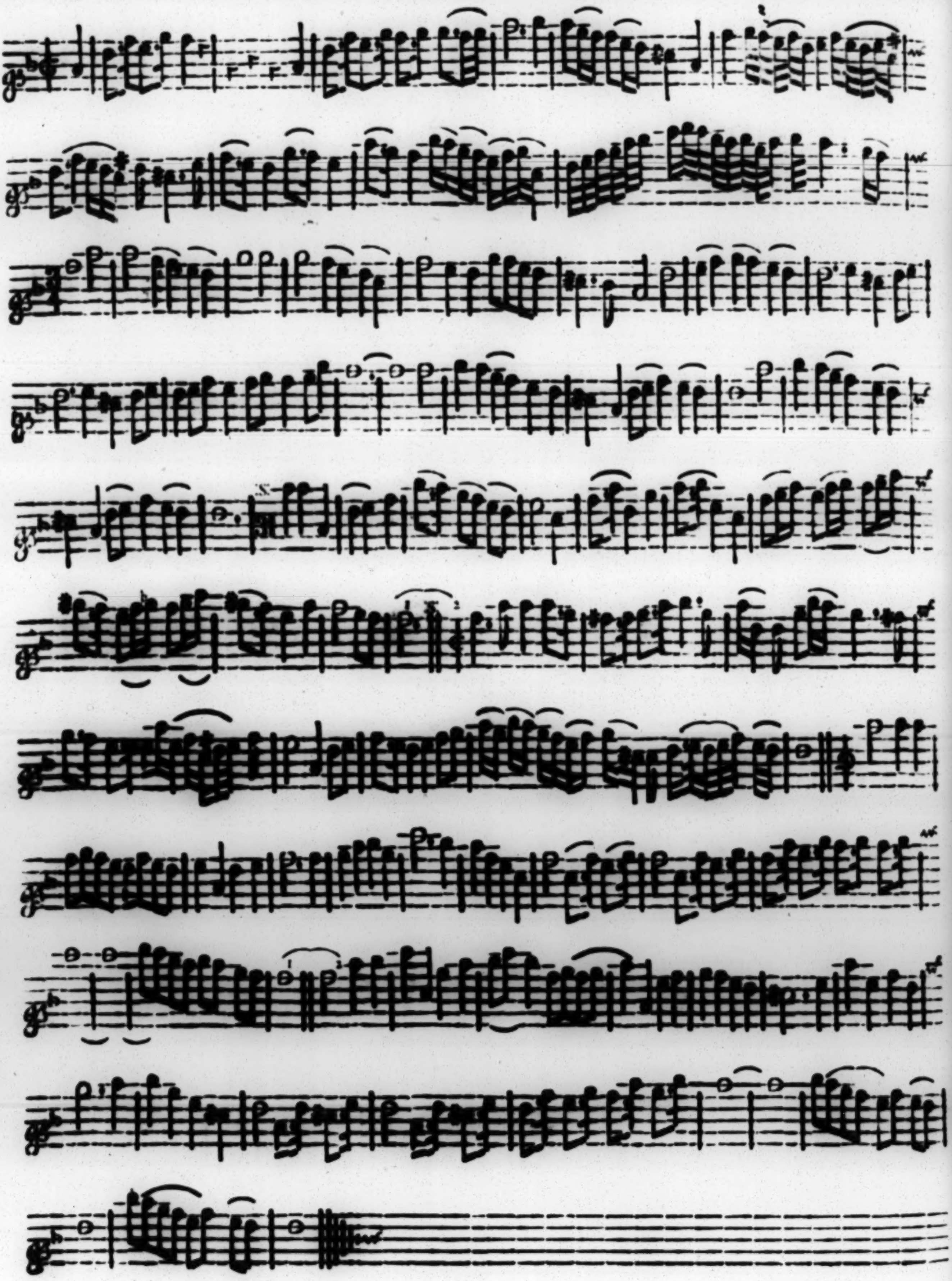
Sung by Mrs. Shaw.


I
N Vain, in vain, in vain, in vain poor
Damon pro—————strate lies, and humbly, humbly, humbly trem—————
—————bles at my Feet; whilst pleading looks and move—ing,
mo—————ving Eloquence In—tre— — — — — — — — — — —
— — —ats; and mov—ing Eloquence Intreats, and mov—ing Eloquence
In—treats:
7
56
7
7
6
43
43
43


Pi-ty perwades my ten——der Breaſt, that Pa——in ſo grea——
——t ſhou'd be re—dreſt; Pi--ty perſwades my ten——der
Breaſt, that Pa——in ſo grea——————t ſhou'd be re——
——dreſt; But ſome kind Whiſper In—ter—cedes, and tells me I muſt
let him wait; and ſigne Re——ſtrict——ive deeds e're I ad—mitt him,
e're I ad——mitt him my E—ſtate.


Woman ſhou'd Try——————umph while ſhe can, ſince Marriage makes her
Slave, ſince Marriage makes her Sla- - - - - - - - - -
————ve to Man, Man: She ſhou'd Triumph, ſhe ſhou'd
Try————umph, ſhe ſhou'd Tryumph while ſhe can, ſince Marriage makes her
Slave ſince Marriage makes her Sla————
————ve to Man, Slave to Man.

For the *FLUTE*.



London: Printed by *William Pearſon*, for *Henry Playford*, and Sold by him at his Shop in the *Temple-Change Fleet-ſtreet*; where the former Numbers are to be had. *Mercurius Muſicus*, for the Year 1699, 1700, 1701.

92

A

COLLCTION

OF

SONGS;

IN SEVERAL

LANGUAGES.

Compos'd by Mr. *John Abell.*

[redacted]

LONDON:

Printed by *William Pearſon*, in *Red-Croſs Alley* in *Jewin-ſtreet*, for the Author. 1701.

TO THE

KING.

GREAT SIR,

MAY the thorow ſenſe of all Your Majeſty's Favours Abroad, but more eſpecially of Your great Clemency in permitting my return to my Native Country, excuſe my Boldneſs, in Dedicating theſe Trifles to ſo Great a Prince: And ſince You was ſo Gracious as to hear 'em both in *Holland*, and on my return Home, with Your accuſtomed Goodneſs, I hope you will not refuſe them Your Royal Favour and Protection, and me Your Pardon. I wiſh I had a Voice as loud as *Fame*, to Sing forth Your Praiſe as I ought. I dare not be ſo Grateful as I wou'd; leſt I detain Your Majeſty from thoſe Councils which have at this day ſo great an Influence upon all *Europe*. May they have the great Effects that are intended by Your Wiſdom and Goodneſs; and may all my Countrymen be as ſenſible of their Duty, as,

SIR,

Your Majeſty's moſt Humble, moſt Dutiful,

and moſt Obedient Subject,

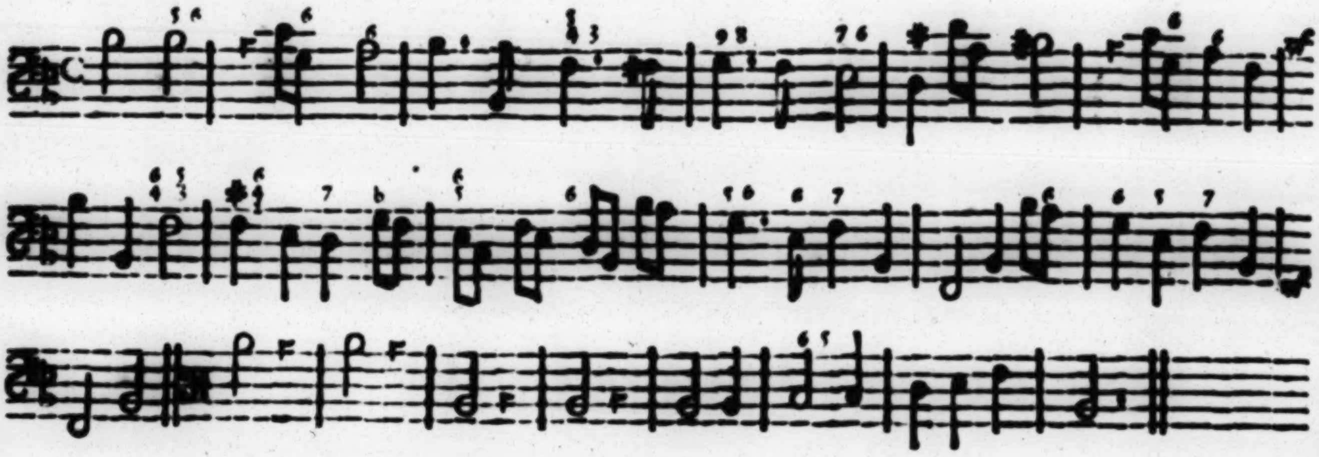
John Abell.

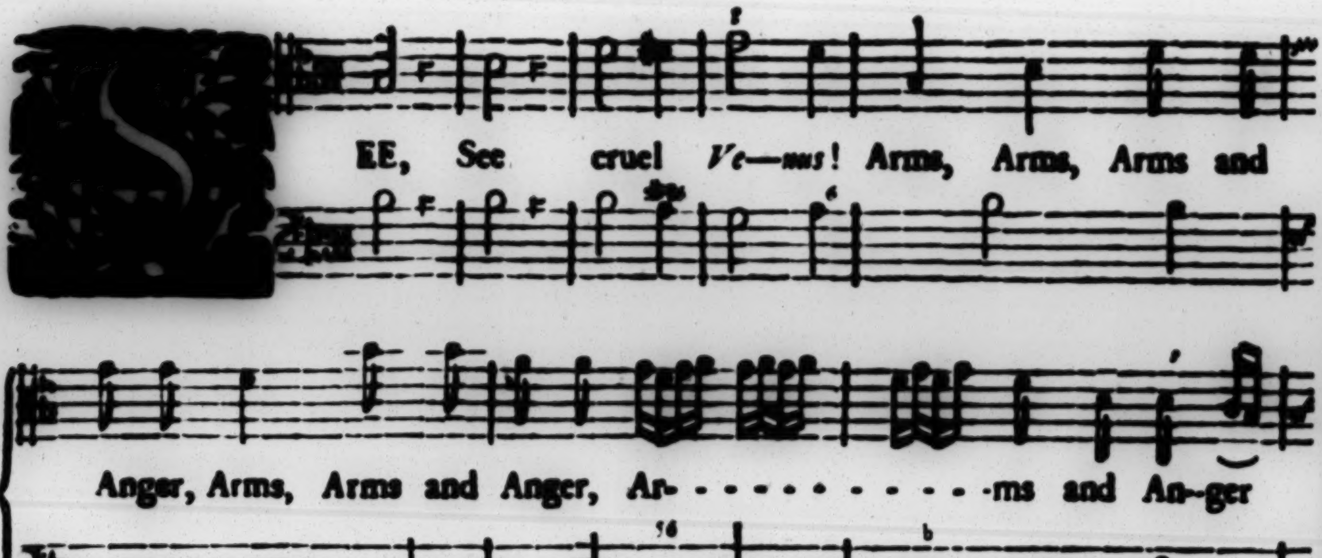
TO HIS
Moſt Excellent Majeſty
WILLIAM III.
OF
Great-Britain, *France*, and *Ireland*,
KING,
Defender of the Faith, &c.
THIS
COLLECTION OF SONGS
IN
Several Languages,
Is moſt Humbly DEDICATED
BY
His MAJESTY's
moſt Obedient Subject
John Abell.

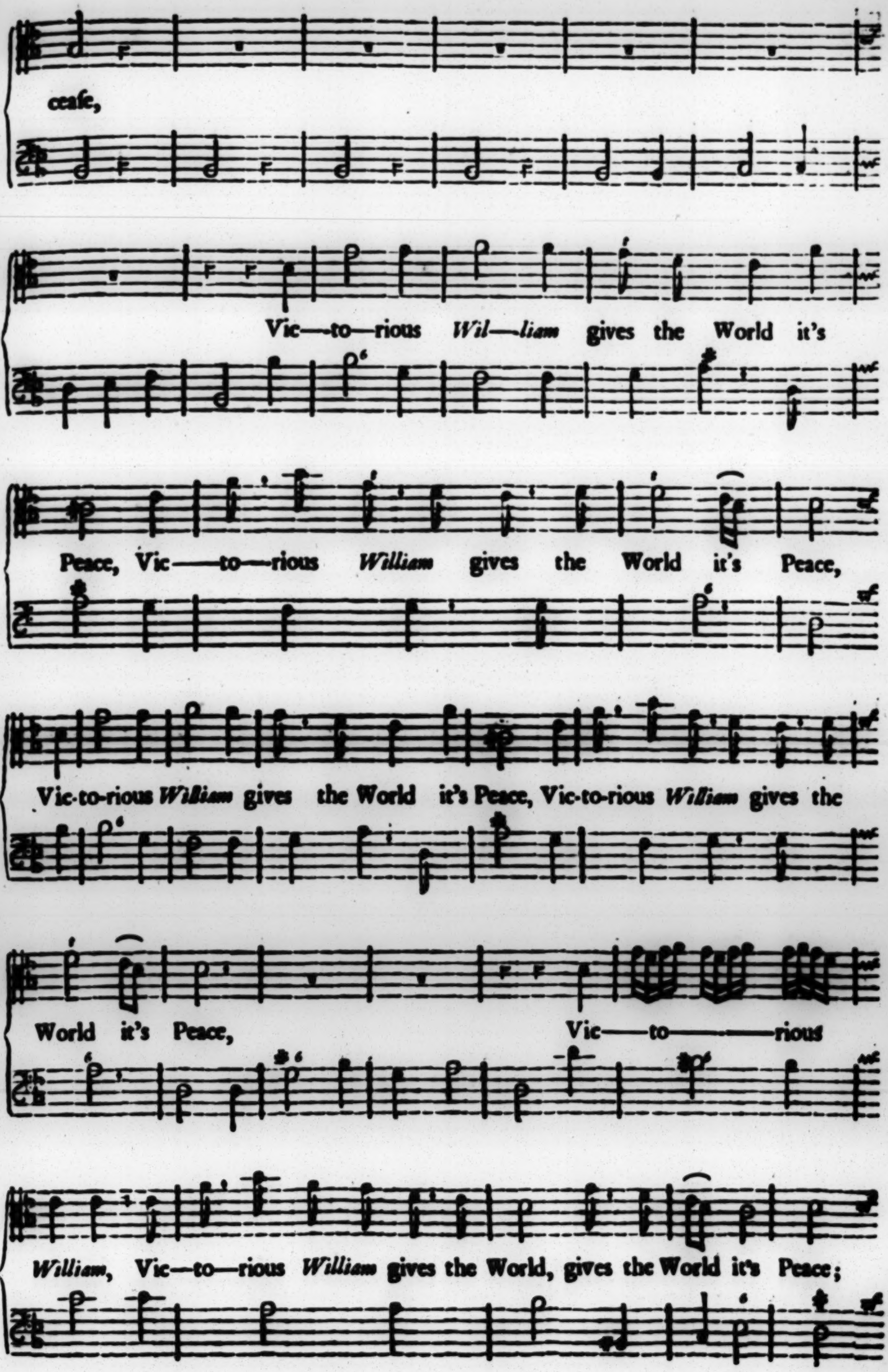
The First

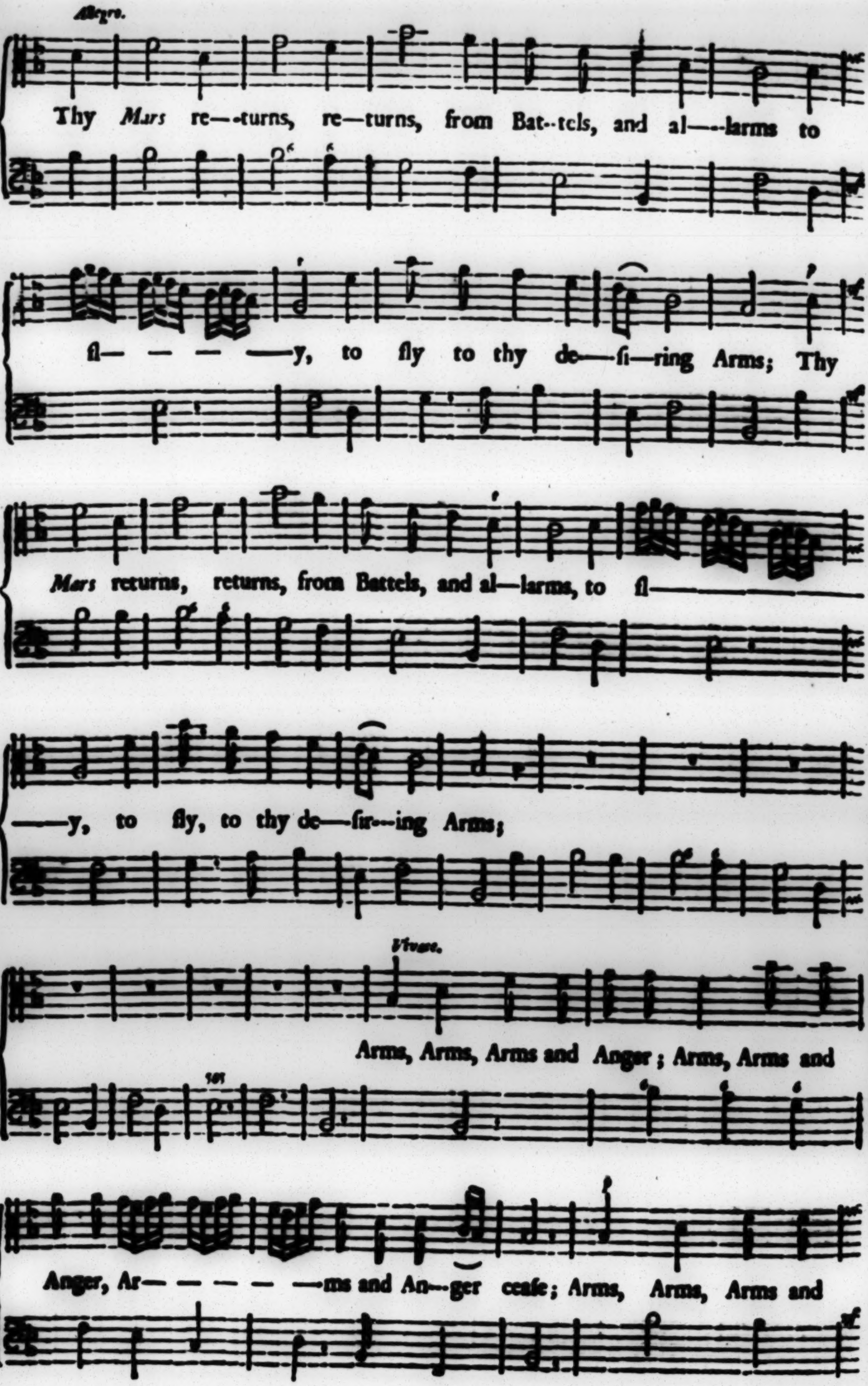
SONG.

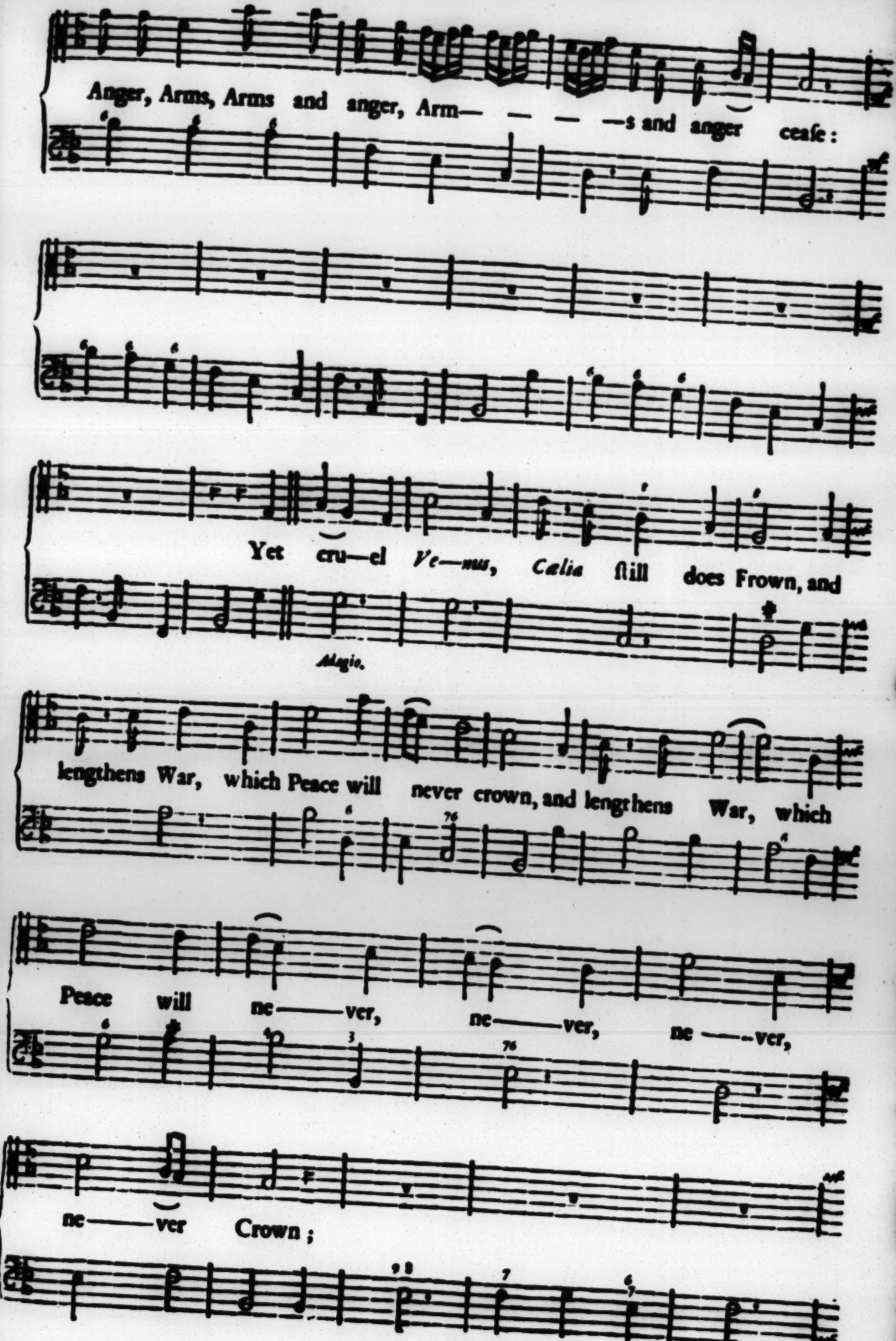
SIMPHONY.

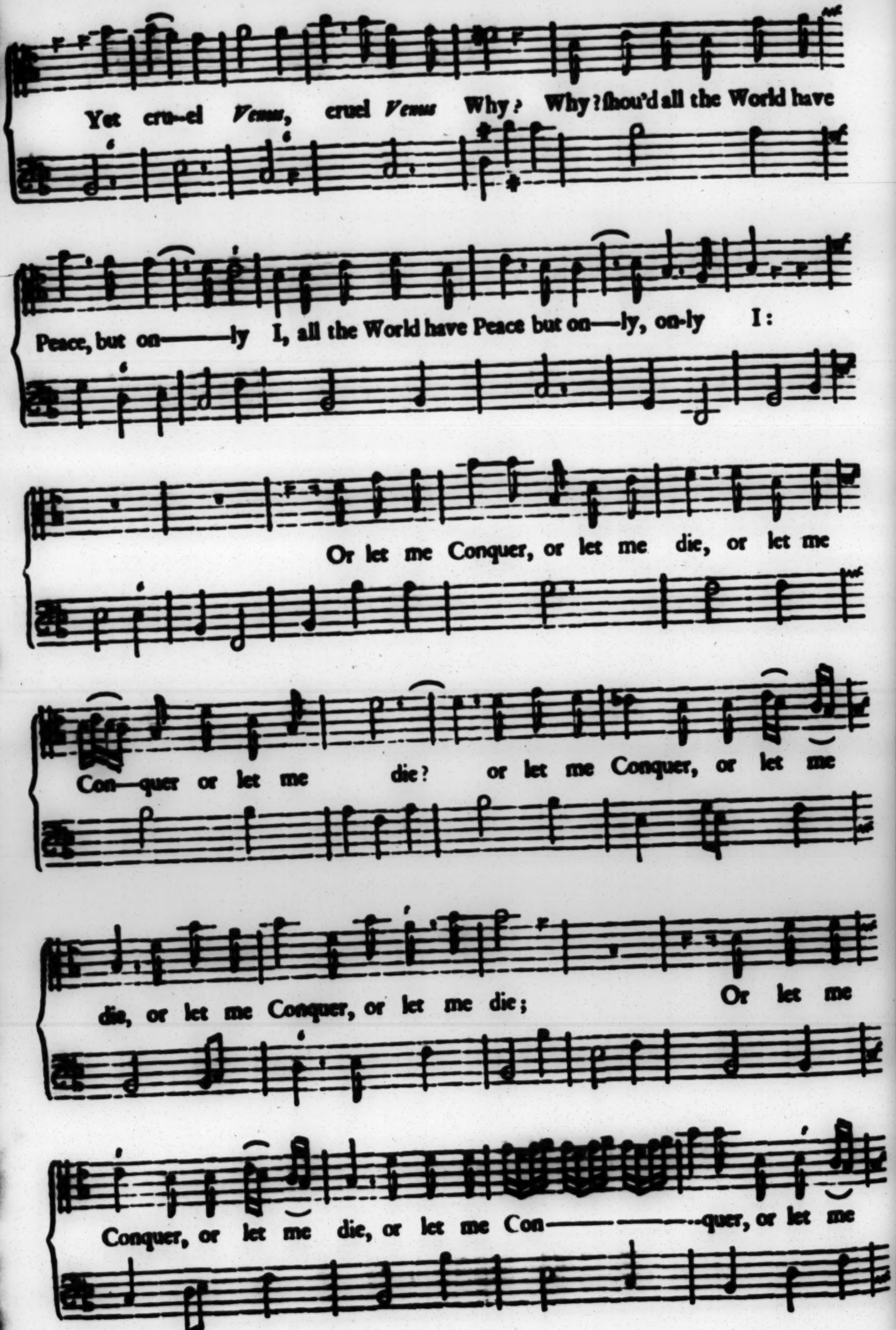


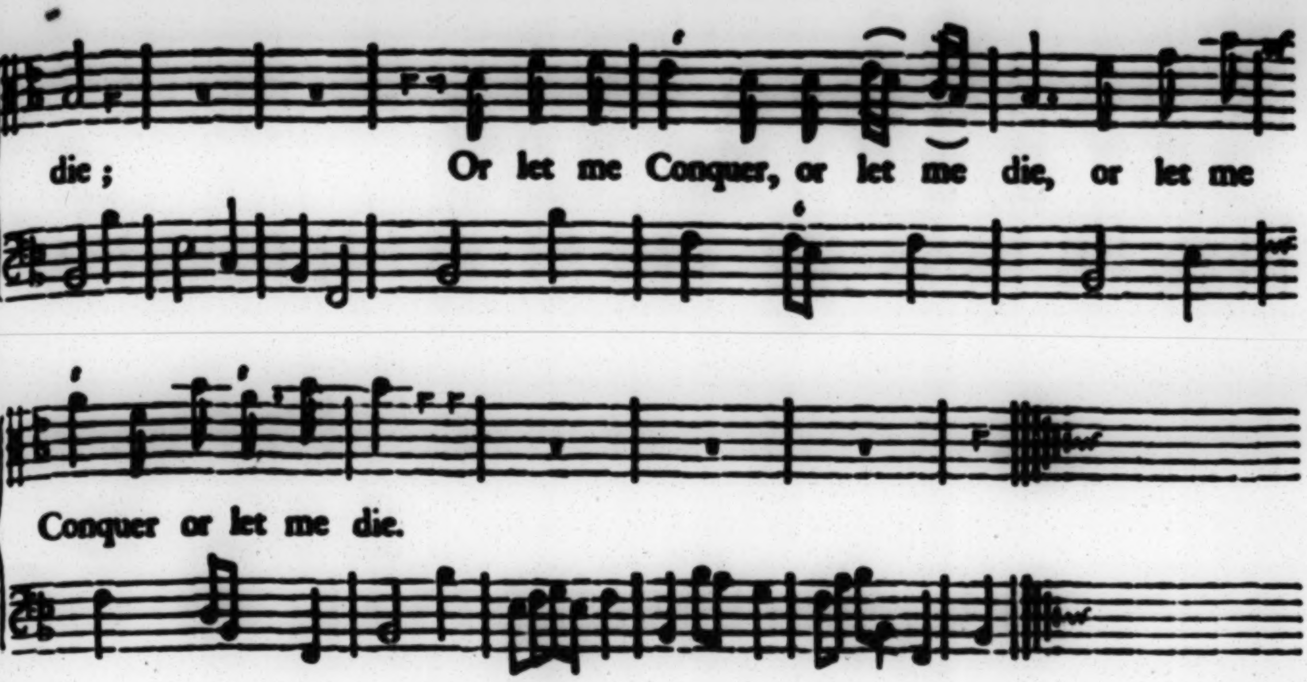

SEE, See cruel *Ve—nus*! Arms, Arms, Arms and
Anger, Arms, Arms and Anger, Ar- - - - - - - - - - - - -ms and An--ger
ceafe; Arms and An--ger, Ar— — — -- — —ms and An--ger


ceaſe,
Vic—-to—rious Wil—liam gives the World it's
Peace, Vic——to—rious William gives the World it's Peace,
Vic-to-rious William gives the World it's Peace, Vic-to-rious William gives the
World it's Peace, Vic——to———rious
William, Vic—to—rious William gives the World, gives the World it's Peace;


Allegro.
Thy *Mars* re—-turns, re—turns, from Bat--tels, and al—-larms to
fl— — — — ——y, to fly to thy de—ſi—ring Arms; Thy
Mars returns, returns, from Battels, and al—larms, to fl——
——y, to fly, to thy de—ſir—-ing Arms;
Vivace.
Arms, Arms, Arms and Anger; Arms, Arms and
Anger, Ar— — — — — —ms and An—ger ceaſe; Arms, Arms, Arms and

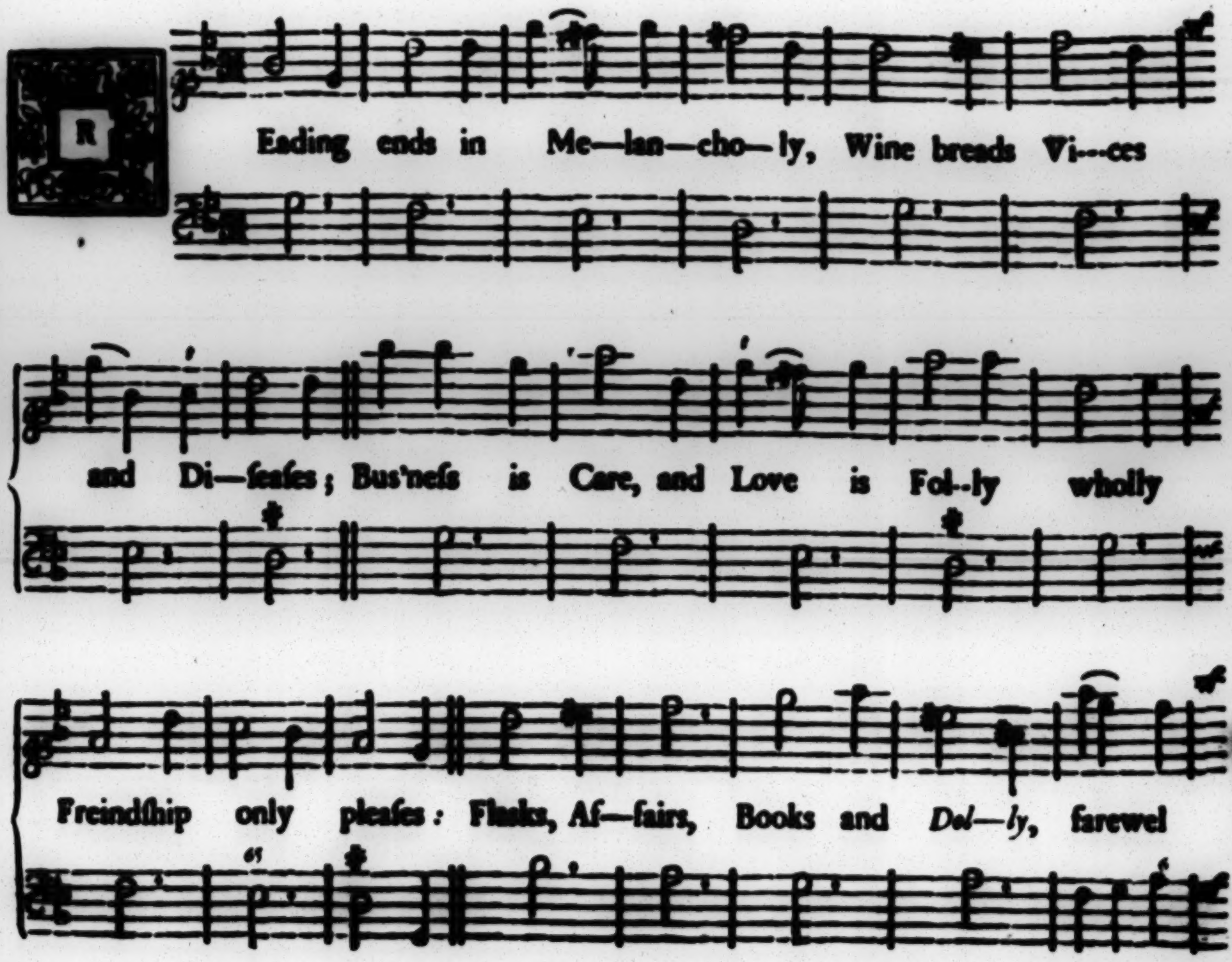

Anger, Arms, Arms and anger, Arm— — — —s and anger ceaſe:
Yet cru—el Ve—nus, Cælia ſtill does Frown, and
Adagio.
lengthens War, which Peace will never crown, and lengthens War, which
Peace will ne——ver, ne——ver, ne——ver,
ne——ver Crown;

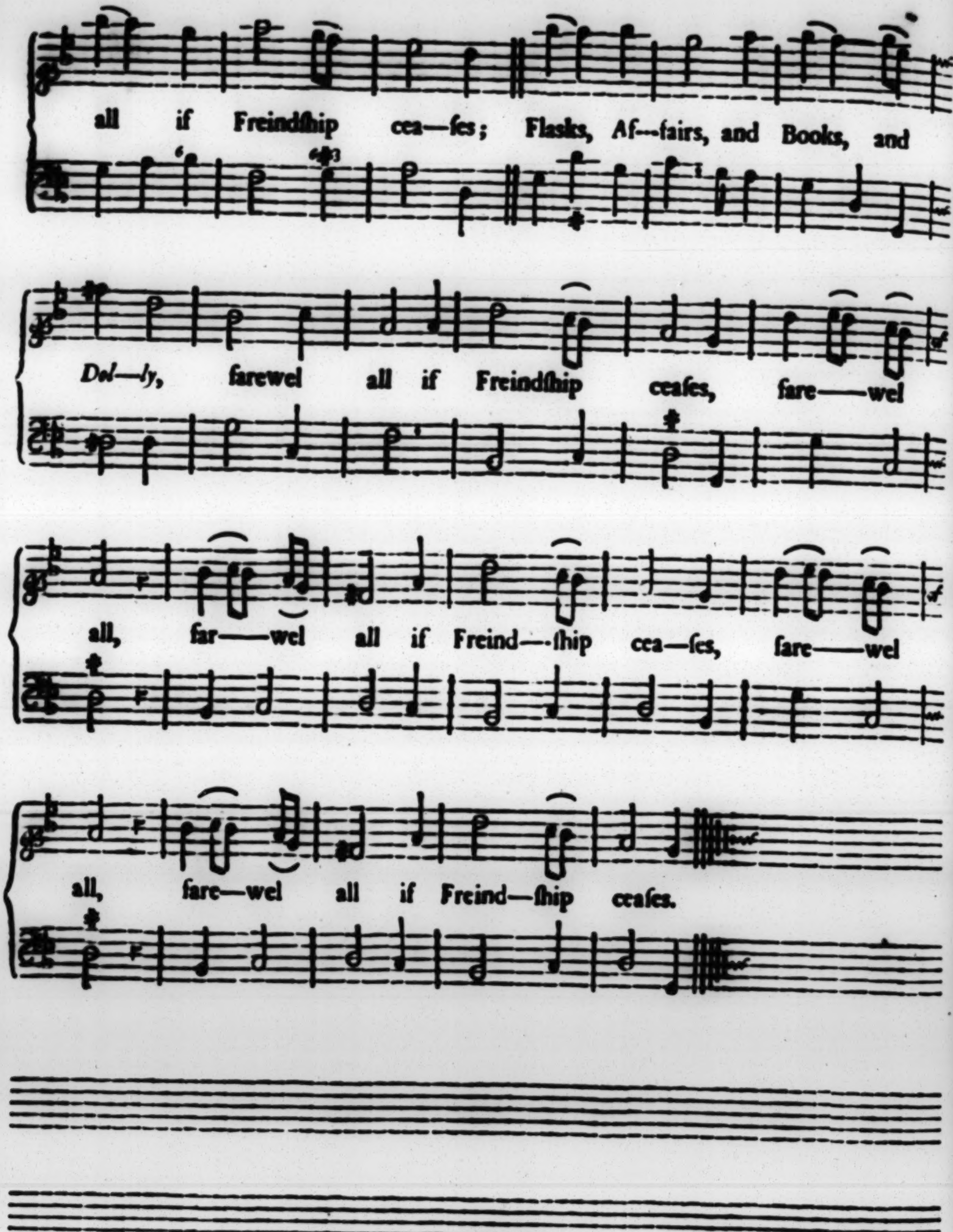

Yet cru--el *Venus*, cruel *Venus* Why? Why? ſhou'd all the World have
Peace, but on———ly I, all the World have Peace but on—ly, on-ly I:
Or let me Conquer, or let me die, or let me
Con—quer or let me die? or let me Conquer, or let me
die, or let me Conquer, or let me die; Or let me
Conquer, or let me die, or let me Con————-quer, or let me


die; Or let me Conquer, or let me die, or let me
Conquer or let me die.

The Second

SONG.

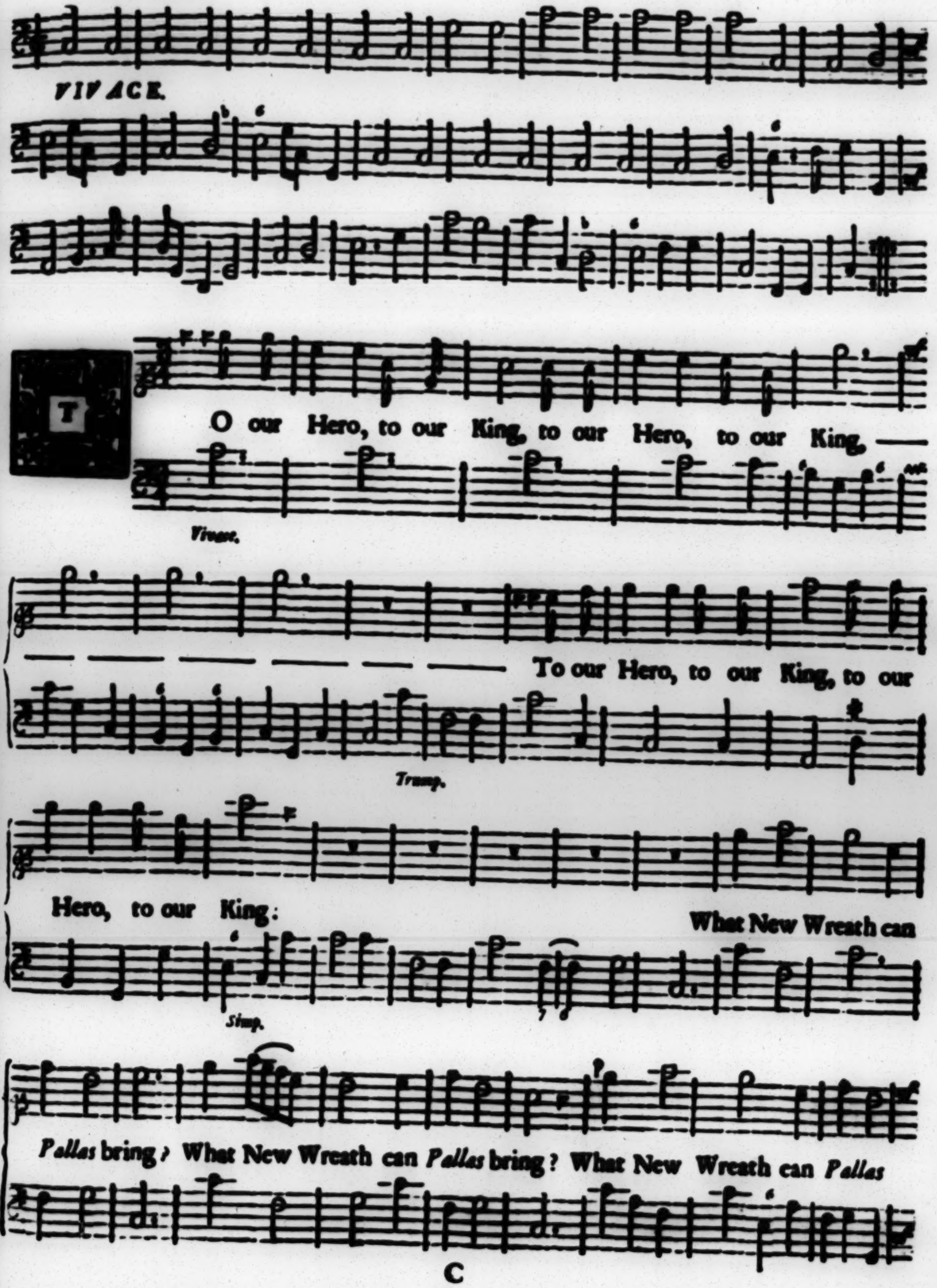

R
Eading ends in Me—lan—cho—ly, Wine breads Vi---ces
and Di—ſeaſes; Bus'neſs is Care, and Love is Fol--ly wholly
Freindſhip only pleaſes: Flasks, Af—fairs, Books and Dol—ly, farewel
65

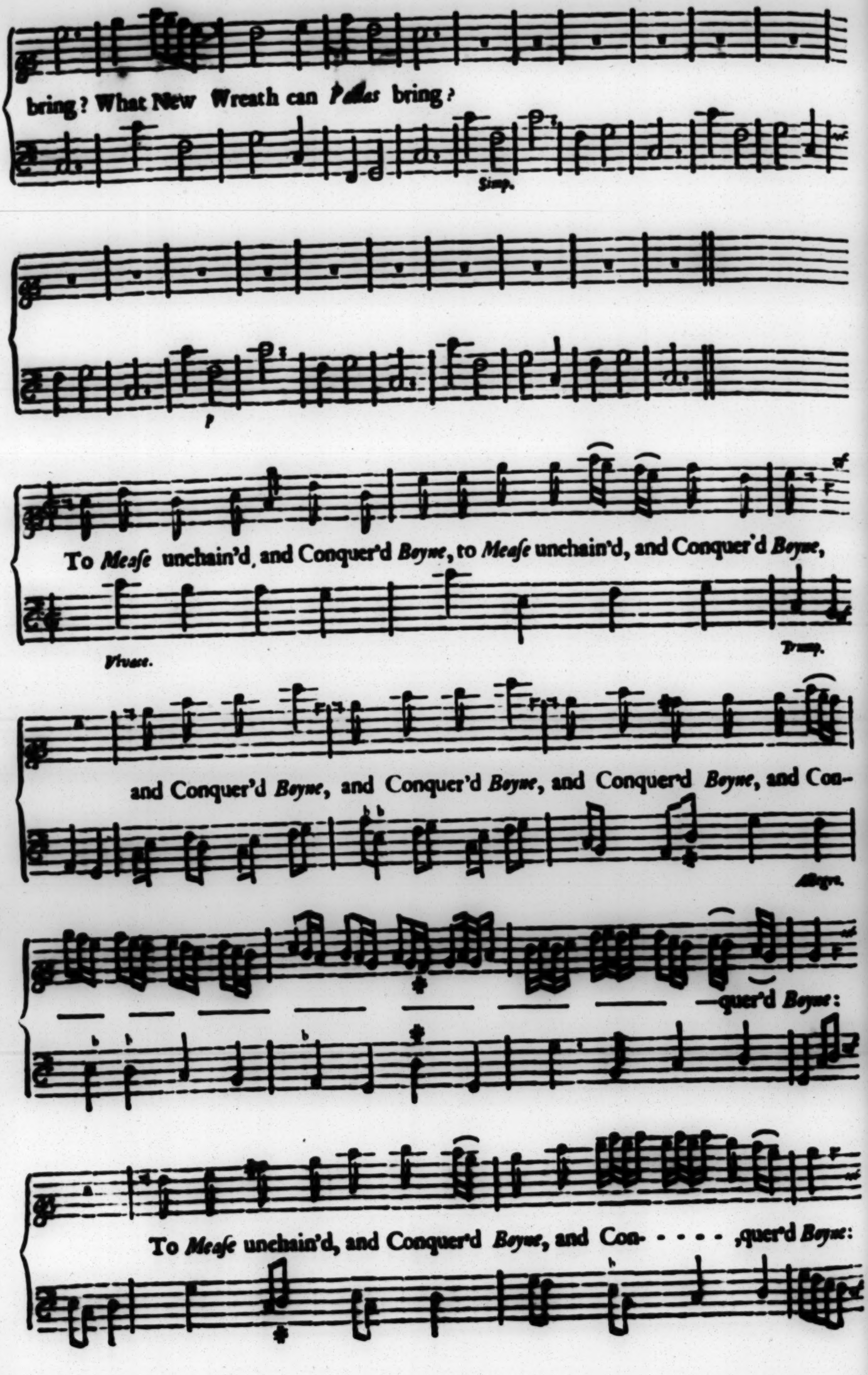

all if Freindſhip cea—ſes; Flasks, Af---fairs, and Books, and
6
6♯3
Dol—ly, farewel all if Freindſhip ceaſes, fare——wel
all, far——wel all if Freind—-ſhip cea—ſes, ſare——wel
all, fare—wel all if Freind—ſhip ceaſes.

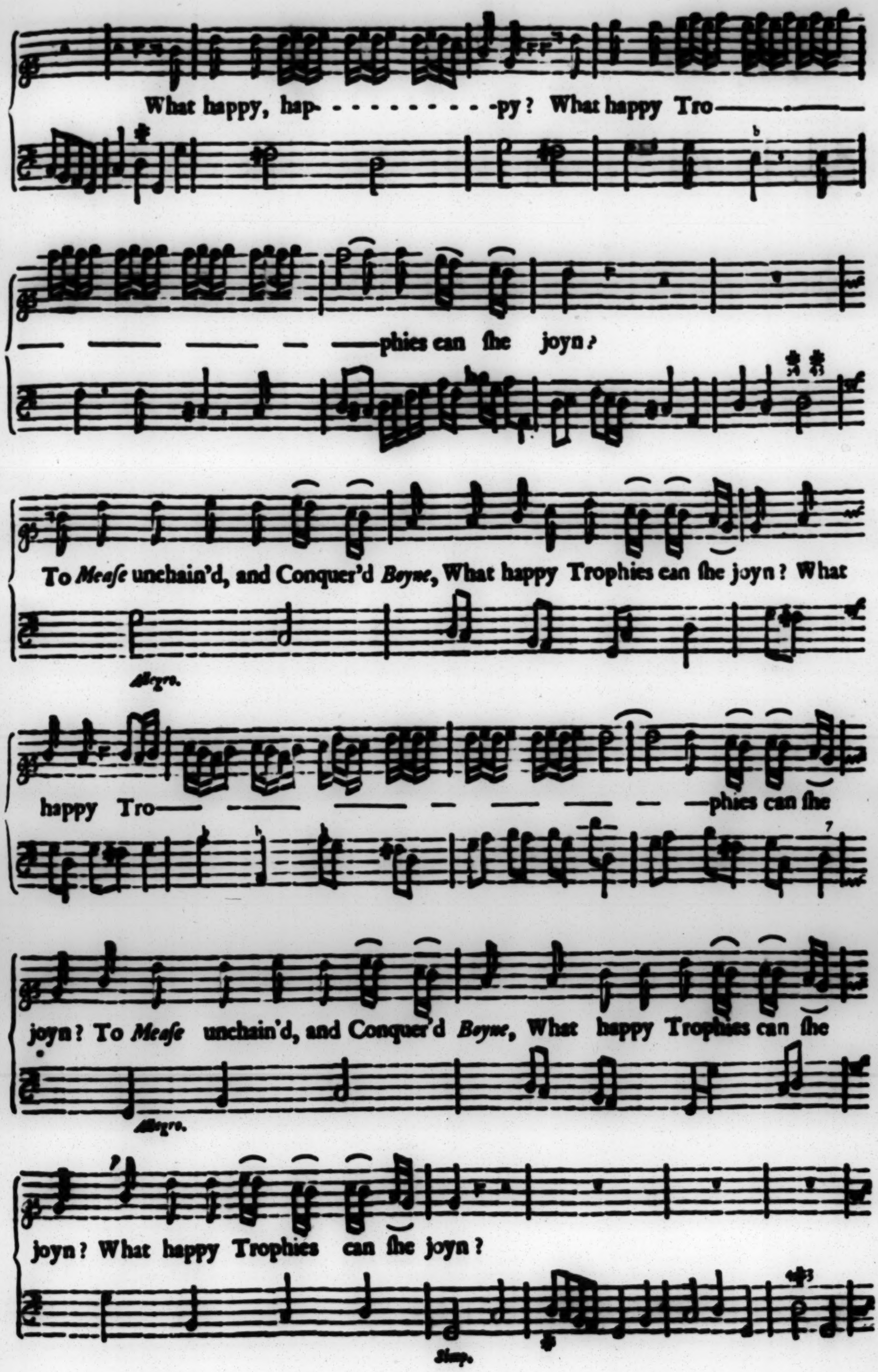
The Third

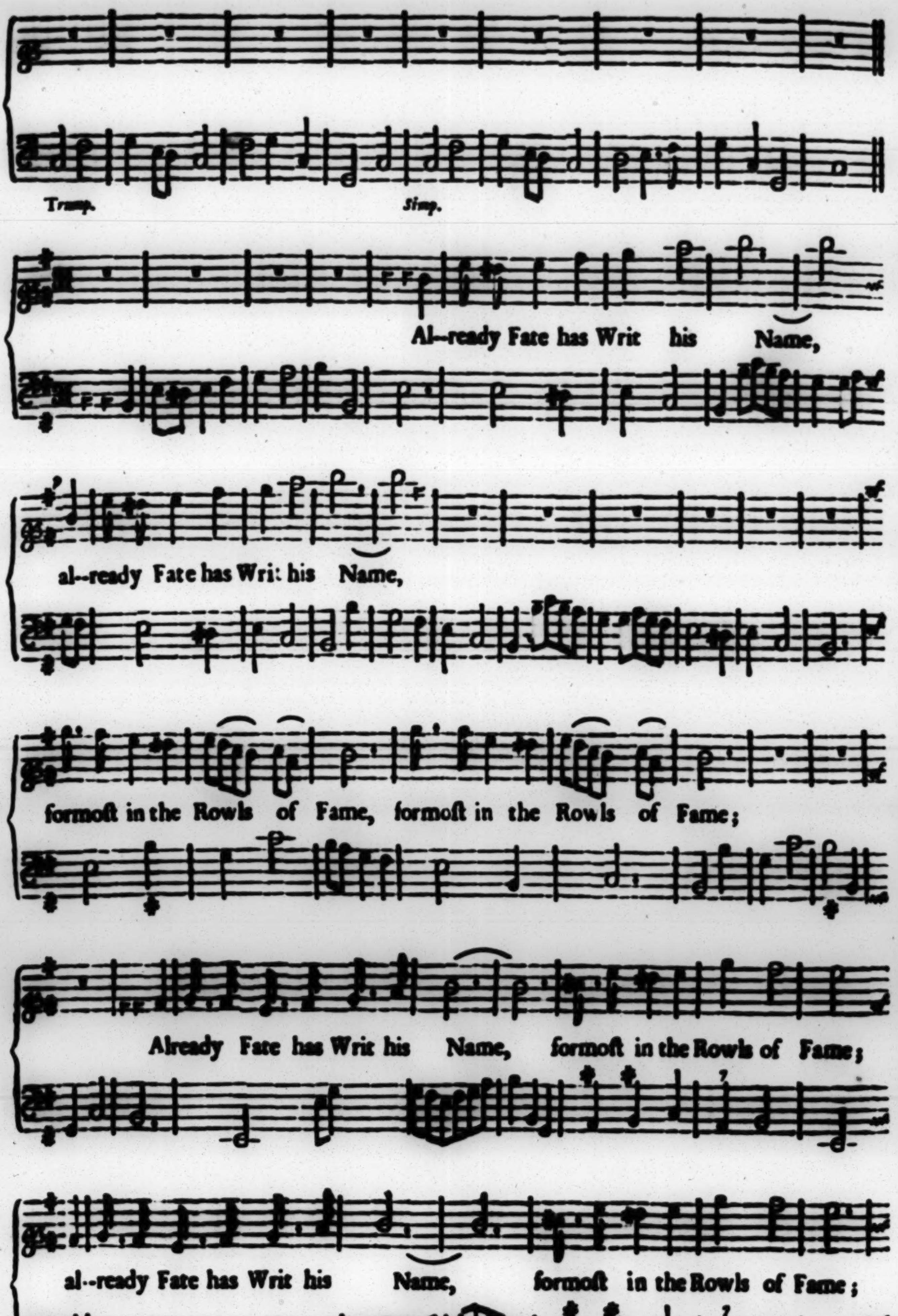
SONG.

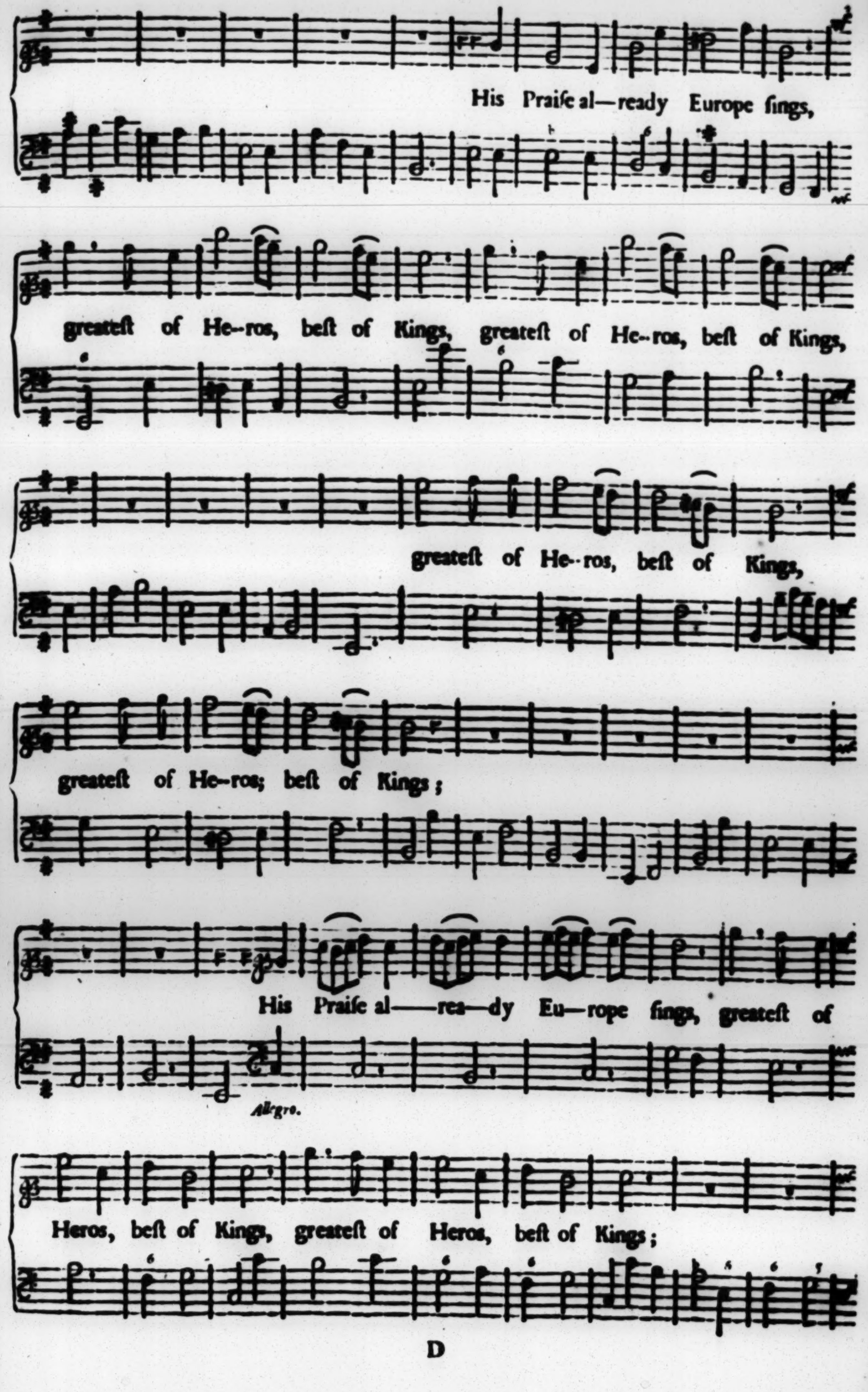
Overture.

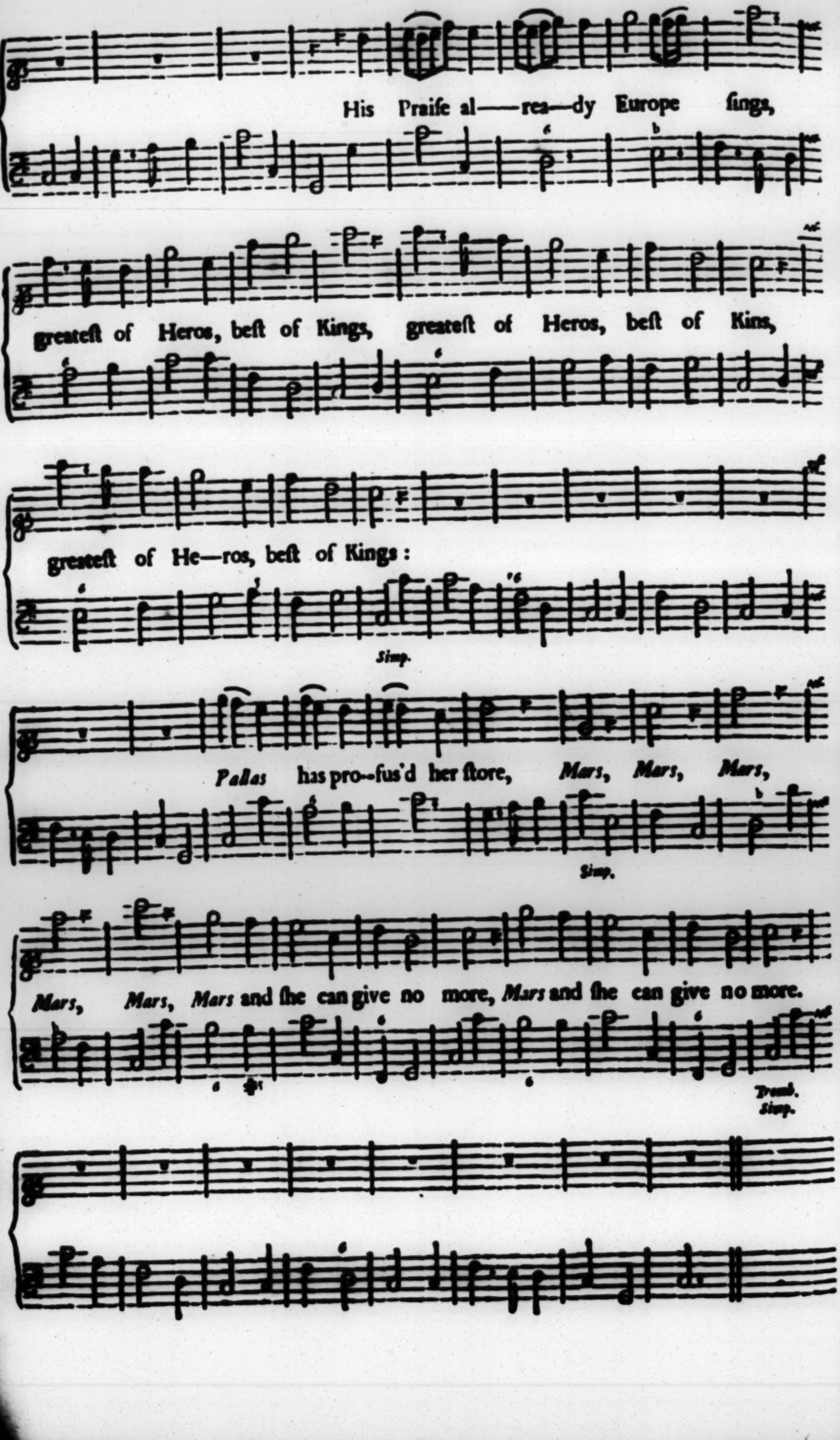

VIVACE.
TO our Hero, to our King, to our Hero, to our King, ——
Vivace.
—— —— —— —— —— —— To our Hero, to our King, to our
Trump.
Hero, to our King:
What New Wreath can
Simp.
Pallas bring? What New Wreath can *Pallas* bring? What New Wreath can *Pallas*

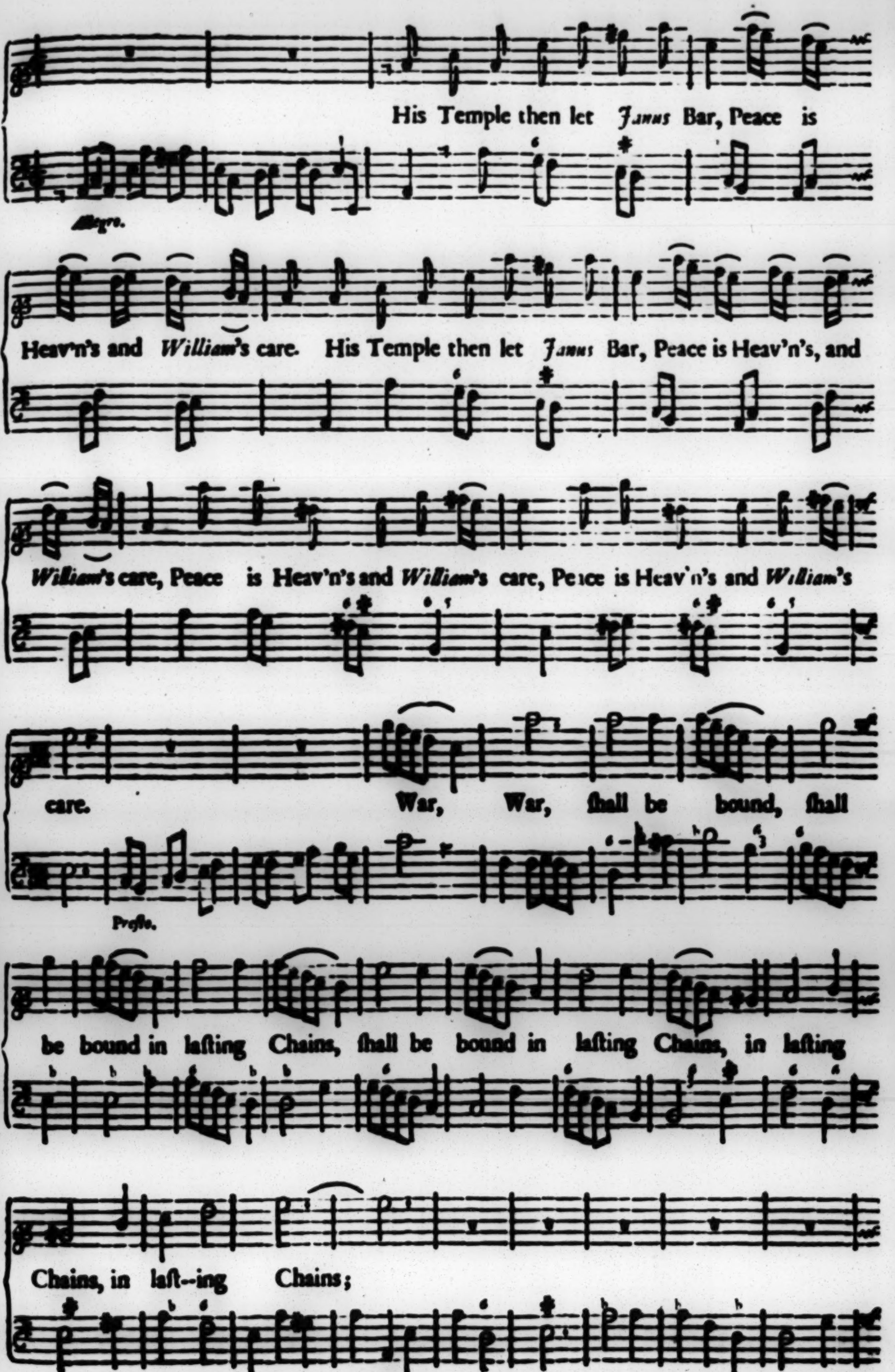

bring? What New Wreath can Pallas bring?
Simp.
p
To Mease unchain'd, and Conquer'd Boyne, to Mease unchain'd, and Conquer'd Boyne,
Vivace.
Trump.
and Conquer'd Boyne, and Conquer'd Boyne, and Conquer'd Boyne, and Con-
Allegro.
—quer'd Boyne:
To Mease unchain'd, and Conquer'd Boyne, and Con- - - - - ,quer'd Boyne:

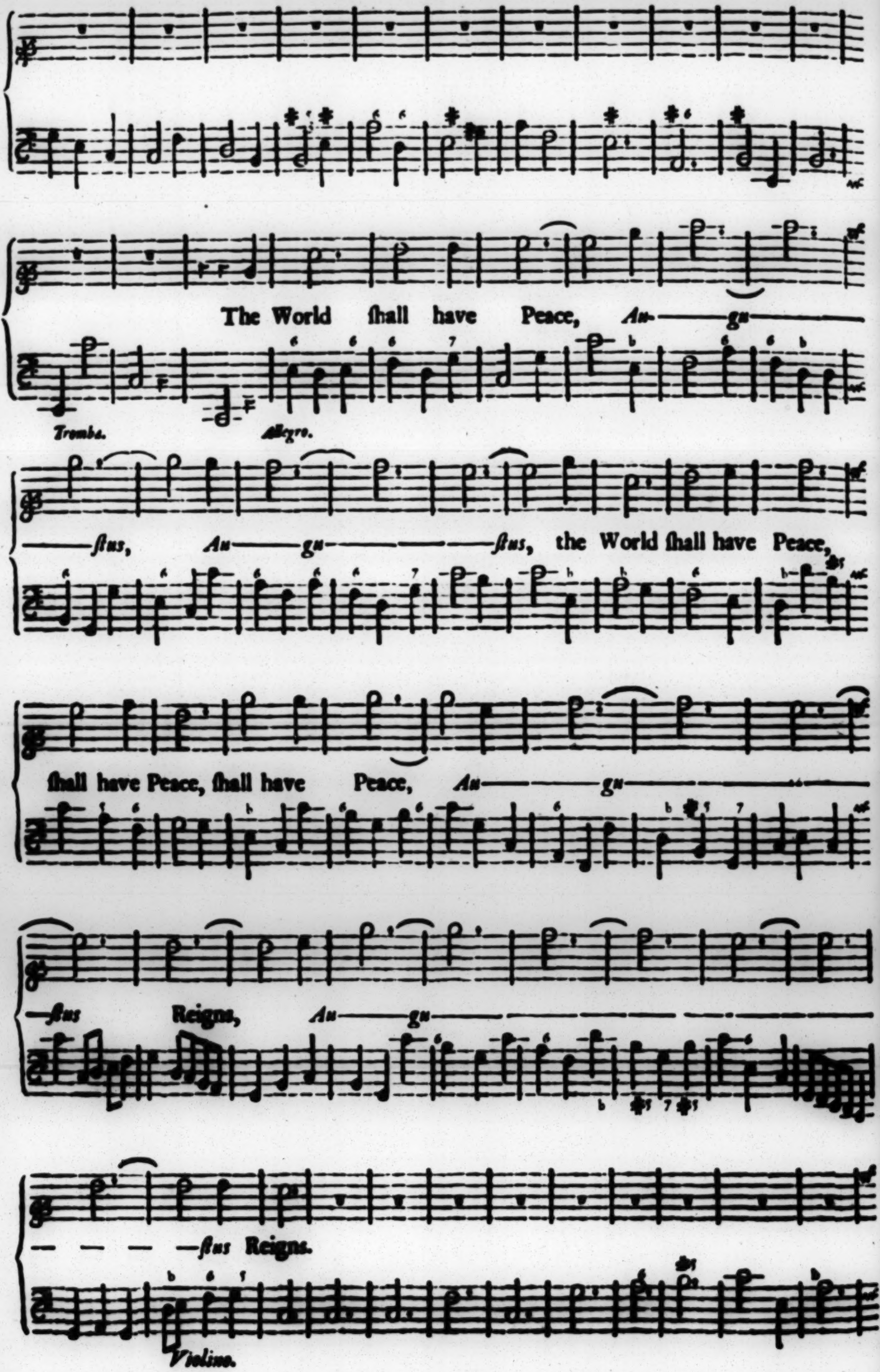

What happy, hap- - - - - - - - - - - -py? What happy Tro——— — ———
——— ——— ——— ——— — ———phies can ſhe joyn?
To *Meaſe* unchain'd, and Conquer'd *Boyne*, What happy Trophies can ſhe joyn? What
Allegro.
happy Tro——— ——— ——— — ——— ——— — ———phies can ſhe
joyn? To *Meaſe* unchain'd, and Conquer'd *Boyne*, What happy Trophies can ſhe
Allegro.
joyn? What happy Trophies can ſhe joyn?

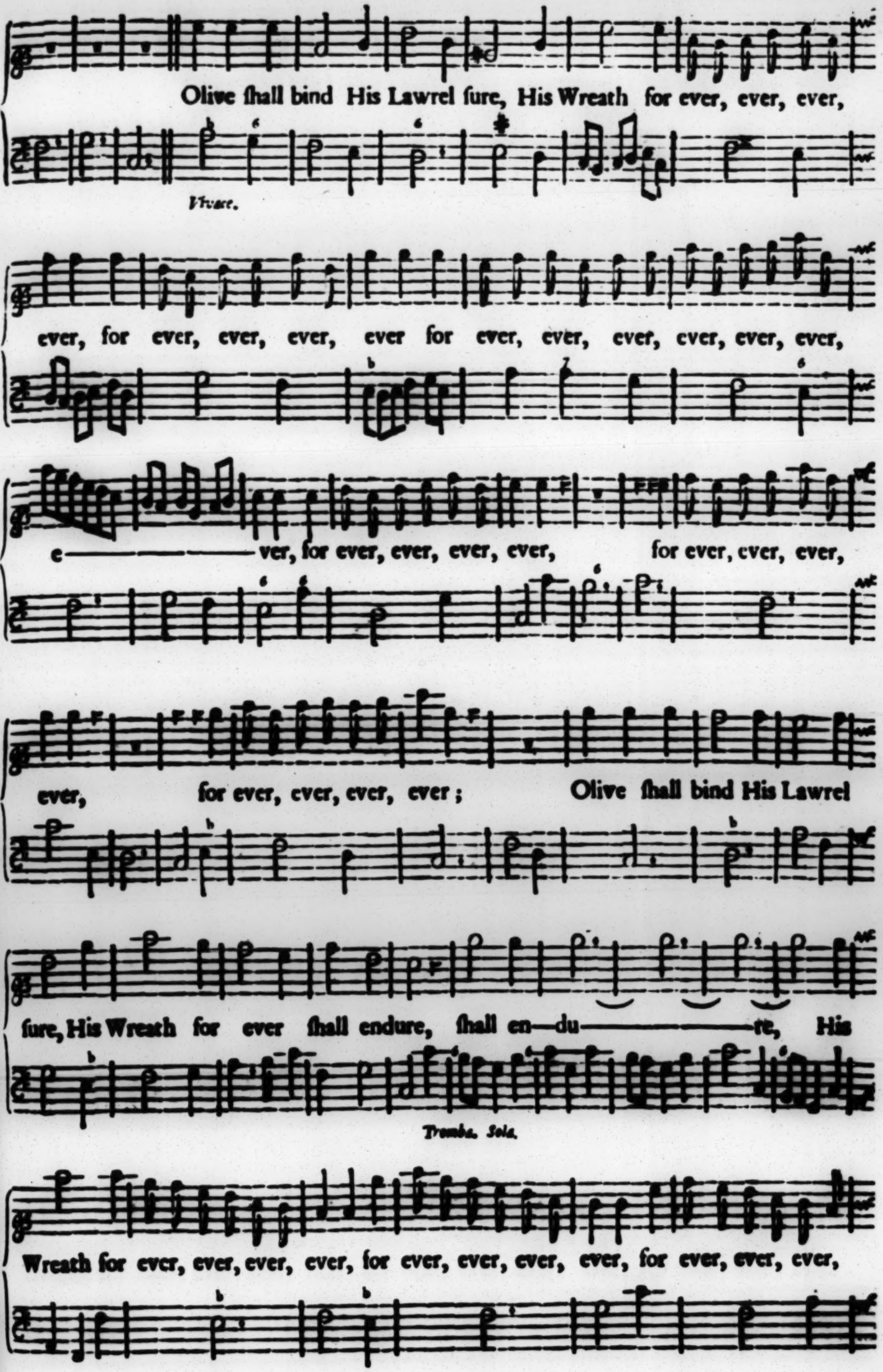

Trump.
Simp.
Al--ready Fate has Writ his Name,
al--ready Fate has Writ his Name,
formost in the Rowls of Fame, formost in the Rowls of Fame;
Already Fate has Writ his Name, formost in the Rowls of Fame;
al--ready Fate has Writ his Name, formost in the Rowls of Fame;

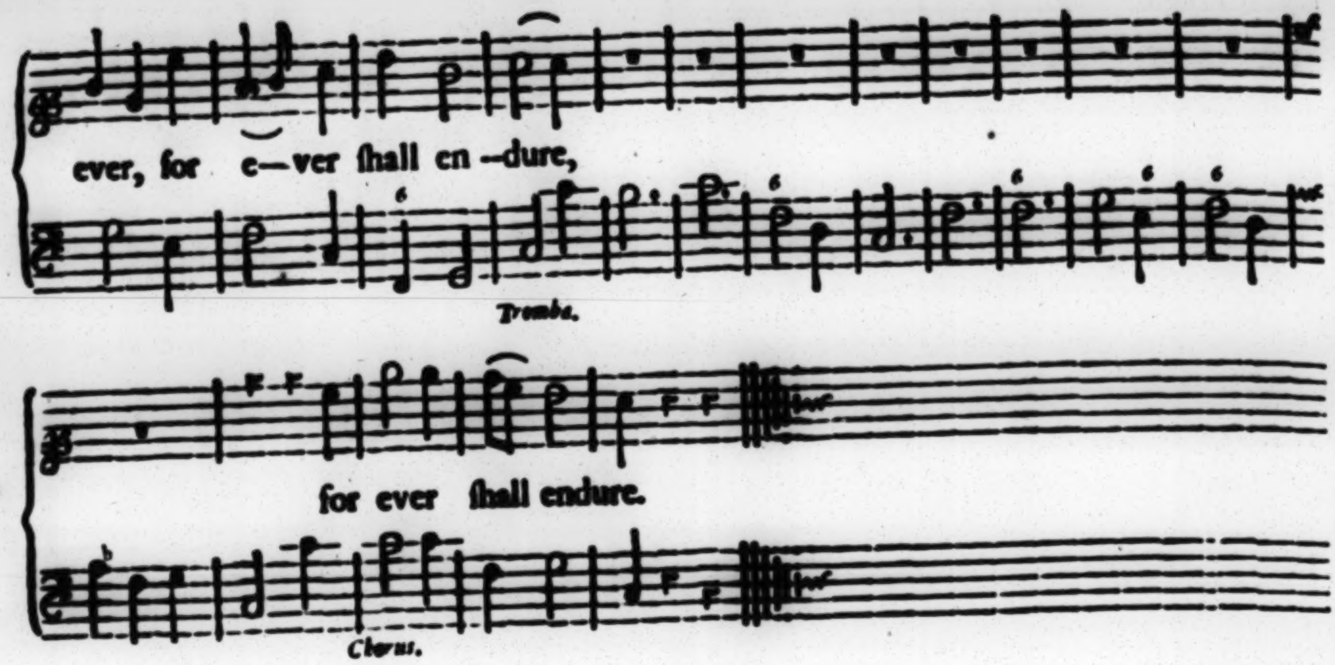

His Praiſe al—ready Europe ſings,
greateſt of He--ros, beſt of Kings, greateſt of He--ros, beſt of Kings,
greateſt of He--ros, beſt of Kings,
greateſt of He--ros; beſt of Kings;
His Praiſe al——rea—dy Eu—rope ſings, greateſt of
Allegro.
Heros, beſt of Kings, greateſt of Heros, beſt of Kings;


His Praiſe al——rea—dy Europe ſings,
greateſt of Heros, beſt of Kings, greateſt of Heros, beſt of Kins,
greateſt of He—ros, beſt of Kings:
Simp.
Pallas has pro--fus'd her ſtore, *Mars*, *Mars*, *Mars*,
Simp.
Mars, *Mars*, *Mars* and ſhe can give no more, *Mars* and ſhe can give no more.
Tremb.
Simp.


His Temple then let *Janus* Bar, Peace is
Allegro.
Heav'n's and *William*'s care. His Temple then let *Janus* Bar, Peace is Heav'n's, and
William's care, Peace is Heav'n's and *William*'s care, Peace is Heav'n's and *William*'s
care. War, War, ſhall be bound, ſhall
Preſto.
be bound in laſting Chains, ſhall be bound in laſting Chains, in laſting
Chains, in laſt--ing Chains;
Simp.

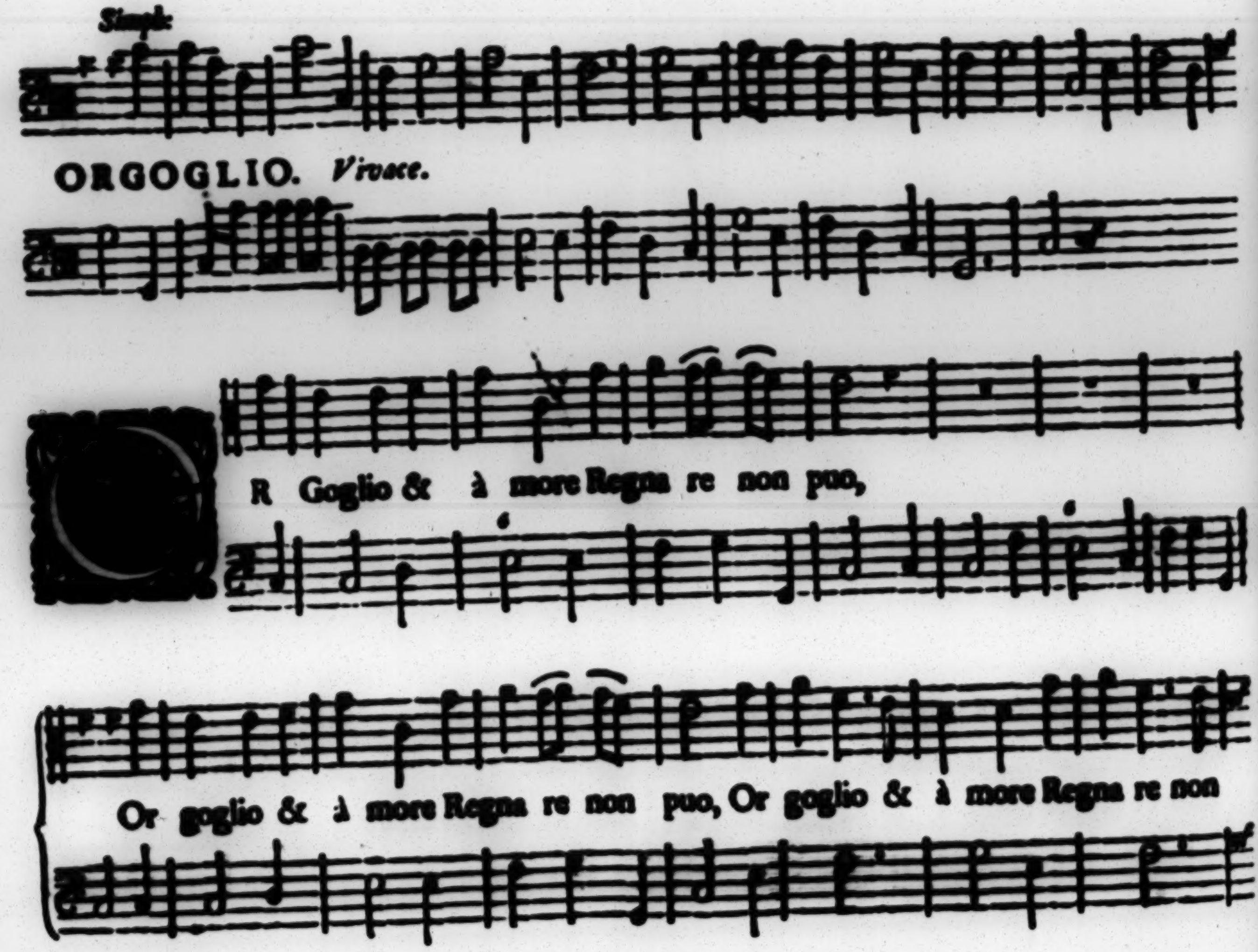

The World ſhall have Peace, Au— gu—
Tromba.
Allegro.
—ſtus, Au— gu— —ſtus, the World ſhall have Peace,
ſhall have Peace, ſhall have Peace, Au— gu—
—ſtus Reigns, Au— gu—
—ſtus Reigns.
Violino.

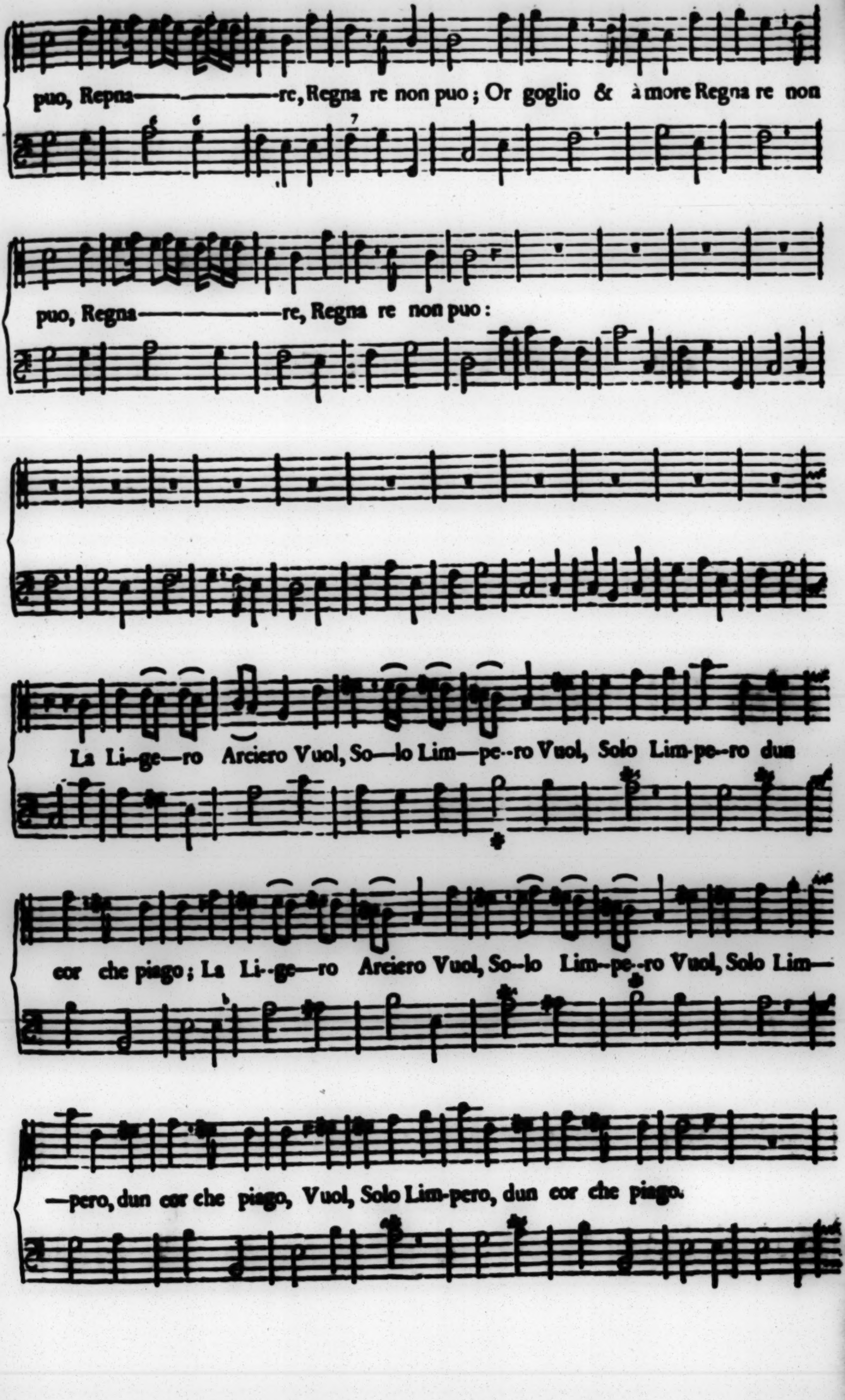

Olive ſhall bind His Lawrel ſure, His Wreath for ever, ever, ever,
Vivace.
ever, for ever, ever, ever, ever for ever, ever, ever, ever, ever, ever,
e———————ver, for ever, ever, ever, ever, for ever, ever, ever,
ever, for ever, ever, ever, ever; Olive ſhall bind His Lawrel
ſure, His Wreath for ever ſhall endure, ſhall en—du———————re, His
Tromba. Sola.
Wreath for ever, ever, ever, ever, for ever, ever, ever, ever, for ever, ever, ever,

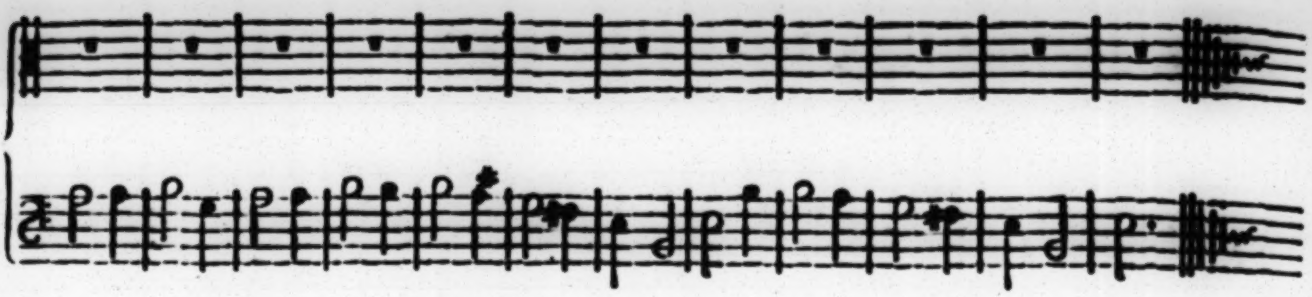

ever, for e—ver ſhall en—dure,
Tromba.
for ever ſhall endure.
Chorus.

The Fourth

SONG.

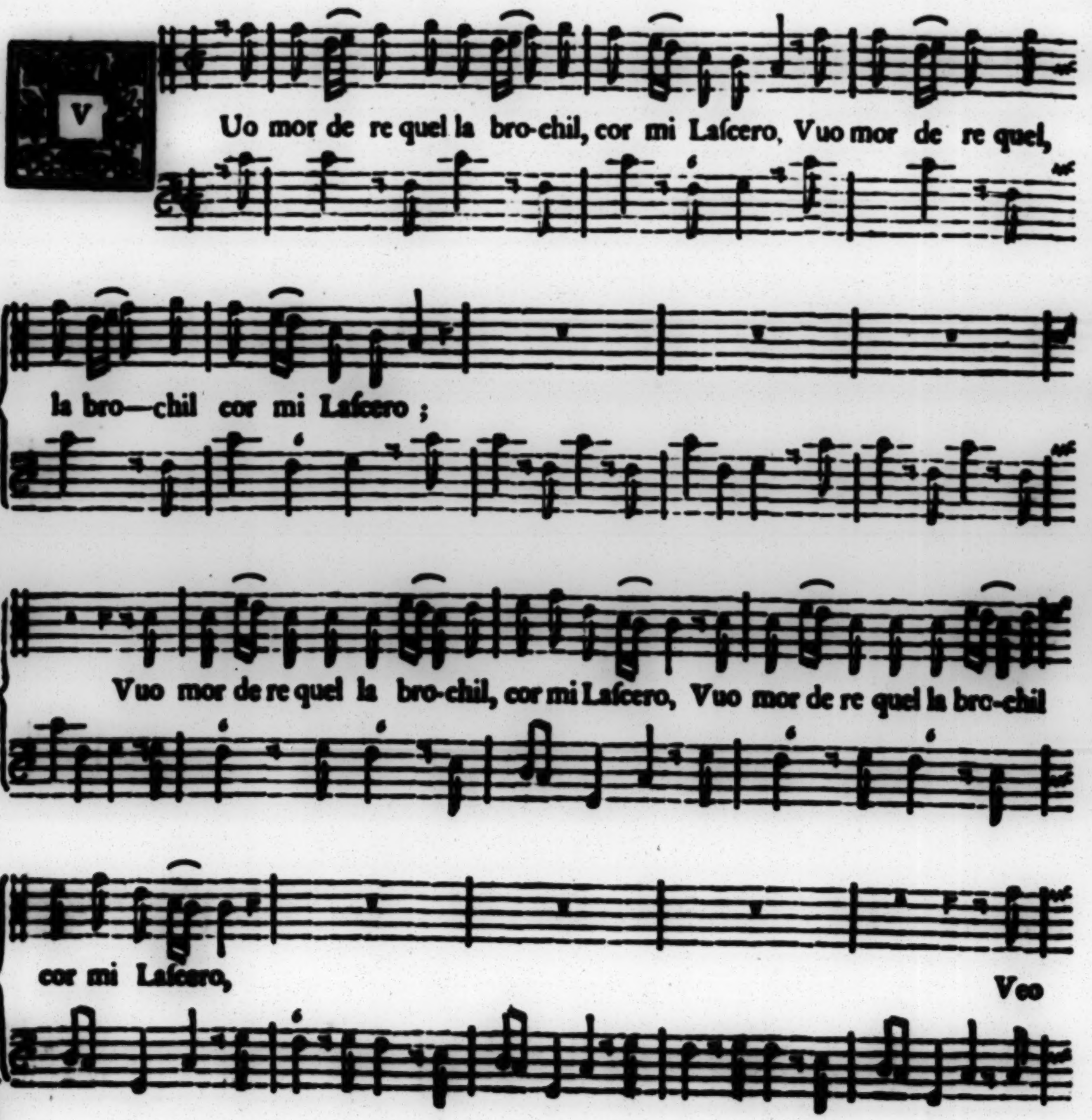

Simph.
ORGOGLIO. Vivace.
R Goglio & à more Regna re non puo,
Or goglio & à more Regna re non puo, Or goglio & à more Regna re non

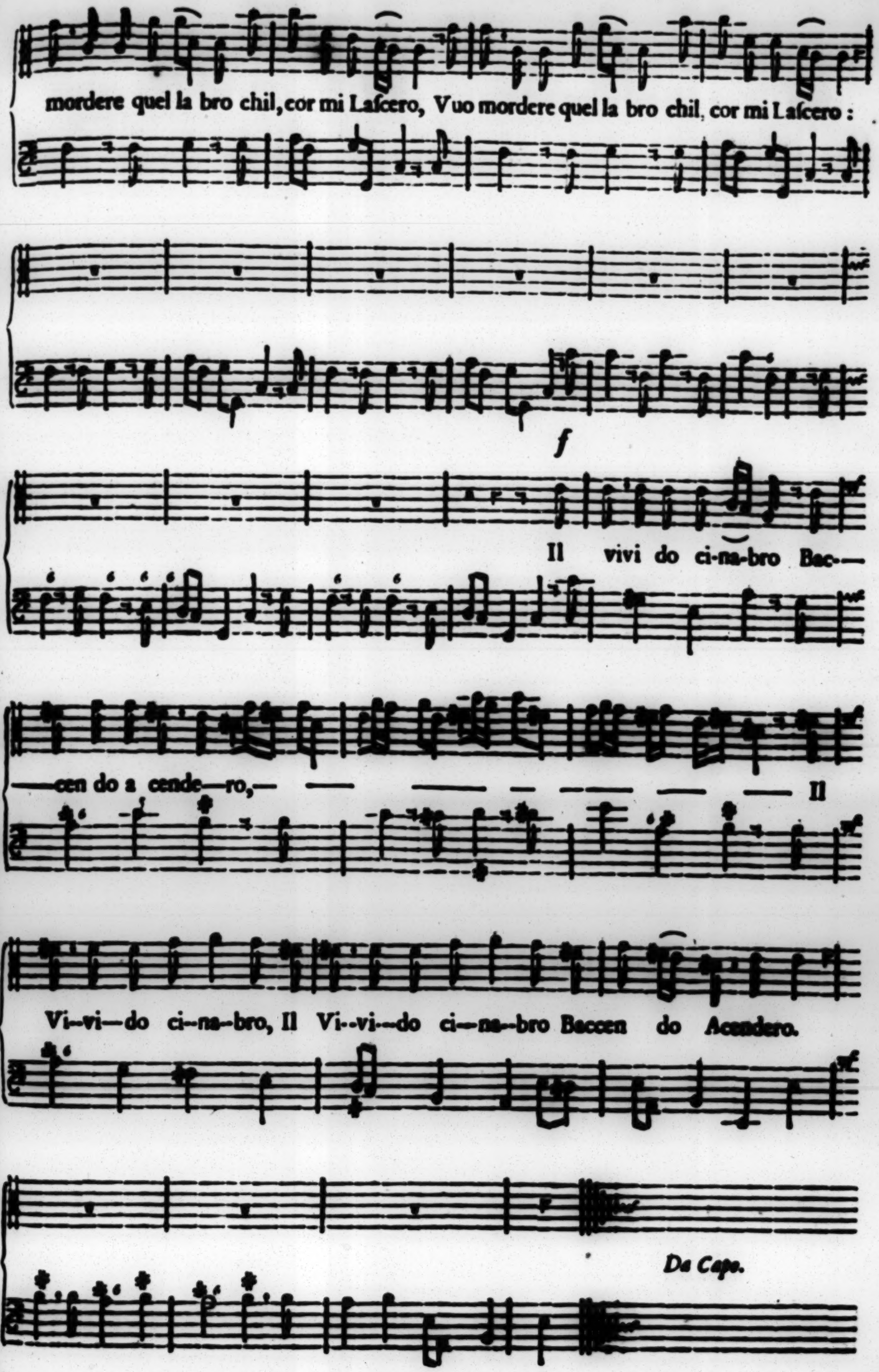

puo, Repna————————re, Regna re non puo; Or goglio & à more Regna re non
7
puo, Regna————————re, Regna re non puo:
La Li--ge—ro Arciero Vuol, So—lo Lim—pe--ro Vuol, Solo Lim-pe--ro dun
cor che piago; La Li--ge—ro Arciero Vuol, So--lo Lim--pe--ro Vuol, Solo Lim—
—pero, dun cor che piago, Vuol, Solo Lim-pero, dun cor che piago.



The Fifth

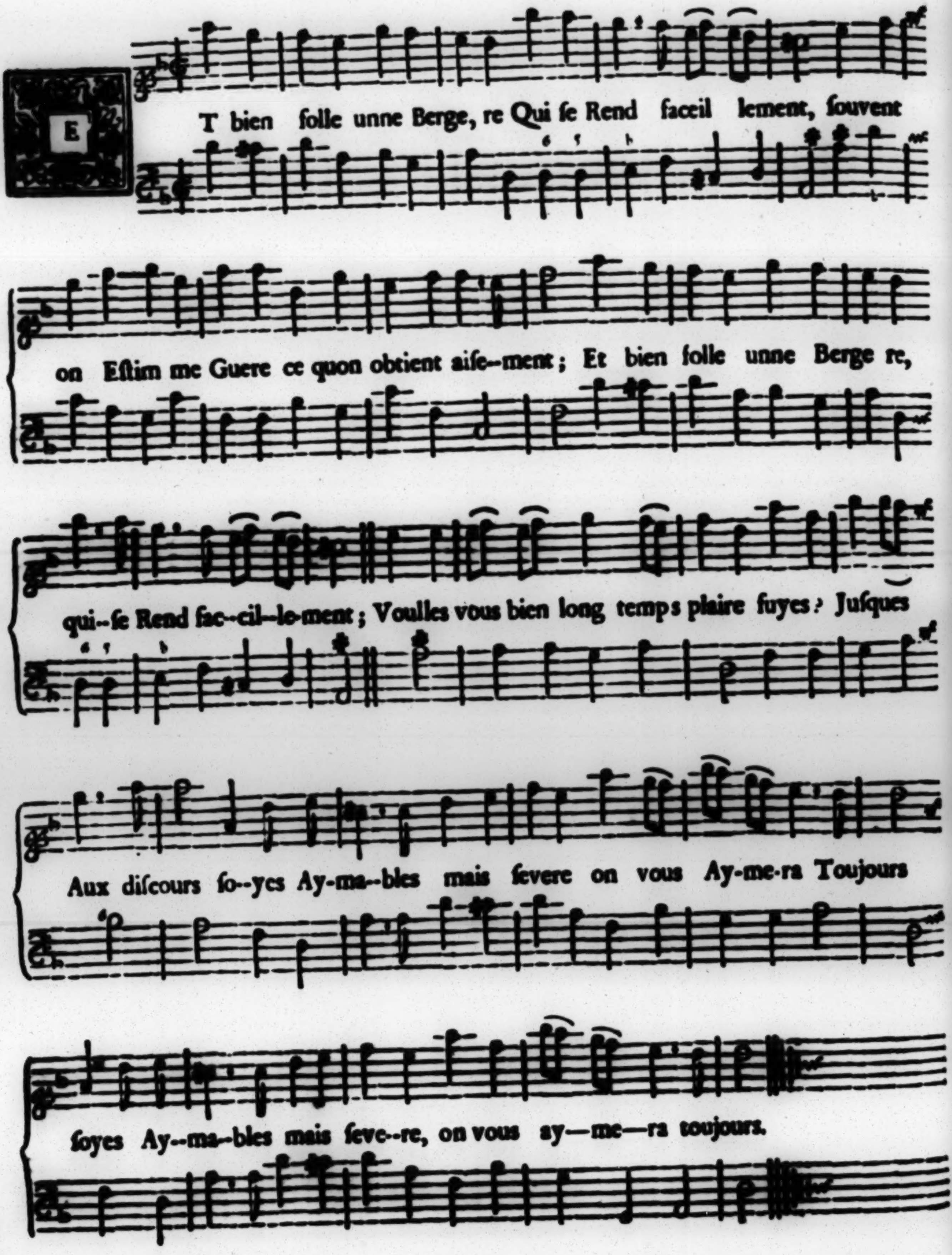
SONG.


V
Uo mor de re quel la bro-chil, cor mi Laſcero, Vuo mor de re quel,
la bro—chil cor mi Laſcero ;
Vuo mor de re quel la bro-chil, cor mi Laſcero, Vuo mor de re quel la bro-chil
cor mi Laſcero,
Vuo


mordere quel la bro chil, cor mi Lascero, Vuo mordere quel la bro chil, cor mi Lascero :
f
Il vivi do ci-na-bro Bac-
-cen do a cende-ro, Il
Vi-vi-do ci-na-bro, Il Vi-vi-do ci-na-bro Baccen do Acendero.
Da Capo.

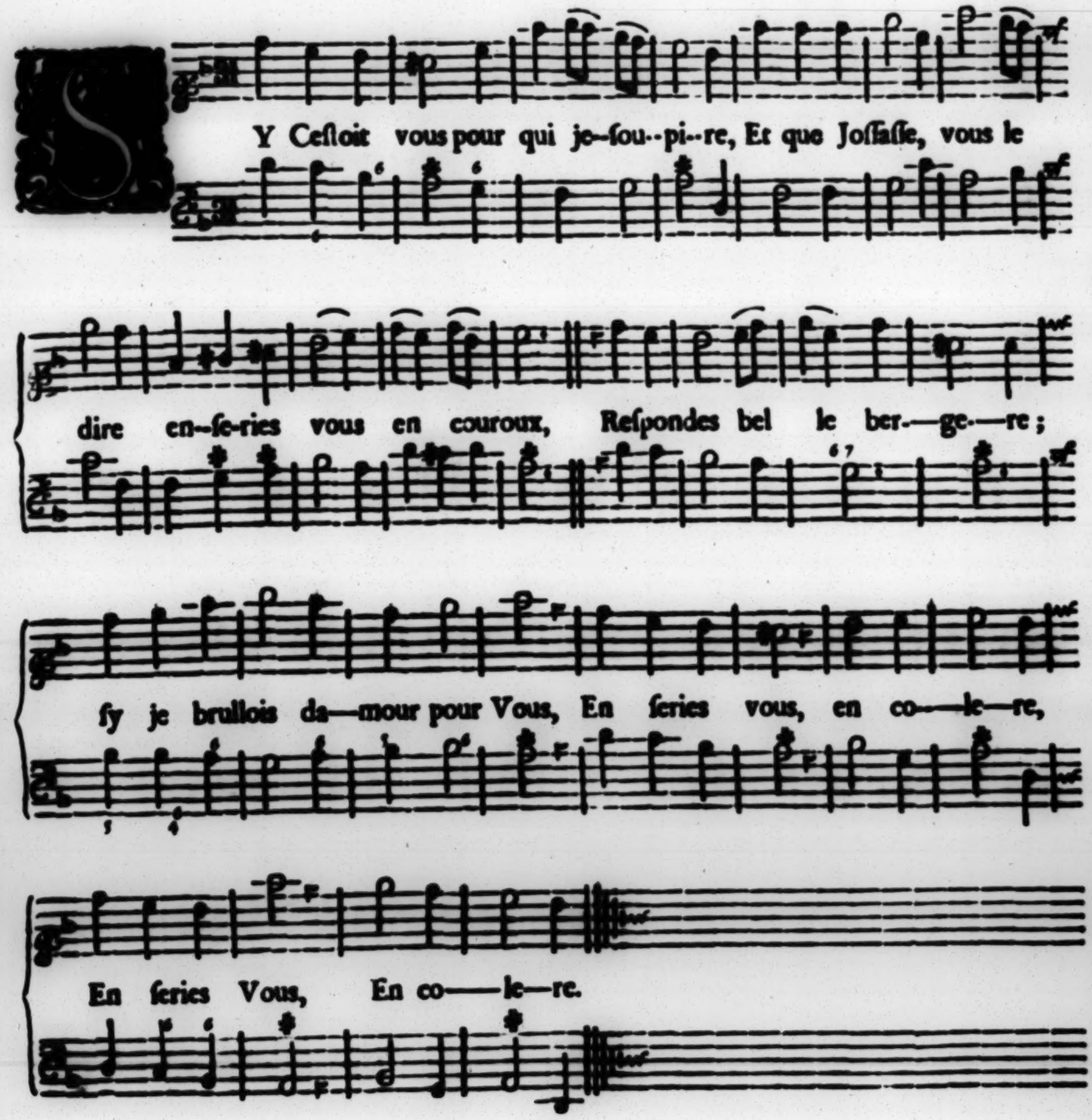
The Sixth

SONG.

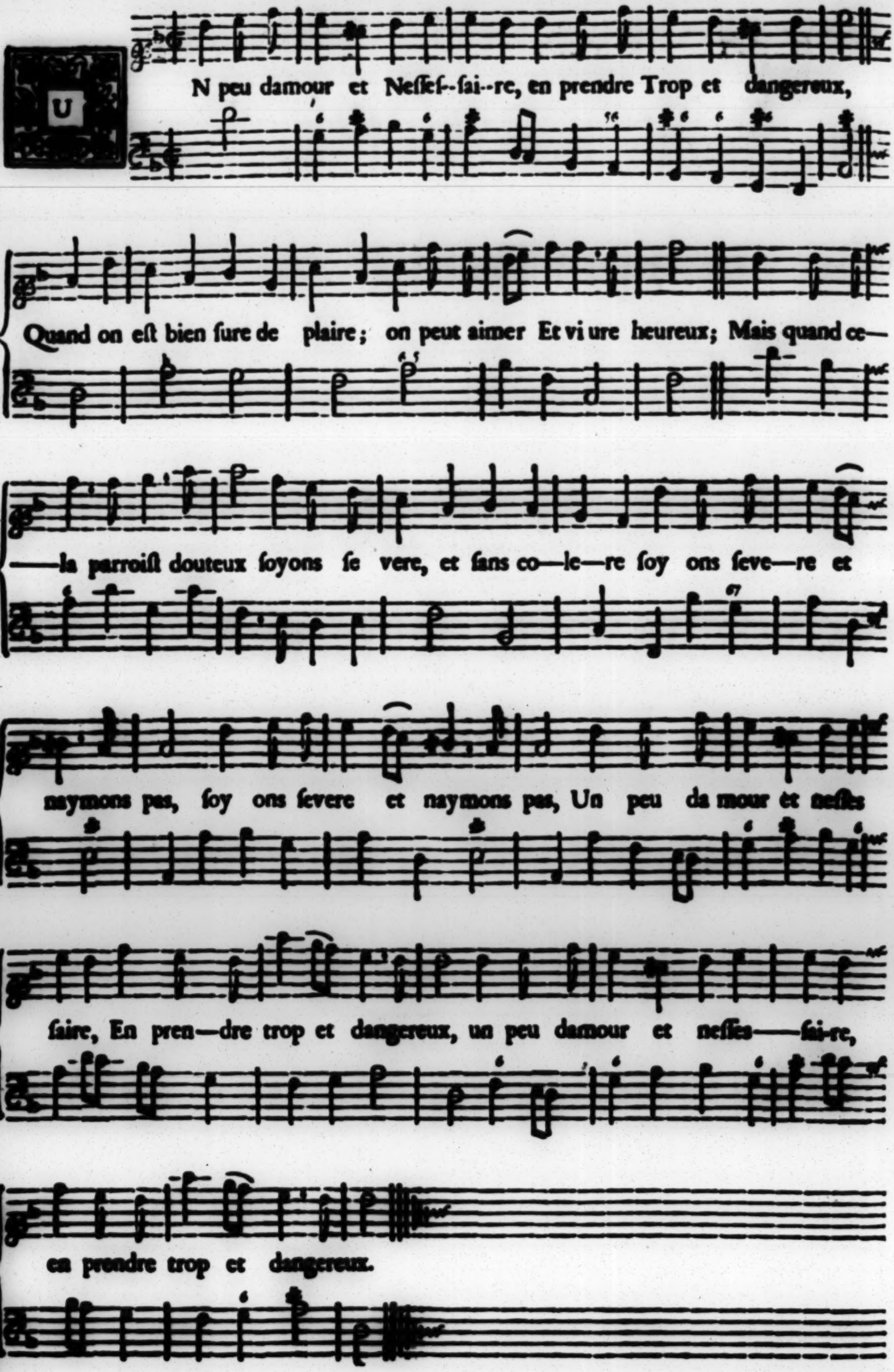

E
T bien folle unne Berge, re Qui ſe Rend faceil lement, ſouvent
on Eſtim me Guere ce quon obtient aiſe--ment; Et bien folle unne Berge re,
qui--ſe Rend fac--cil--le-ment; Voulles vous bien long temps plaire fuyes: Juſques
Aux diſcours ſo--yes Ay-ma--bles mais ſevere on vous Ay-me-ra Toujours
ſoyes Ay--ma-bles mais ſeve--re, on vous ay—me—ra toujours.

The Seventh

SONG.


SY Ceſtoit vous pour qui je--ſou--pi--re, Et que Joſſaſſe, vous le
dire en--ſe-ries vous en couroux, Reſpondes bel le ber-—ge-—re;
ſy je brullois da—mour pour Vous, En ſeries vous, en co—le—re,
En ſeries Vous, En co—le—re.
6
6
6 7
5
4
6

The Eighth SONG.


U
N peu damour et Neſſeſ--ſai--re, en prendre Trop et dangereux,
Quand on eſt bien ſure de plaire; on peut aimer Et vi ure heureux; Mais quand ce—
—la parroiſt douteux ſoyons ſe vere, et ſans co—le—re ſoy ons ſeve—re et
naymons pas, ſoy ons ſevere et naymons pas, Un peu da mour et neſſes
ſaire, En pren—dre trop et dangereux, un peu damour et neſſes——ſai-re,
en prendre trop et dangereux.

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF New Songs and Ballads.

THE
Words made to ſeveral Pleaſant Tunes;

By Mr. *D'urfey*.

With the TUNES Tranſpos'd for the *FLUTE*.

LONDON:

Printed by *William Pearſon*, next door to the *Hare* and *Feathers*, in *Alders-gate-ſtreet*, for *Henry Playford*, and Sold by him at his Shop in the *Temple-Change Fleet-ſtreet*; and at all other Muſick Shops in Town. 1699.
Price Six-pence.

TO THE

Steward in Being,

And the reſt of the

WORTHY SOCIETY

Meeting on Wedneſdays,

At the St. *Alban's* Tavern in St. *Alban's-ſtreet*; This firſt Collection of New SONGS, made to ſeveral Pleaſant Tunes, is Dedicated by,

Gentlemen,

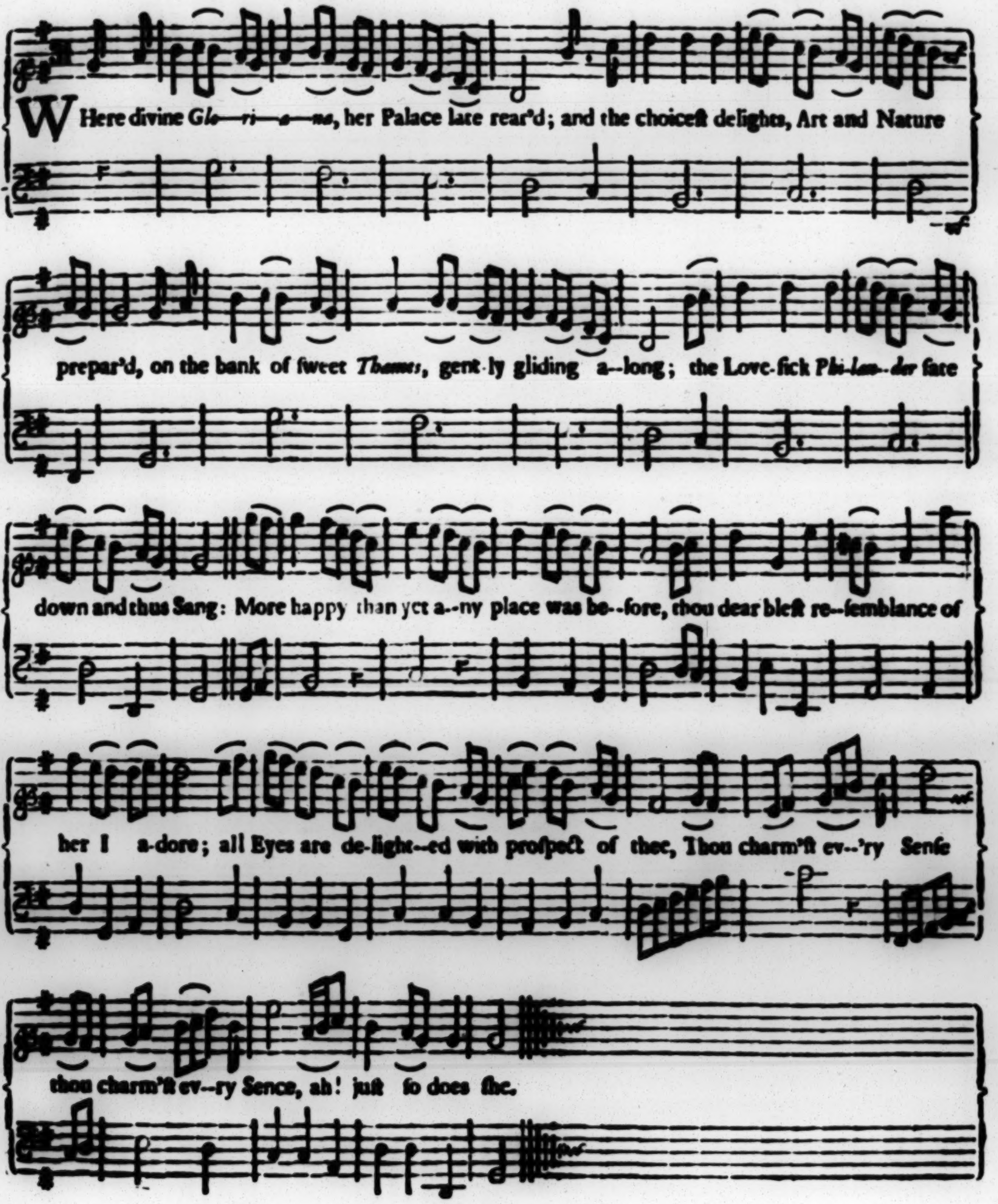
Your moſt Oblig'd and Humble Servant,

T. D'urſey.

misplaced. see next leaf

HAMPTON COURT.

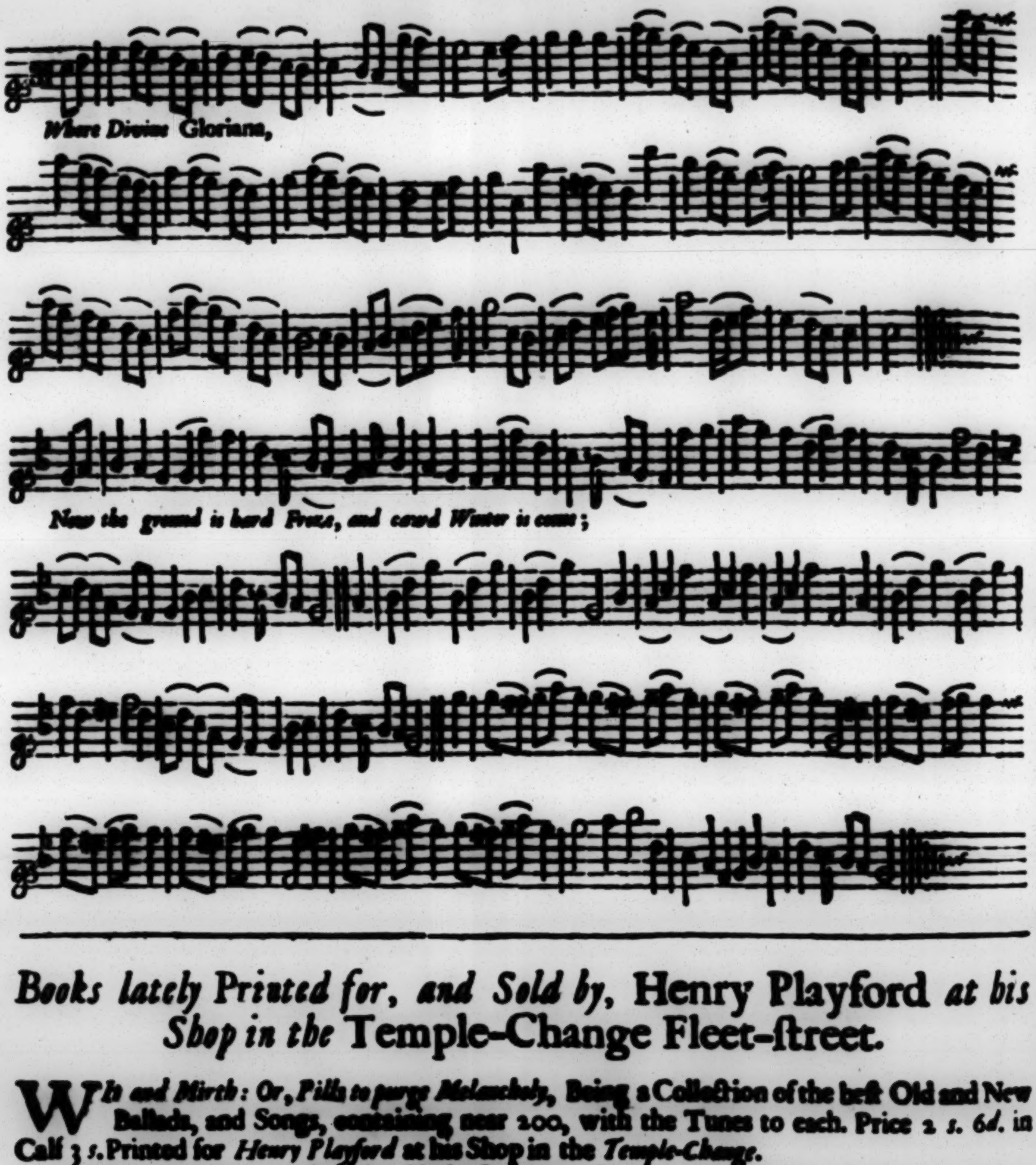
A New SONG. The Words made by Mr. *D'urſey*, to a pretty New Tune made by a Perſon of Quality.


WHere divine Glo—ri—a—na, her Palace late rear'd; and the choiceſt delights, Art and Nature
prepar'd, on the bank of ſweet *Thames*, gent-ly gliding a--long; the Love-ſick *Phi-lan--der* ſate
down and thus Sang: More happy than yet a--ny place was be--fore, thou dear bleſt re--ſemblance of
her I a-dore; all Eyes are de-light--ed with proſpect of thee, Thou charm'ſt ev--'ry Senſe
thou charm'ſt ev--ry Sence, ah! juſt ſo does ſhe.

II.

As the River's clear Waves Zephyr ſoftly does rowl,
So her breath moves the Paſſions, that flow in my Soul;
As the Trees by the Sun, feel a nouriſhing joy;
So my Heart is refreſh'd, by a glance from her Eye:
The Birds pretty Notes, we ſtill hear when ſhe ſpeaks;
And the ſweeteſt of Gardens, ſtill blooms in her Cheeks;
Had I that dear bliſs, for no other I'd ſue;
Who enjoys this ſweet *Eve*, who enjoys this ſweet *Eve*, has all Paradiſe too.

The SONG *Tunes for the* FLUTE.



Books lately Printed for, and Sold by, Henry Playford *at his Shop in the* Temple-Change Fleet-ſtreet.

Wit and Mirth: Or, Pills to purge Melancholy, Being a Collection of the beſt Old and New Ballads, and Songs, containing near 200, with the Tunes to each. Price 2 *s.* 6*d.* in Calf 3 *s.* Printed for *Henry Playford* at his Shop in the *Temple-Change.*

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Mercurius Muſicus: For *January,* and *February* being a Monthly Collection of New Teaching Songs, with the Tunes Tranſpos'd for the *Flute* at the end of the Book. Price Six-pence.

Apollos Banquet, being the eaſieſt and beſt Inſtructions for young beginners yet publiſh'd, containing above a Hundred of the choiceſt Tunes, for the *Violin*; The 7*th.* Edition. Price 1 *s.* 6 *d.*

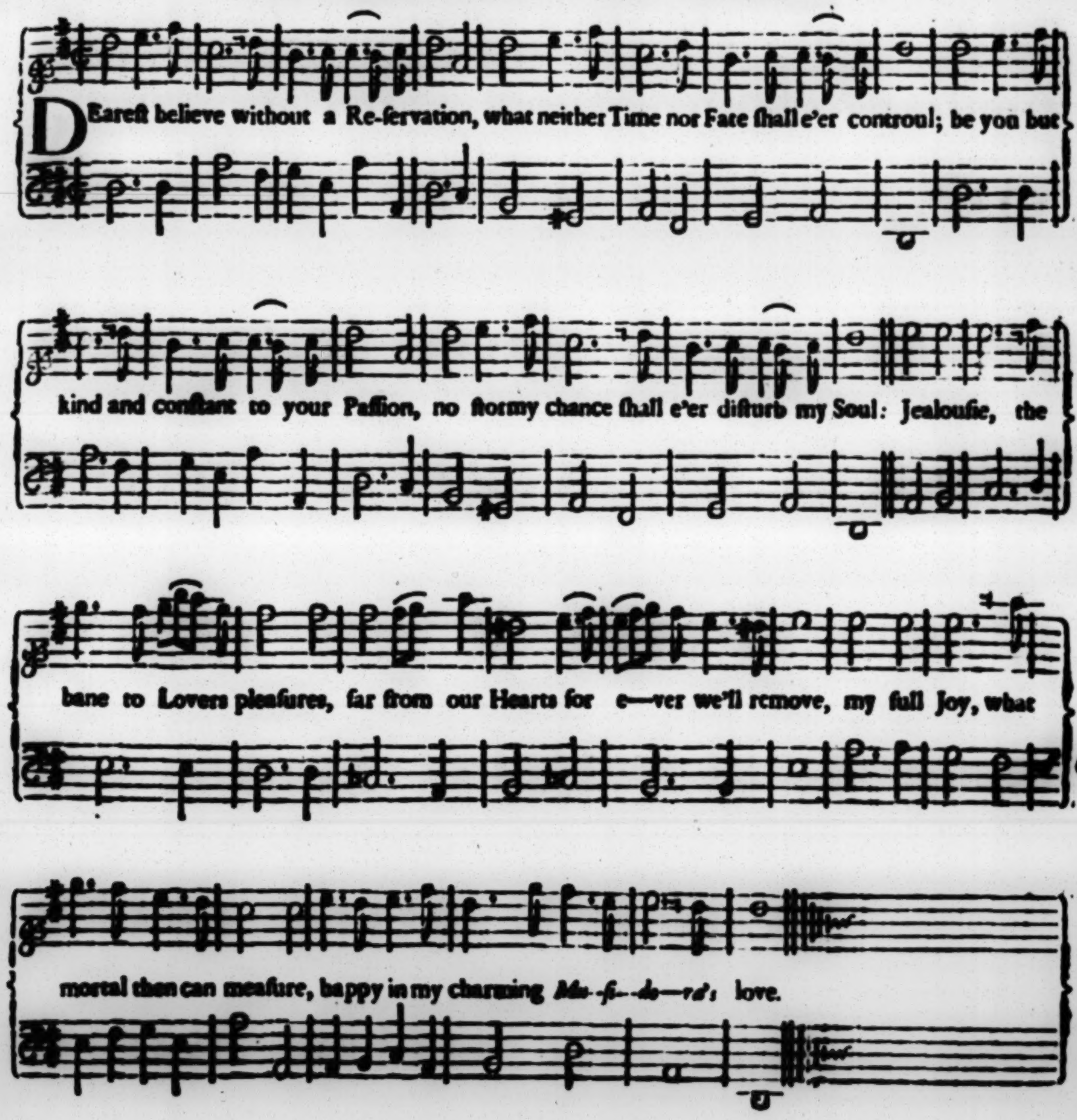
The Diviſion Violin in 2 Books, being all the beſt Grounds and Diviſions, the 4*th.* Edition; Price of both 4 *s.* 6*d.*

A Sheet of Catches ſett by the late Mr. *Henry Purcell.* Price 3 *d.*

A Sheet Engraven on Copper, being Directions for the *Baſs-Viol.* Price 6 *d.*

FINIS.

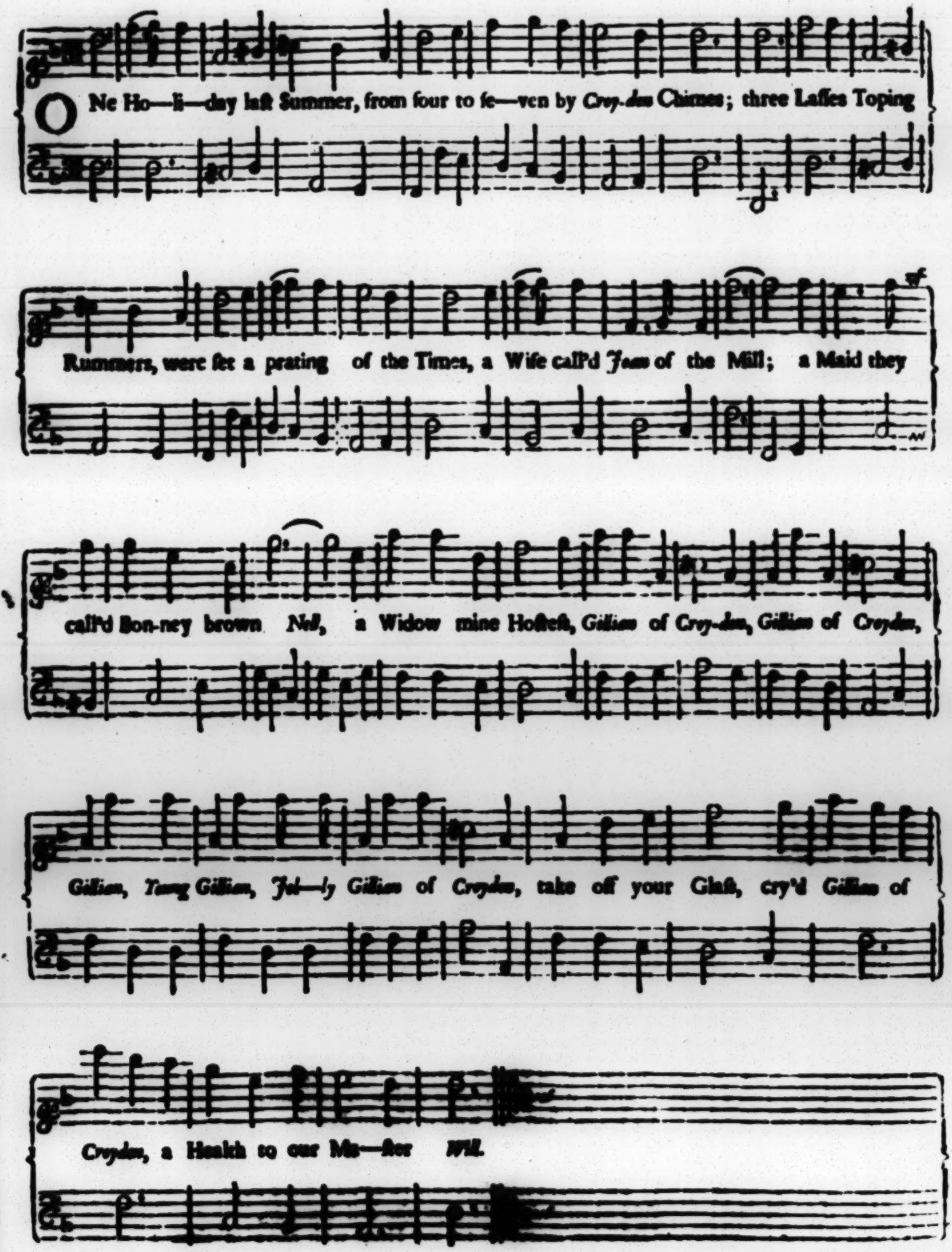
The Franck Lover, a New SONG.


DEareſt believe without a Re-ſervation, what neither Time nor Fate ſhall e'er controul; be you but
kind and conſtant to your Paſſion, no ſtormy chance ſhall e'er diſturb my Soul: Jealouſie, the
bane to Lovers pleaſures, far from our Hearts for e—ver we'll remove, my full Joy, what
mortal then can meaſure, happy in my charming Mu-ſi-do—ra's love.

II.

When with a Friend abroad I take a Bottle,
  Over your *Tea* regale with who you can;
Or if you find me with a Vizard Prattle,
  Do you the ſame with any other Man:
For *Chloe's* Face when Ogling I ſhew Paſſion,
  'Tis all but feign'd, I can ne'er inconſtant be;
And when at large I tope the red Portion,
'Twill but more Inflame my Heart with Love of thee.

Gillian of *Croyden*, a New BALLAD: The Words made to the Tune of a Country Dance, call'd *Mall Peatly*.


O Ne Ho—li—day laſt Summer, from four to ſe—ven by *Croy-don* Chimes; three Laſſes Toping
Rummers, were ſet a prating of the Times, a Wife call'd *Joan* of the Mill; a Maid they
call'd Bon-ney brown *Nell*, a Widow mine Hoſteſs, *Gillian* of *Croy-don*, *Gillian* of *Croydon*,
Gillian, *Young Gillian*, *Jol—ly Gillian* of *Croydon*, take off your Glaſs, cry'd *Gillian* of
Croydon, a Health to our Ma—ſter *Will*.

Ah!

Ah! *Joan* cry'd the Maiden,
  This Peace will bring in Mill'd Money ſtore,
We now ſha'n't miſs of Trading;
  And Sweet-hearts will come on thick, ye whore.
    No more will they Fight and Kill,
    But with us good Liquour, will ſwill:
Theſe will be Rare Tymes cry'd *Gillian* of *Croydon*, *Gillian* of *Croydon*,
Gillian, young *Gillian*, *Plump Gillian* of *Croydon*,
Take off your Glaſs cry'd *Gillian* of *Croydon*,
  A Bumper to Maſter *Will*.

III.

We've now right underſtanding,
  Hans *Dick*, and *Monſieur* ſhake Hands i'th' ſtreets;
Dragoons too are Disbanding,
  Gadzookes then *Nelly* let's watch our Sheets,
    For a Redcoat you know that has will,
    Can Plunder and Pilfer with Skill,
I'll look to my Smocks cry'd *Gillian* of *Croydon*,
Gillian of *Croydon*, *Gillian*, bold *Gillian*, *Wary Gillian* of *Croydon*,
Take off your Glaſs cry'd *Gillian* of *Croydon*,
  A Health to our Maſter *Will*.

IV.

Nel, then with Arms a Kembo,
  Cry'd News from Sea not ſo well does come;
For want of Captain *Bembo*,
  The Chink and *Poynti* are ſafe got home:
    Tho' he could not help that ill,
    The fault lies in ſome body ſtill,
Would that Rogue were hang'd cry'd *Gillian* of *Croydon*,
Gillian of *Croydon*, *Gillian*, plump *Gillian*, *Loyal Gillian*, of, *&c.*

V.

Strange Lords will now come over,
  And all our Bells will Ring out for Joy;
The *Czar* of *Muſcovy*,
  Who is, Lord bleſs him, ſome ten foot high:
    I'll ſee him what e'er comes o'th Mill,
    Would our Lads were like him cry'd *Nell*,
Great pity they ant cry'd *Gillian* of *Croydon*, *Gillian* of *croydon*,
Gillian, young *Gillian*, *Tall Gillian* of *Croydon*,
Nevertheleſs cry'd *Gillian* of *Croydon*,
  A Bumper to Maſter *Will*.

VI.

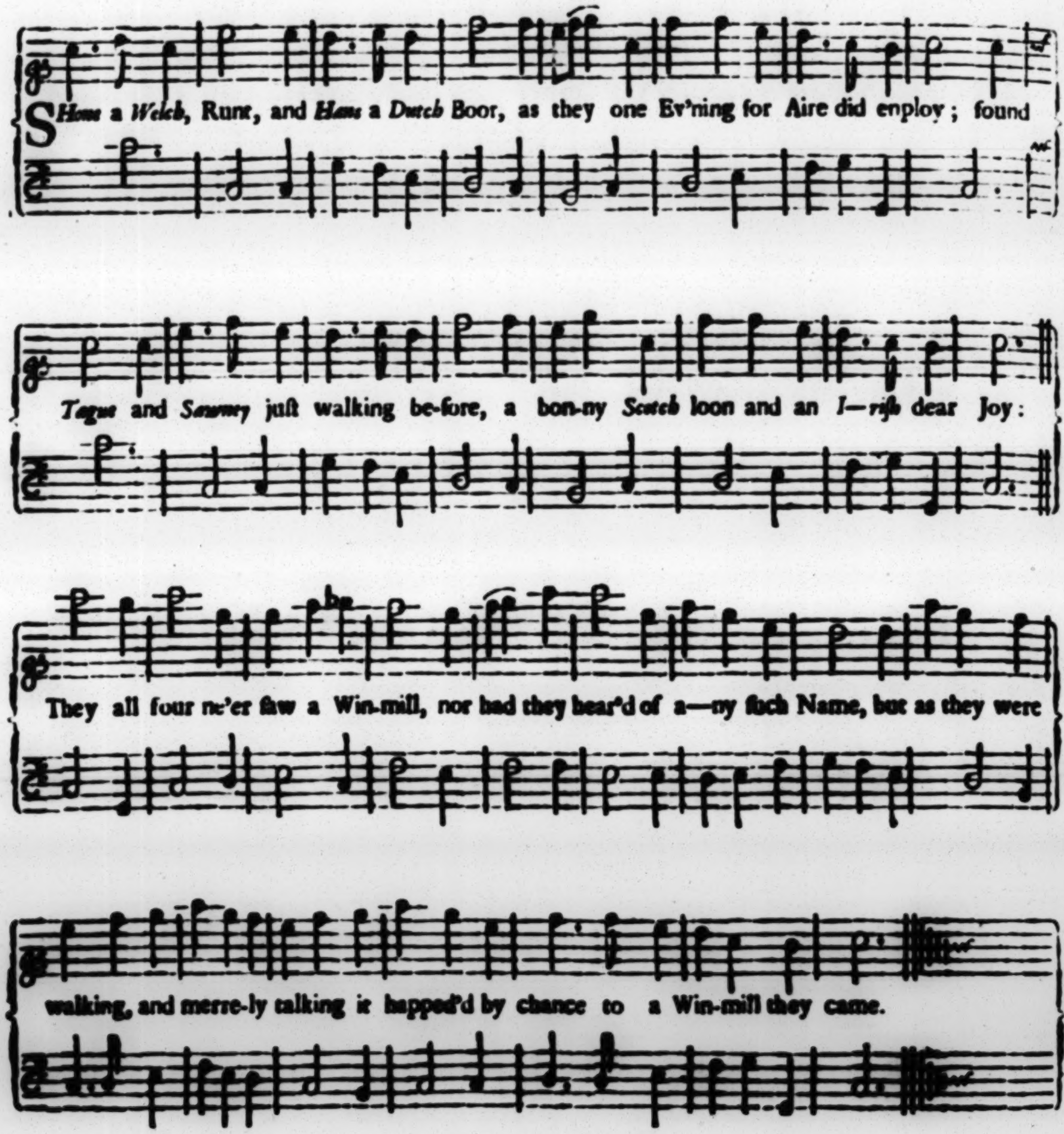
Strange News the Jacks of the City,
  Have gott cry'd *Joan*, but we mind no tales;
That our good King through wonderfull pity,
  Will give his Crown to the Prince of *Wales*,
    That Peace may the ſtronger be ſtill,
    And that they may no longer Rebell.
Piſh! pox tis a Jeſt cry'd *Gillian* of *Croydon*, *Gillian* of *Croydon*,
Gillian, bold *Gillian*, *Witty Gillian*, *Gillian* of *Croydon*,
Take off your Glaſs cry'd *Gillian* of *Croydon*,
  A Health to our Maſter *Will*.

VII.

So long top'd thoſe Laſſes,
  Till Tables, Chairs, and Stools went round;
Strong Wine and thumping Glaſſes,
  In three ſhort hours their Senſes drown'd:
    Then home to her Grannum reel'd *Nell*,
    And *Joan* no more Brimmers could fill,
And off from her Chair drop'd *Gillian* of *Croydon*, *Gillian* of *Croydon*,
Gillian, plump *Gillian*, *Drunk Gillian* of *Croydon*,
Here's the laſt Drop cry'd *Gillian* of *Croydon*,
  A Bumper to Maſter *Will*.

The National Quarrel; a New BALLAD:

The Words made to the Tune of *Lilly burlero.*


SHone a *Welch*, Runt, and *Hans* a *Dutch* Boor, as they one Ev'ning for Aire did enploy; found
Tague and *Sawney* juſt walking be-fore, a bon-ny *Scotch* loon and an *I—riſh* dear Joy:
They all four ne'er ſaw a Win-mill, nor had they hear'd of a—ny ſuch Name, but as they were
walking, and merre-ly talking it happen'd by chance to a Win-mill they came.

The Chorus goes to the laſt Part of the Tune.

CHO- *Hey down derry hoe down derry,*
Mirth is better than Sorrow by halfe;
Liſten to my Ditty, 'tis merry, 'tis Witty,
And if you an't Sullen 'twill make ye laugh.

Bread

Bread cry'd *Sawney* what do ye caw that, *Pointing to*
To tell its good Name I am at a loſs. *the Windmill.*
Tegue then readily anſwer'd the *Scot*,
By Chreeſht, my dear Joy, 'tis St. *Patrick's* Croſs.
Woons cry'd *Sawney* y'are miſtaken,
For 'tis St. *Andrew's* Croſs that I ſwear;
For there is his Bonnet, and Plad lying on it,
The Muckle gud Saint did at *Edinborough* wear.
Cho. Sawney, Sawney, *weel ſayd* Sawney,
This Affair Sawney's *notably hit*,
Let aw diſcover that paſs the Tweed *over*,
If Scotland *e'er bred ſo bonny a Wit*.

III.

Hans with a Belch gave vent in his turn,
* Jck ſall now ſpraeken den vaght it dos mean; * *Mimicks Dutch.*
et ben ods Sacrament a grought *Dutch* Churne,
And they are now making the Butter within:
This device ſo tickled his fancy,
He ſwore by the States he'd go in for ſome;
And ſell his blew Jerkin, but he'd have a firkin,
To carry his Wife and his family home.
Cho. Hogan, Hogan, Mogan, Mogan,
Sooterkin Hogan Herring Vandunck,
For as it happen'd the Miller with's Cap on
He thought a fat Froe, a white Dairy Punk.

IV.

Hot pated *Shone* cry'd ſplut and look'd pig,
You fools was alter your minds when hur ſpeaks;
St. *Taffy* cawd this her crete Whirligig,
And made it to ſcare away Crows from her Lecks:
Proof to ſhew, ſee where they crow,
Then pointed his finger over the hedge,
Where Nettles and Thiſtles, with Prickles and Briſtles,
Grew thick in a field grown over with ſedge,
Cho. *Shone ap Shinkin Rice ap Tavy*,
Shentlemen Kindred aw come away,
Tomas *ap* Morgan *ſwear loud as an* Organ,
And pawn all your Honours to what hur does ſay.

V.

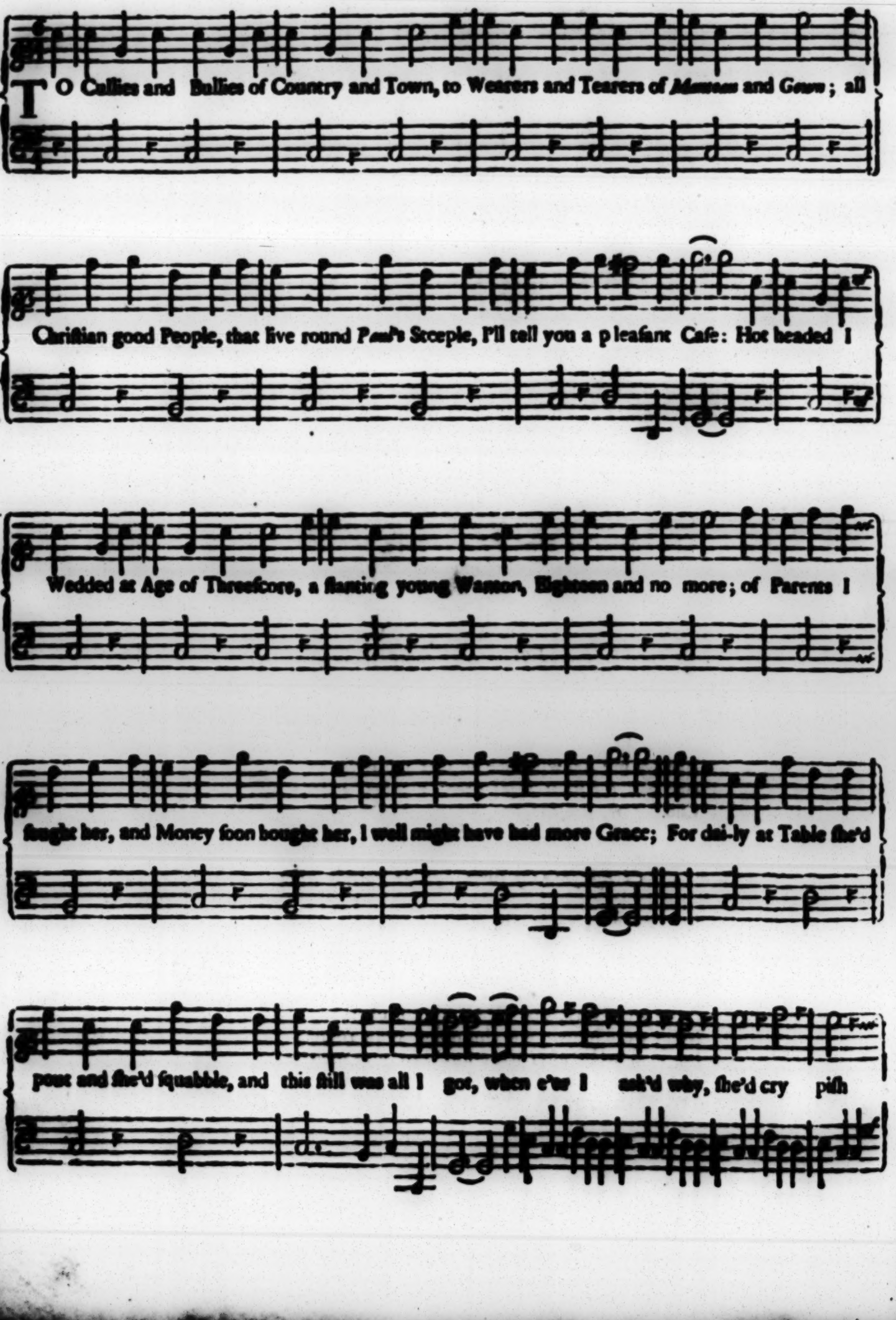
By good St. *Patrick Tegue* once more replies,
I ſay 'tis his Croſs for there is his Coat;
I met him in *Dublin* a buying the Frize,
And gud I will ſwear, 'tis the ſame that he bought:
He's a better Shaint than ever *Holland*, or, *Welſh*, or *Scotland*, can breed,
And by my Showlwaſion he was my Relation,
And had for ſtout *Tegue* great kindneſs indeed.
Cho. *Lero, lero, lero, lero,*
Lilly Burlero Bullen a la,
By my Showlwaſion he was my Relation,
Chreeſht ſave thy ſweet Face St. Patrick Agra.

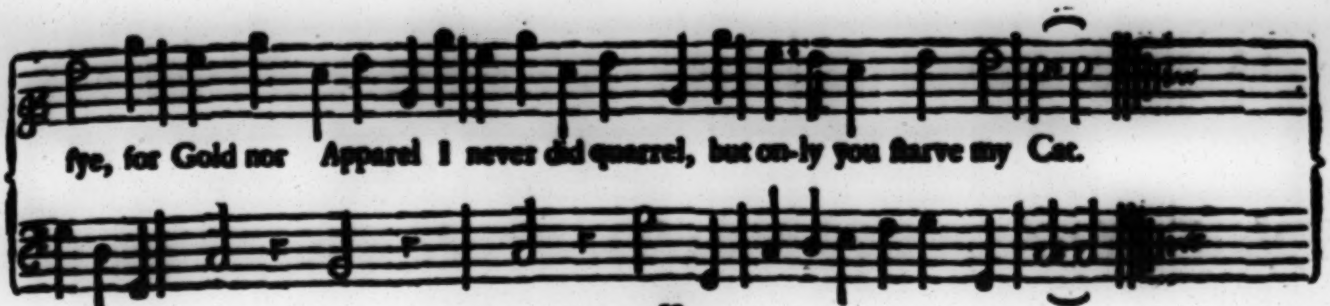
VI.

Each gave his mind, but neither agreed,
The *Welſh* man grows hot, and the *Iriſh* man huffs;
The bonny bold *Scot* told the *Dutch* man he ly'd,
A Word and a blow, and ſo all went to Cuffs:
Coats were torn, and Heads were broken,
Noſes were Mawlr, and thumping went round;
But in a while after were forc'd to give quarter,
And ſo went four fools well beaten to town.
Cho. *Coats were torn*, &c.

PUSS in a Corner:

A New SONG. The Words made by Mr. *Durfey*, to a pretty New Tune made by a Man of Quality.


TO Cullies and Bullies of Country and Town, to Wearers and Tearers of *Manteau* and *Gown*; all
Chriſtian good People, that live round *Paul's* Steeple, I'll tell you a pleaſant Caſe: Hot headed I
Wedded at Age of Threeſcore, a flanting young Wanton, Eighteen and no more; of Parents I
ſought her, and Money ſoon bought her, I well might have had more Grace; For dai-ly at Table ſhe'd
pout and ſhe'd ſquabble, and this ſtill was all I got, when e'er I ask'd why, ſhe'd cry piſh


fye, for Gold nor Apparel I never did quarrel, but on-ly you ſtarve my Cat.

II.

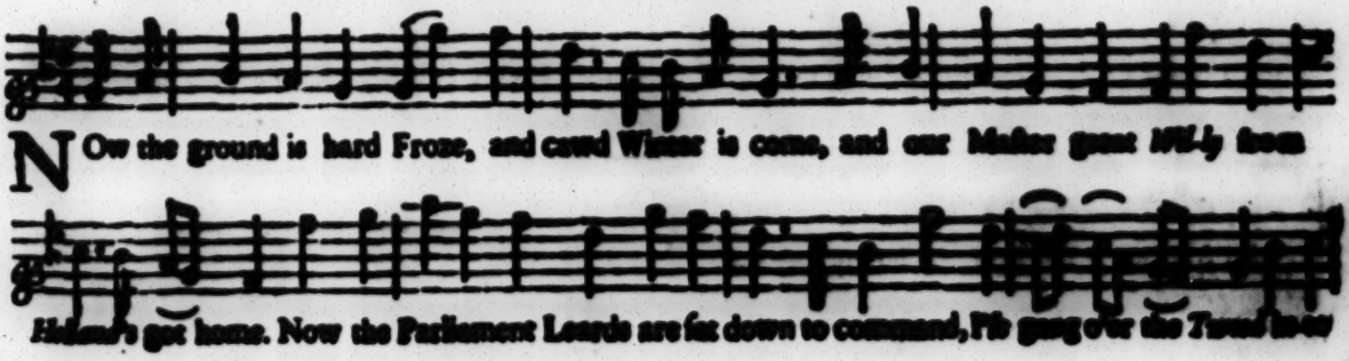
A Pretty young Kitty,
She had that could Purr;
'Twas gameſome and handſome,
And had a rare Furr;
And ſtraight up I took it, and offer'd to ſtroke it,
In hopes I ſhould make it kind;
But lowring and powting,
It ſtill was to me,
Tho' Nature, the Creature,
Deſign'd ſhould be free.
I play'd with its Whiskers and would have had diſcourſe,
But ah! it was dumb and blind:
When *Cloris* unquiet, who knew well its diet,
And found that I wanted that,
Cry'd pray, Run, fetch *John*,
He's the Man that can,
When it does need it, beſt know how to feed it,
Or gad you will ſtarve my Cat.

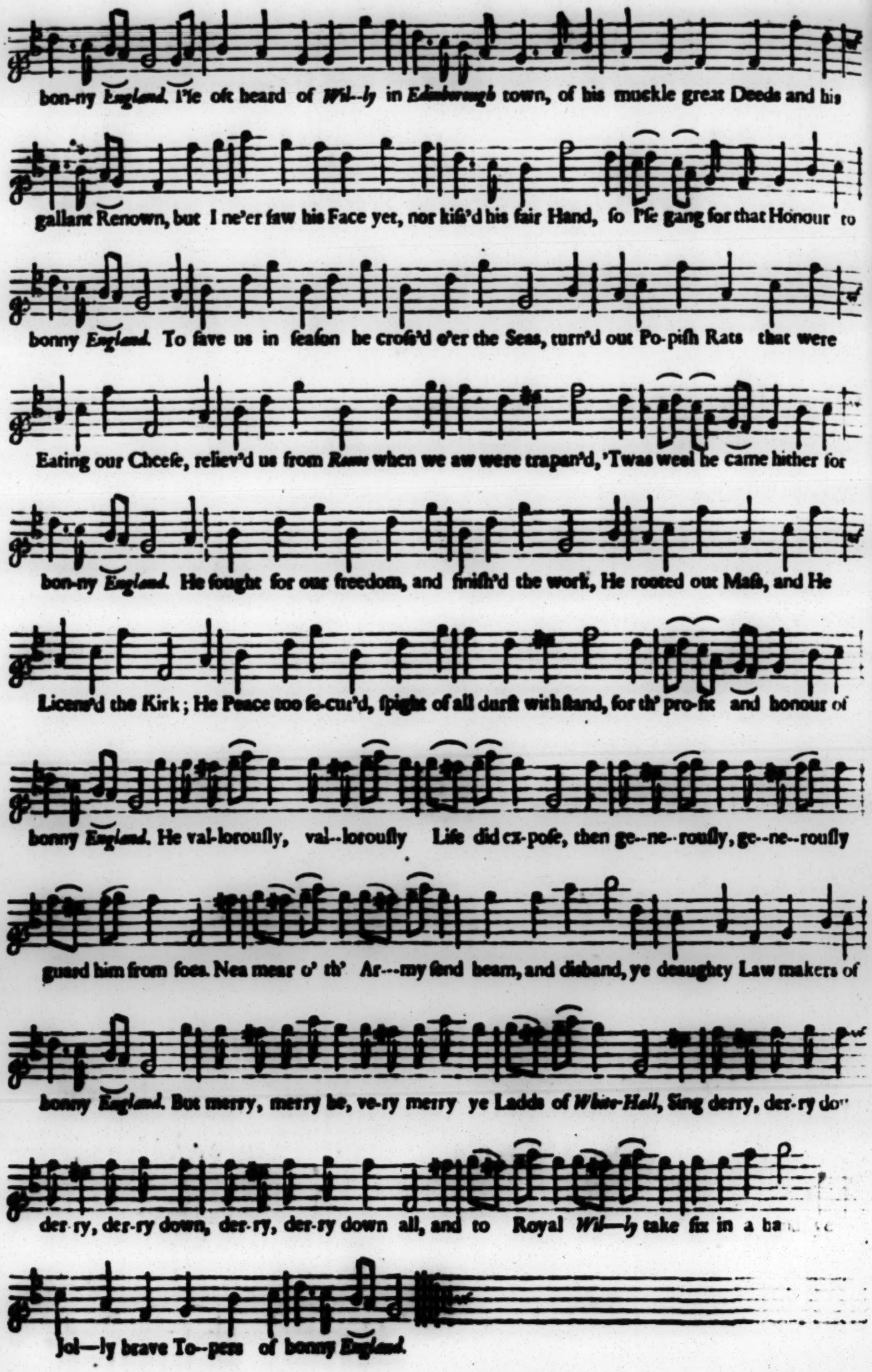
III.

As Fleet as my Feet
Could convey me I ſped;
To *Johny* who many
Times Puſſy had fed.
I told him my Errand, he wanted no warrant,
But haſted to ſhew his skill:
He took it to ſtroak it,
And cloſe in his lap
He laid it to feed it,
And gave it ſome Pap;
And with ſuch a paſſion it took the Collation,
Its belly began to fill,
And now within Door is, ſo merry my *Cloris*,
She laughs and grows wonderous fat,
And I run for *John*,
Who's the Man that can,
Tho' I'm at diſtance, give preſent aſſiſtance,
To pleaſe her, and feed her Cat.

The LOYAL *Scot*: or, the King's New Health.

A New SONG. The Words made to a Pretty *Scotch* Tune.


NOw the ground is hard Froze, and cawd Winter is come, and our Maſter gane *Will-y* from
Hollan's got home. Now the Parliament Loards are ſat down to command, I'ſe gang o'er the *Tweed* to


bon-ny England. I'le oft heard of Wil--ly in Edinburgh town, of his muckle great Deeds and his
gallant Renown, but I ne'er ſaw his Face yet, nor kiſs'd his fair Hand, ſo I'ſe gang for that Honour to
bonny England. To ſave us in ſeaſon he croſs'd o'er the Seas, turn'd out Po-piſh Rats that were
Eating our Cheeſe, reliev'd us from Rome when we aw were trapan'd, 'Twas weel he came hither for
bon-ny England. He fought for our freedom, and finiſh'd the work, He rooted out Maſs, and He
Licens'd the Kirk; He Peace too ſe-cur'd, ſpight of all durſt withſtand, for th' pro-fit and honour of
bonny England. He val-lorouſly, val--lorouſly Life did ex-poſe, then ge--ne--rouſly, ge--ne--rouſly
guard him from foes. Nea mear o' th' Ar---my ſend heam, and diſband, ye daughty Law makers of
bonny England. But merry, merry be, ve-ry merry ye Ladds of White-Hall, Sing derry, der-ry do
der-ry, der-ry down, der-ry, der-ry down all, and to Royal Wil—ly take ſix in a ha
Jol—ly brave To--pers of bonny England.

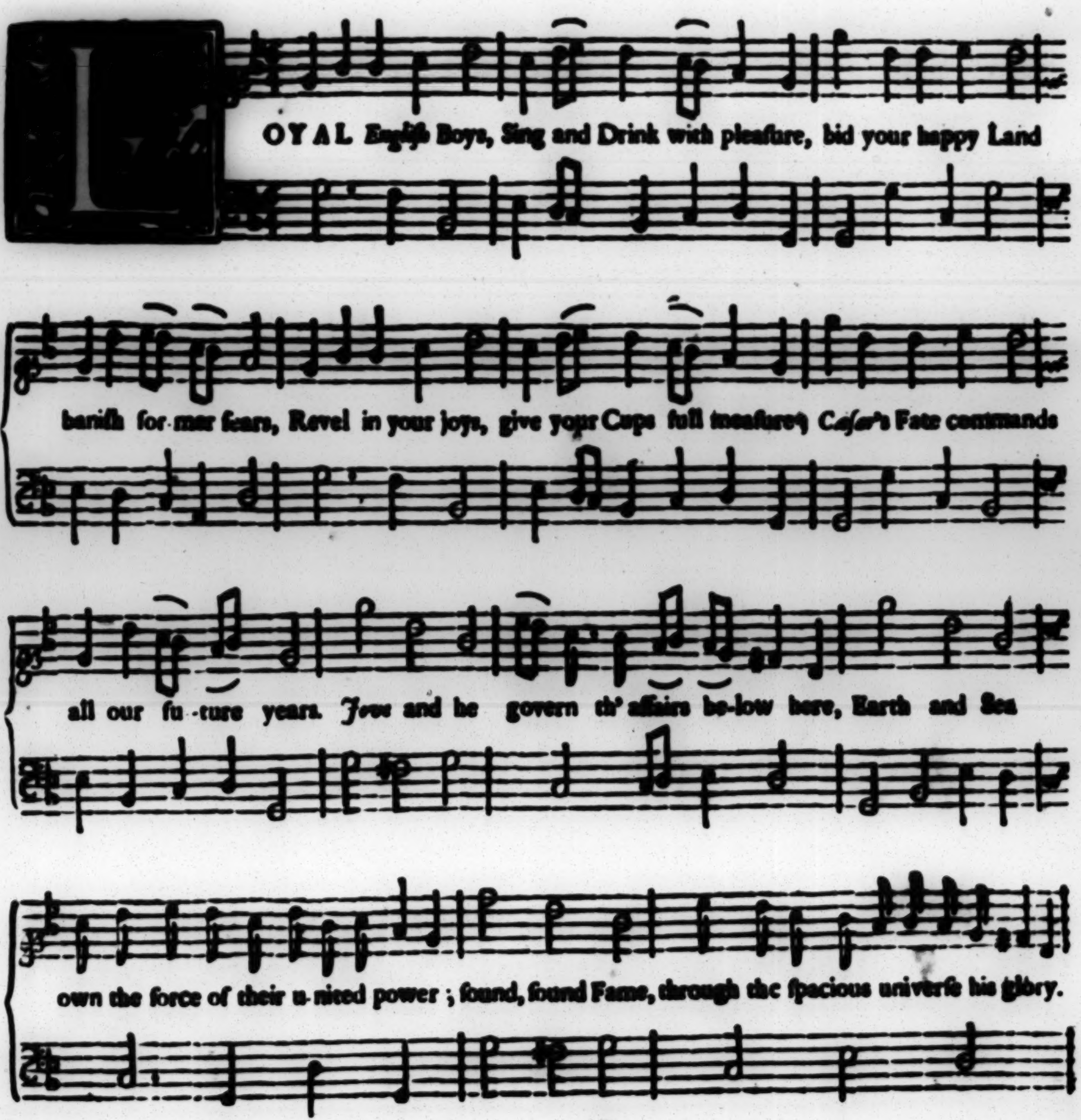
The Kings Health.

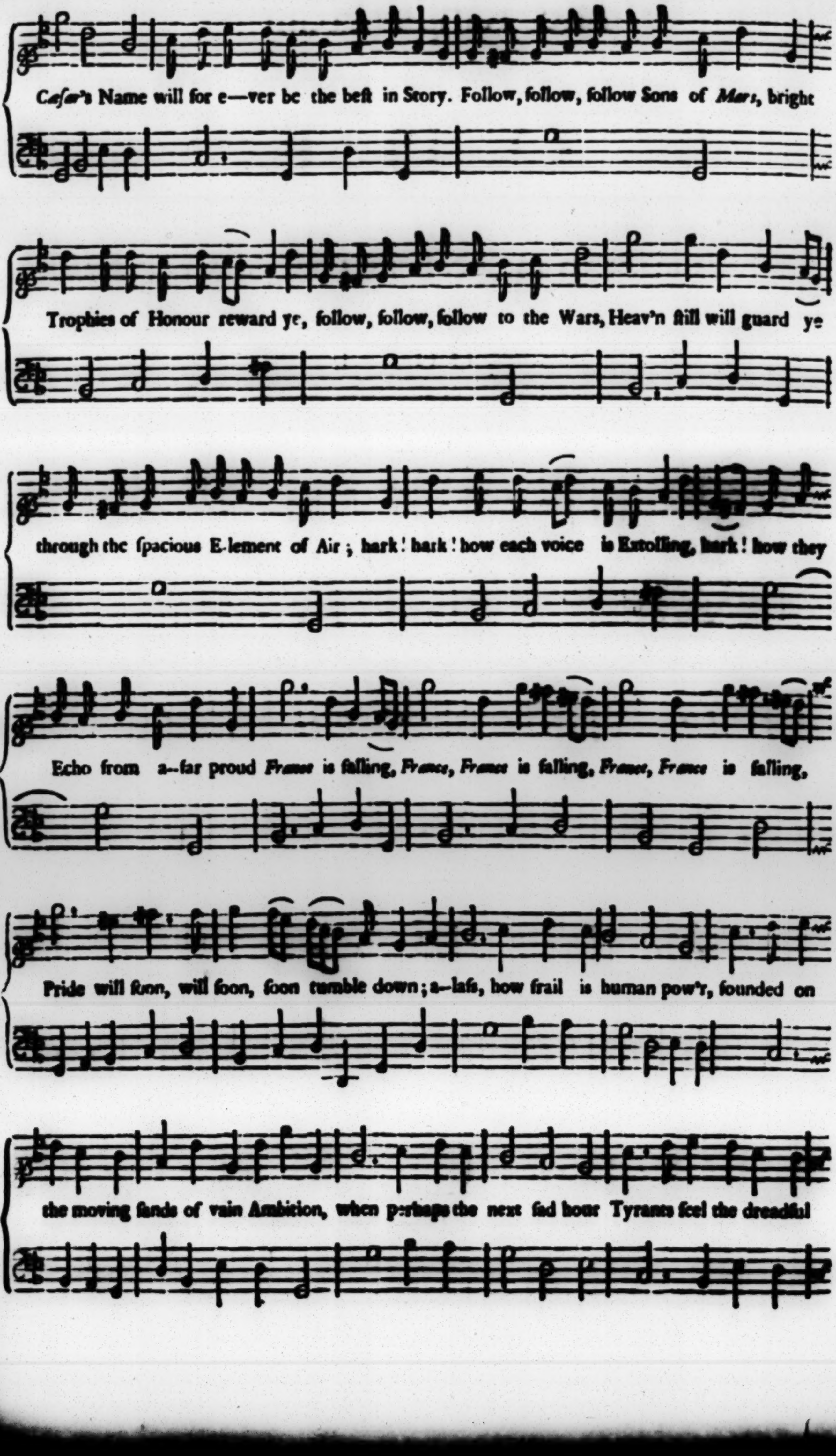
AN

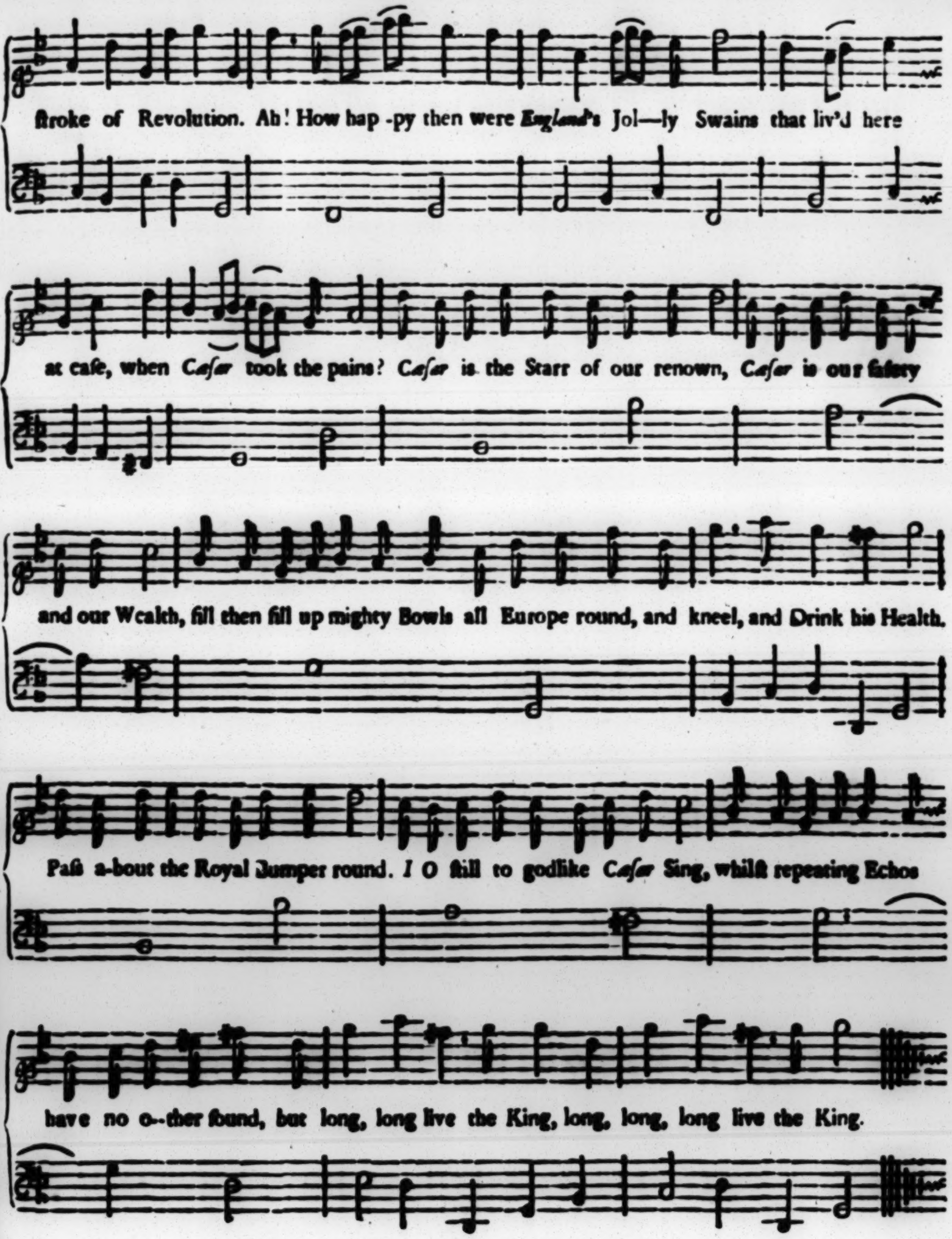
ODE

Perform'd before His Majeſty at *Montague-Houſe*. The Words made to an Excellent Tune of Mr. *Peaſibles*.

BOOK I.


LOYAL *Engliſh* Boys, Sing and Drink with pleaſure, bid your happy Land
baniſh for-mer fears, Revel in your joys, give your Cups full meaſure; *Cæſar's* Fate commands
all our fu-ture years. *Jove* and he govern th' affairs be-low here, Earth and Sea
own the force of their u-nited power; ſound, ſound Fame, through the ſpacious univerſe his glory.

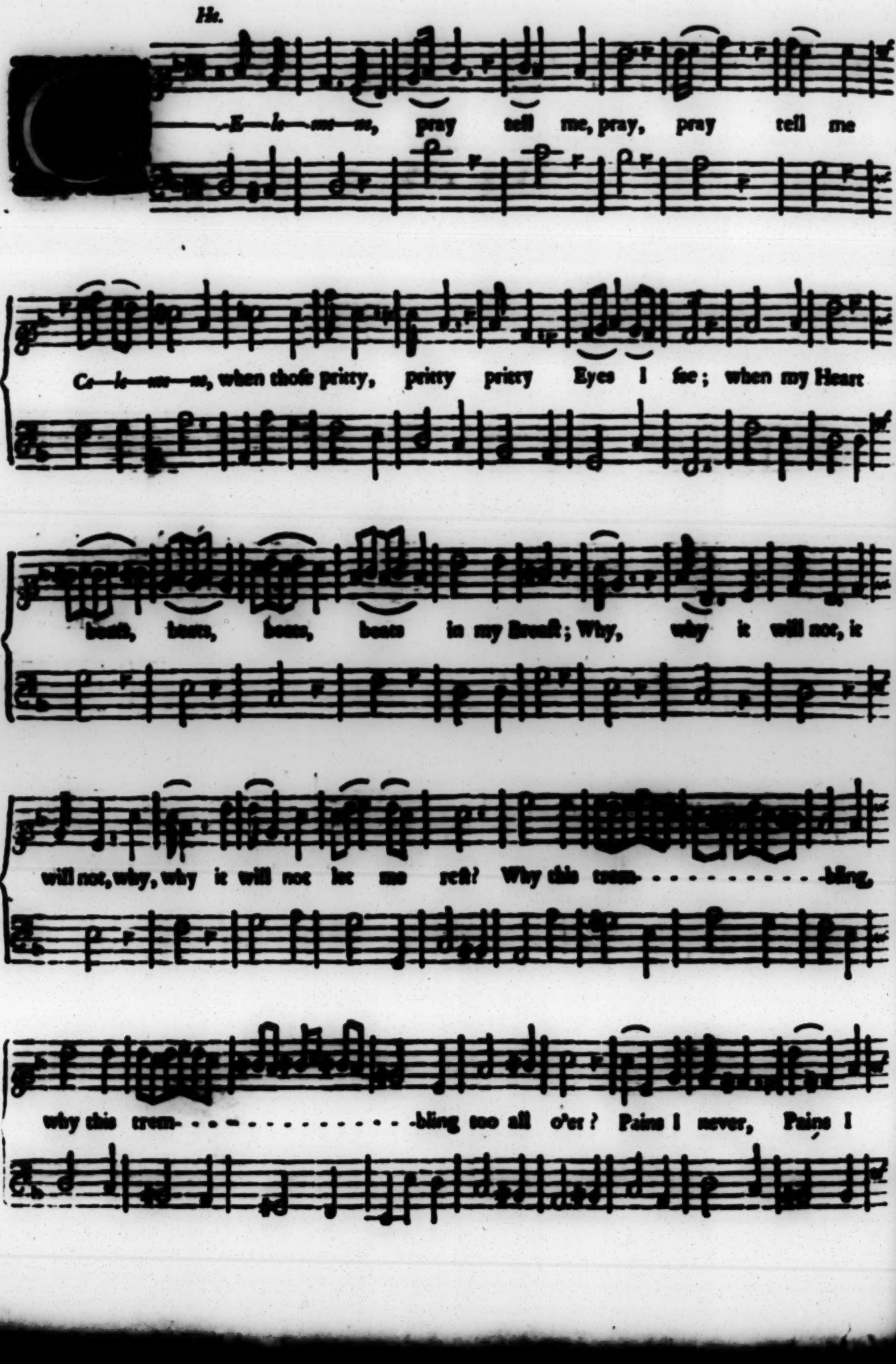

Cæſar's Name will for e—ver be the beſt in Story. Follow, follow, follow Sons of *Mars*, bright
Trophies of Honour reward ye, follow, follow, follow to the Wars, Heav'n ſtill will guard ye
through the ſpacious E-lement of Air; hark! hark! how each voice is Extolling, hark! how they
Echo from a--far proud *France* is falling, *France*, *France* is falling, *France*, *France* is falling,
Pride will ſoon, will ſoon, ſoon tumble down; a--laſs, how frail is human pow'r, founded on
the moving ſands of vain Ambition, when perhaps the next ſad hour Tyrants feel the dreadful


ſtroke of Revolution. Ah! How hap-py then were *England's* Jol—ly Swains that liv'd here
at eaſe, when *Cæſar* took the pains? *Cæſar* is the Starr of our renown, *Cæſar* is our ſafety
and our Wealth, fill then fill up mighty Bowls all Europe round, and kneel, and Drink his Health.
Paſs a-bout the Royal Bumper round. *I O* ſtill to godlike *Cæſar* Sing, whilſt repeating Echos
have no o-ther ſound, but long, long live the King, long, long, long live the King.

A

DIALOGUE:

Set by Mr. Henry Purcell, *Sung by a Boy and Girl.*


He.
Ce-le-me-ne, pray tell me, pray, pray tell me
Ce-le-me-ne, when those pritty, pritty pritty Eyes I see; when my Heart
beats, beats, beats, beats in my Breast; Why, why it will not, it
will not, why, why it will not let me rest? Why this trem- - - - - - - - - - - -bling,
why this trem- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -bling too all o'er? Pains I never, Pains I

5

A

Choice COLLECTION
OF
ITALIAN AYRES,
FOR ALL SORTS OF
VOICES, VIOLIN, or FLUTE:

Printed in the *Engliſh* Cliff, and Sung to the Nobility and Gentry in the *North* of *England*; and at both *Theatres* in *London*.

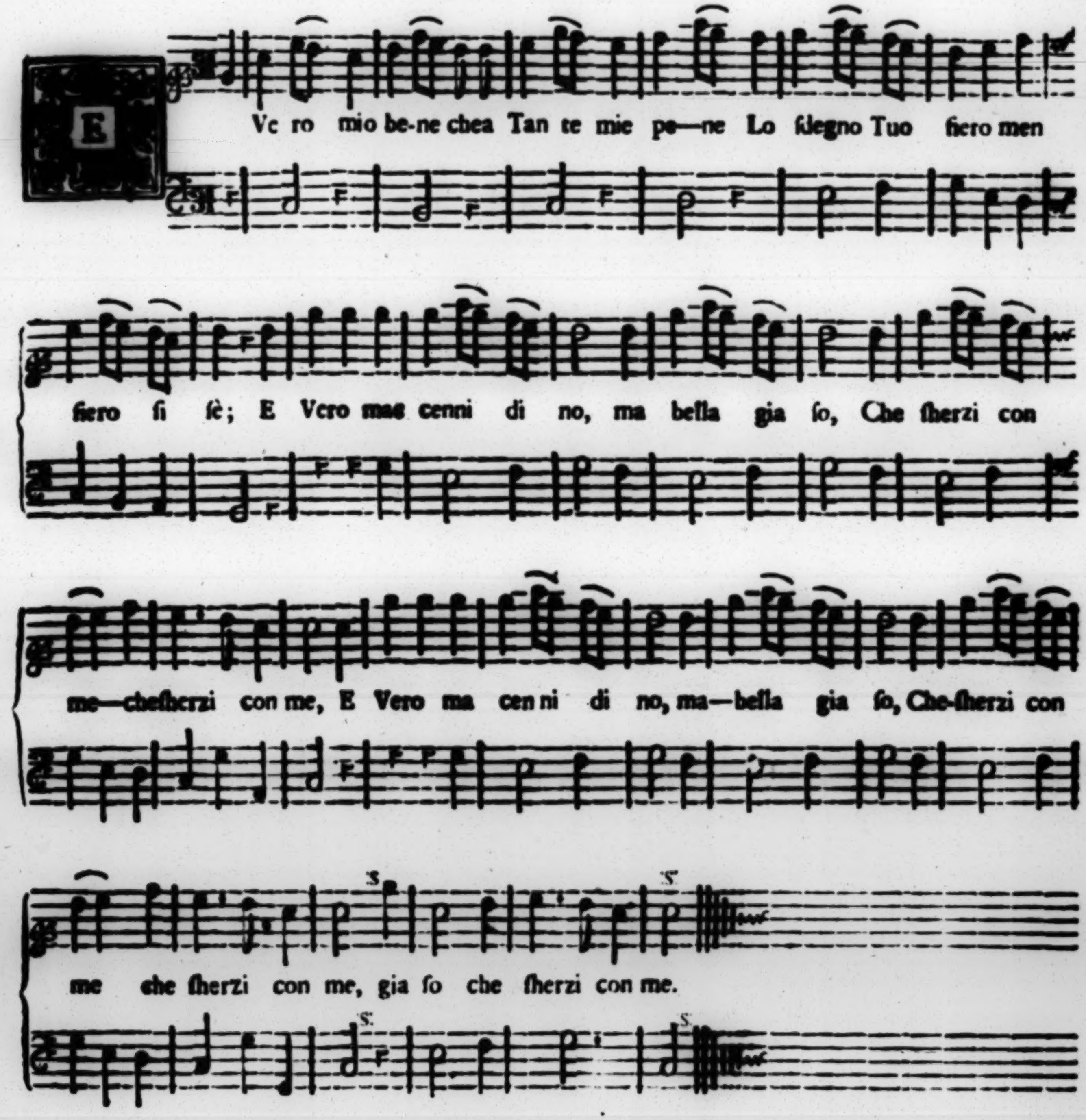
By Mr. *John Abell.*

LONDON:

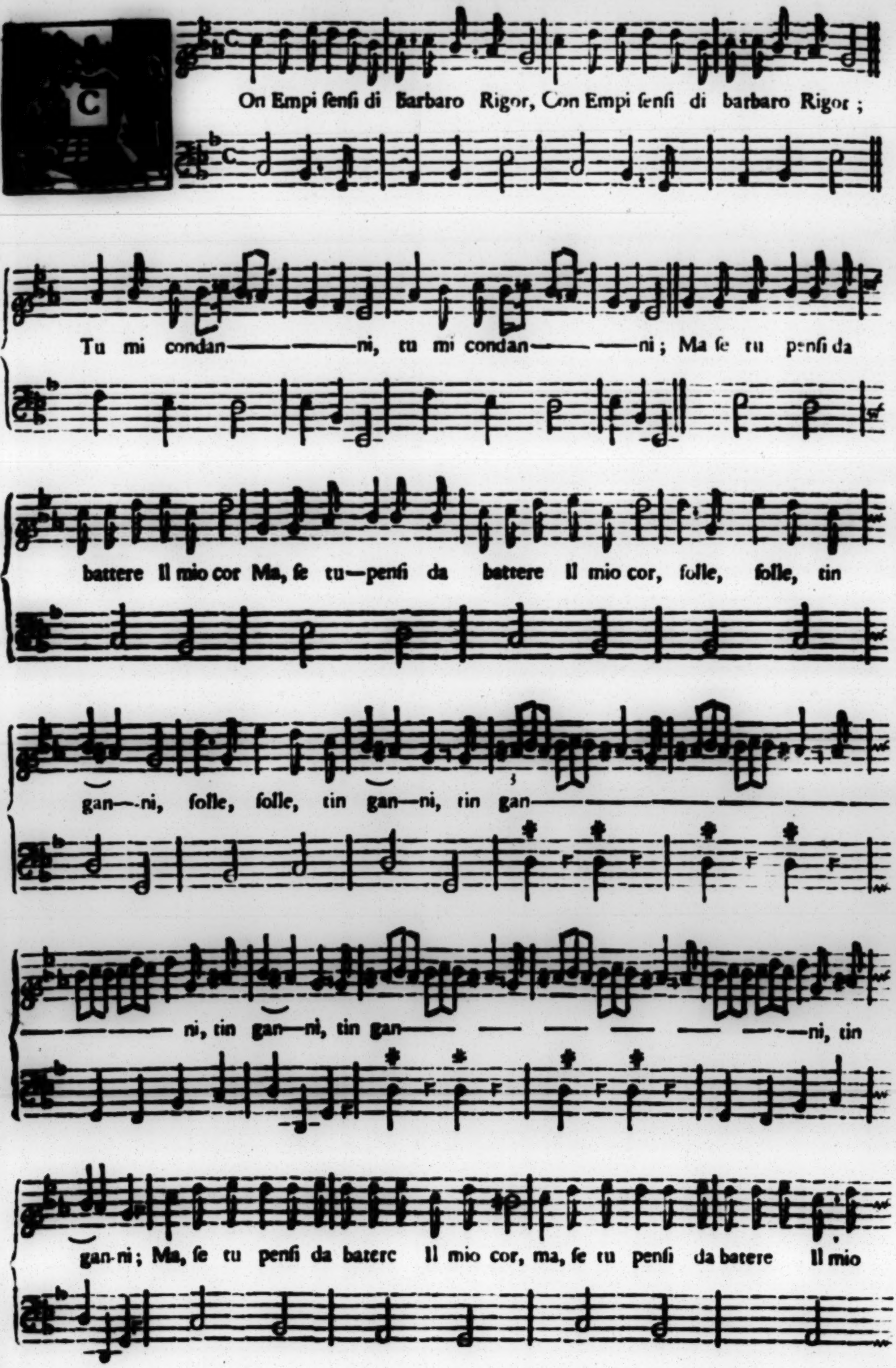
Printed by *William Pearſon*, in Red-Croſs-Alley in
Jewen-ſtreet; and Sold by the Author at his Houſe
in *Piccadilly*; and at Mr. *White*'s Chocalate-Houſe
in St. *James*'s-*ſtreet*, 1703.

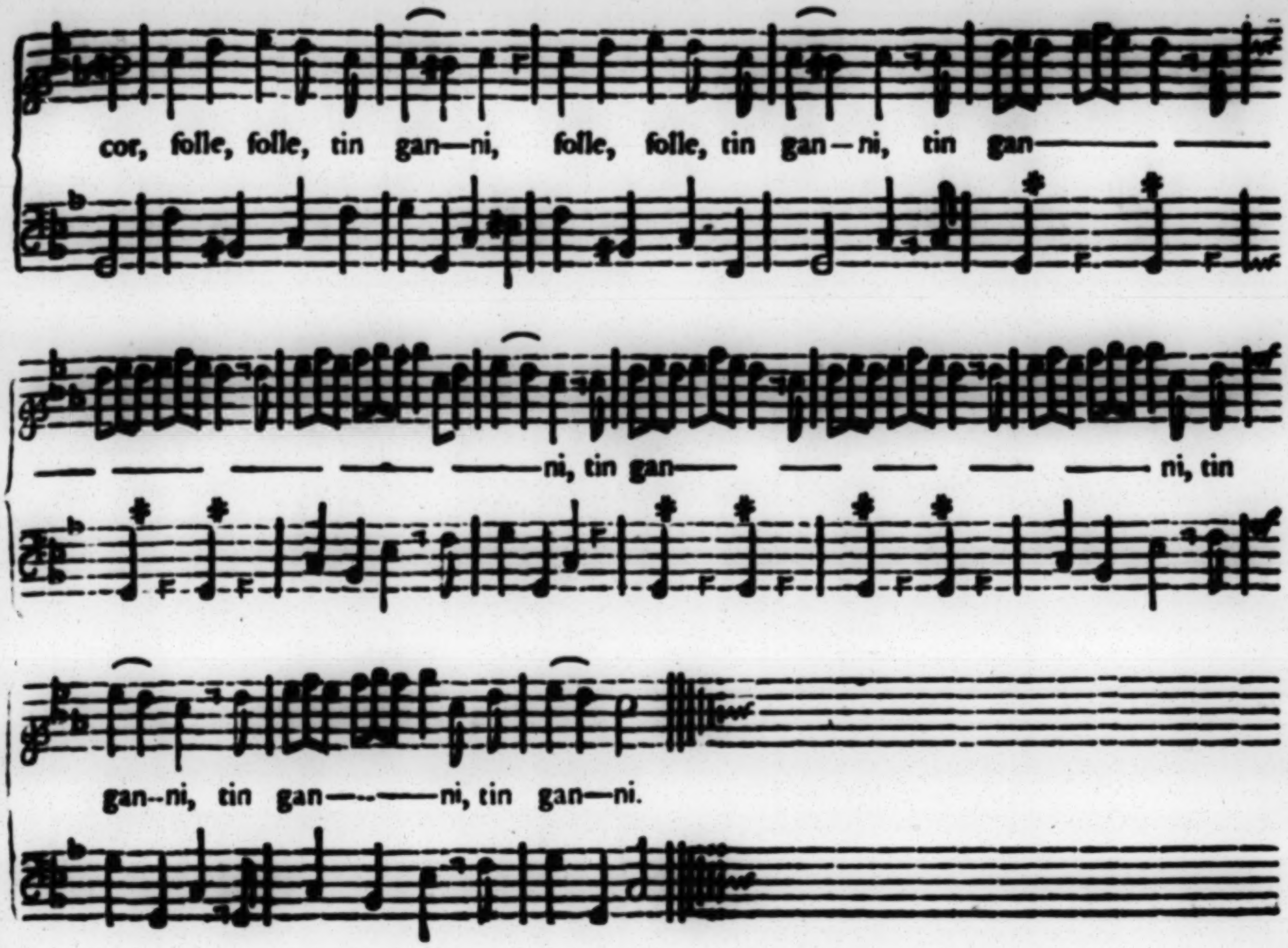
THIS
COLLECTION
OF
AYRES,
IS
Moſt Humbly Dedicated
TO ALL THE
Nobility and Gentry
OF THE
NORTH,
BY THEIR
Moſt Humble and
Dutiful Servant,
John Abell.

The KITCAT.

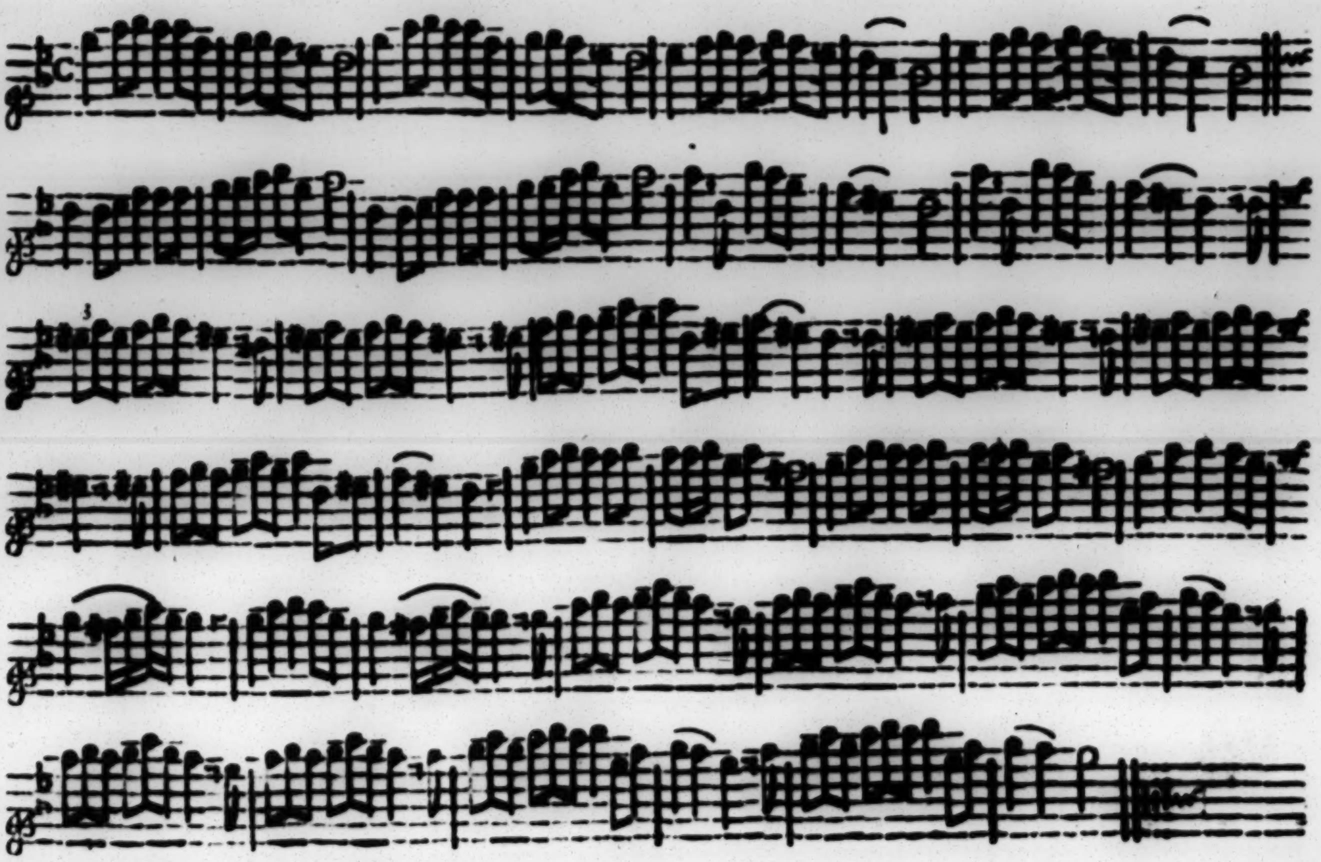

E
Ve ro mio be-ne chea Tan te mie pe—ne Lo ſdegno Tuo fiero men
fiero ſi ſè; E Vero mae cenni di no, ma beſſa gia ſo, Che ſherzi con
me—cheſherzi con me, E Vero ma cen ni di no, ma—beſſa gia ſo, Che-ſherzi con
me che ſherzi con me, gia ſo che ſherzi con me.
S.
S.

The *HARLIFAX.*

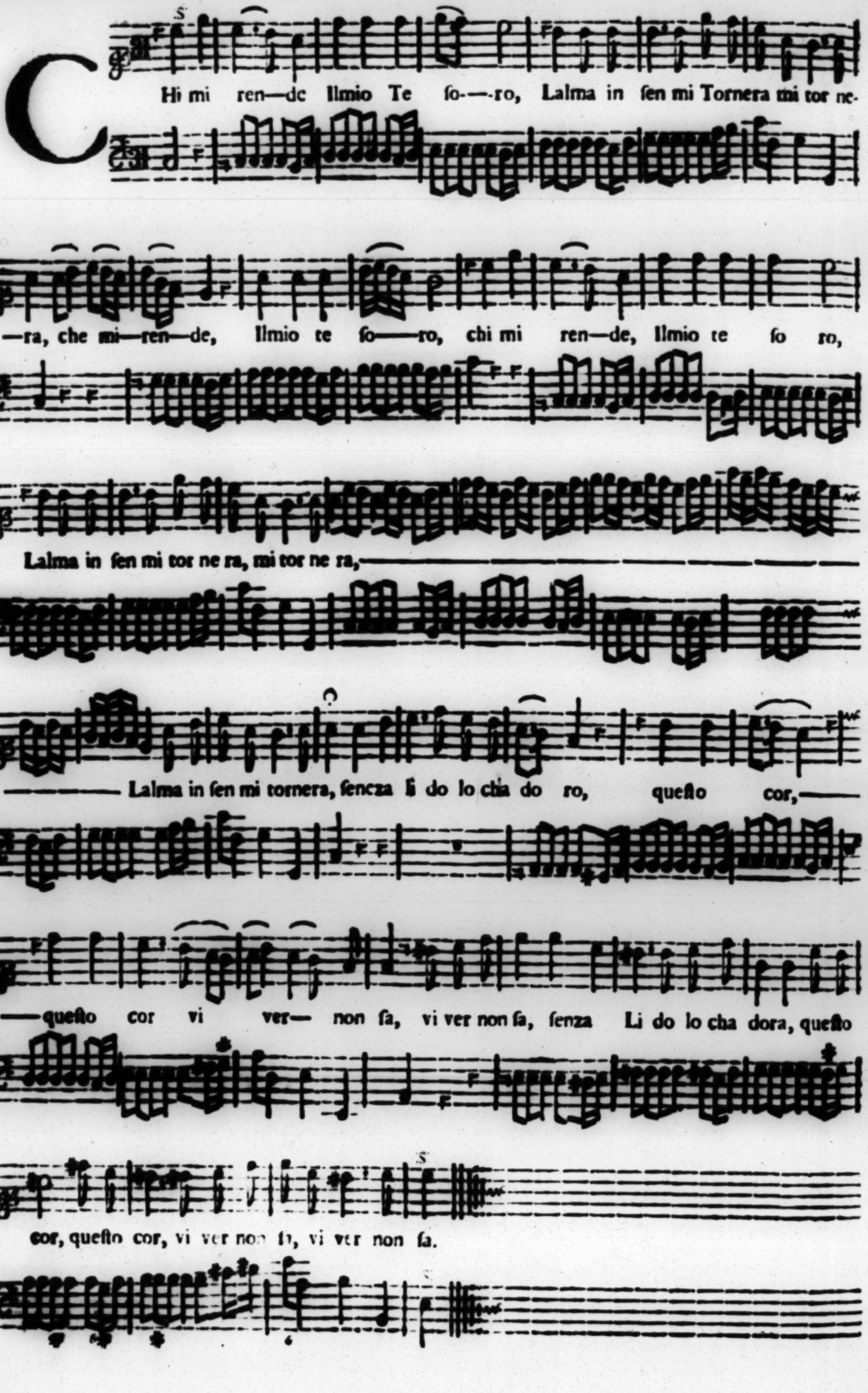

C
On Empi ſenſi di Barbaro Rigor, Con Empi ſenſi di barbaro Rigor ;
Tu mi condan———ni, tu mi condan———ni ; Ma ſe tu penſi da
battere Il mio cor Ma, ſe tu—penſi da battere Il mio cor, ſolle, ſolle, tin
gan—ni, ſolle, ſolle, tin gan—ni, tin gan————
————ni, tin gan—ni, tin gan———————ni, tin
gan-ni ; Ma, ſe tu penſi da batere Il mio cor, ma, ſe tu penſi da batere Il mio


cor, folle, folle, tin gan—ni, folle, folle, tin gan—ni, tin gan—— ——
—— —— —— —— —— ——ni, tin gan—— —— —— —— —— ni, tin
gan--ni, tin gan—-——ni, tin gan—ni.

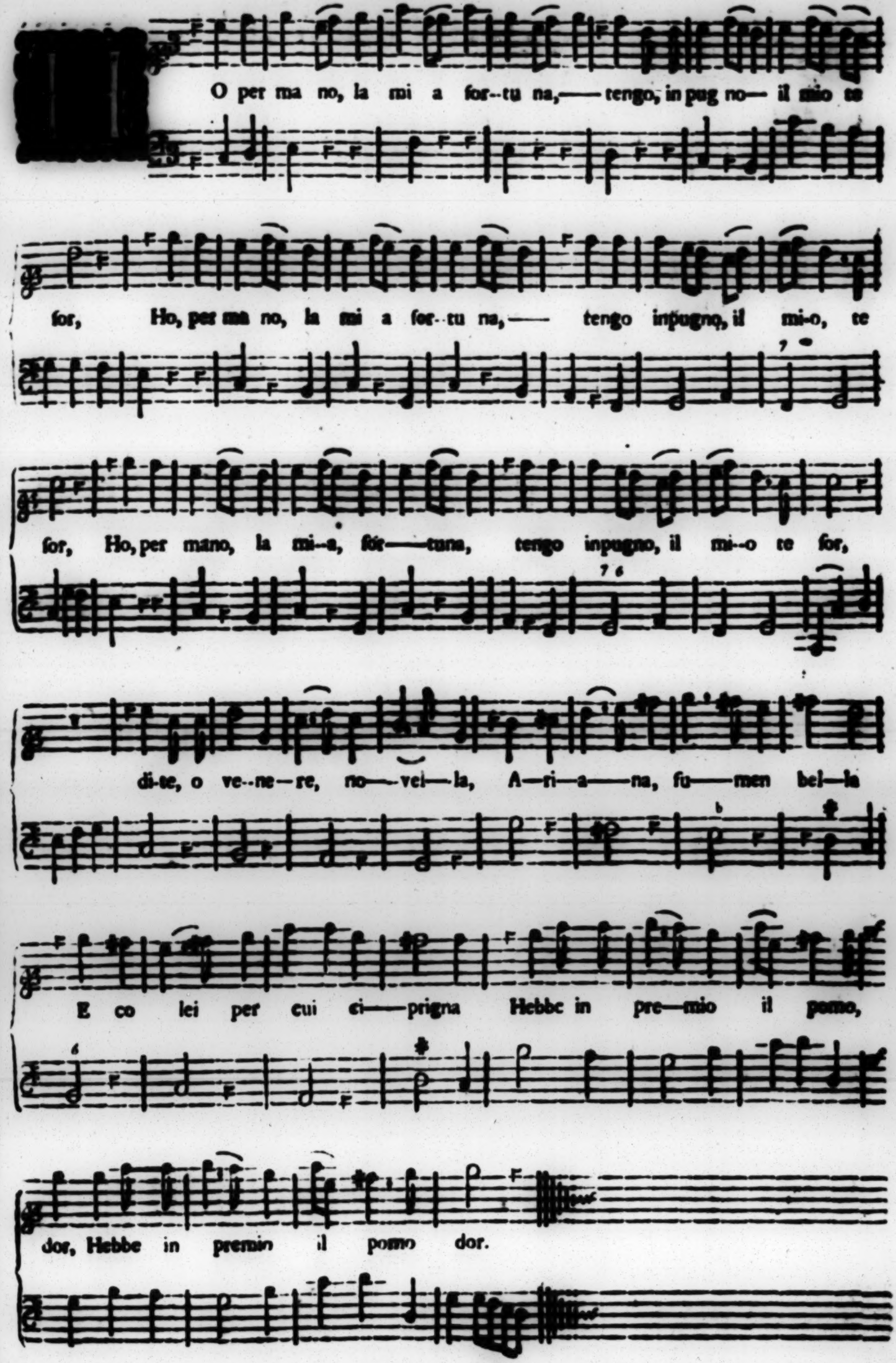
The *Harlifax* for the FLUTE.



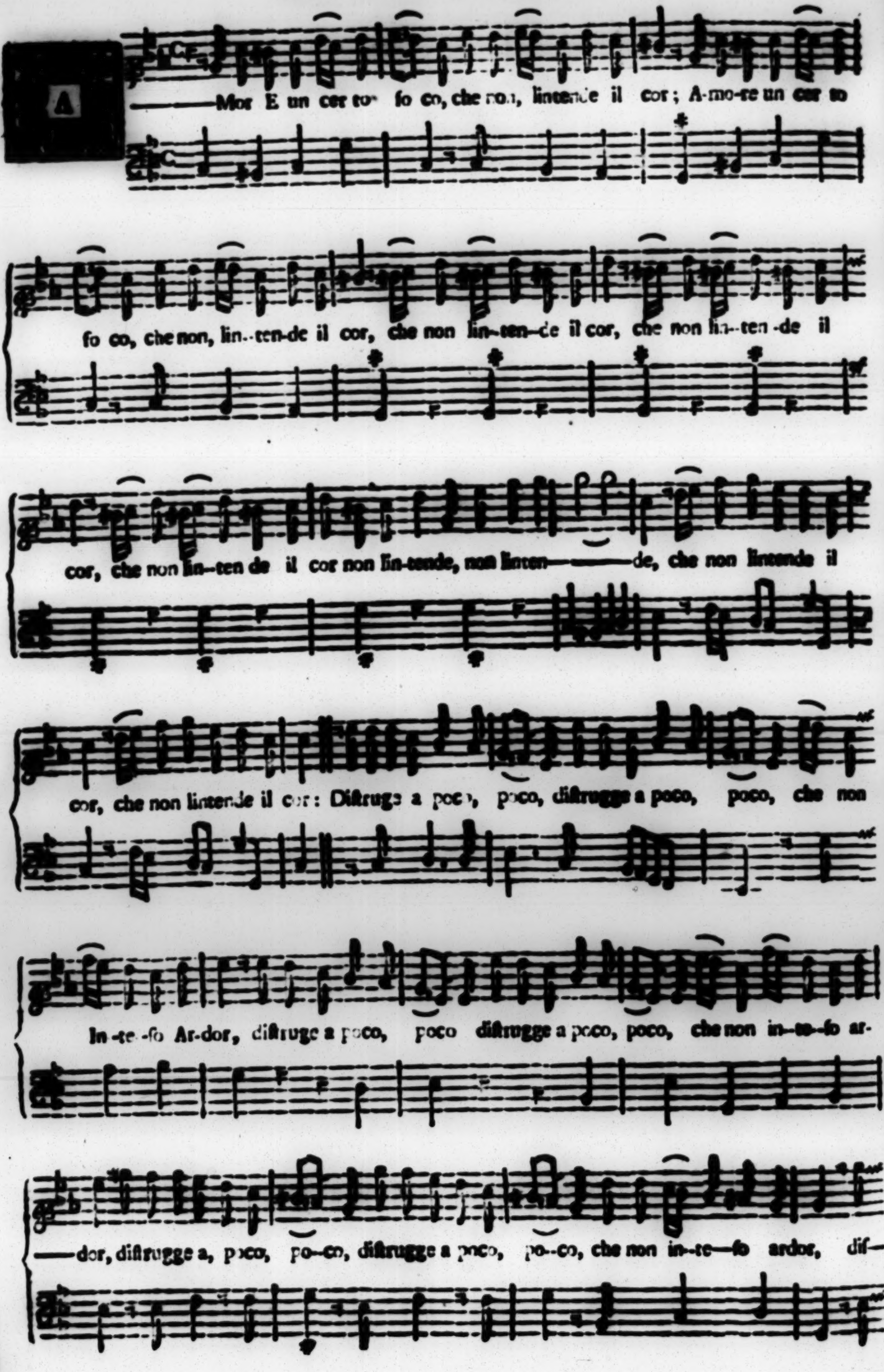
The TEMPEST.

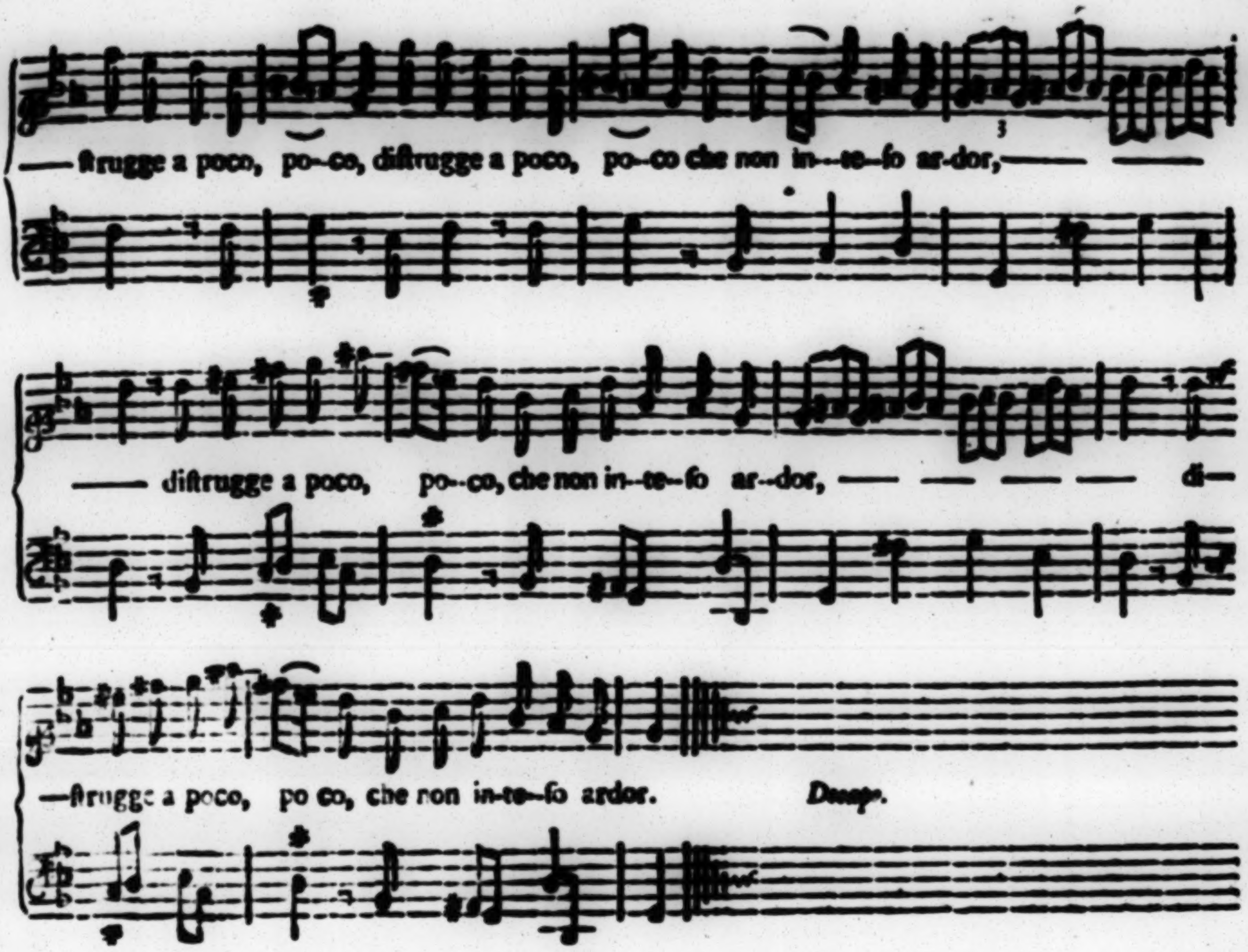

C
Hi mi ren—de Ilmio Te ſo-—-ro, Lalma in ſen mi Tornera mi tor ne-
—ra, che mi—ren—de, Ilmio te ſo——ro, chi mi ren—de, Ilmio te ſo ro,
Lalma in ſen mi tor ne ra, mi tor ne ra,——
—— Lalma in ſen mi tornera, ſencza li do lo cha do ro, queſto cor,——
——queſto cor vi ver— non ſa, vi ver non ſa, ſenza Li do lo cha dora, queſto
cor, queſto cor, vi ver non ſa, vi ver non ſa.

The *Home Pairpoint.*

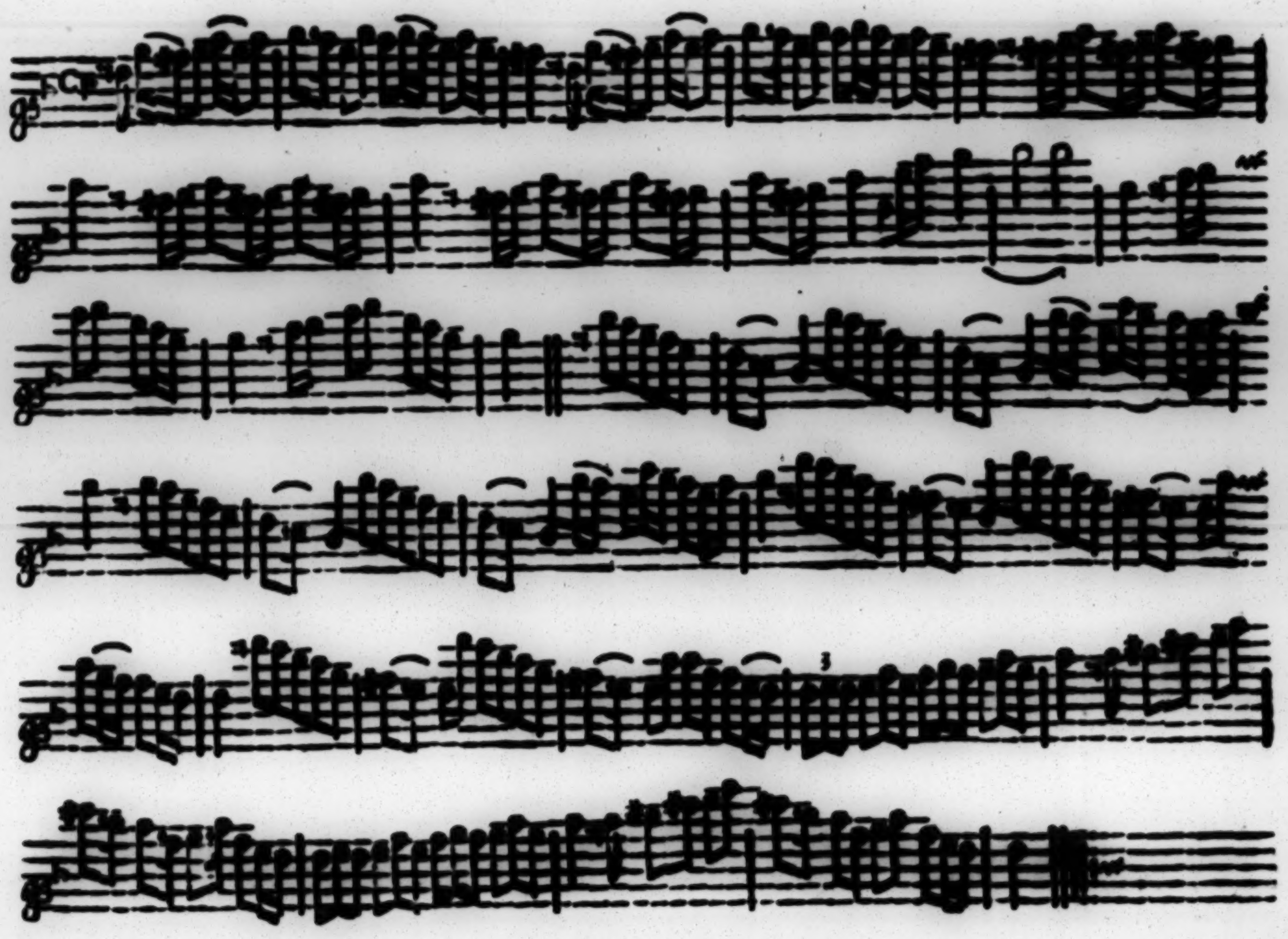

O per ma no, la mi a for--tu na,—— tengo, in pug no— il mio te
for, Ho, per ma no, la mi a for--tu na,—— tengo inpugno, il mi-o, te
for, Ho, per mano, la mi--a, for——tuna, tengo inpugno, il mi--o te for,
di-te, o ve--ne—re, no—-vel—la, A—ri—a——na, fu——men bel—la
E co lei per cui ci——prigna Hebbe in pre—mio il pomo,
dor, Hebbe in premio il pomo dor.

The MANCHESTER.

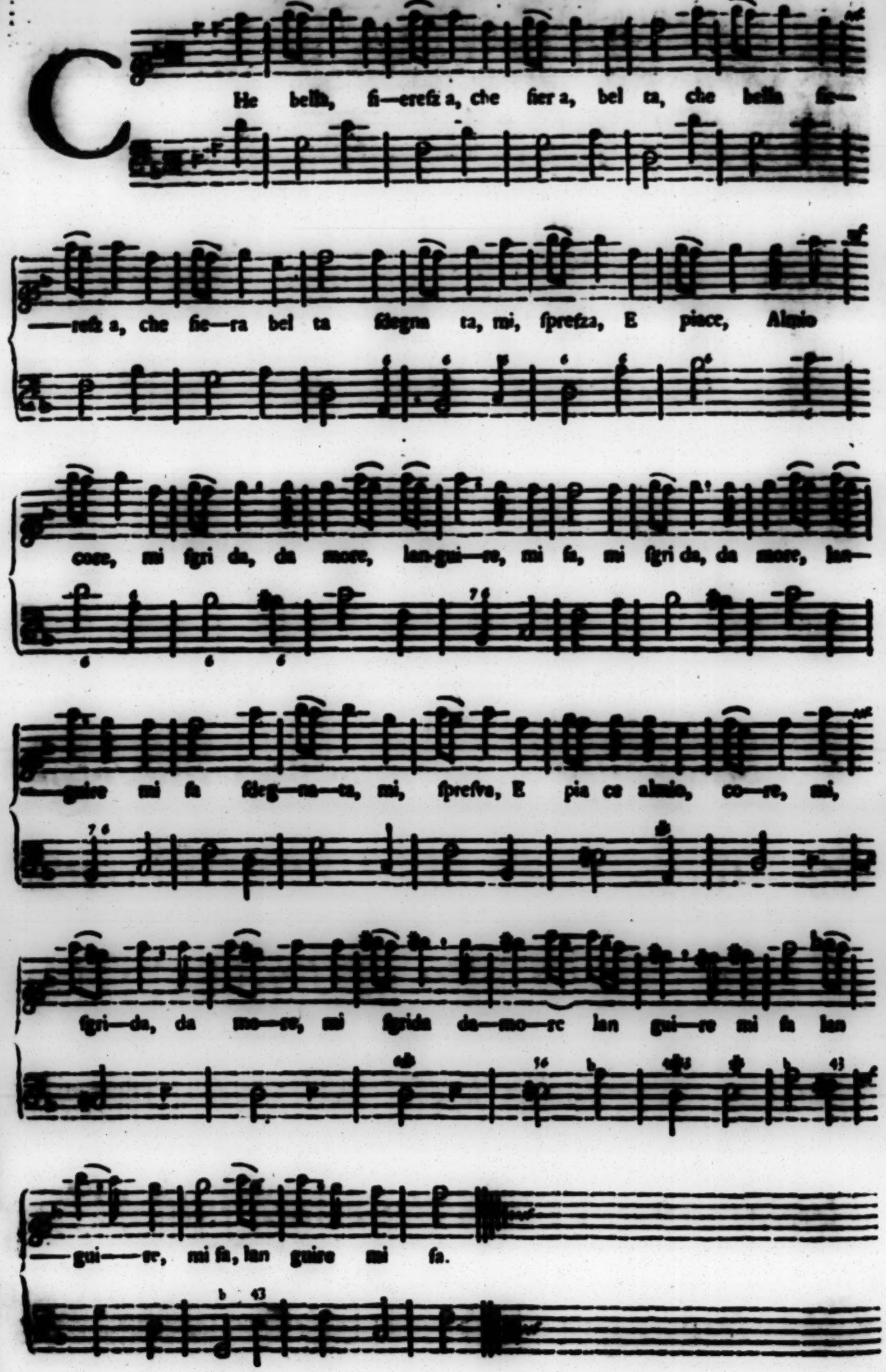

A
Mor E un cer to fo co, che non, lintende il cor; A-mo-re un cer to
fo co, che non, lin-ten-de il cor, che non lin-ten-de il cor, che non lin-ten-de il
cor, che non lin-ten de il cor non lin-tende, non linten——de, che non lintende il
cor, che non lintende il cor: Diſtrugge a poco, poco, diſtrugge a poco, poco, che non
In-te-ſo Ar-dor, diſtruge a poco, poco diſtrugge a poco, poco, che non in-te-ſo ar-
——dor, diſtrugge a, poco, po-co, diſtrugge a poco, po-co, che non in-te-ſo ardor, diſ-


—ſtrugge a poco, po--co, diſtrugge a poco, po--co che non in--te--ſo ar-dor,——— ———
3
—— diſtrugge a poco, po--co, che non in--te--ſo ar--dor, —— —— —— —— di—
—ſtrugge a poco, po co, che non in-te--ſo ardor.
Dacap.

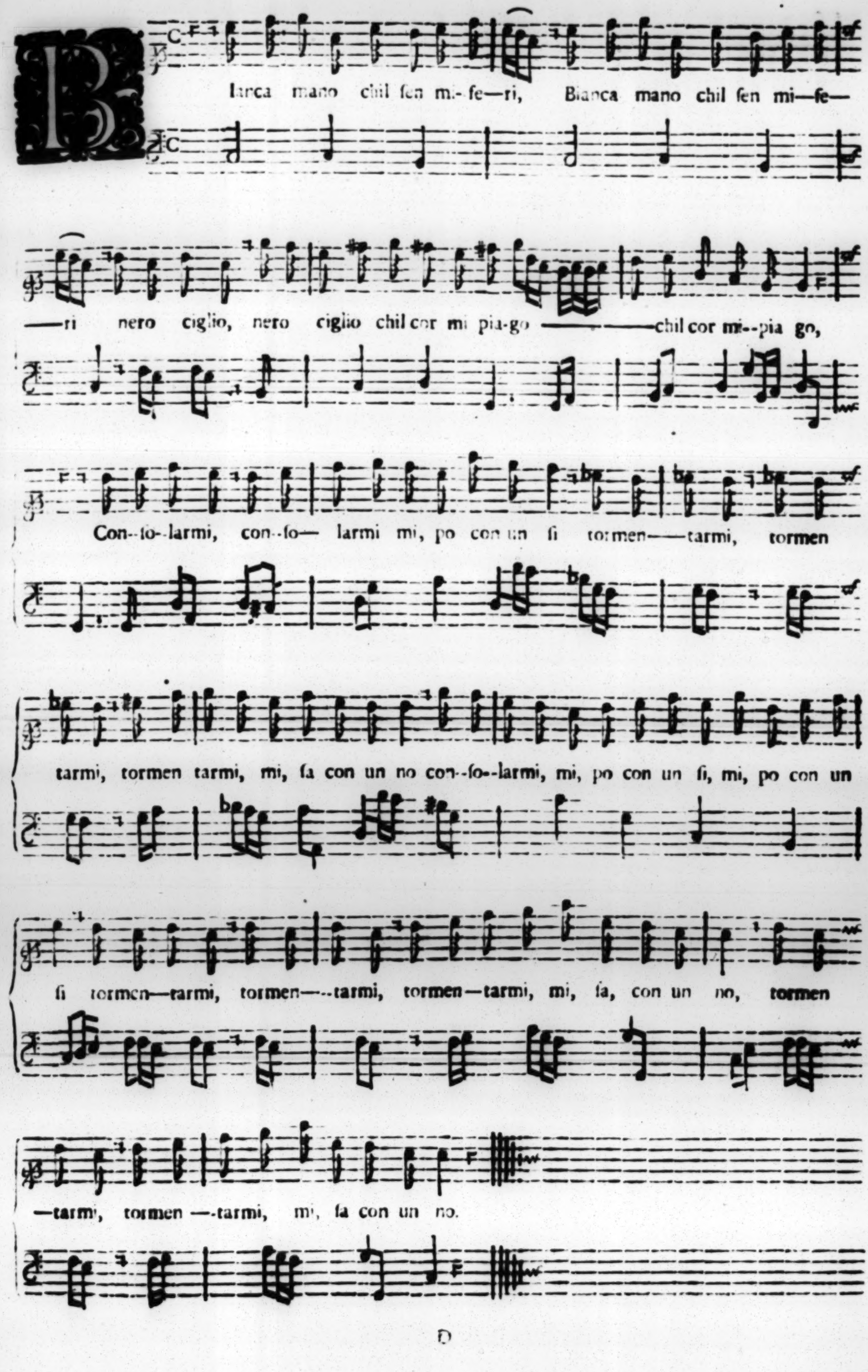
The *Mancheſter* for the FLUTE.



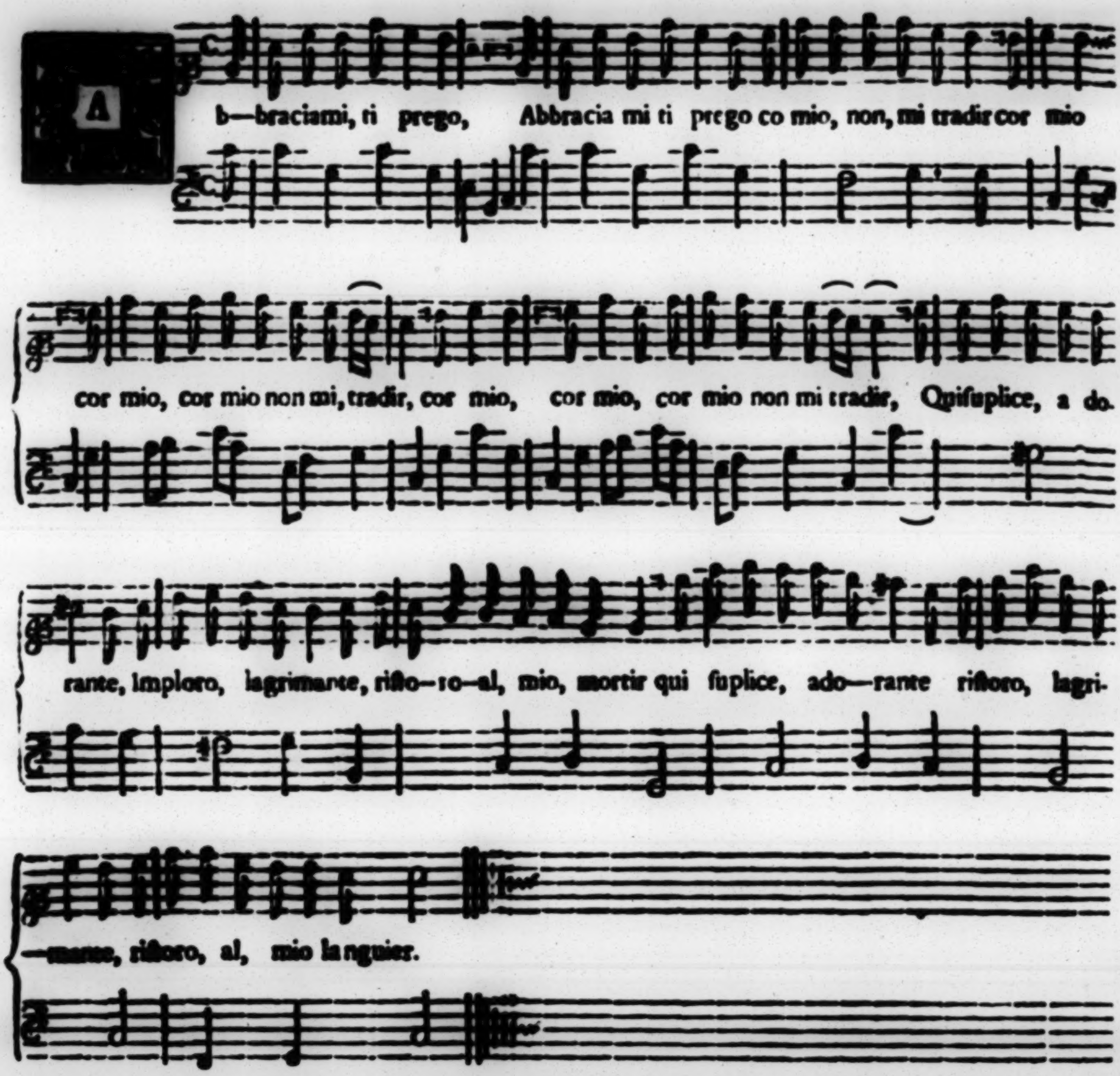
The *HENDERSKELF.*


C
He bella, fi—erez a, che fier a, bel ta, che bella fie—
—rez a, che fie—ra bel ta sdegna ta, mi, sprezza, E piace, Almio
core, mi sgri da, da more, lan-gui—re, mi fa, mi sgri da, da more, lan—
—guire mi fa sdeg—na—ta, mi, sprezza, E pia ce almio, co—re, mi,
sgri—da, da mo—re, mi sgrida da—mo—re lan gui—re mi fa lan
—gui—re, mi fa, lan guire mi fa.

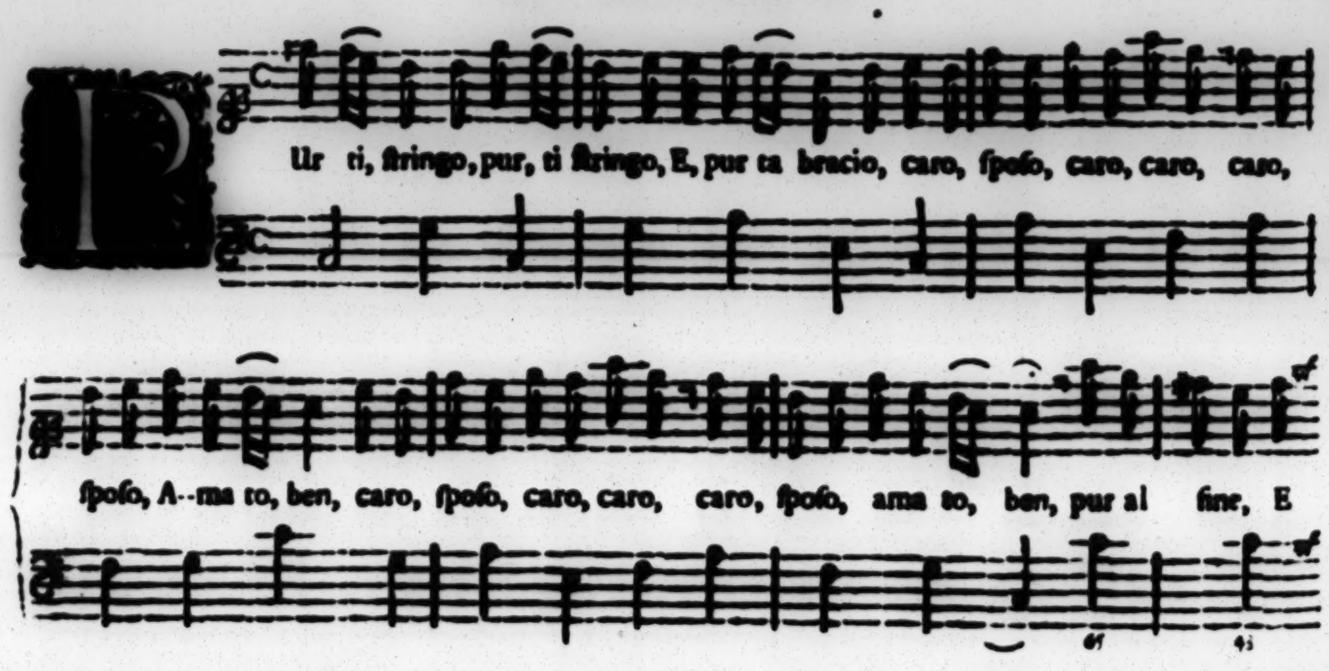
The CHATSWORTH.

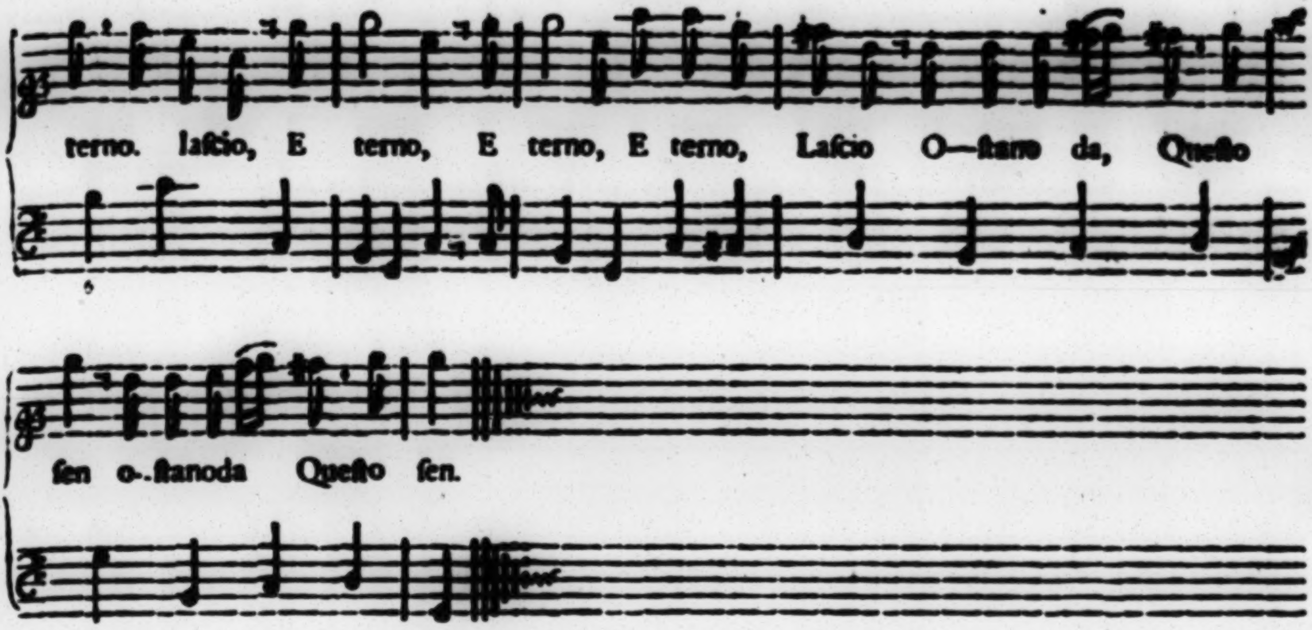

Bianca mano chil ſen mi-fe—ri, Bianca mano chil ſen mi—fe—
—ri nero ciglio, nero ciglio chil cor mi pia-go ———chil cor mi--pia go,
Con-ſo-larmi, con-ſo— larmi mi, po con un ſi tormen——tarmi, tormen
tarmi, tormen tarmi, mi, ſa con un no con-ſo-larmi, mi, po con un ſi, mi, po con un
ſi tormen—tarmi, tormen—tarmi, tormen—tarmi, mi, ſa, con un no, tormen
—tarmi, tormen —tarmi, mi, ſa con un no.

The *HAMDEN*.

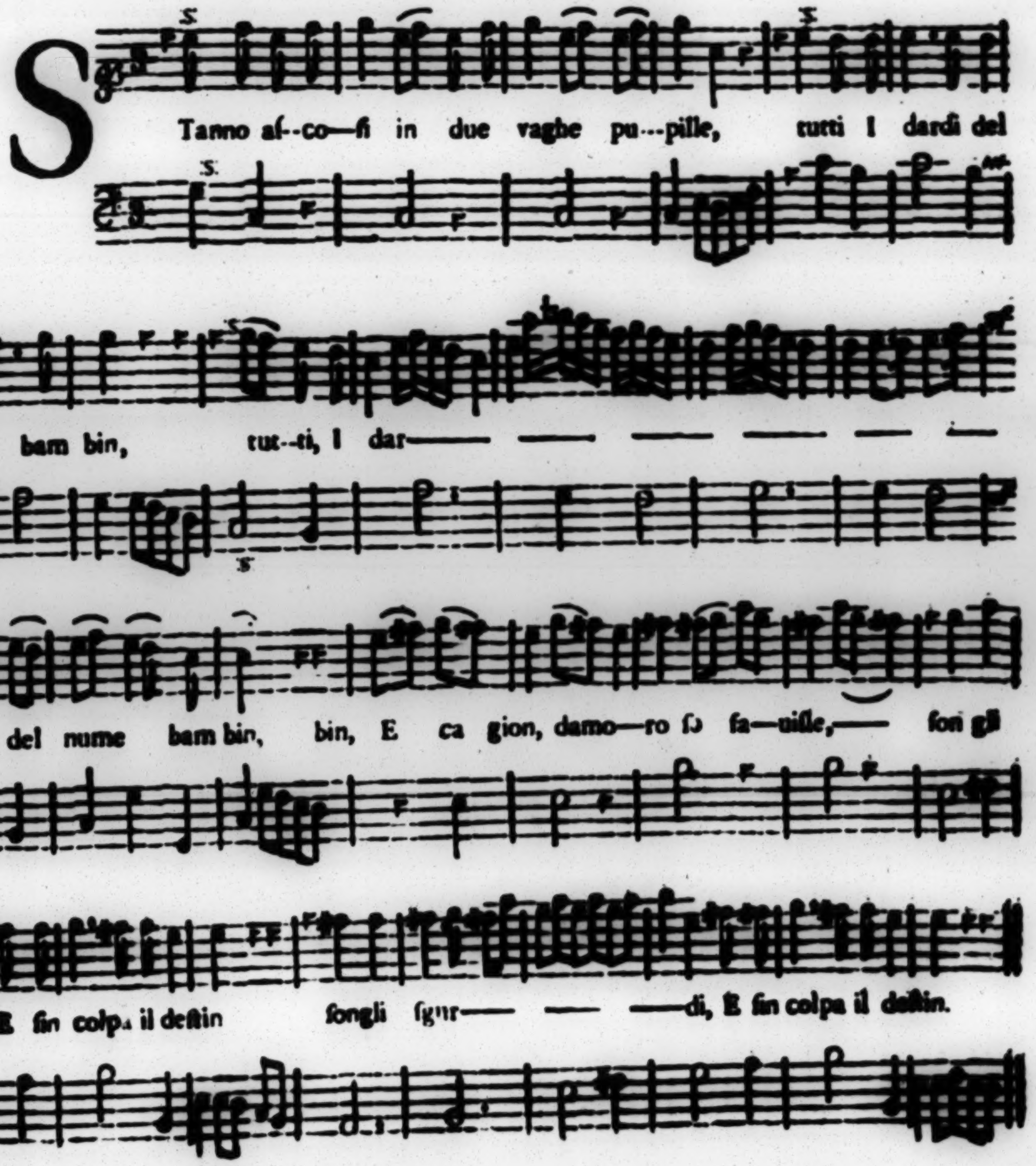

A
b—braciami, ti prego, Abbracia mi ti prego co mio, non, mi tradir cor mio
cor mio, cor mio non mi, tradir, cor mio, cor mio, cor mio non mi tradir, Qui ſuplice, a do-
rante, Imploro, lagrimante, riſto—ro—al, mio, mortir qui ſuplice, ado—rante riſtoro, lagri-
—mante, riſtoro, al, mio languier.

The *WELBECK*.

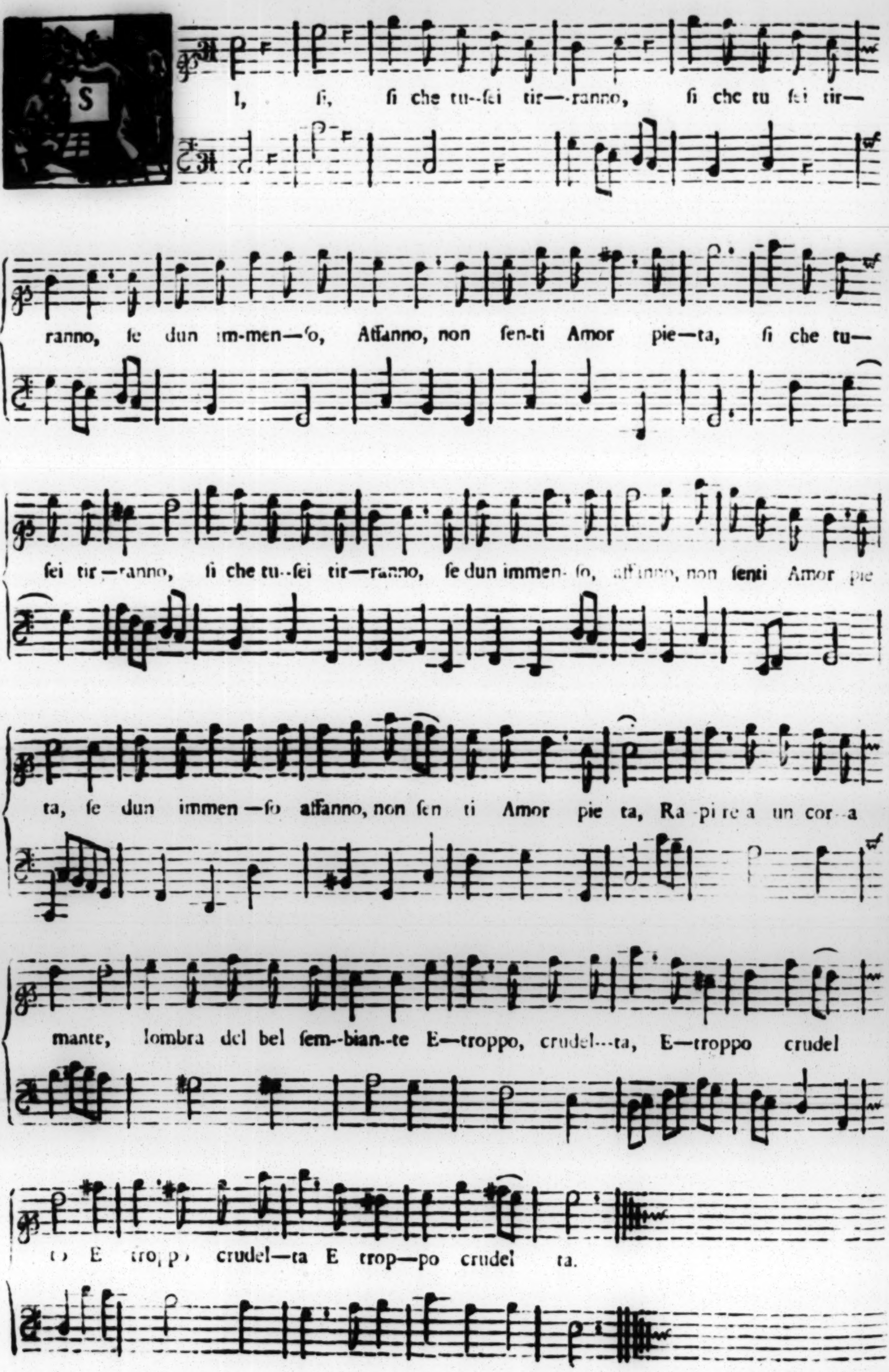

P
Ur ti, ſtringo, pur, ti ſtringo, E, pur ta bracio, caro, ſpoſo, caro, caro, caro,
ſpoſo, A--ma to, ben, caro, ſpoſo, caro, caro, caro, ſpoſo, ama to, ben, pur al fine, E
65
43


terno. laſcio, E terno, E terno, E terno, Laſcio O—ſtano da, Queſto
ſen o-ſtanoda Queſto ſen.

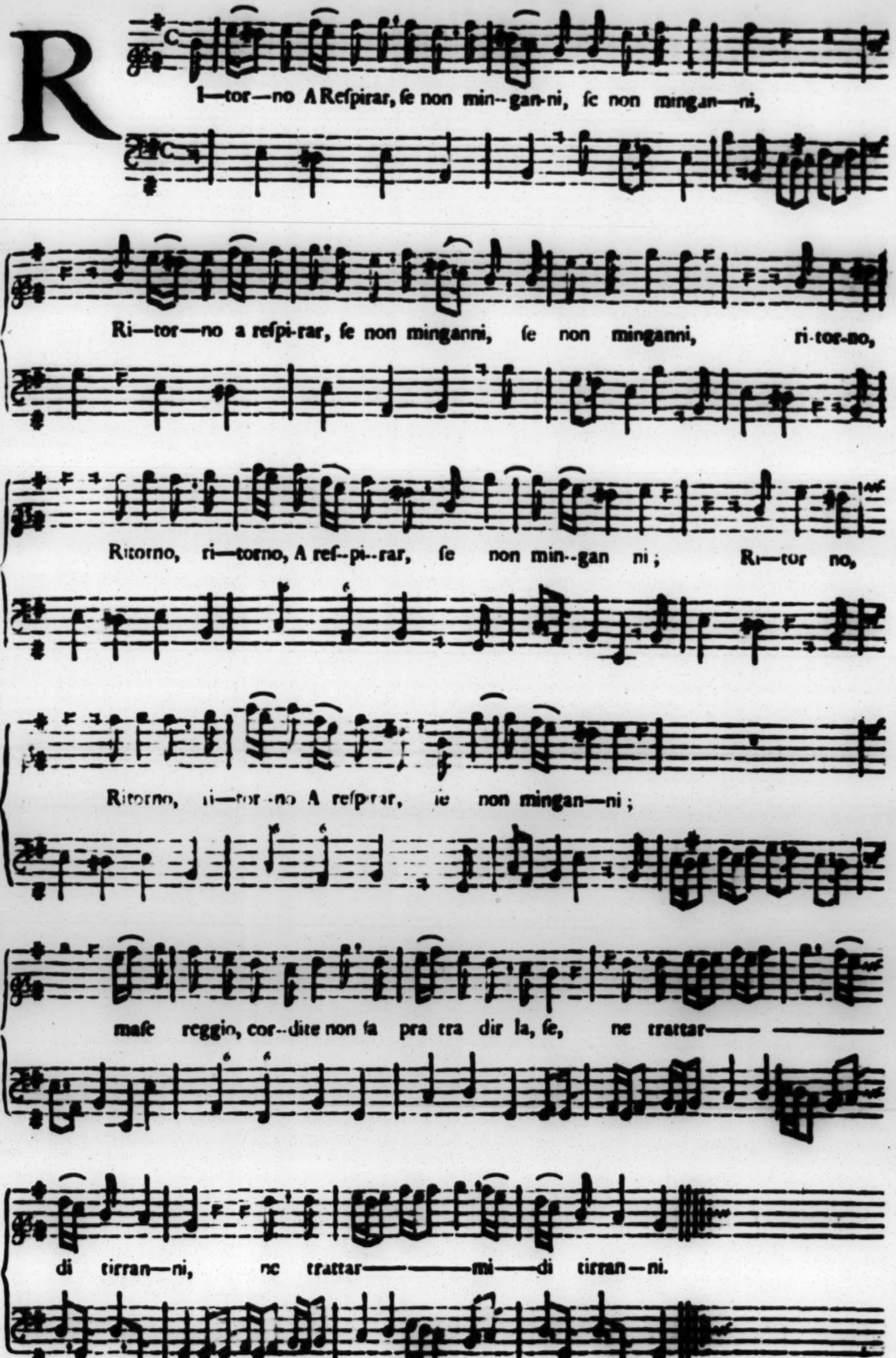
JENNY TEDCASTER.


STanno aſ--co—ſi in due vaghe pu---pille, tutti I dardi del
nume bam bin, tut--ti, I dar— — — — — —
— di, del nume bam bin, bin, E ca gion, damo—ro ſo fa—uille,— ſon gli
ſguardi E ſin colpa il deſtin ſongli ſgur— — —di, E ſin colpa il deſtin.

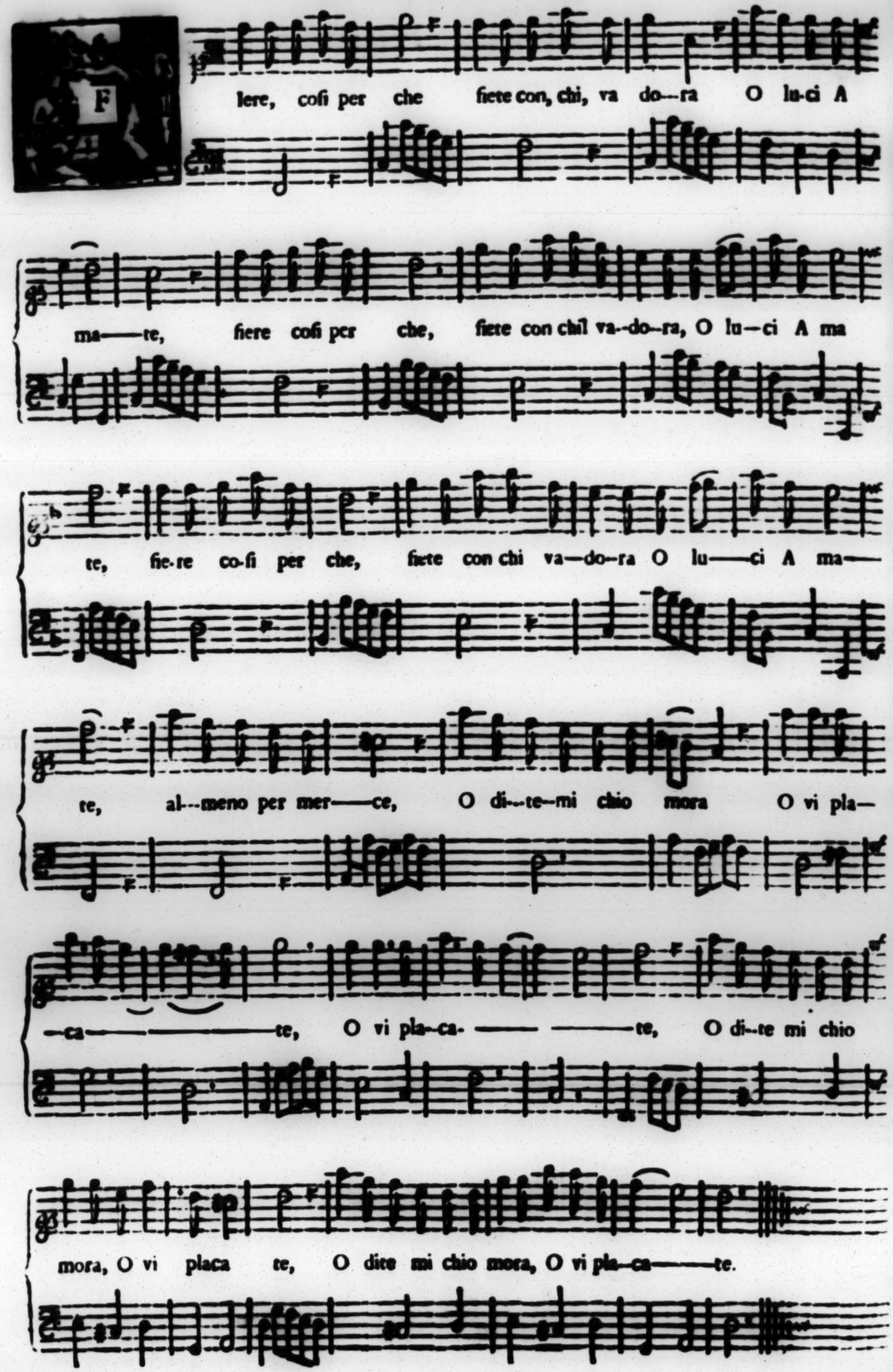
The HARTINGTON.


S
I, ſi, ſi che tu-ſei tir—ranno, ſi che tu ſei tir—
ranno, ſe dun immen—ſo, Affanno, non ſen-ti Amor pie—ta, ſi che tu—
ſei tir—ranno, ſi che tu-ſei tir—ranno, ſe dun immen-ſo, affanno, non ſenti Amor pie
ta, ſe dun immen—ſo affanno, non ſen ti Amor pie ta, Ra-pi-re a un cor-a
mante, lombra del bel ſem-bian-te E—troppo, crudel—ta, E—troppo crudel
ta E troppo crudel—ta E trop—po crudel ta.

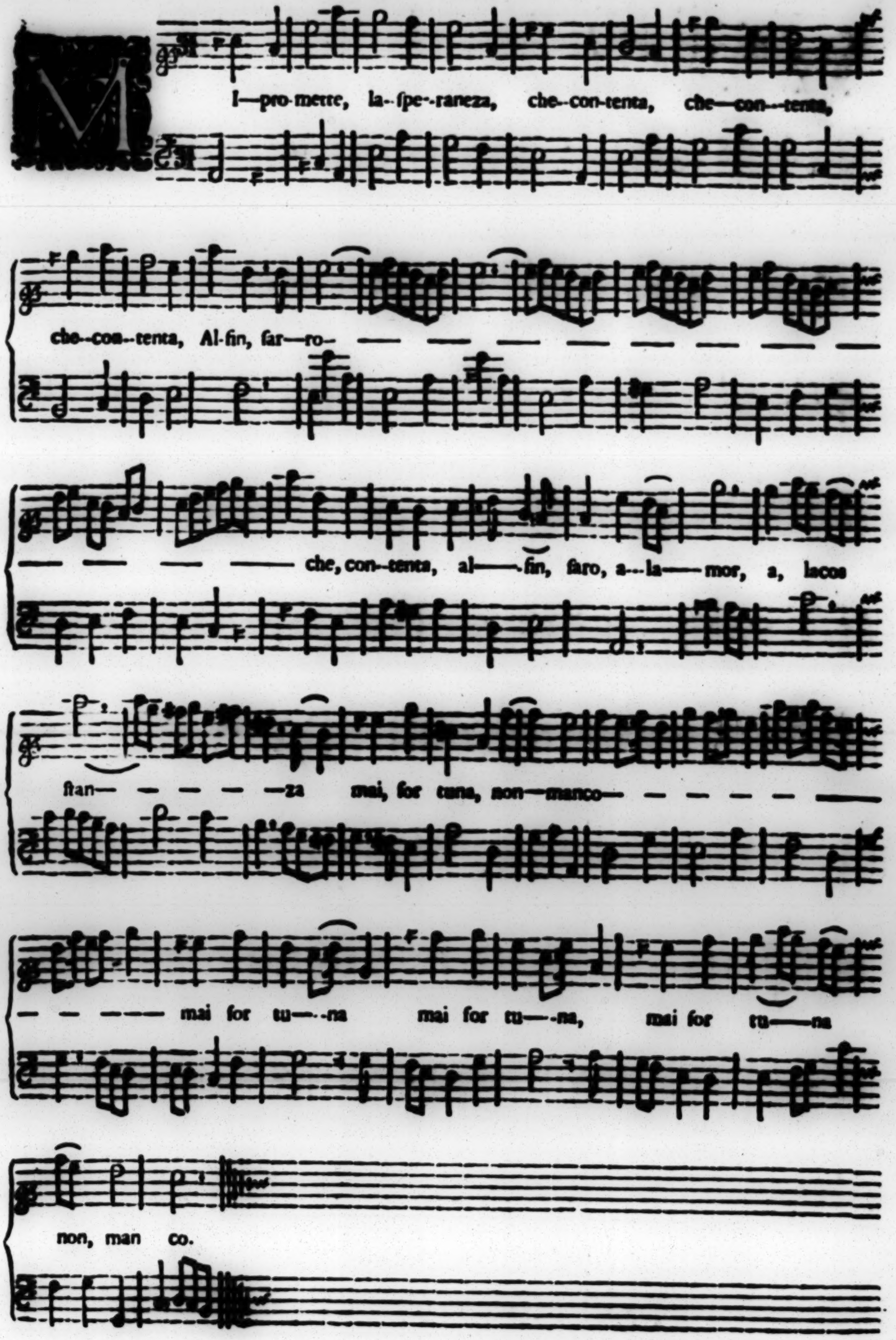
The *VANDOSME.*


R
I—tor—no A Reſpirar, ſe non min--gan-ni, ſe non mingan—ni,
Ri—tor—no a reſpi-rar, ſe non minganni, ſe non minganni, ri-tor-no,
Ritorno, ri—torno, A reſ--pi--rar, ſe non min--gan ni; Ri—tor no,
Ritorno, ri—tor-no A reſpirar, ſe non mingan—ni;
maſe reggio, cor--dite non ſa pra tra dir la, ſe, ne trattar—— ——
di tirran—ni, ne trattar——mi—di tirran—ni.

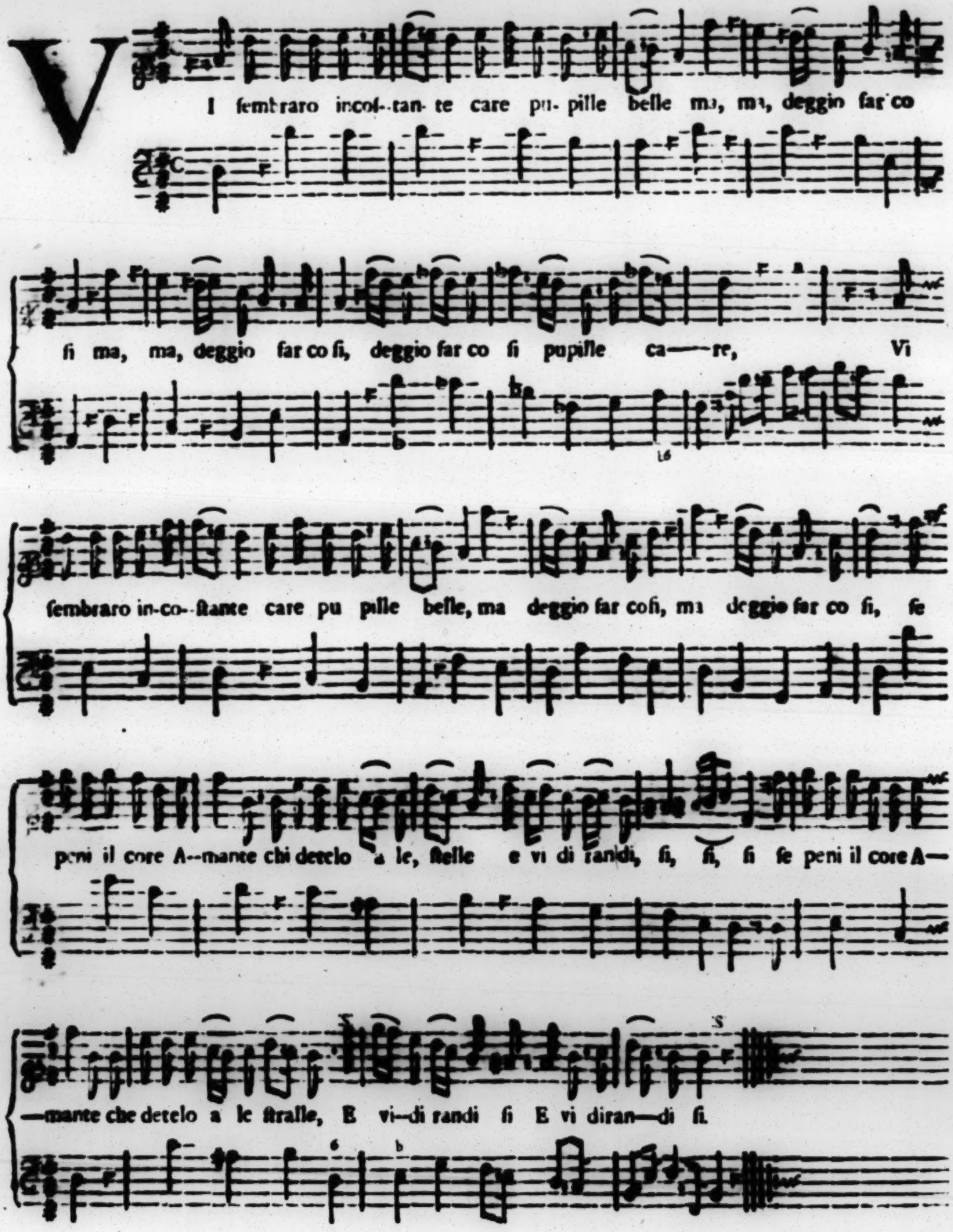
The *CASHEBVRY*.


F
lere, cofi per che fiete con, chi, va do--ra O lu-ci A
ma——te, fiere cofi per che, fiete con chil va--do--ra, O lu—ci A ma
te, fie-re co-fi per che, fiete con chi va—do--ra O lu——ci A ma——
te, al--meno per mer——ce, O di---te--mi chio mora O vi pla—
—ca————————te, O vi pla-ca- ——— ———te, O di--te mi chio
mora, O vi placa te, O dite mi chio mora, O vi pla—ca———te.

The *HYLA*.


M
I—pro-mette, la-ſpe-raneza, che-con-tenta, che—con-tenta,
che-con-tenta, Al-fin, far—ro—
che, con-tenta, al—fin, faro, a-la—mor, a, lacos
ſtan— — za mai, for tuna, non—manco—
mai for tu—na mai for tu—na, mai for tu—na
non, man co.

The *FAVORITE.*


V I ſembraro incoſ--tan- te care pu- pille belle ma, ma, deggio far co
ſi ma, ma, deggio far co ſi, deggio far co ſi pupille ca—re, Vi
ſembraro in-co--ſtante care pu pille belle, ma deggio far coſi, ma deggio far co ſi, ſe
peni il core A--mante chi detelo a le, ſtelle e vi di randi, ſi, ſi, ſi ſe peni il core A—
—mante che detelo a le ſtralle, E vi—di randi ſi E vi diran—di ſi.

F I N I S.